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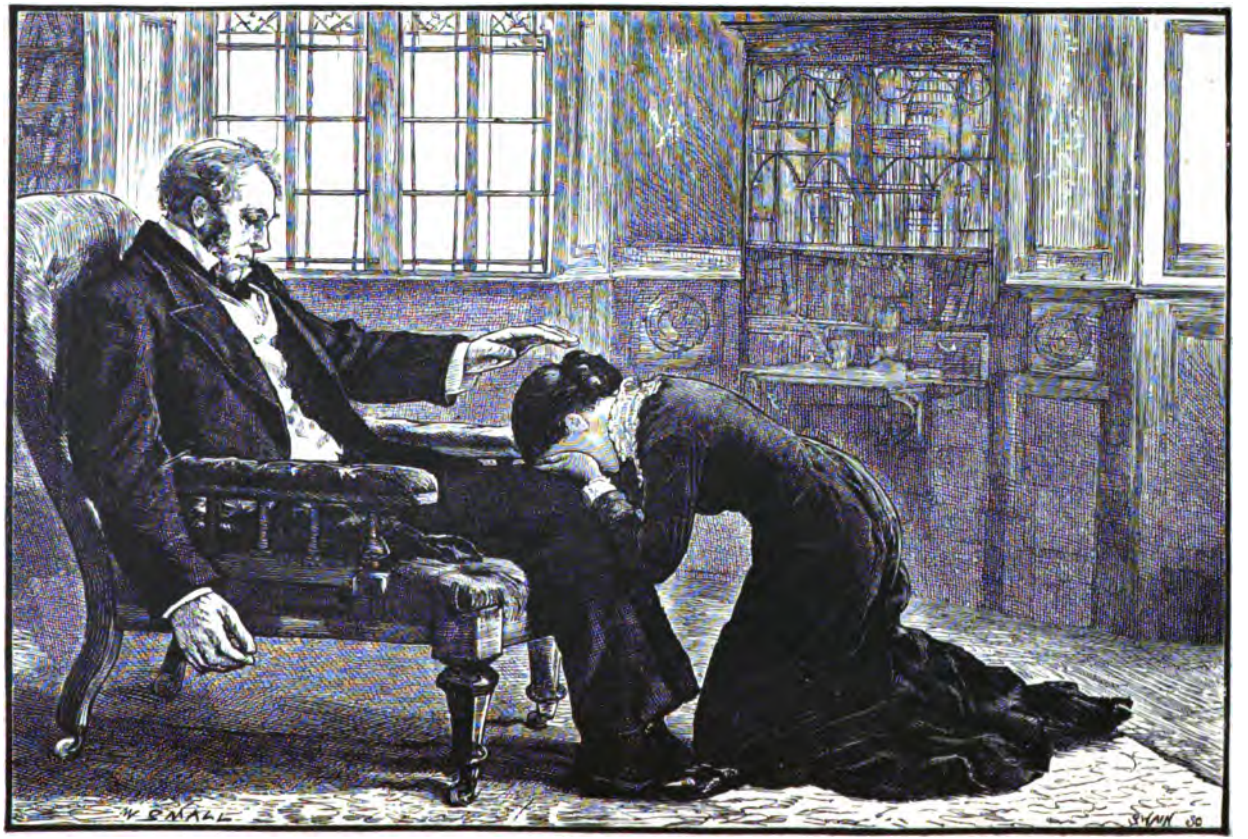

"My father!"

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VOL. XLII.

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THE

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White Wings: A Yachting Romance.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A PARABLE.

NOW we had not been five minutes within the walls of Castle Osprey when great shouts of laughter were heard in the direction of the library; and presently the Laird came quickly into the room where the two women were standing at the open window. He was flourishing a newspaper in his hand; delight, sarcasm, and desperate humour shone in his face. He would not notice that Queen Titania looked very much inclined to cry, as she gazed out on the forlorn remains of what had once been a rose-garden; he would pay no heed to Mary Avon's wan cheek and pensive eyes.

"Just listen to this, ma'am, just listen to this," he called out briskly;

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and all the atmosphere of the room seemed to wake up into cheerfulness and life. "Have I not told ye often about that extraordinary body, Johnnie Guthrie? Now just listen!"

It appeared that the Laird, without even bestowing a glance on the pile of letters lying waiting for him, had at once dived into the mass of newspapers, and had succeeded in fishing out the report of the last meeting of the Strathgovan Police Commissioners. With a solemnity that scarcely veiled his suppressed mirth, he said—

"Just listen, ma'am: 'The fortnightly meeting of the Strathgovan Police Commissioners was held on Monday, Provost McKendrick in the chair. Mr. Robert Johnstone said he had much pleasure in congratulating the chairman and the other gentlemen assembled on the signal and able manner in which the fire brigade had done their duty on the previous Saturday at the great conflagration in Coulter-side buildings; and he referred especially to the immense assistance given by the new fire-engine recently purchased by the Commissioners. (Hear! hear!) He could assure the meeting that but for the zealous and patriotic ardour of the brigade—aided, no doubt, by the efficient working of the steam engine—a most valuable property would have been devoted *holus-bolus* to the flames.'"

The Laird frowned at this phrase.

"Does the crayture think he is talking Latin?" he asked, apparently of himself.

However, he continued his reading of the report—

"'Provost McKendrick, replying to these observations, observed that it was certainly a matter for congratulation that the fire brigade should have proved their efficiency in so distinct a manner, considering the outlay that had been incurred; and that now the inhabitants of the Burgh would perceive the necessity of having more plugs. So far all the money had been well spent. Mr. J. Guthrie'"—but here the Laird could not contain his laughter any longer.

"That's Johnnie, ma'am," he cried, in explanation, "that's the Johnnie Guthrie I was telling ye about—the poor, yaumering, pernickity, querulous crayture! 'Mr. J. Guthrie begged to say he could not join in these general felicitations. They were making a great deal of noise about nothing. The fire was no fire at all; a servant-girl could have put it out with a pail. He had come from Glasgow by the eleven-o'clock 'bus, and there was then not a trace of a fire to be seen. The real damage done to the property was not done by the fire, but by the dirty water drawn by the fire brigade from the Coulter burn, which dirty water had entirely destroyed Mrs. MacInnes' best bedroom furniture.'"

The Laird flourished the newspaper, and laughed aloud in his joy; the mere reading of the extract had so thoroughly discomfited his enemy.

"Did ye ever hear the like o' that body?" he cried. "A snarlin', quarlin', gruntin',' growlin', fashious crayture! He thinks there could

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not be any fire, just because he was not in time to see it. Oh, Johnnie, Johnnie, Johnnie, I'm just fair ashamed o' ye."

But at this point the Laird seemed to become aware that he had given way too much to his love of pure and pithy English. He immediately said, in a more formal manner—

"I am glad to perceive, ma'am, that the meeting paid no heed to these strictures, but went on to consider whether the insurance companies should not share the expense of maintaining the fire brigade. That was most proper—most judeecious. I'm thinking that after dinner I could not do better than express my views upon that subject, in a letter addressed to the Provost. It would be in time to be read at the monthly sederunt

"Come along, then, Mary, and let us get through our letters," said his hostess, turning away with a sigh from the dilapidated rose-garden.

As she passed the piano, she opened it.

"How strange it will sound!" she said.

She played a few bars of Mary Avon's favourite song; somehow the chords seemed singularly rich and full and beautiful after our long listening to the monotonous rush of the sea. Then she put her hand within the girl's arm and gently led her away, and said to her as they passed through the hall

"'Oh, little did my mither think
When first she cradled me'

that ever I should have come back to such a picture of desolation. But we must put a brave face on it. If the autumn kills the garden, it glorifies the hills. You will want all your colour-tubes when we show you Loch Hourn."

"That was the place the Doctor was anxious to veesit," said the Laird, who was immediately behind them. "Ay. Oh, yes, we will show Miss Mary Loch Hourn; she will get some material for sketches there, depend on't. Just the finest loch in the whole of the Highlands. When I can get Tom Galbraith first of all persuaded to see Bunessan—"

But we heard no more about Tom Galbraith. Queen Titania had uttered a slight exclamation as she glanced over the addresses of the letters directed to her.

"From Angus!" she said, as she hurriedly opened one of the envelopes, and ran her eye over the contents.

Then her face grew grave, and inadvertently she turned to the Laird.

"In three days," she said, "he was to start for Italy."

She looked at the date.

"He must have left London already!" said she, and then she examined the letter further. "And he does not say where he is going."

The Laird looked grave too—for a second. But he was an excellent actor. He began whistling the air that his hostess had been playing. He turned over his letters and papers carelessly. At length, he said, with an air of fine indifference—

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"The grand thing of being away at sea is to teach ye the comparateevely trifling importance of anything that can happen on land."

He tossed the unopened letters about, only regarding the addresses.

"What care I what the people may have been saying about me in my absence?—the real thing is that we got food to eat and were not swept into Corrievreckan. Come, Miss Mary, I will just ask ye to go for a stroll through the garden wi' me, until dinner-time; our good friends will not ask us to dress on an evening like this, just before we have got everything on shore. Twenty-five meenutes, ma'am? Very well. If anybody has been abusing me in my absence, we'll listen to the poor fellow after dinner, when we can get the laugh made general, and so make some good out of him; but just now we'll have the quiet of the sunset to ourselves. Dear, dear me! we used to have the sunset after dinner when we were away up about Canna and Uist."

Mary Avon seemed to hesitate.

"What! not a single letter for ye? That shows very bad taste on the pairt of the young men about England. But I never thought much o' them. From what I hear, they are mostly given over to riding horses, and shooting pheasants, and what not. But never mind. I want ye to come out for a stroll wi' me, my lass: ye'll see some fine colour about the Morven hills presently, or I'm mistaken."

"Very well, sir," said she, obediently; and together they went out into the garden.

Now it was not until some minutes after the dinner-gong had sounded that we again saw these two, and then there was nothing in the manner of either of them to suggest to any one that any thing had happened. It was not until many days afterwards that we obtained, bit by bit, an account of what had occurred, and even then it was but a stammering, and disjointed, and shy account. However, such as it was, it had better appear here, if only to keep the narrative straight.

The Laird, walking up and down the gravel path with his companion, said that he did not so much regret the disappearance of the roses, for there were plenty of other flowers to take their place. Then he thought he and she might go and sit on a seat which was placed under a drooping ash in the centre of the lawn, for from this point they commanded a fine view of the western seas and hills. They had just sat down there when he said—

"My girl, I am going to take the privilege of an old man, and speak frankly to ye. I have been watching ye, as it were—and your mind is not at ease."

Miss Avon hastily assured him that it was quite, and begged to draw his attention to the yacht in the bay, where the men were just lowering the ensign, at sunset.

The Laird returned to the subject; entreated her not to take it ill that he should interfere; and then reminded her of a certain night on Loch Leven, and of a promise he had then made her. Would he be ful-

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filling that solemn undertaking if he did not, at some risk of vexing her, and of being considered a prying, foolish person, endeavour to help her if she was in trouble?

Miss Avon said how grateful she was to him for all his kindness to her; and how his promise had already been amply fulfilled. She was not in trouble. She hoped no one thought that. Everything that had happened was for the best. And here—as was afterwards admitted—she burst into a fit of crying, and was very much mortified, and ashamed of herself.

But at this point the Laird would appear to have taken matters into his own hand. First of all he began to speak of his nephew—of his bright good nature, and so forth—of his professed esteem for her—of certain possibilities that he, the Laird, had been dreaming about with the fond fancy of an old man. And rather timidly he asked her—if it were true that she thought everything had happened for the best—whether, after all, his nephew Howard might not speak to her? It had been the dream of his old age to see these two together at Denny-mains, or on board that steam yacht he would buy for them on the Clyde. Was that not possible?

Here, at least, the girl was honest and earnest enough—even anxiously earnest. She assured him that that was quite impossible. It was hopeless. The Laird remained silent for some minutes, holding her hand.

"Then," said he, rather sadly, but with an affectation of grave humour, "I am going to tell you a story. It is about a young lass, who was very proud, and who kept her thoughts very much to herself, and would not give her friends a chance of helping her. And she was very fond of a—a young Prince we will call him—who wanted to go away to the wars, and make a great name for himself. No one was prouder of the Prince than the girl, mind ye, and she encouraged him in everything, and they were great friends, and she was to give him all her diamonds, and pearls, and necklaces—she would throw them into his treasury, like a Roman matron—just that he might go away and conquer, and come back and marry her. But lo, and behold! one night all her jewels and bracelets were stolen! Then what does she do? Would ye believe it? She goes and quarrels with that young Prince, and tells him to go away and fight his battles for himself, and never to come back and see her any more—just as if any one could fight a battle wi' a sore heart. Oh, she was a wicked, wicked lass, to be so proud as that, when she had many friends that would willingly have helped her. . . . Sit down, my girl, sit down, my girl, never mind the dinner; they can wait for us. . . . Well, ye see, the story goes on that there was an old man—a foolish old man—they used to laugh at him, because of his fine fishing tackle, and the very few fish he caught wi' the tackle—and this doited old body was always intermeddling in other people's business. And what do you think he does but go and say to the young lass: 'Ha, have I found ye

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out? Is it left for an old man like me—and me a bachelor, too, who should know but little of the quips and cranks of a young lass's ways—is it left for an old man like me to find out that fine secret o' yours?' She could not say a word. She was dumfounded. She had not the face to deny it: he *had* found out what that wicked girl, with all her pride, and her martyrdom, and her sprained ankles, had been about. And what do you think he did then? Why, as sure as sure can be, he had got all the young lass's property in his pocket; and before she could say Jack Robinson, he tells her that he is going to send straight off for the Prince —this very night—a telegram to London——"

The girl had been trembling, and struggling with the hand that held hers. At last she sprang to her feet, with a cry of entreaty.

"Oh, no, no, no, sir! You will not do that! You will not degrade me!"

And then—this is her own account, mind—the Laird rose too, and still held her by the hand, and spoke sternly to her.

"Degrade you?" said he. "Foolish lass! Come in to your dinner."

When these two did come in to dinner—nearly a quarter of an hour late—their hostess looked anxiously from one to the other. But what could she perceive? Mary Avon was somewhat pale, and she was silent: but that had been her way of late. As for the Laird, he came in whistling the tune of the Queen's Maries, which was a strange grace before meat, and he looked airily around him at the walls.

"I would just like to know," said he lightly, "whether there is a single house in all Scotland where ye will not find an engraving of one or other of Mr. Thomas Faed's pictures in some one of the rooms?"

And he preserved this careless and indifferent demeanour during dinner. After dinner he strolled into the library. He would venture upon a small cigar. His sole companion was the person whose humble duty in this household is to look after financial matters, so that other folks may enjoy themselves in idleness.

The Laird lay back in an easy-chair, stretched out his legs, lit his cigar, and held it at arms' length, as if it were something that ought to be looked at at a distance.

"You had something to do with the purchase of Miss Mary's American stock, eh?" said he, pretending to be concerned about the end of the cigar.

"Yes."

"What was it?"

"Funded Five per Cent."

"What would be about the value of it now?"

"Just now? Oh, perhaps 106, or 107."

"No, no, no. I mean, if the bonds that that ill-faured scoondrel carried away with him were to be sold the now, what money, what English money, would they fetch?"

But this required some calculation.

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"Probably about 7,300*l.*"

"I was asking," said the Laird, "because I was wondering whether there was any chance of tracing them."

"Not the least. They are like bank-notes—more useful indeed, to a swindler than even bank-notes."

"Ay, is that so," said the Laird; and he seemed to be so charmed with his whistling of the air of the Queen's Maries that he returned to that performance. Oddly enough, however, he never ventured beyond the first line: perhaps he was afraid of missing the tune.

"Seven thousand three hundred," said he, meditatively. "Man, that's a strong cigar—little, and black, and strong. Seven thousand three hundred. Girls are strange craytures. I remember what that young doctor was saying once about weemen being better able to bear pain than men, and not so much afraid of it either——"

And here the Queen's Maries came in again.

"It would be a strange thing," said the Laird, with a sort of rueful laugh, "if I were to have a steam-yacht all to myself, and cruise about in search of company, eh? No, no; that will not do. My neighbours in Strathgovan will never say that I deserted them, just when great improvements and serious work have to be looked forward to. I will not have it said that I ran away, just to pleasure myself. Howard, my lad, I doubt but ye'll have to whistle for that steam-yacht."

The Laird rose.

"I think I will smoke in the garden now: it is a fine evening."

He turned at the door, and seemed suddenly to perceive a pair of stag's horns over the chimney-piece.

"That's a grand set o' horns," said he; and then he added carelessly, "What bank did ye say they American bonds were in?"

"The London and Westminster."

"They're just a noble pair o' horns," said he emphatically. "I wonder ye do not take them with ye to London." And then he left.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

A Release.

We had a long spell ashore at this time, for we were meditating a protracted voyage, and everything had to be left ship-shape behind us. The Laird was busy from morning till night; but it would appear that all his attention was not wholly given to the affairs of Strathgovan. Occasionally he surprised his hostess by questions which had not the least reference to asphalte pavements or gymnasium chains. He kept his own counsel, nevertheless.

By-and-by his mysterious silence so piqued and provoked her that she seized a favourable opportunity for asking him, point-blank, whether

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he had not spoken to Mary Avon. They were in the garden at the time, he seated on an iron seat, with a bundle of papers beside him; she standing on the gravel-path with some freshly-cut flowers in her hand. There was a little colour in her face, for she feared that the question might be deemed impertinent; yet, after all, it was no idle curiosity that prompted her to ask it. Was she not as much interested in the girl's happiness as any one could be?

"I have," said he, looking up at her calmly.

Well, she knew that. Was this all the answer she was to get?

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," said he, after a second, "if I seem to be making a mystery where there is no mystery. I hate all foolishness like that. I do not myself believe there is anything of the kind; but I will just ask ye to wait for a day or two before speaking to the lass herself. After that, I will leave it all in your hands. I trust ye will consider that I have done my part."

"Oh, I am sure of that, sir," said she: though how could she be sure?

"There is not much I would not do for that lass," said he, somewhat absently. "She has a wonderful way of getting a grip of one's heart, as it were. And if I could have wished that things had turned out otherwise——"

The Laird did not finish the sentence. He seemed to rouse himself.

"Toots! toots!" said he, frowning. "When we are become men, we have to put away childish things. What is the use of crying for the moon? There, ma'am, is something serious and practical to consider—something better worth considering than childish dreams and fancies."

And then, with much lucidity and with a most dispassionate parade of arguments on both sides, he put before her this knotty question: whether it was a fit and proper thing for a body like the Strathgovan Commissioners to own public-house property? That was the general question. The immediate question was whether the "William Wallace" public-house, situated in the Netherbiggins road, should be re-let or summarily closed? On the one hand it was contended that the closing of the "William Wallace" would only produce a greater run on the other licensed houses; on the other hand, it was urged that a body like the Commissioners should set an example and refuse to encourage a mischievous traffic. Now the Laird's own view of the liquor question—which he always put forward modestly, as subject to the opinion of those who had had a wider legislative and administrative experience than himself—was, that the total suppression of the liquor traffic was a chimera; and that a practical man should turn to see what could be done in the way of stringent police regulations. He was proceeding to expound these points when he suddenly caught sight of the Youth, who had appeared at the gate, with two long fishing-rods over his shoulder. He dropped his voice.

"That just reminds me, ma'am," said he. "I am greatly obliged to

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ye—my nephew equally so—for your great kindness to him. I think it will not be necessary for him to trespass on your forbearance any longer."

"I don't quite understand you."

"I think I will let him go back to his own pursuits now," said the Laird.

"Oh, no," she said. "By all means let him come with us to Stornoway. He has been very good in not grumbling over any inconvenience. You would not send him away just as we are going to start on our longest cruise?"

She could not say anything further at the moment, for the Youth came up the gravel-path, and threw the two huge rods on to the lawn.

"Look there, uncle!" he cried. "I don't care what size of lithe you get on the line, I'll bet those rods won't break, any way. Sutherland used to be lamenting over the big fish you lost up in the north: try them with those things!"

Here their hostess passed on and into the house with her flowers. Uncle and nephew were left by themselves.

"Howard, lad," said the elder of the two men, "bring that chair over, and sit opposite me. I do not want my papers to be disturbed. There are one or two matters of business I would like to put before ye."

The Youth did as he was bid. The Laird paused for a second or two; then he began—

"When I asked ye to come to the Highlands," said he, slowly, "I put an alternative before ye, with certain consequences. There were two things, one of which I wanted ye to do. Ye have done neither."

Howard Smith looked somewhat alarmed: his hostess was not there to put a jocular air over that bargain.

"Well, sir," he stammered, "I—I could not do what was impossible. I— I have done my best."

"Nevertheless," said the Laird, in a matter-of-fact way, "neither has been done. I will not say it has been altogether your fault. So far as I have seen, ye have been on very good terms with the young leddy; and—and—yes, paid her what attention was expected of ye; and——"

"Well, you see, uncle," he interposed, eagerly, "What was the use of my proposing to the girl only to be snubbed? Don't I know she cares no more about me than about the man in the moon? Why, anybody could see that. Of course, you know, if you insist on it—if you drive me to it—if you want me to go in and get snubbed—I'll do it. I'll take my chance. But I don't think it's fair. I mean," he added hastily, "I don't think it is necessary."

"I do not wish to drive ye to anything," said the Laird—on any other occasion he might have laughed at the Youth's ingenuousness, but now he had serious business on hand. "I am content to take things as they are. Neither of the objects I had in view has been accomplished; perhaps both were impossible; who can tell what lies in store for any

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of us, when we begin to plan and scheme? However, I am not disposed to regard it as your fault. I will impose no fine or punishment, as if we were playing at theatre-acting. I have neither kith nor kin of my own; and it is my wish that, at my death, Denny-mains should go to you."

The Youth's face turned red; yet he did not know how to express his gratitude. It did not quite seem a time for sentiment; the Laird was talking in such a matter-of-fact way.

"Subject to certain conditions," he continued. "First of all, I spoke some time ago of spending a sum of 3,000*l.* on a steam-yacht. Dismiss that from your mind. I cannot afford it; neither will you be able."

The young man stared at this. For although he cared very little about the steam-yacht—having a less liking for the sea than some of us—he was surprised to hear that a sum like 3,000*l.* was even a matter for consideration to a reputedly rich man like his uncle.

"Oh, certainly, sir," said he. "I don't at all want a steam-yacht."

"Very well, we will now proceed."

The Laird took up one of the documents beside him, and began to draw certain lines on the back of it.

"Ye will remember," said he, pointing with his pencil, "that where the estate proper of Denny-mains runs out to the Coulter-burn road, there is a piece of land belonging to me, on which are two tenements, yielding together, I should say, about 300*l.* a year. By-and-by, if a road should be cut so—across to the Netherbiggins road—that land will be more valuable; many a one will be wanting to feu that piece then, mark my words. However, let that stand by. In the meantime I have occasion for a sum of ten thousand three hundred pounds."

The Youth looked still more alarmed: had his uncle been speculating?

"—and I have considered it my duty to ask you, as the future proprietor of Denny-mains in all human probability, whether ye would rather have these two tenements sold, with as much of the adjoining land as would make up that sum, or whether ye would have the sum made a charge on the estate generally, and take your chance of that land rising in value? What say ye?"

The Laird had been prepared for all this; but the Youth was not. He looked rather frightened.

"I should be sorry to hear, sir," he stammered, "that—that—you were pressed for money——"

"Pressed for money?" said the Laird severely; "I am not pressed for money. There is not a square yard of Denny-mains with a farthing of mortgage on it. Come, let's hear what ye have to say."

"Then," said the young man, collecting his wits, "my opinion is, that a man should do what he likes with his own."

"That's well said," returned the Laird, much mollified. "And I'm no sure but that if we were to roup* that land, that quarrelsome body

* To *roup*, to sell by public auction.

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Johnny Guthrie might not be trying to buy it; and I would not have him for a neighbour on any consideration. Well, I will write to Todd and Buchanan about it at once."

The Laird rose and began to bundle his papers together. The Youth laid hold of the fishing-rods, and was about to carry them off somewhere, when he was suddenly called back.

"Dear me!" said the Laird, "my memory's going. There was another thing I was going to put before ye, lad. Our good friends here have been very kind in asking ye to remain so long. I'm thinking ye might offer to give up your state-room before they start on this long trip. Is there any business or occupation ye would like to be after in the south?"

The flash of light that leapt to the young man's face!

"Why, uncle!" he exclaimed eagerly, diving his hand into his pocket, "I have twice been asked by old Barnes to go to his place—the best partridge-shooting in Bedfordshire——"

But the Youth recollected himself.

"I mean," said he seriously, "Barnes, the swell solicitor, don't you know?—Hughes, Barnes, and Barnes. It would be an uncommonly good thing for me to stand well with them. They are just the making of a young fellow at the bar when they take him up. Old Barnes's son was at Cambridge with me; but he doesn't do anything—an idle fellow—cares for nothing but shooting and billiards. I really ought to cultivate old Barnes."

The Laird eyed him askance.

"Off ye go to your pairtridge-shooting, and make no more pretence," said he; and then he added, "And look here, my lad, when ye leave this house I hope ye will express in a proper form your thanks for the kindness ye have received. No, no; I do not like the way of you English in that respect. Ye take no notice of anything. Ye receive a man's hospitality for a week, a fortnight, a month; and then ye shake hands with him at the door; and walk out—as if nothing had happened! These may be good manners in England; they are not here."

"I can't make a speech, uncle," said the Youth slyly. "They don't teach us those things at the English public schools."

"Ye gowk," said the Laird severely, "do you think I want ye to make a speech like Norval on the Grampian Hills? I want ye to express in proper language your thankfulness for the attention and kindness that have been bestowed on ye. What are ye afraid of? Have ye not got a mouth? From all that I can hear the English have a wonderful fluency of speech, when there is no occasion for it at all: bletherin' away like twenty steam-engines, and not a grain of wheat to be found when a' the stour is laid."

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CHAPTER XL.

"While the Ripples fold upon Sands of Gold."

The days passed, and still the Laird professed to be profoundly busy; and our departure for the north was further and further postponed. The Youth had at first expressed his intention of waiting to see us off; which was very kind on his part, considering how anxious he was to cultivate the acquaintance of that important solicitor. His patience, however, at last gave out; and he begged to be allowed to start on a certain morning. The evening before we walked down to the shore with him, and got pulled out to the yacht, and sate on deck, while he went below to pack such things as had been left in his state-room. "It will be a strange thing," said our gentle Admiral-in-chief, "for us to have a cabin empty. That has never happened to us in the Highlands, all the time we have been here. It will be a sort of ghost's room; we shall not dare to look into it for fear of seeing something to awaken old memories."

She put her hand in her pocket, and drew out some small object. "Look," said she, quite sentimentally.

It was only a bit of pencil: if it had been the skull of Socrates she could not have regarded it with a greater interest. "It is the pencil Angus used to mark our games with. I found it in the saloon the day before yesterday——" and then she added, almost to herself—"I wonder where he is now."

The answer to this question startled us. "In Paris," said the Laird.

But no sooner had he uttered the words than he seemed somewhat embarrassed. "That is, I believe so," he said hastily. "I am not in correspondence with him. I do not know for certain. I have heard—it has been stated to me—that he might perhaps remain until the end of this week in Paris before going on to Naples."

He appeared rather anxious to avoid being further questioned. He began to discourse upon certain poems of Burns, whom he had once or twice somewhat slightingly treated. He was now bent on making ample amends. In especial, he asked whether his hostess did not remember the beautiful verse in "Mary Morison," which describes the lover looking on at the dancing of a number of young people, and conscious only that his own sweetheart is not there?

"Do ye remember it, ma'am?" said he; and he proceeded to repeat it for her—

Yestreen, when to the trembling string,
The dance gaed through the lighted ha',
To thee my fancy took its wing,
I sat, but neither heard nor saw.

Though this was fair, and that was braw,
And yon the toast of a' the town,
I sighed and said amang them a',
"Ye are na Mary Morison."

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—Beautiful, beautiful, is it not? And that is an extraordinary business—and as old as the hills too—of one young person waling* out another as the object of all the hopes of his or her life; and nothing will do but that one. Ye may show them people who are better to look at, richer, cleverer; ye may reason and argue; ye may make plans, and what not: it is all of no use. And people who have grown up, and who forget what they themselves were at twenty or twenty-five, may say what they like about the foolishness of a piece of sentiment; and they may prove to the young folks that this madness will not last, and that they should marry for more substantial reasons; but ye are jist talking to the wind! Madness or not madness, it is human nature; and ye might jist as well try to fight against the tides. I will say this, too," continued the Laird—and as he warmed to his subject, he rose, and began to pace up and down the deck—"if a young man were to come and tell me that he was ready to throw up a love-match for the sake of prudence and worldly advantage, I would say to him: 'Man, ye are a poor crayture. Ye have not got the backbone of a mouse in ye.' I have no respect for a young man who has prudence beyond his years; not one bit. If it is human nature for a man at fifty years to laugh at sentiment and romance, it is human nature for a man at twenty-five to believe in it; and he who does not believe in it then, I say, is a poor crayture. He will never come to anything. He may make money; but he will be a poor stupid ass all his days, just without those experiences that make life a beautiful thing to look back on."

He came and sate down by Mary Avon.

"Perhaps a sad thing, too," said he, as he took her hand in his; "but even that is better than a dull causeway, with an animal trudging along and sorely burdened with the world's wealth. And now, my lass, have ye got everything tight and trim for the grand voyage?"

"She has been at it again, sir," says his hostess, interposing. "She wants to set out for the south to-morrow morning."

"It would be a convenient chance for me," said the girl simply. "Mr. Smith might be good enough to see me as far as Greenock—though, indeed, I don't at all mind travelling by myself. I must stop at Kendal—is that where the junction is?—for I promised the poor old woman who died in Edinburgh that I would call and see some relations of hers who live near Windermere."

"They can wait, surely?" said the Laird, with frowning eyebrows, as if the poor people at Windermere had attempted to do him some deadly injury.

"Oh, there is no hurry for them," said she. "They do not even know I am coming. But this chance of Mr. Smith going by the steamer to-morrow would be convenient."

"Put that fancy out of your head," said he with decision. "Ye are

* *Waling*—choosing.

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going to no Greenock, and to no Kendal, at the present time. Ye are going away with us to the north, to see such things as ye never saw before in your life. And if ye are anxious to get on with your work, I'll tell ye what I'll do. There's our Provost McKendrick has been many a time telling me of the fine salmon-fishing he got at the west side of Lewis—I think he said at a place called Gometra——"

"Grimersta," is here suggested.

"The very place. Ye shall paint a picture of Grimersta, my lass, on commission for the Provost. I authorise ye: if he will not take it, I will take it myself. Never mind what the place is like—the Provost has no more imagination than a boiled lobster; but he knows when he has good friends, and good fishing, and a good glass of whisky; and, depend on it, he'll be proud to have a picture of the place, on your own terms. I tell ye I authorise ye."

Here the Youth came on deck, saying he was now ready to go ashore.

"Do you know, sir," said his hostess, rising, "what Mary has been trying to get me to believe?—that she is afraid of the equinoctials!"

The Laird laughed aloud.

"That *is* a good one—that *is* a good one!" he cried. "I never heard a better story about Homesh."

"I know the gales are very wild here when they begin," said Miss Avon, seriously. "Every one says so."

But the Laird only laughs the more, and is still chuckling to himself as he gets down into the gig: the notion of Mary Avon being afraid of anything—of fifteen dozen of equinoctial gales, for example—was to him simply ludicrous.

But a marked and unusual change came over the Laird's manner when we got back to Castle Osprey. During all the time he had been with us, although he had had occasionally to administer rebukes, with more or less of solemnity, he had never once lost his temper. We should have imagined it impossible for anything to have disturbed his serene dignity or demeanour. But now—when he discovered that there was no letter awaiting any one of us—his impatience seemed dangerously akin to vexation and anger. He would have the servants summoned and cross-examined. Then he would not believe them; but must needs search the various rooms for himself. The afternoon post had really brought nothing but a newspaper—addressed to the Laird—and that he testily threw into the waste-paper basket, without opening it. We had never seen him give way like this before.

At dinner, too, his temper was no better. He began to deride the business habits of the English people—which was barely civil. He said that the English feared the Scotch and the Germans just as the Americans feared the Chinese—because the latter were the more indefatigable workers. He declared that if the London men had less Amontillado sherry and cigarettes in their private office-rooms, their business would be conducted with much greater accuracy and despatch. Then another

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thought struck him: were the servants prepared to swear that no registered letter had been presented in the afternoon, and taken away again because there was no one in the house to sign the receipt? Inquiry being made it was found that no such letter had been presented. But, finally, when the turmoil about this wretched thing was at its height, the Laird was pressed to say from which part of the country the missive was expected. From London, he said. It was then pointed out to him that the London letters were usually sent along in the evening—sometimes as late as eight or nine o'clock. He went on with his dinner, grumbling.

Sure enough, before he had finished dinner, a footstep was heard on the gravel outside. The Laird, without any apology, jumped up and went to the window.

"There's the postman," said he, as he resumed his seat. "Ye might give him a shilling, ma'am: it is a long climb up the hill."

It was the postman, no doubt; and he had brought a letter, but it was not for the Laird. We were all apprehensive of a violent storm when the servant passed on and handed this letter to Mary Avon. But the Laird said nothing. Miss Avon, like a properly-conducted schoolgirl, put the letter in her pocket.

There was no storm. On the contrary, the Laird got quite cheerful. When his hostess hoped that no serious inconvenience would result from the non-arrival of the letter, he said, "Not the least!" He began and told us the story of the old lady who endeavoured to engage the practical Homesh—while he was collecting tickets—in a disquisition on the beauties of Highland scenery, and who was abruptly bidden to "mind her own pussness;" we had heard the story not more than thirty-eight times, perhaps, from various natives of Scotland.

But the letter about which the Laird had been anxious had—as some of us suspected—actually arrived, and was then in Mary Avon's pocket. After dinner the two women went into the drawing-room. Miss Avon sate down to the piano, and began to play, idly enough, the air called *Heimweh*. Of what home was she thinking, then—this waif and stray among the winds of the world?

Tea was brought in. At last the curiosity of the elder woman could no longer be restrained.

"Mary," said she, "are you not going to read that letter?"

"Dear me!" said the girl, plunging into her pocket. "I had forgotten I had a letter to read."

She took it out and opened it, and began to read. Her face looked puzzled at first, then alarmed. She turned to her friend.

"What is it? What can it mean?" she said, in blank dismay; and the trembling fingers handed her the letter.

Her friend had less difficulty in understanding; although, to be sure, before she had finished this perfectly plain and matter-of-fact communication, there were tears in her eyes. It was merely a letter from the manager of a bank in London, begging to inform Miss Avon that he

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had just received, through Messrs. Todd and Buchanan, of Glasgow, a sum of 10,300*l.* to be placed to her credit. He was also desired to say, that this sum was entirely at her own free disposal; but the donor would prefer—if she had no objection—that it should be invested in some home security, either in a good mortgage, or in the Metropolitan Board of Works Stock. It was a plain and simple letter.

"Oh, Mary, don't you understand—don't you understand?" said she. "He meant to have given you a steam-yacht, if—if you married Howard Smith. He has given you all the money you lost; and the steam-yacht, too. And there is not a word of regret about all his plans and schemes being destroyed. And this is the man we have all been making fun of."

In her conscious self-abasement she did not perceive how bewildered—how absolutely frightened—this girl was. Mary Avon took back the letter mechanically; she stood silent for a second or two, then she said, almost in a whisper—

"Giving me all that money! Oh, I cannot take it—I cannot take it! I should not have stayed here—I should not have told him anything—I—I—wish to go away——"

But the common sense of the older woman came to her rescue. She took the girl's hand firmly, and said—

"You shall not go away. And when it is your good fortune to meet with such a friend as that, you shall not wound him and insult him by refusing what he has given to you. No; but you will go at once and thank him."

"I cannot—I cannot," she said, with both her hands trembling. "What shall I say? How can I thank him? If he were my own father or brother, how could I thank him?——"

Her friend left the room for a second, and returned.

"He is in the library alone," said she. "Go to him. And do not be so ungrateful as to even speak of refusing."

The girl had no time to compose any speech. She walked to the library door, timidly tapped at it, and entered. The Laird was seated in an easy-chair, reading.

When he saw her come in—he had been expecting a servant with coffee, probably—he instantly put aside his book.

"Well, Miss Mary?" said he cheerfully.

She hesitated. She could not speak; her throat was choking. And then, scarcely knowing what she did, she sank down before him, and put her head and her hands on his knees, and burst out crying and sobbing. And all that he could hear of any speech-making, or of any gratitude, or thanks, was only two words—

"*My father!*"

He put his hand gently on the soft black hair.

"Child," said he, "it is nothing. I have kept my word."

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A New Study of Tennyson.

PART II.

> And well his words become him: is he not
> A full-cell'd honeycomb of eloquence
> Stored from all flowers?—EDWIN MORRIS.

In a former number of this Magazine we drew attention to certain peculiarities in the work of the Laureate which had not, in our opinion, been sufficiently appreciated by his many critics. We ventured to point out that he belongs to a class of poets whose work has a twofold value, a value, that is to say, dependent on its obvious, simple, and intrinsic beauties, which is its exoteric and popular side, and a value dependent on niceties of adaptation, allusion, and finish, which is its esoteric and critical side; that he is to a certain point only the poet of the people, that he is pre-eminently the poet of the cultured, that his services to art will never be properly understood till his writings come to be studied in detail, till they are, as those of his masters have been, submitted to the ordeal of the minutest critical investigation; till the delicate mechanism of his diction shall be analysed as scholars analyse the kindred subtleties of Sophocles and Virgil, till the sources of his plots have been laid bare, and the original and the copy placed side by side; till we are in possession of comparative commentaries on his poems as exhaustive as those with which Orelli illustrated Horace, and Matthias, Gray. We ventured to suggest that his poems should be studied, not as we study those of the fathers of Song, as we study those of Homer, Dante, Chaucer, Shakspeare, but as we study those who stand first in the second rank of poets; that in dealing with him we have to deal not with a Homer, but with an Apollonius, not with an Alcæus, but with a Horace; not so much with a poet of original genius, as with a great artist, with one whose mastery lies in assimilative skill, whose most successful works are not direct studies from simple nature, but studies from nature interpreted by art. That he belongs, in a word, to a school which stands in the same relation to the literature of England as the Alexandrian poets stood to the literature of Greece, and as the Augustan poets stood to the literature of Rome.

We will illustrate our meaning. In the works of the fathers of poetry everything is drawn directly from Nature. Their characters are the characters of real life. The incidents they describe have their counterpart in human experience. When they paint inanimate objects, either simply in detail, or comprehensively in group, their pictures are

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transcripts of what they have with their own eyes witnessed. In description for the mere sake of description, they never indulge. The physical universe is with them merely the stage on which the tragi-comedy of life is evolving itself. Their language is, as a rule, plain and simple. When they are obscure the obscurity arises not from affectation but from necessity. Little solicitous about the niceties of expression, they are in no sense of the word stylists, they have no ambitious ornaments, few tropes, and nothing of what the Latin critics call the *deliciæ et lenocinia verborum*. Their object was to describe and interpret, not to refine and subtilise. They were great artists, not because they worked on critical principles, but because they communed with truth. They were true to Art because they were true to Nature. In the school of which we take Virgil and the Laureate to be the most conspicuous representatives, a school which seldom fails to make its appearance in every literature at a certain point of its development, all this is reversed. Their material is derived not from the world of Nature, but from the world of Art. The hint, the framework, the method of their most characteristic compositions, seldom or never emanate from themselves. Take their *dramatis personæ*. The only powerful portrait in Virgil is a study from Euripides and Apollonius, the rest are shadows, mere outlines, suggested sometimes by Homer and sometimes by the Greek dramatists. Mr. Tennyson's Arthur and Launcelot were the creations of Malory, or rather of those poets who supplied Malory with his romance. His Ulysses is a study from Dante. His most subtly elaborated character, Lucretius, is the result of a minute and sympathetic study of the *De Rerum Naturâ*. His minor heroes and heroines, his Eleanores, his Madelines, his Marianas, are rather embodiments of peculiar moods and fancies than human beings. When Virgil sits down to write pastorals, he reproduces Theocritus with servile fidelity. When he writes didactic poetry he takes Hesiod for his model. When he composes the *Æneid*, he casts the first part in the mould of the *Odyssey*, and the second part in the mould of the *Iliad*. He is careful also to introduce no episode for which he cannot point to his pattern. So with the Laureate. Mr. Tennyson's *Idylls* are a series of incidents from the Arthurian Romances. His *Enid* is from Lady Charlotte Guest's *Mabinogion*. His classical studies—Œnone, Ulysses, Tithonus, Lucretius, were possibly suggested by the author of *Laodamia*, possibly by the soliloquies in the Greek dramas. His English Idylls are obviously modelled on Theocritus and Wordsworth. In Wordsworth's *Michael* he found a model for *Enoch Arden*. His *In Memoriam* was suggested by Petrarch; his *Dream of Fair Women* by Chaucer; his *Godiva* by Moultrie; the Women's University in the *Princess* by Johnson. His *Lotus-Eaters* is an interpretative sketch from the *Odyssey*; his *Golden Supper* is from Boccaccio; his *Dora* is the versification of a story by Miss Mitford. When Virgil has a scene to describe, or a simile to draw, he betakes him first to his predecessors to find a model, and then proceeds to fill in his sketch. With a touch here

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and a touch there, now from memory, now from observation, borrowing here an epithet and there a phrase—adding, subtracting, heightening, modifying, substituting one metaphor for another, developing what is latent in suggestive imagery, laying under contribution the vast range of Greek and Roman literature,—the unwearied artist patiently toils on, till his precious mosaic is without a flaw, till every gem in the coronet of his genius has received the last polish. It has been the pleasing task of a hundred generations of the learned to follow this consummate artist step by step to discover his gems in their rough state, and to compare them in that state with the state in which they are when they leave his finishing hand. Such an investigation is little less than an analysis of the principles of good taste, and from such an investigation the poet has infinitely more to gain than to lose. It is the object of these papers to show that much of Mr. Tennyson's most valuable work is of a similar character, that he possesses, like Virgil, some of the finest qualities of original genius, but that his style and method are, like the style and method of the Roman, essentially artificial and essentially reflective. With both of them expression is the first consideration. If the matter be meagre, the form is always perfect; if the ideas are fine, the clothing is still finer. Their composition resembles the sculpture described by Ovid—*materiem superabat opus*—the workmanship is more precious than the material. One of the most highly finished passages Virgil ever produced was the description of a boy whipping his top; one of the finest passages in all Mr. Tennyson's writings is the comparison between the heavy fall of a drunken man and the fall of a wave tumbling on the shore.* The diction of both is often so subtly elaborated that it defies analysis. Dissect, for example, the line "*discolor* unde *auri* per ramos *aura refulsit*," and you reduce it to nonsense. Dissect

> There with her milk-white arms and shadowy hair
> She made her face a darkness from the king,

and it becomes unintelligible. When Virgil wishes to describe a shepherd wondering whether after the lapse of a *few years* he will see his farm again, he writes—

> *Post aliquot*, mea regna videns mirabor *aristas?*

When Mr. Tennyson has occasion to allude to the month of March, he speaks of

> The *roaring moon*
> *Of daffodil and crocus.*

Their expressions not unfrequently resemble enigmas.
A labyrinth becomes in Virgil,

> iter, quâ signa sequendi
> Falleret indeprensus et irremeabilis error;

* See the lines in *The Last Tournament*, beginning—

> Down from the causeway heavily to the swamp
> Fell, as the crest, &c.

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and the life of Christ becomes, in the Laureate's phraseology—

> The sinless years
> That breathed beneath the Syrian blue.

The works of both poets abound in these ingenious periphrases. No two poets have so completely triumphed over what Horace tells us is the most difficult of all arts—the art of expressing commonplaces with originality. Their poems are store-houses of every figure in the vocabulary of rhetoricians. There is scarcely a page in Virgil which is not loaded with Hellenisms and with allusions to the literature of Greece, often of such a kind as to make them unintelligible except to those who know where to turn for a commentary. Mr. Tennyson's diction teems with similar peculiarities. He is not only continually imitating the Greek and Roman writers, but he is continually transplanting their idioms and their phrases into our tongue. An unlearned reader must indeed be often at a loss when confronted with turns like these: "This way and that dividing the swift mind;" "laughed with alien lips;" "finished to the finger nail;" "sneezed out a full God-bless-you left and right;" "he stood four square;" "cooked his spleen;" and the like.

Where Virgil particularly excels is where he is improving in detail upon Homer, upon Hesiod, upon Apollonius, or upon Ennius; in his descriptive passages, and pre-eminently in his similes. His masterpieces are the fourth and the sixth *Æneids*. In the first he follows the third and fourth books of the *Argonautica*. In the second he is following the eleventh *Odyssey*. Many of his phrases, his turns, his cadences, his epithets—the *disjecta membra* of his diction, are still to be found scattered up and down the Greek poets, and the remains of the older Roman masters, his obligations to which have been pointed out by more than one of his critics. What the literature of the Old World was to the greatest artist of antiquity, that is the literature of the Old and New World to the greatest artist of our day. A parallel between Virgil and Tennyson might, we believe, be drawn closer than any other parallel which could be instituted between two poets. Such a parallel is, however, no part of our present task. Our object is merely to show that Mr. Tennyson, so far as the character of his work is concerned, stands in the same relation to the poetry of England as Virgil stood to the poetry of Rome; that they belong to the same school, that to be enjoyed thoroughly they must be studied critically, and that to be studied critically they must be studied with a constant eye to their connection with their predecessors. We shall therefore make no apology for continuing our former paper, and we offer what follows, not as any catalogue of plagiarisms, but simply as material for an illustrative commentary on the works of the greatest poet of modern times. The ancient critics were never weary of illustrating the poems of Virgil by elaborate series of parallel passages, and it was by the aid of such com

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mentaries that his peculiar excellence became properly appreciated. There is surely no reason why works which are in point of execution inferior to none of the masterpieces of antiquity should not be studied with similar diligence and on a similar method by ourselves. A few of the parallel passages to which we shall direct attention were obviously professed imitations, some of them may have been unconscious recollections, and many of them no doubt are merely casual coincidences. To begin, then.

In the early lyrics the predominant influences are Coleridge and Keats, the resemblance lying not so much in particular passages as in the essence of the whole—

> As having clasped a rose
> Within the palm, the rose being ta'en away,
> The hand retains a little breath of sweet,
> Holding a faint perfume of his sweet guest.

If we examine them more particularly, we shall find that from the first have been borrowed rhythm and cadence, from the second are derived that languid beauty, that voluptuous purity, that excessive richness of expression, and that curious intermixture of archaic phraseology with modern sentiment, which are the most striking characteristics of these poems. We may notice, also, how carefully the epithets and phrases have been culled from various sources. To take a few instances from many:

> It will change but it will not die.—*Nothing will Die.*

From Shelley's *Cloud*—

> I change but I cannot die.

> The laws of marriage *charactered*
> *Upon* the blanched *tablets* of her heart.—*Isabel.*

Compare Æschylus, *Prometheus*, 791—

> ἣν ἐγγράφου σὺ μνήμοσιν δέλτοις φρενῶν,

or more directly Heywood's *Woman Killed with Kindness*—

> Within the red-leaved *tablets of her heart.*

So in the *Ode to Memory* we have "*ribbed* sand," which occurs in the second part of the *Ancient Mariner;* "wattled folds" from *Comus*, "*storied* walls" from Milton and Gray. The magnificent epithet myriad-minded, which occurs in the same poem, has a curious history. It was discovered first by Coleridge, as a phrase μυριόνους in some Byzantine critic, and applied by him with happy propriety to Shakspeare. So also we have in the *Poet* the epithet "secretest," from *Macbeth*, "the *secretest* man of blood"—the *breathing Spring*, from Pope's *Messiah*, "with all the incense of the *breathing Spring*." So again, in *Sea Faeries*, "the ridged sea," from *Lear* (act. iv. scene 6), "Horns whelk'd and waved like the ridged sea." So also "full-sailed verse" in *Eleanore* recalls Shakspeare's eighty-sixth sonnet, "the *full sail* of

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his great *verse*." The beautiful epithet "*apple-cheek'd*" in the *Islet*, "a bevy of Eroses *apple-cheek'd*," is from Theocritus, *Idyll*, xxv. 1.

χ' ἁ μαλοπάρῃος Ἀγαύα.

I feel the *tears of blood* arise (*Oriana*),

recalls *Ford's Brother and Sister*—

Wash every word thou utterest
In tears of blood.

We may notice that the first three stanzas of *Eleanore* bear a curious resemblance to a singularly beautiful fragment of Ibycus; compare the *spirit* and images of Mr. Tennyson's verses with the following lines:

Εὐρύαλε, γλαυκέων Χαρίτων θάλος
καλλικόμων μελέδημα, σὲ μὲν Κύπρις
ἅ τ' ἀγανοβλέφαρος Πειθὼ ῥοδέοισιν
ἐν ἄνθεσιν θρέψαν
μύρτα τε. καὶ ἴα καὶ ἑλίχρυσος
μᾶλα τε καὶ ῥοδα καὶ τέρεινα δάφνα,
τᾶμος ἄϋπνος κλυτὸς ὄρθρος ἐγείρῃσιν ἀηδόνας.

These three poems—*Adeline*, *Margaret*, and *Eleanore*—should also be compared with Wordsworth's *Triad*, which possibly suggested them.

Nor in passing should we forget to place side by side with Tennyson's exquisite *Mariana* the four lovely lines in which Sappho is describing some *Mariana* of antiquity:

δέδυκε μὲν ἀ σελάννα
καὶ Πληΐαδες, μέσαιδε
νύκτες, παρὰ δ' ἔρχετ' ὥρα,
ἔγω δε μόνα κατεύδω.

In *Mariana in the South*—

Large Hesper *glitter'd on her tear*,

reminds us of Keats—

No light
Could *glimmer on their tears.*—*Hyperion*, book ii.

In *The Two Voices* we may notice two or three parallels. The line describing the insensibility of the dead man to the world—

His sons grew up that bear his name,
Some grew to honour, some to shame,
But he is chill to praise or blame,

recall Job, chapter xiv.:

His sons come to honour, and he knoweth not; and they are brought low, but he perceiveth it not.

The lines—

Moreover something is or seems
That touches me with mystic gleams
Like glimpses of forgotten dreams:
Of something felt, like something here,
Of something done I know not where,

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find an appropriate commentary in Wordsworth's splendid *Ode:*

> But there's a tree, of many, one,
> A single field which I have look'd upon;
> Both of them speak of something that is gone.
> The pansy at my feet
> Doth the same tale repeat,
> Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

It may be fanciful, but we have often thought that, as Mr. Tennyson was indebted to Homer for the suggestion of *The Lotus-Eaters*, so he must have been fresh from the study of Bion and Moschus when he sate himself down to the composition of that delicious poem. In two of their exquisite fragments are to be found all those qualities which characterize Mr. Tennyson's poem—its languid and dreamy beauty, its soft and luscious verse, its tone, its sentiment. How exactly parallel, for example, are the following passages:

> All things have rest, why should we toil alone?
> . . . . . .
> Death is the end of life, ah why
> Should life all labour be?

> εἰς πόσον ἁ δειλοὶ καμάτως κ' εἰς ἔργα πονεῦμες;
> ψυχὰν δ' ἄχρι τίνος ποτὶ κέρδεα καὶ ποτὶ τέχνας
> βάλλομες, ἰμείροντες ἀεὶ πολὺ πλήονος, ὕλβω
> λαθόμεθ' ἦ ἄρα πάντες ὅτι θνατοὶ γενόμεσθα
> χὠς βραχὺν ἐκ Μοίρας λάχομεν χρόνον.
>
> BION, Idyll iv.

> Is there any peace
> In ever climbing up the climbing wave?
> . . . . . .
> How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream,
> . . . . . .
> To watch the emerald-colour'd water falling
> Through many a woven acanthus wreath divine,
> Only to hear were sweet, stretch'd out beneath the pine.

> καὶ πόνος ἐστὶ θάλασσα . . .
> αὐτάρ ἐμοι γλυκὺς ὕπνος ὑπὸ πλατάνῳ βαθύφυλλῳ·
> καὶ παγᾶς φιλέοιμι τὸν ἐγγύθεν ἦχον ἀκούειν
> ἃ τέρπει ψοφέοισα τὸν ἄγρικον, οὐχὶ ταράσσει.
>
> MOSCHUS, Idyll v.

It may be observed, by the way, that in the *Princess* the English poet has used the same, or nearly the same, epithets for the plane-tree as Moschus has done in the passage just quoted, "the *full-leaved platans* of the vale." With Bion and Moschus we cannot but think that he must have been lingering over Thomson's *Castle of Indolence*. Compare, for example, the two passages which follow with *The Lotus-Eaters*:

> Was nought around but images of rest,
> Sleep-soothing groves and quiet lawns between,

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And flowing beds that slumbrous influence kest,
From poppies breath'd, and beds of pleasant green.

. . . . . .

Meantime unnumbered glittering streamlets play'd,
And hurled everywhere their waters sheen,
That as they bicker'd through the sunny glade,
Though restless still themselves, a lulling murmur made.

A pleasant land of drowsihed it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye,
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
For ever flushing round a summer sky.

In the fine poem of *Fatima*, the lines :

O Love! O fire! *once he drew*
With one long kiss my whole soul through
My lips,

bear a singularly close resemblance to a passage in Achilles Tatius' *Clitophon and Leucippe* (book ii.) :

ἡ δε (ψυχὴ) ταραχθεῖσα τῷ φιλήματι
πάλλεται. εἰ δὲ μὴ τοῖς σπλάγχνοις ἦν
δεδεμένη, ἠκολούθησεν ἂν ἑλκυσθεῖσα ἄνω
τοῖς φιλήμασιν.

The ballad of *Oriana* was evidently suggested by the old ballad of *Helen of Kirkconnel*, both poems being based on a similar incident, and both poems being the passionate soliloquy of the bereaved lover, though Mr. Tennyson's treatment of the subject is of course all his own. In the *Palace of Art* we may notice that the phrase "the first of those who know," applied to the great philosophers, is translated from Dante, who calls Aristotle "Il maestro *di color che sanno.*" In *Lady Clara Vere de Vere* the sentiment "'Tis only noble to be good," on which the poem is such a fine comment, was first preached by Menander :

ὃς ἂν εὖ γεγονὼς ᾖ τῇ φύσει πρὸς τ' ἀγαθὰ
κἂν Αἰθίοψ ᾖ, μῆτερ, ἔστιν εὐγενής.

And by Dante, *Convito :*

E gentilezza dovunque virtute ;
Ma non virtute ov' ella.

The conclusion of *Audley Court*, where the tranquillising effects of night are described as *gladdening the heart* of the spectators, would appear to be a reminiscence of the famous moonlight scene in the eighteenth Iliad, where

γέγηθε δέ τε φρένα ποιμήν

as he feels the influence of the tranquil night.

The curious expression "baby sleep" in the *Gardener's Daughter*,

And in her bosom bore the *baby sleep*,

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is to be found in Shelley's *Queen Mab*:

> And on her lips
> The *baby sleep* is pillowed.

In the *Palace of Art* the picture of Europa is from Moschus.

In the *Dream of Fair Women* the proud boast of Cleopatra,

> I died a Queen. The Roman soldier found
> Me lying dead, my crown about my brows, &c.,

is a splendid *transfusion* of the last lines in Horace's ode (i. xxxvi.):

> Invidens
> *Privata* deduci superbo
> *Non humilis* mulier triumpho,

as the dirges of the young Jewish maiden remind us closely of those breathed by the young Antigone. Compare with the Laureate's verses *Antigone*, 840–876. Again, the lines:—

> With that she *tore her robe apart, and half*
> *The polished argent of her breast to sight*
> *Laid bare,*

is an almost literal translation from the *Hecuba*, 556:

> λαβοῦσα πέπλους ἐξ ἄκρας ἐπωμίδος
> ἔῤῥηξε. . . .
> μαστούς τ' ἔδειξε, στέρνα θ' ὡς ἀγάλματος
> κάλλιστα.

The "polished argent" exactly and most happily *interpreting* the *idea* suggested by the ἀγάλματος.

In the same poem the bold and graphic phrase,

> Saw God *divide the night with flying flame,*

suggests Horace's

> Diespiter
> *Igni corusco nubila dividens.*—i. xxxiv.

In the next poem we may notice in passing an odd coincidence. In *Edwin Morris* we find:

> She sent a note, the seal an *elle vous suit;*

and in *Don Juan*, Julia's letter is despatched in an envelope,

> The seal a sunflower—*elle vous suit partout.*

The whole plot of *Dora* to the minutest details is taken from a prose story of Miss Mitford's (*Our Village*, 2nd series), the only difference being that in the poem Mary Hay becomes Mary Morrison. That this circumstance has not been intimated in the poem is due, no doubt, to the fact that the Laureate, like Gray, leaves his commentators to trace him to his raw material; though why he should have prefixed a preface to the *Golden Supper* acknowledging his debt to Boccaccio, and should have omitted to do so in the case of *Dora* it is difficult to understand. Miss Mitford has certainly more to gain from the honour than the author of the *Decamerone*.

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The physical effect of joy on the spirits so happily described in *The Gardener's Daughter*—

I rose up
Full of his bliss and . . . .
Felt earth as air beneath me,

has been noticed by Massinger, *City Madam*, act iii. scene 3.

I am sublim'd. Gross earth
Supports me not, *I walk on air.*

We now come to *Ulysses*. The germ, the spirit, and the sentiment of this poem are from the twenty-sixth canto of Dante's *Inferno*. Mr. Tennyson has indeed done little but fill in the sketch of the great Florentine. As is usual with him in all cases where he borrows, the details and minuter portions of the work are his own; he has added grace, elaboration, and symmetry; he has called in the assistance of other poets. A rough crayon draught has been metamorphosed into a perfect picture. As the resemblances lie not so much in expression as in the general tone, we will in this case substitute for the original a literal version. Ulysses is speaking:

Neither fondness for my son, nor reverence for my aged sire, nor the due love which ought to have gladdened Penelope, could conquer in me the ardour which I had to become experienced in the world, and in human vice and worth. I put out into the deep open sea with but one ship, and with that small company which had not deserted me. . . . I and my companions were old and tardy when we came to that narrow pass where Hercules assigned his landmarks. "O brothers," I said, "who through a hundred thousand dangers have reached the West, deny not to this the brief vigil of your senses that remain, experience of the unpeopled world beyond the sun. Consider your origin, ye were not formed to live like brutes, but to follow virtue and knowledge." . . . Night already saw the other pole with all its stars, and ours so low that it rose not from the ocean floor.

Now compare the key verses of Mr. Tennyson's poem. Ulysses speaks:

I cannot rest from travel: I will drink
Life to the lees. All times I have enjoyed;
Greatly have suffered—greatly both with those
That lov'd me and alone. . . .
How dull it is to pause, to make an end!

And vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
And this grey spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge.
There lies the port: the vessel puffs her sail.
There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners,
Souls that have toil'd and wrought and thought with me,
That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine.

. . . You and I are old.
Death closes all; but something, ere the end,
Some work of noble note may yet be done.

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. . . Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off! . . for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.

In the other parts of the poem the imitations from Homer and Virgil are too obvious to be specified. Passing on to *Locksley Hall*, it may not be uninteresting to add to the parallel passages pointed out in a former paper two or three others.

As the husband is, the wife is,

recalls Scott's *Abbot*, chapter ii.: "Know that the rank of the man rates that of the wife." The fine line—

Cramming all the blast before it, *in its breast a thunderbolt*,

recalls Tasso (*Gerusalemme*, canto ix.):

Nuova nube di polve ecco vicina,
Che *fulgori in grembo* tiene.

The singular image in the couplet—

Love took up the glass of Time, and turned it in his glowing hands;
Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands,

finds a sort of parallel in a pretty verse by that elegant writer of happy trifles, W. R. Spencer:

Thy eye with clear account remarks
The ebbing of Time's glass,
When all its sands are diamond sparks
That dazzle as they pass.

The magnificent line—

And our spirits rush'd together at the touching of the lips,

looks like a reminiscence of Guarini's *Pastor Fido*, act ii. scene 6:

Ma i colpi di due labbra innamorate,
Quando a ferir si va bocca con bocca,
. . . ove l'un alma e l'altra
Corre.

A sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things,

is of course Dante's—

Nessun maggior dolore
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria.

In *Œnone* the line

Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of love,

is taken almost without alteration from Part II. of Henry VI., act ii. scene 3.

Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.

In another very popular poem of the Laureate's we have a curiously interesting illustration of the skill with which he changes into his own precious metal the less refined ore of other poets. It will not be neces-

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sary to quote his lyric, "Home they brought her warrior dead," as it will, no doubt, be fresh in the memory of every one who is likely to be interested in this paper; so we proceed at once to the parallels. In Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel* (canto i. stanza 9) appear the following verses:

> O'er her warrior's bloody bier
> The ladye dropp'd nor flower nor tear,
> Until, amid her sorrowing clan,
> Her son lisp'd from the nurse's knee.
> . . . . . .
> Then fast the mother's tears did seek
> To dew the infant's kindling cheek.

Curiously enough, the climax of the piece—the sudden and passionate resolve on the part of the bereaved parent to live for the child—closely resembles a passage in Darwin's once celebrated episode of *Eliza* in the *Botanic Garden*. There the mother has been slain in war, and the young husband, distracted with grief, has abandoned himself to despair; but on his two little children being presented to his sight, exclaims, like Tennyson's heroine—

> These bind to earth—for these I pray to live.

This similarity is, however, more curious than significant. But we now come to a series of very interesting parallel passages. In no poem of the Laureate's is the workmanship so strikingly superior to the material as in *The Princess*, and in no poem, with the exception perhaps of *In Memoriam*, do we find so many echoes of other singers. The lines—

> A wind arose and rush'd upon the south,
> And shook the songs, the whispers, and the shrieks
> Of the wild woods together; and a voice
> Went with it: Follow—follow—thou shalt win!

forcibly remind us of Shelley's—

> A wind arose among the pines, and shook
> The clinging music from their boughs, and then
> Low, sweet, faint sounds, like the farewell of ghosts
> Were heard—O follow, follow me!

Again,

> As when a field of corn
> Bows all its ears before the roaring East,

is, with the substitution of East for West, from Homer (*Iliad* ii., lines 147–8):

> ὡς δ' ὅτε κινήσει Ζέφυρος βαθὺ λήϊον, ἐλθὼν,
> λάβρος, ἐπαιγίζων, ἐπὶ τ' ἠμύει ἀσταχύεσσιν.

The ingenious simile in which the sudden collapse of a speaker is compared to the sudden collapse of a sail, is apparently borrowed from Dante:

> Till as when a boat
> Tacks, and her slacken'd sail flaps, &c.

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Quali dal vento le gonfiate vele
Caggiono avvolte, poichè l'alber fiacca.
Inferno, canto viii. 13–14.

Our weakness somehow shapes *the shadow, Time.*

This expression is from Wordsworth:

Death, the skeleton,
And *Time, the shadow.—Yews.*

The curious expression—

Stared with great eyes *and laugh'd with open lips,*

is literally, of course, from the 20th *Odyssey*:

οἱ δ' ἤδη γναθμοῖσι γελῴων ἀλλοτρίοισιν.

So, again, the fine simile in which the unshaken firmness of Ida is compared to a pine vexed and tried by storm, was evidently suggested by the magnificent simile in which Virgil compares Æneas, under similar circumstances, to an oak. To Homer, Mr. Tennyson is indebted for the following:—

As one that climbs a peak to gaze
O'er land and main, and sees a great black cloud
Drag onward from the deeps, a wall of night
Blot out the slope of sea from verge to shore,
And quenching lake by lake, and tarn by tarn,
Expunge the world.

Now compare *Iliad*, iv. 275:

ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἀπὸ σκοπιῆς εἶδε νέφος αἰπόλος ἀνὴρ,
ἐρχόμενον κατὰ πόντον ὑπὸ Ζεφύροιο ἰωῆς,
τῷ δέ τ' ἄνευθεν ἐόντι, μελάντερον, ἠΰτε πίσσα,
φαίνετ' ἰὸν κατὰ πόντον, ἄγει δέ τε λαίλαπα πολλήν.

The beautiful line—

The moan of doves in immemorial elms,

suggests Virgil's—

Nec *gemere* aëriâ cessabit *turtur ab ulmo.*
Eclogue i. 59.

It may not be uninteresting to notice also that the summary of the Lady Psyche's lecture bears some resemblance to that of the learned lady in Prior's *Alma.* Compare—

This world was once, &c.
Then the monster, then the man.
. . . . . .
Thereupon she took
A bird's-eye view of all th' ungracious past:
Glanc'd at the legendary Amazon,
Appraised the Lycian custom;
Ran down the Persian, Grecian, Roman lines
Of empire. . . . .
Till, warming with her theme,
She fulmin'd out her scorn of Laws Salique
And little-footed China, touched on Mahomet
With much contempt, and came to chivalry.

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Now let us listen to Prior's learned dame:

She kindly talked, at least three hours,
Of plastic forms and mental powers,
Described our pre-existing station
Before this vile terrene creation.
And lest we should grow weary, madam,
To cut things short, came down to Adam;
From thence, as fast as she was able,
She drowns the world and builds up Babel;
Through Syria, Persia, Greece, she goes,
And takes the Romans in the close.

This is probably only a mere coincidence; but we venture to think that the following singularly happy simile must have been an imitation, more or less unconscious, on the part of Mr. Tennyson.

Bland the smile that, *like a wrinkling wind*
On glassy water, drove his cheek in lines.

Compare these lines from Shelley's *Prince Athanase:*

O'er the visage wan
Of Athanase, a ruffling atmosphere
Of dark emotion, *a swift shadow* ran,
Like wind upon some forest-bosom'd lake
Glassy and dark.

Another felicitous and ingenious simile appears to have been suggested by a passage in Wordsworth's *Excursion*:—

He has a solid base of temperament,
But as the *water-lily starts* and *slides*
Upon the level in little puffs of wind,
Though anchor'd to the bottom—such is he.

In the fifth book of the *Excursion* we find

A thing
Subject . . . . to vital accidents;
And, *like the water-lily*, lives and thrives,
Whose root is fix'd in stable earth, whose head
Floats on the tossing waves.

The whole of the passage beginning

Come down, O maid, from yonder mountain height,

is obviously modelled on Theocritus, Idyll xi. 41 sqq.

A very graphic expression in *The Sleeping Beauty*,—

The silk, star-broider'd coverlet,
Unto her limbs itself doth mould,

has evidently been transferred from Homer (*Iliad*, xxiv. 163), where he speaks of Priam:

ἐντυπὰς ἐν χλαίνῃ κεκαλυμμένος.

The couplet in the L'Envoi of the *Day Dream*—

For we are Ancients of the Earth,
And in the morning of the times,

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is obviously merely a version of Bacon's famous paradox—"Antiquitas sæculi, juventus mundi."

In *Edwin Morris* the lines:

Shall not Love to me
Sneeze out a full God-bless-you, right and left?

are from Catullus, xlv. 8, 9—

Amor, sinistram ut ante,
Dextram sternuit approbationem.

In *Sea Dreams* the poet has apparently laid the fragments of Pindar under contribution:

My poor venture but a fleet of glass,
Wreck'd on a reef of visionary gold.

In the 136th fragment (edit. Schneidewin) we find:

πελάγει δ' ἐν πολυχρύσοιο πλούτου
πάντες ἴσᾳ νέομεν ψευδῇ πρὸς ἀκτάν.

In Saint Simeon Stylites, when the Saint, alluding to his mortal body, observes—

This dull chrysalis
Cracks into shining wings,

we are reminded of Carew's original but ludicrous couplet:

The soul . . . .
Broke the outward shell of sin,
And so was hatch'd a cherubin;

or still more immediately, perhaps, of Rogers' epigram comparing man on earth to the inglorious chrysalis, and man after death to the full-fledged butterfly.

We are strongly reminded both of Horace and Virgil in the two magnificent stanzas entitled *Will*. The passage—

For him nor moves the loud world's random mock,
Nor all Calamity's hugest waves, &c.

having been evidently suggested by the famous lines which begin the third ode of the third book; and the verses which follow—

Who seems a promontory of rock
That, compass'd round with turbulent sound,
In middle ocean meets the surging shock
Tempest-buffeted,

are as obviously borrowed from Virgil (*Æneid*, x. 693 *seq.*):

Ille velut rupes, vastum quæ prodit in æquor,
Obvia ventorum furiis, expostaque ponto,
Vim cunctam atque minas perfert cœlique marisque
Ipsa immota manens.

Or possibly from the parent simile, *Iliad* O., 618 *seq.* The fine expression—

Their surging charges *foamed themselves away*,

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is, with a change in the application, a reminiscence of Æschylus (*Agamemnon*, 1030)—

πρὶν αἱματηρὸν ἐξαφρίζεσθαι μένος.

We may notice, also, another curiously minute appropriation of an expression from Æschylus, in the *Morte d'Arthur*:

Looking wistfully . . . .
As in a picture.

The Greek poet (*Agamemnon*, 230) describing Iphigenia, says—

ἔβαλλ' ἕκαστον
ἀπ' ὄμματος βέλει φιλοίκτῳ
πρέπουσα θ' ὡς ἐν γραφαῖς.

We do not propose to follow in detail the passages from the Greek and Roman poets of which Mr. Tennyson has availed himself in *Lucretius*, but we cannot forbear noticing the felicity with which he has, in adopting, interpreted a singular epithet in Horace. The line "Voltus nimium *lubricus* aspici" (*Odes*, i. xix. 8), has been interpreted by many generations of commentators as a face too *dangerous* to gaze upon. Now there is surely no reason why the epithet should not be explained as meaning a face voluptuously symmetrical, a face over which the eyes slip and wander, as it were, because in its rounded smoothness they find no particular feature on which to pause. So, reproducing the image and meaning, Mr. Tennyson—

Here an Oread—how the sun delights
To *glance* and *shift* about her *slippery* sides.

A poet is, after all, the best commentator on a poet. The beautifully graphic picture,

As the dog,
With inward yelp and restless forefoot, plies
His function of the woodland,

is almost literally from Lucretius, iv. 991:

Canes in molli sæpe quiete
Jactant crura tamen subito, vocesque repente
Mittunt et crebro reducunt naribus auras.

In dealing with the *Idylls of the King*, we shall not attempt to discuss the question of Mr. Tennyson's obligations to the original romances, nor shall we draw any parallels from them. Such a task, though belonging essentially to our "Study," would demand more space than we can at present afford. A few parallel passages, miscellaneously selected from various authors, must therefore bring this paper to a conclusion. Several passages have already been printed in a former essay: these, of course, are here omitted.

The fine simile in *Gareth and Lynette*, where Gareth's adversary is compared to a buoy at sea, which dips and springs but never sinks, in spite of the winds and waves rolling over it, may possibly have been suggested by a simile in Lycophron (*Cassandra*, Potter's edit. 755, 756),

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where Ulysses is compared to a cork in the sea with the winds and waves rolling over it, but not sinking it :

ἔσται, παρ' ἄλλου δ' ἄλλος, ὡς πεύκης κλάδος
βύκτης στροβητός φελλὸν ἐνθρώσκων πνοαῖς.

The following coincidence is probably purely accidental, but there is a line in *Enid* bearing a singular resemblance to another verse in Lycophron :

A shell
That keeps the wear and polish of the wave.

The Greek runs (*Cassandra*, 790)—

ὡς κόγχος ἅλμῃ πάντοθεν περιτριβείς.

The line—

She fear'd
In every *wavering brake* an ambuscade,

recalls Juvenal's timid traveller :

Et *motæ* ad lunam trepidabis *arundinis* umbram.—*Sat.* x. 21.

The simile which follows just afterwards—

Like a shoal
Of darting fish, that on a summer morn
Come slipping o'er their shadows on the sand,
But if a man who stands upon the brink
But lift a shining hand,
There is not left the twinkle of a fin—

may be compared with Keats' less finished but equally graphic picture :

Where swarms of minnows
. . . . . .
Ever nestle
Their silver bellies on the pebbly sand;
If you but scantily hold out the hand,
That very instant not one will remain.

He dragged his eyebrow lashes down, and made
A snowy penthouse.

In this bold and graphic expression the poet is indebted to Homer's

πᾶν δὲ ἐπισκύνιον κάτω ἕλκεται, ὅσσε καλύπτων.
Iliad, xvii. 136.

The elaborate care with which the concluding paragraphs of *Merlin and Vivian* have been modelled on the verses in Virgil's fourth *Æneid*, which describe the ruin of Dido, is obvious, though Mr. Tennyson's "What should not have been had been," is but a coarse substitute for the tact and delicacy of the Roman's

Fulsere ignes et conscius æther
Connubiis, summoque ululârunt vertice Nymphæ.

The fine simile in *Lancelot and Elaine :*

All together down upon him
Bore, as a wild wave in the wide North Sea,

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Green glimmering toward the summit, bears, with all
Its stormy crests that smoke against the skies,
Down on a bark—

is obviously borrowed from Homer (*Iliad*, xv. 624):—

ἐν δ' ἔπεσ' ὡς ὅτε κῦμα θοῇ ἐν νηῒ πέσῃσιν
λάβρον ὑπὸ νεφέων ἀνεμοτρεφὲς, ἡ δέ τε πᾶσα
ἴαχε ὑπεκρύφθη.

For the "stormy crests" we may compare *Iliad*, iv. 426. The picturesque and minutely accurate "green glimmering towards the summit" is Mr. Tennyson's own beautiful touch.

The famous line in the same idyll—

And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true—

reminds us in its striking association of jingle, antithesis, and alliteration, of a line in Sophocles (*Œdipus Rex*, 1250):

ἔνθα . . . .
ἐξ ἀνδρὸς ἄνδρα, καὶ τέκν' ἐκ τέκνων τέκοι,

while the actual antithesis has been anticipated in the πίστις ἀπιστοτάτη of Andocides, ix. 32, and the "faithful in thy unfaithfulness" of Chettle. One cannot but think that in describing the dead Elaine the poet must have remembered Byron's beautiful picture of the dead Medora; compare the lines:

In her right hand the lily
. . . . . .
All her bright hair streaming down
. . . . And she herself in white,
All but her face, and that clear featur'd face
Was lovely, for she did not seem as dead,
But fast asleep, and lay as tho' she smil'd.

Byron's lines are:

In life itself she was so still and fair
That death with gentler aspect wither'd there.
And the cold flowers her colder hand contain'd
In that last grasp as tenderly were strain'd
As if she scarcely felt, but feign'd, a sleep.
. . . . . .
Her lips . . . . seem'd as they forbore to smile,
But the white shroud and each extended tress,
Long, fair, &c.

In the same idyll the lines—

A trumpet blew,
Then waiting at the doors the war-horse neigh'd
As at a friend's voice—

recall Ovid, *Met.* iii. 704:

Fremit acer equus cum bellicus ære canoro
Signa dedit tubicen pugnæque assumit amorem.

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So, also, in *Enid*, the vivid image—

She saw
Dust and the points of lances bicker in it—

reminds us of the fine passage in the *Anabasis* of Xenophon, in which the approach of an army at a distance is described (*Anab.* i. viii. 8): *ἐφάνη κονιορτός . . . . τάχα δὴ καὶ χαλκός τις ἤστραπτε.*

And now we must conclude. Had we thought that there would be the smallest chance of this paper or of its predecessor being misunderstood, they would never have seen the light. But we have no such fear. The purpose for which they were written has been already explained. They are offered as commentaries on works which will take their place beside the masterpieces of Greek and Roman genius, and which will, like them, be studied with minute and curious diligence by successive generations of scholars. A versatility without parallel among poets has enabled Mr. Tennyson to appeal to all classes. His poetry is the delight of the most fastidious and of the most emotional. He touches Burns on one side, and he touches Sophocles on the other. But to the scholar, and to the scholar alone, will his most precious and his most characteristic works become in their full significance intelligible. By him they will be cherished with peculiar fondness. To him they will be like the enchanted island in Shakspeare:

Full of echoes,
Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight.

To him it will be a never-ending source of pleasure to study his Tennyson as he studies his Virgil, his Dante, and his Milton.

J. C. C.

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Giovanni Battista Belzoni.

I.

Belzoni at Padua.

I have no intention of troubling the reader with a biography of Giovanni Battista Belzoni. The birth, the short, eventful life of forty-five years, and the death of the great Italian explorer, have been written and re-written both at home and abroad: his excursions into ancient and classical Egypt are as familiar, if not more so, to the Englishman as to the Italian. My business is with a few details of his career, and especially with his death, concerning which I know more than any man now living. Finally, I would suggest certain honours due to his memory before it fades,—the fate of travellers and explorers amongst their brother men,—into the mists and glooms of the past. As, however, all are not familiar with a career, peculiarly attractive to Englishmen, which began in 1815 and which ended in 1823, the following facts, borrowed more from living authorities than from books, may not be unwelcome.

Belzoni's mother-city was Padua. A century after he was born I visited what now represents his birthplace, No. 2946 in the Via Paolotti. It stands opposite the gloomy old prison of the same name, a kind of guardhouse, whose occupation is denoted by the sentries and the wooden window-screens. The two-storied, four-windowed tenement, with its yellow walls and green shutters jealously barred in the ground-floor, bears, under the normal Paduan arcade, a small slab of white marble inscribed:

IN QVESTA CASA
IL 5 NOV. 1778 NACQVE
BELZONI.

The building, however, is modern. In the early quarter of our century, the street was a straggle of huts and hovels, and the garden of the present house contained more than one. They were "improved off" about 1845, on the occasion of his leading home a bride, by the present owner, Sig. Squarcina, C.E.

As the explorer tells us in his well-known *Travels*,* the family was originally Roman, with the rights of citizenship, and the name Bolzon, or Bolzoni, was softened by him to Belzoni. One of many children, he

* *Narrative of Operations and Recent Discoveries in Egypt and Nubia, etc.*, fol. and atlas. London, Murray, 1820.

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inherited a splendid *physique* from his mother, Teresa, of the well-known Orsolato house; she is described as a woman of masculine strength and stature. His father, Jacopo, was a *tonsore*,—in plain English, a barber,—proud of the old home which he had never seen, and full of legends concerning the grandeur of Rome and his ancestry. Let me say, *sans rancune*, that there is an important difference (in kind) between a Roman *tonsore* and a northern "barber." We must not confound old and new civilisations.

The future traveller's first journey was an escapade which is related at full length by his biographers.* The father had taken his large and lively family for a *gita* to Monte Ortone, near the famous thermæ of classical Abano, and the day in the country had been so charming that Giambattista persuaded his younger brother Antonio to repeat the trip without the formality of asking leave. This led to further wanderings—to Ferrara, Bologna, and other places in the direction of Rome; but the two runaways, who were penniless, presently lost heart and returned home. Hence, possibly, the persistent but mistaken report which makes Belzoni's father a *cultivatore*, or peasant-proprietor, at Abano, and, consequently, a compatriot of Pietro di Abano, the "Conciliator of Doctors' Differences" (A.D. 1250–1316).

Padua, it must be confessed, has by no means neglected her worthy, as is known to every traveller who visits the Palazzo della Ragione. This curious pile, which separates the fruit market and the vegetable market, with their Dahoman umbrellas, is thoroughly out of place. The guide-books tell us that the architectural idea was borrowed from a Hindu palace; I find in it a forecast of the nineteenth century railway station. A mighty roof covers the great hall, *Il Salon di Padua*, called "of Reason" because courts of law were held here; both have the merit of being as large and as ugly as any in Italy. Inside, over the doorway, stands the great medallion in Carrara marble, two mètres in circumference, cut in *alto-relievo*, at Rome, by Rinaldo Rinaldi of Padua, a pupil of Canova. Girt by the serpent of immortality, the head of the turbaned and long-bearded explorer looks towards the dexter chief, and bears the following simple and incorrect legend:

I.B.BELZONIVS.VETER.AEGIPTI (*sic*) MONVMENT.REPERTOR.

Below stands:

OBIIT, AET. ANN. XLV IN AFRICA. REGNO
BENINENSI AN. MDCCCXXIII.

This medallion was set up after the explorer's death. In 1819, when he revisited his native city, and, despite the *res angusta domi*, presented to her, with the pride of filial piety, two Egyptian statues, his

* Vol. ii. pp. 11–16, *Viaggi in Egitto*, by Prof. Abate Lodovico Menin, Milano 1825. Menin was acquainted with Belzoni's mother, and with the whole family, of whom only relations on the female side (Orsolato) now remain.

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compatriots showed their gratitude by a medal coined in England. It bore round the figures:

OB DONVM PATRIA GRATA
A.MDCCCXIX.

On the reverse is:

IO. BAPT. BELZONI
PATAVINO
QVI CEPHRENIS PIRAMIDEM
APIDISQ. SEPVLCRVM
PRIMVS APERVIT
ET URBEM BERENICIS
NVBIAE ET LIBYAE NON
IMPAVIDE DETEXIT.

At either side of the entrance which carries the medallion sit the two Egyptian statues alluded to. Both represent Pasht, the cat-headed goddess of Bi-Bast, or Bubastis, now Zagázig town. Brugsch Bey makes her Isis of the tabby-head, in Arabic Bissat (the cat), Osiris assuming the title of Bas or Biss (the tom-cat). The two hold in the left hand the mystic Tau; one has well-marked whiskers *à la Rè Galantuomo;* consequently, despite the forms, which are distinctly feminine, it has become, in local parlance, the "male mummy." "Pussy,"* on the right is inscribed:

IO. BAPT. BELZONI. PAT.
EX THEBIS AEGYPTIS
DONVM MISIT
A.M.DCCCXIX.
CIVITAS GRATA.

Further to the left of the entrance stands the plaster statue of Belzoni, carrying on its base the artist's name, SANAVIO NATALE. It is of heroic size, at least ten feet tall, and habited in a very fancy costume: large falling collar, doublet buttoned in front, sash round waist, shorts, long stockings, and "pumps" with fancy arabesques: in Rabelaisian phrase, "pinked and jagged like lobster wadles." The right hand holds a roll of manuscript; the left controls a cloak, or rather a fringed cloth, a curtain, which is, I presume, the picturesque and poetical phase of cloak. This work of art has two merits. It shows the explorer's figure exactly as it never was, and it succeeds in hiding his face from a near view; the rapt regard is so "excelsior," so heavenwards, that the spectators see only a foreshortened nose based upon a tangled bush of beard. The inscription also has its value: it is long, while it says little; it omits one of the names; and, as a record of exploits, it indulges too freely in the

* In the *Gold Mines of Midian* I derive this word from "Bissah." The cat is a later introduction into Europe, and the very word (Katt, *Catus*) is probably Semitic.

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figure called "hysteron-proteron." I copy it because, being provisional, there are hopes of its growing out of childish defects, and the numbers in parentheses show what should have been the proper order of the lines: *

GIOVANNI (add BATTISTA) BELZONI
NATVRALISTA IDRAVLICO ARCHEOLOGO
(4) IL RECONDITO EGITTO DIVINANDO SVELÓ
(3) ERCVLEO INFOCILATO
(9) ALLE INGORDE SABBIE TOGLIEVA BERENICE
(8) LA SECONDA PIRAMIDE (6) I SEPOLCRI D'IPSAMBVL
(7) LA NECROPOLI PSAMETICA (*sic*) PENETRAVA†
(5) SMOSSE LA MOLE DE MEMNONE FONDATO IL MVSEO BRITTANICO (*sic*)
PARLÓ FAMA SI GRANDE
CHE GLI STRANIERI STANCHI D'INVIDIARE ONORARONO
A PIV ARDVE IMPRESE SCORREA L'AFRICA
IL SIRIO ARDORE SPENSE L'AVDACIA
CREBBE LA GLORIA

NATO IN PADOVA 1778 MORÌ A GATO D'AFRICA 1823.

The first three lines are correct enough, "barring" the mutilated name. Belzoni, after preparing to become a monk, studied the elements of engineering at Rome, which, on the French occupation (1803), he exchanged for London. "Hercules" probably alludes to the fact, forgotten by his countrymen, that he supported himself by feats of strength at various theatres. He was a magnificent specimen of a man, strong as a Hercules, handsome as an Apollo; the various portraits taken about this time show the fine features which rarely, except in statues, distinguish the professional athlete. He *had* that "divination," that archæological instinct, which *nascitur, non fit:* we see it now in MM. Mariette, Cesnola, and Schliemann, whose name is Shalomon.

After marrying, and passing nine years in England, Belzoni with his wife drifted to Egypt (June 9, 1815), then happy under the rule of Mohammed Ali the Great. He began, as an "independent member," with setting up a hydraulic machine at the Shubrah Gardens, carrying owls to Athens, coals to Newcastle. He failed, and fell into the ranks. Nile-land was then, as now, a field for plunder; fortunes were made by digging, not gold, but antiques; and the archæological field became a battle-plain for two armies of Dragomans and Fellah-navvies. One was headed by the redoubtable Salt; the other owned the command of Dro-

* The 1st of January was up the Nile; the 2nd, entered the Second Pyramid and continued till the 3rd up stream; the 4th was to Berenike on the Red Sea, and the 5th to the so-called Oasis of Ammon.

† This orthography, and even *Psamatikhos*, is found; but the M of Psammis, or Psammetic, probably bore in this a sign of reduplication (M).

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vetti, or Drouetti, the Piedmontese Consul and Collector, whose sharp Italian brain had done much to promote the great Pasha's interests.

Belzoni, without a regular engagement, cast his lot with the Englishman, and was sent to Thebes. Here he shipped on board a barge and floated down to el-Rashid (Rosetta), the bust of Rameses II., miscalled "Young Memnon,"—(Miamun or Amun-mai). The Colossus reached its long home, the large Hall in the British Museum, without any of the mishaps which have lately attended a certain "Needle."* The explorer then travelled, *viâ* Alexandria, Cairo, and Edfu, to the Isles of Elephantine and Philæ, both, by-the-by, meaning Elephant (*Arabic* el-Fíl), despite Wilkinson. The enemy attacked him as he was removing his obelisk from Philæ; it consisted of an "Arab" mob, numbering some thirty, under the command of two Italians—Lebuco and the "renegade Rossignano," with Drouetti in the rear. Belzoni defended himself in a characteristic way, by knocking down an assailant, seizing his ankles, and using him as a club upon the foemen's heads. This novel weapon, in the Samson style, gained a ready victory. He reached Wady Halfah (second Cataract), and cleared the deposits of Typhon from the Ramesseums of Abu-Simbal (Ipsambul). The so-called Crystal Palace contains a caricature of these rock-temples; and country folk identify the Colossi with "Gog and Magog."

In 1817 Belzoni, still under Salt, made his third run up-country, and attacked the famous Bíbán el-Mulúk, the "Gates (*i.e.* tombs) of the Kings." The hollow sound of a wall revealed an inner chamber, and the sinking of the ground, caused by rain, led to the Sepulchre of Sethi I. His description of crawling, snail-like, through the passages is admirable. The results of this work best known in England, are the Colossal head and arms sent to the British Museum; and the Sarcophagus, of semi-transparent arragonite, afterwards (1824) sold by Salt to Sir John Soane for 2,000*l.* "Belzoni's Tomb" preserves his name in Egypt; but I have noticed that of late years certain tourist-authors have forgotten the duty of rendering honour where honour is due.

During 1817–1818 Belzoni worked at the *Troici lapidis mons*, vulgarly known as the "Second Pyramid." He had some difficulty in persuading the Bedawin-Fellahs of the west bank to assist him; but, as usual, he ended by succeeding. He cleared the upper of the two openings, and found that the Arabs had been before him. The inscription given by him (p. 273) and copied into every hand-book is, let me say, despite of Professor Lee and M. Salámé, in part unintelligible. Perhaps Belzoni's occupation is not gone. It appears to many that those

* In 1822, John Murray, of Albemarle Street, published six "Plates illustrative of the Researches and Operations of G. Belzoni in Egypt," &c. They are, 1. General View of the Site of Thebes. 2. The Mode in which the Colossal Head of Young Memnon was taken from Thebes. 3. India from the Ceiling of the Great Vaulted Hall, in the Tomb supposed to be that of Psammis, at Thebes. 4 and 5. Ruins of Ombos, &c. 6. Interior of Temple in the Island of Philæ.

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vast sepulchral mansions must contain many chambers; and I ask myself why the pendulum and the new sound-instruments should not be scientifically tried.

In September, 1817, our explorer set out from Esue to visit Berenike (Troglodytica). This Port of Ptolemy Lagi was the African terminus of the Indian "overland," intended to turn the stormy and dangerous Gulf of Suez; and it held its own till supplanted by Myos Hormos and other ports further north. The goods were disembarked, were carried by caravans through the Desert of the Thebaïs, to Coptos, Kobther, Caphtor (?), Kobt, Kaft or Koft on the Nile; and thence were floated down to Alexandria. The land journey was estimated at 258 Roman miles, and the march of twelve days gave an average of 21 per diem: our modern itineraries make the total 271 English statute miles. A similar western line was also taken, to escape the even more turbulent and perilous Gulf of Akabah; the road lying from Leuke Kome (el-Haurá) through the Land of Midian to Rhinocolura (el-Aríish), on the Mediterranean.

At Berenike, following M. Caliud, and seeking for sulphur, Belzoni discovered a temple of Serapis; he explored the emerald mines of Jebel Zabbârah to the north-west, and the "Emerald Island," or St. John's, which the Arabs call Semergeh, or Semergid, from the Greek Smaragdos. Berenike has twice been visited by my friend General Purdy (Pasha), in 1871 and 1873. He found remains of mines about the Jebel el-Zabergah (Zumurrud?) with scoriæ, handmills, and other appurtenances of the craft, all along the road.* Belzoni's last trip (1819) was to Mœris and "Elloah" (El-wah) el-Kasr, the smaller oasis, of which he is the discoverer. He was wrong, however, in identifying it with the "Wady" of Jupiter Ammon, which is Siwah.

After five years of splendid and profitable work in Egypt, Belzoni left it for ever (1819). In London he published his book, canvassed his friends, and prepared to carry out the dream of his life,—a plunge into the then unexplored depths of the African continent. And here, leaving him for a time, we will return to Padua. *Par parenthèse*, the "Chauvinismus" concerning stranger jealousy hardly applies to England: she was the explorer's second mother; and his enemies were his own countrymen.

In 1866, when Padua exchanged the "Eagle with Two Heads displayed" for the plain Cross Argent of Savoy, sundry patriotic citizens addressed a petition to the municipality, praying that the name of the *contrada* be changed from the ignoble "dei Paolotti" to the noble "Belzoni." The request was disregarded, probably for the usual reason; it did not emanate from the fountain of all civic honour—the town-hall. The experiment is to be tried again, under circumstances which ought to, and which I hope will, ensure success. The Riviera (quay) Santa Sofia, formerly a fetid canal, one of the many veinlets of the Bacchaglione, has

* Bull, *Egypt. Geog. Soc.*, No. 6, Nov. 1879.

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just lost name and nature; the ground, a large oblong, will be planted with trees (Eucalyptus?), and it would start well in life under the honoured name of PIAZZALE BELZONI.

The necessary measures are being taken by Giovanni Dr. Tomasoni, of Udine, a man of property, who has travelled round the world. He holds, by-the-by, with Mesnier (1874), against Gray (1875), that the Bonze in strange costume, short cloak and flat cap, who appears in the Buddhist temple of the "Five Hundred Genii" at Canton, is not Shien-Tchu, a Hindu saint, but a western man, and consequently Marco Polo.*

The first step will be to name the Square; the second, to raise a Monument. Something provisional might be set up, in the shape of a wooden pyramid, till subscriptions justify a formal statue. As this charge could not fairly be imposed on the municipality, an appeal should be made to public generosity. Padua has now many wealthy sons, and we may hope that they will practically disprove the imputation of *materialismo*. Let us also hope that the statue will be realistic;—will show the explorer in working garb, not habited like a Turk, a courtier, or a Hercules.

II.

BELZONI IN BENIN.

Before landing the explorer on the edge of the Dark Continent, it is advisable to cast a short glance at Africa, in connection with England, during the first quarter of our century. The "African Association," which became (1831) the "Royal Geographical Society," was formed in June, 1788. It began by sending out Ledyard, one of *the* Cook's circumnavigators, who was killed by fever in "Sennaar,"—properly Si (water) n (of) and Arti (the Island)=Water Island. Followed Lucas; but this well-qualified traveller returned, *re infectâ*, to the north coast. Next went the gallant Major Houghton, to be plundered and left to starve among the Arabs of Ludamar (Wuld Omar) in the Great Desert (1791). Then came upon the stage that famous Mungo Park, whose charming volumes, I believe, owe most of their charm to Brian Edwards, of Jamaica. The Scotch surgeon's first and ever memorable march was made in 1795–97, and the fatal second in 1805. Herr Hornemann, of Göttingen, set out from Cairo in 1798; became, it is supposed, a Marabut or Santon in Káshná; and disappeared about 1803. Roentgen was murdered near Mogador in 1809. Adams, *alias* Benjamin Rose, assured the Association that in 1810 he had visited "Timbuctoo," or, properly, *Tin-bukhtu*, the "Well of Bukhtu." The same place was reached, in 1815, by James Riley, supercargo of the American brig *Commerce*, who brought back authentic details concerning the then

* Lecture of February 20, 1877. Mr. Archdeacon Gray's *Walks in the City of Canton* was printed at Hong Kong. It supports the Hindu claims in pp. 207–8 and 217.

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mysterious course of the Niger. Captain Tuckey, R.N., commanding a Government expedition, lost himself and most of his companions by Congo fever and calomel, in 1816. During the same year, Major Peddie died at the beginning of his march on the Rio Nunez; and Major Campbell, his second in command, at Kakundy, in the next, June 13, 1817. Captain Gray (1818–19) returned safe from a trip to the Upper Gambia. Major Laing (1821–22) fixed the sources of the Niger, which he did not reach, in N. latitude 9°.* He was murdered during a second expedition in 1826, and evil reports, probably false, connected his death with the French explorer Caillié. The expedition of Ritchie and Lyon ended disastrously, by the death of its chiefs, in November, 1819. Lastly, Denham and Clapperton began their memorable exploration in 1820, and returned in January, 1825.

During this interval, Belzoni again presented himself before the British public. The reports concerning "Timbuctoo" had only whetted general curiosity; and the factitious importance with which the march by "long Desert," and the "treachery of the Moors," had invested that uninteresting place, lasted till the visit of my late friend Barth in 1853. The nineteenth century moves apace. In 1879 the French are proposing an impossible railway from Algiers to the ex-capital of Negroland;—the chief inducement being, evidently, to cut out *ces Anglais*.

The Italian explorer had much in his favour. His gigantic strength was unimpaired; and he had recruited his health by three years of beefsteaks and beer. He had acquired the habit of command; and he was well acquainted with colloquial Arabic. His economies and the liberality of his friends supplied him with the sinews of travel. The well-known Briggs Brothers, of London and Alexandria, lent him 200*l*. On the other hand his forty-five years were against him: Africa, like the persons alluded to by Byron, ever

> Prefers a spouse whose age is short of thirty.

Belzoni began by visiting Tangier, where, foiled by the suspicions of the Moors and the Jews, he failed to reach Fez. He now changed his plans, and very sensibly made his will (May 20, 1823) before entering Central Africa, the "grave of Europeans." He divided his property into three parts—the recipients being his mother, "Teresa Belzoni," or "Bolzoni;" another Theresa, the daughter of his deceased brother Antonio; and his wife Sarah. This done, he embarked at Mogador, touched at

* I proposed to explore the sources in 1860–65; but the late Dr. Baikie agreed with me that *le jeu ne valait pas la chandelle*. My friend Winwood Reade was not successful in 1869. The head of the Joliba ("Great River") has just been reached by MM. Tweifel and Moustier, *employés* in the house of M. Verminch, of Sierra Leone. They ascended the Rokelle, passed the Kong Mountains and Falaba town with some difficulty; and, guided by Major Laing's map, found the main source on the frontier of Kissi and Koranka, some 200 miles from the "Lion's Range." What was our "Royal Geographical Society" doing?

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Cape Coast Castle, and landed in the Bight of Benin. He seems to have "divined" the Niger outlet. There were many "theoretical discoverers," especially my friend the late James M'Queen; but the question was not practically settled till Richard and John Lander dropped down the Nun, or direct stream, to the Atlantic mouth, in 1830.

"Benin," or "Binnin,"—by the natives called "Ibini," "Bini," or "Ini,"—held her head high amongst African kingdoms during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. In our age the name has fallen into disuse, and few know anything beyond the fact that she lies somewhere in West Africa. According to early explorers, the length (north to south) was 80 by 40 leagues of depth. John Barbot* increases these figures to 300 by 125, and makes the northern limit "Ardra," now Dahoman, which he identifies with the classical *Aranga mons* on the South Ethiopic Ocean.

Benin was discovered by the Portuguese, of whom old Willem Bosman politely says, "They served for setting dogs to spring the game which was seized by others." The explorer was Joam Afonso de Aveiro,† and the date 1485, one year after Diogo Cam had begun that conquest of the Congo which has lately been completed by Mr. Henry M. Stanley. Men were enthusiasts in those days. Fernan' de Póo (Fernando Po) called his trouvaille *A Ilha Formosa* (Fair Isle); and the Benin River became *O Rio Formoso*, or Fermoso,—an older form,—but not Formos*a*, the feminine. In our times the British mariner sings,—with variants:—

> The Bight of Benin! the Bight of Benin!
> One comes out where three goes in.

The natives know the stream-mouth as *Uwo ko Jakri*, or "Outlet of Jakri," the latter being African for the European Wari, Owari, Awerri, Ouueri, Owhyeré, or Ovare, a petty princedom on the southern fork. The late Mr. Beecroft, H. M.'s Consul for Fernando Po, proved (1840) by a cruise in the *Ethiope* steamer that this Wari branch leaves the Niger a little below Abu or Ibu town. Consequently the Rio Formoso is the Western arm of the Delta, whose hypothenuse measures some 180 miles.

The "Missioner" soon took Benin in hand. Aveiro brought home a "Mouf" (Ambassador) from the King, praying to be supplied with reverend men and ghostly meals. The Capuchin, Father Jerom Merolla da Sorrento,‡ tells us a pleasant story how Father Angelo Maria per-

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* This "Agent-General of the Royal African Company" treats especially of Benin in book iv. chap. 5, and his brother James continued the work from 1682 to 1699.

† He was factor of the then Dutch Elmina on the Gold Coast during the terminal quarter of the last century. His twenty-first letter treats of the "Kingdom of Benin;" and his valuable work was translated in 1705.

‡ He wrote about 1680 his *Voyage to Congo and several other Countries, chiefly in Southern Africa*. His work, which is minute and valuable, was first "made English from the Italian" in Churchill's Collection (i. 521). I borrow from Pinkerton (vol. xvi.), and hope to republish the book with the good aid of the Hakluyt Society.

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suaded a "white young lady" of St. Thomas Island to a peculiar act of self-devotion. She travelled to Benin, and, "being arrived at the King's palace, she was received by that monarch like another Rachel by Jacob, Esther by Ahasuerus, or Artemisia by Mausolus, and afterwards married by him after the Christian fashion; thereby giving a good example to his subjects, who soon forsook their former licentious principles and submitted to be restrained by the rules of the Gospel; that is, were all married according to the rites and ceremonies of the Church." This much-suffering young person sacrificed herself to very little purpose. During the seventeenth century Benin, like Congo, was overrun by a little army of "Apostolic Missioners;" who had, however, more care for their fees of slaves than for cures of souls: they meddled and they muddled, and they conducted themselves generally, to judge by their own accounts, in a way which would have secured deportation at the hands of downright Mr. John Dunn.

By slow degrees Christianity withered on its uncongenial soil. The Portuguese, who had begun work at Benin under D. Joam II., struck work under D. Joam III. During the latter part of the last century only a few half-caste traders and slavers from St. Thomas kept up churches and lodges at the chief settlements. In 1862 I found a trace of the faith in one place only, Wari- or Jakri-town; a tall cross still bore a bronze crown of thorns nailed to the centre, and a rude M(aria?) of the same material was fastened to the lower upright. Singularly strange and misplaced was this emblem, rising from a grass thicket surrounded by a wall of the densest jungle, with a typical dead tree in front. Native huts here and there peeped over the bush; and hard by stood the usual Juju or fetish-house, a dwarf shed of tattered matting garnished with a curtain of white calico soiled and rusty. Truly a suggestive type of the difficulties with which the Cross had to contend in lands where Nature runs riot, and where the mind of man is rank as its surroundings;—difficulties against which it has fought a good fight, but hitherto without the crown. Hard by the cross was a mound of solid earth, whose tread suggested that it was a place of sepulture. Of these reverend men, these Nigerian martyrs, it may be truly said, "Time hath corroded their epitaphs and buried their very tombstones." Not a sign of burial appeared save a bit of blanched and weathered skull. Yet they are not to be pitied. They laboured through life at a labour of love, expecting the pleasing toil to end in eternal repose. And the good which they did lives after them;—at Wari I saw none of the abominations of Great Benin and Dahome.

Upon the heels of the "Apostolic Missioner" came the merchant, who was mostly a slave-dealer. Now our eye-witnesses and authorities become Bosman and Barbot, who give copious accounts of the country and country folk. All the principal European nations, Portuguese, Dutch, English, and French, at one time had *comptoirs;* and all failed in consequence of the mosquitos, the fever, and the utter rascality, the compli-

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cated dishonesty, of the people, or rather peoples. The celebrated botanist (A. M. F. J.), Palisset de Beauvais, here passed upwards of a year (1786) in collecting materials for his *Flore d'Owaré et de Benin*. In 1788 Capitaine Landolphe founded near the river mouth for the *Compagnie d'Owhyeré* a fort and factory which he called Borodo; this establishment lasted till 1792, and died of the Great Revolution. In these days a few English houses, Messrs. Horsfall, Harrison, Stewart and Douglas, and others, have settlements near the estuary, and take palm-nuts in barter for English goods. The export slave trade is totally stopped, to the manifest injury of the slave, who was once worth eighty dollars, and now hardly as many sixpences. Nothing, however, would be easier than to run a dozen cargoes of *casimir noir* out of the Benin river.

The ethnological peculiarity of Great Benin, as noted by all travellers, is the contrast between a comparative civilisation and an abominable barbarity. The capital which Bosman and Barbot call Oedo (Wedo) had in 1800 a circumference of six leagues; and of the thirty main streets some stretched two miles long and twenty feet wide. All were kept in a remarkable state of cleanliness,—a virtue little known to Europe in those days,—because "every woman sweeps her own door." At levees the prince sat upon an ivory couch under a silken canopy; and on his left hand, against a fine tapestry, stood "seven white scoured elephant's teeth" on pedestals of the same material. The palace also contained large stables for horses; an article of luxury which has almost died out. The nobles bore the titles of Homograns (*homens grandes*) or grandees, and below them were the Mercadores and Fiadores (sureties or brokers). Yet the city was a Golgotha, an Aceldama, and Barbot exclaims in the bitterness of his heart and nose:—

> The fiends their sons and daughters they
> Did offer up and slay:
> Yea, with unkindly murthering knife
> The guiltless blood they spilt;
> Yea, their own sons' and daughters' blood
> Without all cause of guilt.—PSALM lv. 35-38.

The "grand customs" on the death of a "King" were, and are, essentially different in detail from those of Dahome. Yet the underlying idea is the same. Majesty must not enter Hades, Ghost-home, the Shadowy Land, without regal pomp and circumstance. The body is lowered into a deep pit; and the most beloved domestics of both sexes, who highly prize the honour, take their places above it. The mouth of the hollow is then closed with a large stone, and crowds of mourners sit around it night and day. Next morning certain officers, told off for the purpose, open the pit and ask the set question, "Have ye found the king?" (i.e. in Deadman's-land). Those alive answer by telling how many of their number had perished of hunger and cold. This "strange-fantastical ceremony" is sometimes continued for five or six days. When at last no sound comes from below, the lieges make a great feast, and

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spend the night running about the streets, chopping off heads and dragging off the corpses, which are thrown into the pit before its final closing. Bosman, in the normal chapter on "Manners and Customs," notices the "ridiculous religion" and the frequent "apparition of ghosts of deceased ancestors,"—in fact, full-blown Spiritualism. But, like the men of his day, he never for a moment suspects that anything lies beneath the surface.

In May, 1838, Messrs. Moffat and Smith,* surgeons on board a merchant schooner, went to the city of Great Benin, wishing to open, or rather to re-open, trade. The latter, a "very promising young man," died of a dysentery caught by being drenched with rain. They were horrified to see a trench full of bodies at which the turkey-buzzards were tugging, and "two corpses in a sitting position." These victims had probably been despatched with a formal message, announcing the arrival of strangers to the King's father in Ghost-land. The same unpleasant spectacle was offered in August, 1862, when I visited Benin, accompanied by Lieutenant Stokes, of H.M.S. *Bloodhound*, and Dr. Henry.† In the tall rank herbage, on the right of the path leading into the city, appeared the figure of a fine young man bare to the waist, with arms extended and wrists fastened to a scaffold framework of peeled wands, poles and stakes planted behind him. For a moment we thought that the wretch might be alive: a few steps convinced us of our mistake. He had been crucified after the African fashion, seated on a rough wooden stool, with a white calico cloth veiling the lower limbs. Between the ankles stood an uncouth image of yellow clay, concerning which the frightened natives who accompanied us would not speak. A rope of liana, in negro-English called a "tie-tie," bound tight round the neck to a stake behind, had been the immediate cause of death. The features still showed strangulation, and the sacrifice was so fresh that, though the flies were there, the turkey-buzzards had not found the eyes. The blackness of the skin and the general appearance proved that the sufferer was a slave. No emotion whatever, save holding the nose, was shown by the crowds of Beninese, men and women, who passed by; nor was there any expression of astonishment when I returned to sketch the victim.

It is some comfort to think that the murder was committed with as much humanity as possible. These messengers to Ghost-land are always made to drink off a bottle of rum before the fatal cord is made fast. In one point, indeed, I found the Beninese superior to their neighbours. Twin births are esteemed good omens, not bestial and unnatural productions; and the mother receives a royal bounty like the happy parents of triplets and quartets in England. Beyond this nothing can be said in favour of Great Benin. The town has a fume of blood; it literally stinks of death. Without any prepossessions for "Humanitarian policy," and far from owning that Proselytism has succeeded, or ever will suc-

* "A Visit to the Capital of Benin in the Delta of the Kwárá or Niger," *Journal of the Royal Geographical Society*, 1841, vol. xi. pp. 190–192.

† "My Wanderings in West Africa," *Fraser's Magazine*, March, 1863.

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ceed, in this part of Africa, I could not but compare once more the difference between Abeokuta, where there are missionary establishments, and Benin, which for years has remained a fallow field. In the former, human sacrifice still flourishes; but it is exceptional, it is done *sub rosâ*, and it does not shock public decency by exposing the remnants of humanity. In the latter it is a horror—*teste* "Fraser."

This unpleasant city was Belzoni's first objective. He had engaged a homeward bound sailor, a negroid from Káshná, who had served on board H.M.S. *Owen Glendower*, as his companion to "Timbuctoo," *viâ* Haussa. Thus he hoped to open a way through one of the most dangerous corners of the Dark Continent. A similar attempt was made in our day by the unfortunate Jules Gérard, the *Chasseur* (afterwards *Tueur*) *du Lion*. Whilst his relations live I hesitate to tell the true tale of his death.

Belzoni was not a general favourite in Egypt. He had placed himself in a false position, and he seemed to suffer under a chronic irritation and suspiciousness. He complained of "atrocious persecutions;" he found fortune "barbarous and unkind," and he left Egypt "prematurely," his plans being incomplete. In Africa it was otherwise. The skippers, supercargoes, and agents, popularly termed "Palm-oil lambs" (of the Nottingham breed), rough-mannered, kindly-hearted men, soon learned to love their guest as a friend. With affectionate adieux he took leave of them, was rowed up stream and landed at Gwato. Bosman calls this village "Agatton;" he tells us that it ranked in importance after Boededoe (Obobi),* and Arebo, Arbon, Egro, New-town or Young-town. "It was formerly a considerable place, but hath suffered much by the wars; it is situate on a small hill in the river; and it is a day's journey by land to the city of Great Benin." Barbot describes "Gotton" as a very large town, much more pleasant and healthy than its two rivals." The country is full of all sorts of fruit trees, and well furnished with several little villages, whose inhabitants go thither to the markets, which are held at Gotton for five days successively. He places it twelve leagues S.S.E. of the capital. Messrs. Moffat and Smith make "Gatto or Agatto" twenty miles to the S.W. (read S.S.W.). I have noticed "Gwato" at some length, as here Belzoni was fated to find a grave.†

The explorer was kindly received by Obbá (King) Oddi or Odállá, father of Jámbrá, *alias* Atolo, whom I visited. In 1862 many of the oldsters at Benin remembered the traveller; and talked admiringly of his huge black beard, his gigantic strength, and his mighty stature,—six feet six. Everything was looking well, when the bad water of the city, taken from holes and polluted wells, brought on a dysentery, and the explorer was no longer young. In those days African fever was treated with the lancet, which still names our leading Medical Journal. Dysentery had the benefit of calomel, opium, laudanum, and oleum ricini,

* p. 138, *Fraser*, February, 1863, and p. 275, March, 1863.

† p. 277, *Fraser*, March, 1863.

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the latter a poison in those lands. Here let me observe that the anti-diarrhœa pill in the Crimean campaign was fully as fatal as the Russian bullet. When Nature is relieving the engorged liver, Art slips in and prevents the cure. Instead of meat-broths to support the strength, paps and gruels are given to sour the stomach; in fact the treatment was, and generally is, that best calculated to ensure fatal results.

Belzoni was too ill to take leave of the King, who sent him a kindly message. On the morning of November 28 (1823) he told Captain John Hodgson, of the brig *Providence*, who had run up to see him, that the hand of death was upon him. On December 2, with his usual good sense, he begged to be carried to Gwato and thence to "Bobee" (Obobi), hoping much from the sea air. Mr. Hodgson in his ignorance unwillingly consented, and despatched him in a rough palanquin accompanied by Mr. Smith; he himself intended to rejoin the sufferer at Gwato, whence the vehicle was to be sent back. At the end of the march the disease seemed to take a favourable turn; and the explorer was well enough to eat some bread and drink a cup of tea. Before leaving Benin city he disposed of his belongings. He ordered all the objects worthy of a passage to be sent to England by the brig *Castor* of Liverpool. He wrote a few lines to Messrs. Briggs; and, being unable to hold a pen, he sent his ring to his wife, with an expression of lively affection and loving memory.

At 4 A.M. on the next day (December 3), the explorer awoke with swimming head, cold extremities, and eyes expressing delirium. He was strong enough to swallow a little arrowroot, but not to speak. At 2.45 P.M. he passed away, apparently without pain. Mr. Hodgson, reaching Gwato at 4 P.M., found that the body had been laid out by Mr. Smith. He went to the local Caboceer, or Governor, and obtained leave to bury his dead "at the foot of a very large tree." Under its broad foliage a grave was dug six feet deep, and at 9 P.M. the corpse was buried with all the honours. Mr. Hodgson read the funeral service, and his eighteen men, headed by himself and Mr. Smith, saluted with three salvos of musketry his guest's tomb. Sundry guns were fired by the vessels in port, the schooner *Providence*, the American *Curlew*, and the *Castor*. Mr. W. Fell, supercargo of the latter, caused his carpenter to prepare a tablet with an inscription noting the day of death, and expressing the pious hope that all European travellers who may visit the last home of the intrepid and enterprising traveller, will be pleased to clear the ground, and to repair the ring fence if necessary.

Such is the official and received account of the explorer's death. Local tradition declares that Belzoni was carried to the house of Ogéa, Caboceer (Governor) of Gwato. This man, described as a tall negroid of yellow complexion and uncanny look, died about 1850. He is said to have poisoned the traveller in hopes of plunder; and what lends colour to the charge is that he afterwards tried the same trick upon a European trader, and failed. The chief of Gwato, "Kusei,"—also, by the by, a noted

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poisoner,—popularly known as "the Parson" (here an old title, hereditary and connected with the local religion), declared to me, among others, that many of Belzoni's papers were handed over by Ogéa to the royal *Fiador*, or broker, and that since the latter's death they descended to his son. Stray leaves have been seen, according to European testimony, in the hands of the townspeople, leading to the conclusion that there are more behind. Mr. Sharpe, a late agent to Messrs. Horsfall, made a liberal bid for these documents; but without result. I was equally unfortunate, although I offered a bale of cloth=20*l*.

Belzoni's grave has been allowed, despite the epitaph, to drop out of sight. Staff Surgeon W. F. Daniell * described it as an "elevated mound of earth overrun with weeds, with the fragments of a decayed wooden cross." Messrs. Moffat and Smith found the "grave of the traveller Belzoni marked by a wooden tablet fast going to decay." In 1862, when I saw it, the place had become a *tabula rasa*.

The site of the sepulchre was pointed out to me near the Governor of Gwato's house, to the south-east of the village. "Belzoni's tree" is a fine spreading growth, which bears a poison apple, and whose boughs droop nearly to the ground. A little plantation of the Koko-yam (Colocasia) clothes the sides of the low mound from which the trunk springs, and a few huts and sheds stand between it and "the bush." It is a pretty and romantic spot.

I assembled the village ancients, and made a desultory attempt at digging under their vague and discordant directions. But time was short, a fight was brewing, and African growths cover double and treble the area of our largest English. I was obliged to content myself with sketching Belzoni's tree, with sending home a handful of wild flowers, and with expressing a hope that "some European passing by" would be more fortunate than myself.†

In 1865 I left Fernando Po, a locality famed for the rapid consumption of Europeans generally, and especially of English Consuls. Two of my successors have succumbed to the climate; and now there is a third applicant for the honourable, but ticklish, duty of representing the British Government. I can only hope that Mr. Consul E. H. Hewett will carry out a project of mine, foiled by circumstances; and will recover for the good city of Padua, which rejoices in the apocryphal relics of Antenor and of Livy, the mortal remains of her right worthy son Giovanni Battista Belzoni.

RICHARD F. BURTON.

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* *Sketches of the Nautical Topography* (&c.) *of the Gulf of Guinea.*

† p. 28, *Fraser*, March, 1863.

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Studies in Kentish Chalk.

Nature lends no countenance to the dictum of Dr. Johnson that one green field is like another. Monotonous uniformity is not to be found in her least or greatest handiwork. While there are no hard and fast lines of demarcation between her geographical divisions, she has set certain broad marks of distinction upon their face which a little experience enables her students to note and recognise. It would scarcely be too much to affirm that the eye of a trained observer, at the first aspect of a new tract of country, can pronounce whether the soil be chalk, sand, or clay, what are its common native products, and what is the quality of the landscape in point of beauty. An expert in English chalk-scenery, at all events, may safely rely upon his powers of clairvoyance to distinguish its familiar features wherever he travels. There is no mistaking the *indicia* of that landscape when once thoroughly known. The gradual process by which such knowledge is acquired can no more be communicated than the pleasure which it brings. It is always true of Nature that

> You must love her ere to you
> She will seem worthy of your love.

All that can be done towards training another's eye is to throw out a few hints which may help it to observe for itself. No easier school for a novice can be suggested than the Kentish chalk-lands, and the following rough notes of their prevailing characteristics may serve, *faute de mieux*, as a skeleton chart for his guidance. The area is a large one, but the district more particularly referred to is its most picturesque section, with which the writer happens to be best acquainted.

A condition prevenient for the true enjoyment of a country such as this is that one should be an active walker. "The proud ones who in their coaches roll along the turnpike-road" can form but the most meagre idea of its variety and beauty. Even the horseman will be unable to penetrate many a recess specially haunted by its charm. It offers, however, no perilous pleasures to the mountaineer. Soundness of wind and limb, and a healthy contempt of dust or mud, according to the weather, are alone sufficient to qualify you as a walking tourist. At whatever season of the year you may take your first view of this landscape, the feature which will thrust itself upon your notice before all others is the uniform roundness of the outlines. The hills bear upon them the stamp of their aqueous origin. Gradually narrowing upwards from the base with a gentle acclivity, their slopes and crests are smooth; the former often vertically scored by the flow of water into deep central depressions,

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on either side of which the ground swells softly like the curves of a bosom. Where the flow has been horizontal at their base, they are generally divided from the valley by a long low ridge, from which the downward slope is less regular and more concave than elsewhere. Those which still retain their primitive character of down are covered with a close crisp turf, fragrant in summer with patches of wild thyme, often branded with "fairy-rings," and here and there dotted with low bushes of thorn, gorse, or juniper. Some are wooded and others tilled, but in all cases they keep their rounded shape unless artificially distorted. Mounting the highest point to take a general survey, you will see that the hills run in a series of undulating parallel lines from north to south, with winding valleys between them. At irregular intervals some of these long lines converge and are laterally crossed by shorter ones, which, closing up the valleys, mould them into a basin-like shape. Of the valleys, the narrower are for the most part intersected by roads fringed with trees. The broadest of them all is intersected by a stream which has evidently scooped out its channel there, and, as indicated by the marshy vegetation for some distance on either side, was formerly much wider than now. Looking southward as far as the eye can reach, you will see the succession of hill and dale terminate in a long stretch of table-land level with the height at which we stand, bounding the chalk district in that direction, while eastward it merges into a similar succession which extends far beyond the range of sight.

The nature of the soil discloses itself alike in the crude whiteness of the roads and paths, in the crumbling edges which divide the wooded crests from the down or tillage of the slopes, in broad patches of pale brown wherever the land lies fallow, and in the faintness of tint imparted to the green corn where the fields have been newly sown. Most of the primitive roads, which obviously owe their origin to common need and use, follow, as you will observe, the line of least resistance by conforming to the structural character of the hills and valleys, either running cornice-wise along the one, or winding thread-like through the other. The high roads to the great city alone ignore this rule, and cut through hill and dale with uniform indifference. The broader of the valley-roads, into which the hill-roads eventually run, follows the main course of the stream, and has been an immemorial link of communication between the villages, which, each with its cluster of tiled or slated dwellings grouped round a grey church-tower, here and there associated with the ruins of a mediæval castle, lie scattered at distances of two or three miles apart upon either bank. The narrower roads or lanes are, in like manner, links of communication between the upland or valley farms. Of the footpaths, some are mere extensions of "a sheep-walk up the windy wold, or a driftway for cattle." Others, which are the product of special needs and occasional use, are cut abruptly across the hill-ridges, and open out of the cornice-roads with steep rough banks, diminishing or increasing in height as they rise or fall. These furnish an opportunity for observing

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the stratification of the ground, elsewhere usually hidden under its smooth turf-covering; their jutting ledges, layer above layer, pointing unmistakably to a gradual deposition of shelly ooze under the pressure of deep water. The rugged flints which crop out between the ledges are the common building-stone of the country, the older walls of castle, church, dwelling, barn, and oast-house alike being constructed of them. They are full of organic remains, especially of the ammonite, echinus, and pecten, the former being sometimes of great size. Those occasional gaps in the banks are "quarries trenched along the hill," the sites of old chalk-pits, now generally superseded by the more convenient railway-cuttings. When these have been deserted long enough for a growth of green lichen to encrust their broken surfaces; when the hollows are filled up with a thicket of elder and bramble, and sprays of ivy and clematis fringe their mouths and trail down their sides, few features of the landscape are more picturesque.

Picturesque is the epithet, *par excellence*, applicable to this landscape as a whole. Its graceful and tender beauty wins upon you as well by its variety as by its permanence. The aspect is incessantly changing, but depends upon no seasonal fluctuation or elemental conjunction for its attractiveness. Under the dullest of grey skies and in those mid-winter days when nature seems actually dead, the outlines keep their charm. Analogous in character to the South Downs of Sussex, though not comparable to them in point of scale, these hills partake of the "sweetness," if not of the "majesty," which Gilbert White found in what he naïvely calls that "vast range of mountains." Their broad sweeping curves of crest, hollow, and slope, here absolutely smooth, or ridged only in the lines which mark where the sheep have browsed, there studded with bushes or clothed with trees from the summit downward, so bold and spacious in their effects of light and shade, are such as Copley Fielding and Hine have best loved to paint. Where two opposite ranges approach one another across the valley and enclose the distance within their frame, the resemblance is striking to one of Claude's familiar subjects. That clump of elms in the middle distance will remind you of his favourite tree-grouping, and the tall, slender arches of yonder railway-viaduct recall one of the ruined aqueducts which form a common feature in his Campagna-pictures. If these uplands are more beautiful at one time than another, it is, perhaps, under two different conditions of the atmosphere. On a summer's afternoon, when a south wind is blowing freshly and the sky is full of diffused light and floating masses of cumulus, there is no lovelier sight than to watch the cloud-shadows chasing one another in endless succession down the slopes, and, caught for a moment in the valley, disappearing into space. On a still autumn evening the gradual suffusion of the hillsides with a sleepy glamour of mist, and the lengthening shadows of the trees slowly stretching eastward before the westering sun, compose a picture beyond the reach of art.

This landscape, again, partakes largely of the quality of restfulness

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which attaches more or less to every succession of hills and valleys; the massive steadfastness of the one and the lowly reliance of the other apparently combining to produce that impression upon the mind. It is heightened in the present case by the sense of solitude. Thanks to the value of the land for corn and fruit culture, and the unwillingness of the owners to part with it for building sites, few districts within the same distance of the metropolis are so thinly peopled. The wearied Londoner who has had the fortune to discover this, will not be ungrateful for the boon. Along many a mile of these uplands he will meet with no fellow creature other than rabbit, squirrel, or bird, and may find a score of rocks wherein to dream away a summer's day with the certainty of being undisturbed.

Within living memory this district was wooded to a much greater extent than now. Such woodland tracts as remain lie upon the crests and in the hollows of the hills, or belt the valley-roads. The characteristic trees of the uplands are the beech, thorn, and yew; of the lowlands the elm and the ash; but horse-chestnut, lime, maple, birch, sycamore, and rowan grow freely also. In places on the hills where there may be a little admixture of soil—a raised beach of water-worn stones or a strip of peaty heath attesting the presence of gravel or sand—Scotch firs and other conifers grow; and even without this aid the larch will thrive. The oak and Spanish chestnut take less kindly to the country, often indeed attaining a vast girth, but usually being stunted in height. The beech is the real monarch of our hillside woods, majestic alike in stature and development of trunk and limb. The thorns seldom reach to any great size, but often assume with age a fantastic gnarliness that reminds one of the olive. The yews, which are found for the most part on the ridges above the roads, were planted, as tradition has it, to guide mediæval pilgrims on their way to the shrine of St. Thomas at Canterbury. Several are doubtless coeval with the days of pilgrimage, and some of the finest specimens crown the steep highway between Otford and Wrotham, which goes by the special name of "the Pilgrim's road." The yew's common habit of throwing its strength into the top, leaving the trunk bare, sometimes produces an umbrella-like shape that, encouraged by art, makes it a prominent landmark. The elm is foremost among the lowland trees, and reaches its full height. Some of the valley-roads are lined with it on either side, and the arching boughs interlace overhead like the groined roof of a cathedral nave. The lime is less lofty, though of ample girth, but is apt to develop an unhealthy fibrous growth midway round its trunk, disfiguring its symmetry. The ash and willow which, with the alder, fringe the river-banks, are seldom left to grow naturally, but pollarded periodically for the sake of their branches.

More characteristic of the chalk-land than its trees are its hedgerow shrubs and underwood. In striking contrast with the sombre, unvarying foliage of the yews upon the hill-crests are their ordinary

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companions, the wayfaring and service trees, whose leaves change from a spring vesture of grey-green, with white under-sides laid bare by every breeze, to an autumn robing of russet; and whose clusters of milky bloom give place either to glossy berries that pass from pale-green to pink, onwards to crimson, and thence to black, or to bunches of mealy fruit that ripen from green to red and brown. Scarcely less abundant are the dog-wood, with its ruddy stems, pointed leaves that change from green through purple to crimson, and dense black berries; and the spindle-tree, whose small leaves and whitish-green blossoms may escape attention in summer, but which "in our winter woodland looks a flower," with its waxen, three-sided, and rose-coloured seed-vessels. Mingled with them in ample variety are holly, privet, hawthorn, maple, willow, hornbeam, hazel, elder, eglantine, woodbine, blackthorn, bramble, and all the commoner native shrubs, each beautiful in its own phases of growth if allowed to mature. This freedom is too seldom enjoyed, owing to the immoderate zeal with which our Kentish farmers carry out their praiseworthy aim of securing as much light and air as possible for their crops. The ruthless forays which they periodically make upon the hedgerows to denude them of all but the barest screen of foliage, have the doubly disastrous effect of depriving a soil already too dry of its natural reservoir of moisture, and the landscape of a special grace. When one of these hedgerows has the good fortune to remain untouched all the year through, it offers an inexhaustible study of form and colour. From earliest spring its green, yellow, and crimson leaf-buds are eloquent in promise, and the coldest March does not pass without an earnest of fulfilment in the white blossoms put forth by the blackthorn's leafless stems, or the golden pollen shed from the sallow-palm. With April and May come the bevy of white-flowering shrubs, hawthorn, Guelder, wayfaring tree, service, and dogwood, preceded and followed by leaves which traverse the scale of green through its numberless shades, save those which, like the maple's, are scarlet-tipped, or, like the sapling oak's, are stained throughout with crimson. Summer perfects the development of the leaves and deepens their tints; gives free scope to the hop, bryony, bindweed, and other climbing plants which riot in a profuse tangle of tendrils; and withers the flowers of spring only to replace them by its own, shell-pink or pearl-white chalices of eglantine, creamy yellow whorls of woodbine, masses of milky privet, starry clusters of clematis, and trumpet-mouths of convolvulus. As the season draws to a close, the hedgerow's "young wood," the product of the last three months, puts forth its foliage, whose fresher green recalls the memory of its vernal prime, yet with a foretaste of autumn in the sombre shading. The maple's outermost leaves are now half or wholly crimsoned instead of scarlet-tipped, and the ruddy purple tinge assumed by the sapling oak is shared in varying measure by the latest shoots of ash and hazel. Autumn fulfils and multiplies the pageant of colour; stimulating the woodbine and at times the eglantine to a second bloom; graduating the

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passage of the green leaf to its death by every possible change of yellow, brown, and gold until it reaches the tint for which our old writers could find no apter epithet than philomot (*feuille morte*); and lingering out the metamorphosis of the berry from orange to scarlet or crimson, and from indigo to black. Winter, which annuls so much that is pleasant to the eye, does not wholly deprive us of these glories, often prolonging to the last the deep russet of the beech and oak, bringing out into fuller relief the glossy purple of the bare birch stems, and sparing many a bramble-spray splashed with blood-red streaks, a holly-bush unstripped of its coral beads, or hoary filament of the clematis with its pathetic resemblance to the symbol of human decay. Thus no seasonal lapse passes over the hedgerow without bringing to those who care to seek for it some fresh picture of exquisite detail in broad or minute contrasts.

The bank which the hedge surmounts, though still more dependent for its beauty upon

> The daughters of the year,
> Each garlanded with her peculiar flower,

is happily less liable to ravage. If comparatively few plants and flowers are exclusively found upon the chalk, the abundant variety of its products, and the quick succession of their blossoms and tints, together with the absence of some and the rarity of other species which are common elsewhere, constitute sufficiently distinctive characteristics. Only one other soil in any part of England known to the present writer—the sandstone rock of Waterdown Forest in Sussex—is more variously and richly flowerful. As early as February, if the season be ordinarily mild, primroses and violets push their leaves and buds through the sere grass, the arum (or wake-robin) begins to lift its scroll, and the cleaver its whorl. From March to May the floral succession is swiftest. Violets—white, lavender, and purple, scented and scentless—are the first-comers; primroses follow closely, and in greater abundance. True to her virginal character, the Spring clothes herself above every other season with pale or delicate-tinted flowers, and foremost of these are anemones white and pink, the stichwort, and the strawberry. Still later come the speedwell with its "darling blue," the celandine, buttercup, dandelion, and avens, all yellow, the latter (which, on account of its virtue as a simple, our forefathers called the herb Bennet) having a crimson eye; then the hyacinth, dark and light blue, and the skull-cap in endless varieties of tint from palest pink to deepest purple. Between June and August these give place to the yellow-green mignonette, scarlet and crimson poppies, white, bladder, and rose campions, the lesser stichwort, the crane's-bill, herb Robert, or wild geranium, with rose-pink blossoms and lace-like leaves, white marguerite daises, lilac, purple, occasionally white scabious, the sky-blue cornflower, yellow and white toad-flax, with its tongue of bright orange, white cow-parsley and hemlock, crimson and purple thistles, frail blue harebells, golden St. John's wort and sun-daisies, the scarlet pimpernel, or shepherd's weather-glass,

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and the mallow, for whose peculiar blending of red and blue no name has been found but its own. With the advent of autumn this succession begins to fail, but the night-shade, teazle, and several varieties of the mint tribe maintain the prevalence of purple which characterises the season, and many of the summer flowers linger until the setting in of winter. Even then the despised nettle, with its graceful umbels of white or yellow blossoms, is often hardy enough to defy the frost. When the bank is deserted by every flower, it keeps one last attraction in its covering of ground-ivy, each of whose symmetrical sprays, with its dark-veined leaves, is a masterpiece of *chiaroscuro*.

Many of these flowers thrive still better under the shelter of the woods. During April and May the copses, especially those that have been cut a year or two previous, are literally carpeted with primroses, violets, anemones, and hyacinths. The strictly woodland flowers abound also: the wood-sorrel, with its perfect bright-green trefoils and daintily pencilled white blossoms; the woodruff, with its delicate whorls and small "enamelled" flowers, prized more in death than in life for their scent of new-mown hay; the lily of the valley; the wood-spurge, with its "cup of three," yellow-green in spring, bronze-red in autumn; Solomon's seals; the tall spikes of the viper's bugloss, the positive contrast of whose blue corolla and red stamens makes it strikingly attractive; several varieties of orchis, of which the purple and crimson are the most common, the "green-man," fly, and bee being comparatively rare; and the creeping jenny, which lights up the paths on summer evenings with its golden sconces set in an emerald framework. Other flowers are peculiar to the meadows, notably the lilac cuckoo-flower or lady's-smock, always to be found first, as Mr. Tennyson, most faithful of poetic naturalists, has not failed to observe, in "the meadow-trenches;" white, sweet-scented saxifrage, ragged robin, and the splendid marsh marigolds, Shakspeare's marybuds, which cover the lowlands beside the river with a cloth of gold. In the same situation grow the rose-tinted dropwort with its white cross-shaped pistil, creamy meadow-sweet, and blue forget-me-not. Still closer to the verge of the stream rises the yellow iris, and upon its face float the white water-strawberry and golden water-lily.*

* How these names, as one enumerates them, confute the notion which, though high living authority has been cited for it, we cannot hesitate to call ignorant, that the loving study of natural beauty is a growth of modern time! If the gold of poetry be ever embedded in the ore of language, the tender grace and truthful observation of our forefathers have surely been preserved for us in such names as speed-well, loose-strife, cuckoo-flower, wake-robin, forget-me-not, poor man's or traveller's joy, daisy (day's eye), shepherd's weather-glass, &c., &c. Many of the quaint resemblances which their eyes were quick to discover in these objects of their affection have lost their significance for ours. Dandelion (*dents de lion*) and foxglove (folk's or fairy's glove) convey no meaning to those who do not consider their etymology; and we doubt if the likeness of the columbine's inverted blossom to a nest of doves (*columba*) has struck one modern observer out of a hundred. Miss Ingelow, so far as we remember, is the only English poet who has referred to it.

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In their choice of habitat, as every naturalist knows, flowers are as capricious as the sex of which they are the accepted symbols; and many not above enumerated are to be found in particular localities and nowhere else. The cowslip, plentiful enough on the downs of Sussex and the Isle of Wight, is somewhat rare here, except on the banks of the "Pilgrim's Road," where it grows abundantly. The columbine is to be met with only in a few retired woods and hillsides, and there develops its characteristic tendency to "sport" in colour and double its blossoms so luxuriantly as to deceive experts into taking it for a garden seedling. The foxglove confines itself likewise to a few favourite haunts, and the yellow broom which has given its name to one of our hills is seldom to be seen elsewhere. The Canterbury bell, so abundant at the edge of the Sussex downs, but now and then shows itself under ours. You may search high and low in vain for the sweet-briar rose unless you know exactly where to look; and a small white variety of toad-flax is restricted to one solitary patch.

In grasses, ferns, and mosses these chalk-lands are less rich than some other soils, but the ordinary kinds flourish freely. The cereals must not be overlooked among the first-named, since in an agricultural district man's work has to be taken into account as modifying the conditions of natural beauty. The quality of the soil in the first place, and tradition in the second, have apparently dictated that white wheat should be more extensively grown here than any other variety of the grain. However splendid may be the harvest, it lacks the glowing lustre which flames from the sheaves of the red wheat on the clays and sands of Surrey and Sussex; and the artist will more highly esteem it in an earlier stage, when its "thousand waves . . . ripple" over the broad uplands with an ineffable grace of curve. Looking on these fields when freshly ploughed, you would be apt to think there was no room for a blade to spring, so thickly are they strewn with flints, but visit them a few months later and you will see every interstice filled up and the surface mantling with green. The abundance of *silex* in the soil, so essential to the healthy growth of straw, renders ours of excellent substance. If the fields of barley and oats partake of the same coldness as the wheat, and the silver of the one be less sheeny, the gold of the other less mellow than elsewhere, the deficiency of colour is made up to us by the successional variety of other crops; in spring by breadths of crimson trifolium and rose-pink sainfoin; in summer by the pied-bean and white pea blossoms, the clear yellow of mustard and luzern, and the deep green, sprinkled with purple, of the tares; in autumn by masses of pale-pink clover, potato-fields blossoming in white and purple, the shining leaves and ruddy stalks of the mangold. The sheep, for whose behoof most of these crops are grown, attest the fatness of the pasture by the quality of their wool, which is highly prized, rather than of their mutton, which is inferior to that of the grass-fed Southdowns. Though the hop-gardens in some other parts of Kent are larger and more fruitful than ours, no situation is better fitted than these

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hill-slopes to array their long avenues of golden-green leaves, hanging flower-clusters, and wanton tendrils. Every farmstead boasts its cherry, apple, or plum orchard, and the lane which connects it with the high road is usually bordered on each side by a row of bullace or damson trees. The April landscape offers no fairer picture than their wavy lines of milky bloom. Large tracts are devoted to the culture of "ground fruit," strawberries, raspberries, currants, and gooseberries, which, with a smaller supply of filberts, cobnuts, and walnuts, readily find their way to the London markets.

The soil of our flower-gardens is too rarely unmixed to afford any characteristic evidences, unless it be a tendency in the deeper shades of colour to become pale with the lapse of time. Even when the chalk remains native, however, it repays the labour of a generous and skilful hand, and no obstacles present themselves to the cultivation of any hardy tree, shrub, or flower that will grow in our latitude. The mean temperature, allowing for differences in altitude and exposure, is moderate both in heat and cold. Snow melts quickly except in sheltered spots on the hills. The water is too hard for some tastes, but singularly pure, as the analytical reports of the metropolitan water companies invariably attest. The air is fine, sweet, and bracing. Though liable, from its neighbourhood to the sea, to an occasional incursion of mist which enters through its river outlet, the soil breeds no fogs of its own, and a slight shifting of the wind suffices to disperse the invader. Only after long-continued rain does the ground become viscid, and is apt to lose its moisture but too quickly.

Passing over its human denizens, whose blood has mingled too long with that of other autochthons to retain any distinctive elements, it would be unpardonable not to say a word of the chalkland *fauna*. Like the *flora*, its characteristic consists as much in the rarity or absence of certain species commonly found on other soils as in the variety and abundance of those which it nurtures. The magpie and the jay, for example, of which the woods of Sussex and Surrey have only too many, are seldom seen in ours. The great woodpecker sometimes utters its strange laugh, but you may long listen in vain for the little woodpecker's "tapping." The redstart, another common bird in Surrey and Sussex, never or rarely visits us. On the other hand, the yellow-hammer, of which Surrey knows little, is our familiar guest. In song-birds, lark, linnet, thrush, blackbird, robin, blackcap, wren, and most of the finches, we are abundantly rich. The nightingale and cuckoo come early and linger late. Nor are the songless birds less numerous. Any summer's day you may hear the ceaseless "wrangling" of the daw, the clamour of the rooks, whose voices are only dissonant when single and richly harmonious in concert, the cushat's plaint, the ringdove's lullaby, the starling's fine whistle, the swallow's thin shriek, the whin-chat's fretful hack, the quaint call-note of the wry-neck, or the "human cry" of the plover; and any evening the nightjar's vibrant rattle, or the white owl's stertorous breathing.

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A few rarer birds may now and then be seen by those who know their haunts; the windhover hawk poising ere its swoop, a heron pursuing his leisurely flight towards the river, or a curlew sailing up from the marshes. A pair of ravens not long since built an annual nest in one of our parks, but of late years seem to have forsaken it. The birds and beasts of chase and warren find ample cover here, and breed as freely as they are suffered to do. Occasionally an otter is to be heard of beside the stream, but is ruthlessly pursued to death for the sake of the trout. No excuse but ignorance of its habits can be pleaded for the systematic destruction of the harmless hedgehog which, though still with us, will soon become as extinct as the badger. With true beasts of vermin, save those which sportsmen encourage, we are not greatly troubled, and from the pests of the reptile and insect worlds we enjoy comparative immunity. The adder, the hornet, the stag-beetle, and June bug, which abound on sandy soils, are here scarcely to be met with. The hop-gardens are infested with many peculiar enemies, but find a staunch defender in the ladybird. The worst foes of our flowers and vegetables are the wire-worm and the snail. A white variety of the latter attains immense size, and so much resembles the kind which the Southern French use for soup as to inspire a wish that it were equally edible. Bees thrive admirably on the sainfoin, clover, and other upland blossoms, and their honey fetches a high price. Thanks to the wide extent of the chalk *flora*, the collector of butterflies and moths finds constant occupation. No trout-stream within easy access of the metropolis is more favourably conditioned than that which flows through our principal valley, or seems to afford keener satisfaction to the angler. The trout-ova are said to be in particular request by the leading professor of English pisciculture. To one who, like the present writer, is not a sportsman, no other attraction should be needed than the stream itself. Now slow and tranquil, now swift and headstrong as it draws near to or falls from the weirs which span its channel; at one moment flashing in the sunlight, at the next steeped in shadow; overhung here by alders and willows, there bordered by watercress, forget-me-not, iris, and reed; haunted by passing visions of kingfisher, moorhen, and water-rat, or stately processions of gliding swans, it ripples and babbles along its winding course with changeful grace of motion and ceaseless murmur of music.

H. G. H.

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Cimabue and Coal-scuttles.

Some months since I ventured to lay before the readers of the Cornhill Magazine certain reflections upon the Philosophy of Drawing-rooms, wherein I endeavoured, so far as my humble lights permitted me, to accommodate the transcendental Platonic archetype of a rational drawing-room to the practical necessities of a modern eight-roomed cottage. Thereupon I was immediately attacked and put to utter rout by a lively writer in one of our weekly journals. Into the main facts of our controversy ("si rixa et ubi tu pulsas, ego vapulo tantum") I cannot enter here. Doubtless, as in all controversies, there was a great deal to be said on both sides. But there was one little side issue which set me thinking seriously. My opponent urged, amongst other objections, that a room such as that which I described would cost a few thousand pounds to furnish and decorate, instead of the modest hundred which had formed my original estimate. Now, as it happened that my figures were founded on personal experience, I felt naturally anxious to discover the origin of this slight difference of opinion between us. It soon appeared that my critic's difficulty really consisted in the fact that his rôle was that of an artist and collector, while mine was the humbler one of a decorative upholsterer. When I spoke of Venetian glass, he did not suppose I could mean Dr. Salviati's or the San Murano Company's, but firmly though politely took his stand in the Venice of the Doges—the only Venice whose artistic existence he could bring himself in any way to recognise. The pretty hawthorn pattern porcelain he only knew in its priceless old Oriental form, and he refused even to acknowledge the solid reality, far less the beauty in shape and colour, of the lovely and daintily figured jar which now meets my eyes when I raise them from the sheet of foolscap on which I am at this moment writing the present paper. Yet I somehow cannot shake off my primitive belief that the jar in question actually does exist, and is just as exquisite in form and hue as if it could show a most undoubted pedigree from the venerable days of the Ming dynasty itself. As to Vallauris vases, those audacious attempts to debase the beautiful by offering it to the ignoble vulgar at a moderate charge of one shilling, my censor frankly confessed that he knew nothing at all about them. Æsthetic pleasure, he remarked quite clearly between his lines (if I read him aright), is and ought always to remain the special and peculiar prerogative of the class which can afford to buy Italian great masters and antique bric-à-brac at unreasonable prices.

I will candidly admit that I am not careful to answer him in this

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matter. It seems to me an obvious truism that the beautiful is equally beautiful however much or however little it may cost, and that the lilies of the field, though every village child may pluck them, are yet arrayed in purer loveliness than King Solomon in all his glory. I was anxious to show how people of slender means might make their homes bright and pretty at a small expense, not to show how they might pick up old china at fabulously cheap prices. But the criticism raised some reflections in my mind, chiefly connected with Cimabue and coal-scuttles, which I thought might prove not wholly unprofitable to the readers of this magazine. The scope and the domain of art are at the present moment undergoing a revolutionary widening under our very eyes, and it is worth while to trace the previous history which has made this revolution possible or even inevitable. To put it briefly, we live in an age when the æsthetic interest is deserting Cimabue and fixing itself upon coal-scuttles.

Walking down an unlovely English street in a manufacturing town, with its crumbling, flat-fronted, dirty brick cottages, its ragged unkempt children playing in the dusty, grimy gutter, its slatternly hard-faced women, its hulking, ill-clad men, its thick atmosphere of smoke and fog,—one turns away in spirit to a village of Central African or Malayan savages, such as one sees it in the illustrations to Dr. Schweinfurth's or Mr. Wallace's books, with its neat, octagonal wattled huts, its large-leaved tropical plants, its breadth of air and roominess, its people fantastically decked out with bright blossoms, red ochre, quaintly tattooed decorations, and necklets of teeth or shells, all of which, however little they may happen to accord with our own notions of taste, show at least a decided love of æsthetic ornament on the part of their creators. When we contrast these two opposite poles of human life, we cannot help asking ourselves, Why has the progress of our European civilisation, such as it is, killed out in the mass of our population that native taste for the beautiful which is so conspicuous in the merest savages? How is it that in a country which spends hundreds of thousands upon Fra Angelicos and Botticellis, upon Corots and Millets, upon Gainsboroughs and Burne Joneses, upon Assyrian bulls and Egyptian Pashts, upon South Kensington Museums and Albert Memorial monstrosities, nine-tenths of the people should still live perpetually in a state of æsthetic darkness and degradation far below that of the lowest existing savages, or even of the wild black-skinned hunters who chipped flints and carved mammoth ivory a hundred thousand years ago among the pre-glacial forests of the Somme and the Thames? Is it not extraordinary that side by side with our *Salons* and our Royal Academies, our Louvres and our Schools of Design, there should exist a vast squalid mass of humanity, leading unlovely lives in the midst of ugly and shapeless accessories which would arouse the contempt of a naked Naga or Bushman, and more careless of cleanliness or personal adornment than the fierce-jawed pre-historic savages of the palæolithic period?

I know most readers will imagine at the first blush that I am rhetorically exaggerating the contrast between the æsthetic barbarian and

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our own utilitarian poor. But a little definite comparison will soon show that this language, strong as it is, does no more than represent the truth. Look, for example, at the most primary element in the love for beauty—I mean personal adornment. The women and children of the Seven Dials have uncombed and tangled hair, twisted perhaps into a rude knot at the back of the head with a few rusty hairpins. But the Fijians decorate themselves with the most elaborate and careful *coiffures*, in a variety of styles, from the plain but well-combed frizzy poll of the men to the infinite tiny plaits and curls of the native belles. About the beauty to European eyes of these headdresses we need say nothing. Some will find them becoming, while others will merely think them bizarre; but in any case they show at least the pains which the Fijians take to satisfy their own standard of fashion and of æsthetic taste. Some of the *coiffures* require several days for their arrangement; and when they have been successfully completed, the proud possessor sleeps with his neck on a sort of notched wooden pillow, his head being quite unsupported, so as to avoid disarranging the lofty artistic structure. In Tahiti and in the Hawaiian Islands, again, flowers in the hair, in wreaths, in garlands to hang about the body, and in every other conceivable shape, form the common ornament of men, women, and children. Every one who has read the delightful accounts of life in the Archipelagos of the Pacific given by Miss Bird, Mrs. Brassey, or Lord Pembroke, must have noticed the air of refinement and æsthetic culture thrown over the whole atmosphere of life amongst these half-reclaimed savages by the constant presence of crimson hibiscus, and scarlet poinsettia, and purple bougainvillea as inseparable adjuncts of even the most prosaic acts. But our own grown-up cottagers think an attention to wild flowers worthy only of children. Tattooing, once more, is not a practice in complete harmony with our old-world notions, and "society" in England was convulsed with a nine days' horror when a flying rumour reached it some months since that two young royal personages had been decorated with a broad arrow across their faces after the primitive fashion of the South Seas; but very few people at home have ever noticed how exquisitely beautiful, when viewed by themselves, are most of the curved or symmetrical patterns used by the Maories for decorating their cheeks. Mr. Herbert Spencer has shown most conclusively that tattooing was originally adopted, not as an ornament, but as a mutilation or disfigurement, marking subjection to a conquering race; and the way in which it has been gradually modified, so as to become at last purely æsthetic in purpose, is in itself a striking proof of high artistic feeling amongst the people who employ it. If we want further proof of such artistic feeling we have only to look at the exactly similar curves and patterns with which the Maories so exquisitely carve their war canoes and their paddles, their cocoa-nut drinking-cups, and their graceful clubs or *bâtons*, the Polynesian counterparts of the Homeric sceptres.

We might even go a step further back, perhaps, and draw a natural

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inference from the respective personal appearance of the South Sea Islanders and the East End Londoners themselves. Mr. Darwin believes that the general beauty of the English upper class, and especially of the titled aristocracy—a beauty which even a hardened Radical like the present writer must frankly admit that they possess in an unusual degree—is probably due to their constant selection of the most beautiful women of all classes (peeresses, actresses, or wealthy bourgeoisie) as wives through an immense number of generations. The regular features and fine complexions of the mothers are naturally handed down by heredity to their descendants. Similarly it would seem that we must account for the high average of personal beauty amongst the ancient Greeks and the modern Italians by the high average of general taste, the strong love for the beautiful, diffused amongst all classes in both those races. The prettier women and the handsomer men would thus stand a better chance of marrying, other things equal, and of handing down their own refined type of face and figure to their children. If this be so—and evolutionists at least can hardly doubt it—then we should expect everywhere to find the general level of personal beauty highest where there was the widest diffusion of æsthetic taste. Now, our own squalid poor are noticeable, as a rule, for their absolute and repulsive ugliness, even when compared with those of other European countries. "La laideur," says M. Taine with truth, in his *Notes sur l'Angleterre*, "est plus laide que chez nous." Gaunt, hard-faced women, low-browed, bull-dog-looking men, sickly, shapeless children people the back slums of our manufacturing towns. Their painful ugliness cannot *all* be due to their physical circumstances alone; for the lazzaroni who hang about the streets of Naples must lead lives of about equal hardship and discomfort; yet many of them, both men and women, are beautiful enough to sit as models for a Lionardo. On the other hand, every traveller speaks in high admiration of the beauty and gracefulness displayed by young and old amongst the æsthetic Polynesians; while in many like cases I note that Europeans who have once become accustomed to the local type find decidedly pretty faces extremely common in several savage races whose primitive works of art show them in other ways to possess considerable æsthetic taste. In India, where artistic feeling is universal, almost every man or woman is handsome. On the whole, it seems to me fairly proved that the average personal beauty everywhere roughly corresponds to the average general love for beauty in the abstract.

Be this as it may, it is at least certain that most (if not all) existing or pre-historic savages take and have taken far more pains with their personal decoration than the vast mass of our own poor. The people of Bethnal Green, of the Black Country, and of the Glasgow or Liverpool hovels wear clothes or rags for warmth alone, and apparently without any care for their appearance, even on Sundays. But all savages paint themselves red with ochre, and blue with indigo or woad; they tattoo themselves with intricate patterns, which it takes days to trace out; they cover themselves with flowers and fern leaves; they gather ostrich plumes

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or other feathers for their head-dresses; they weave girdles, belts, and necklaces of feathers, cowries, wampum, or seeds; they manufacture cloth with bright dyes and pretty patterns; and they trade with European or Arab merchants for Turkey-red cotton, brilliant Venetian beads, and scarves or sashes of pure and delicate colours. I have waded through whole reams of literature on this subject, in print or manuscript, and I find missionaries and travellers almost universally, from Mr. Gifford Palgrave in the Philippine Islands to Mr. Whitmee in Samoa (in opposition to the general European idea), speak highly of savage taste in matters of dress. And when we go back even to the earliest wild men of the Stone Age, we learn from Professor Boyd Dawkins that they painted themselves red with oxide of iron, that they made themselves necklets of shells, bones, and fossils, and that they stitched together mantles of fur or feathers with a rude thread made from the sinews of deer.

If we compare the savage hut and its contents with the modern workman's cottage, the contrast becomes even more striking. Here our judgment is not disturbed by those wide fluctuations of fashion which make it difficult for us to appreciate the æsthetic intent of a tattooed New Zealand nose or a parti-coloured Ojibway forehead. The more a man studies savage art, the more is he struck by the almost universal good taste which it displays. Every chair, stool, or bench is prettily shaped and neatly carved. Every club, paddle, or staff is covered with intricate tracery which puts to shame our European handicraft. Every calabash or gourd is richly wrought with geometrical patterns or conventionalised floral and animal designs. The most primitive pottery is graceful in form and irreproachable in its simple ornament of string-courses or bead-work. Central African bowls and drinking-cups almost rival Etruscan or Hellenic shapes. Prehistoric vases from the barrows or lake-dwellings are not less lovely than the Trojan or Mycenæan models which are now teaching our modern potters a long-forgotten secret of taste. Even the stone hatchets and arrow-heads of the very earliest age show a decided striving after æsthetic effect. And when we remember that these exquisite carvings and these polished jade implements are produced with miserably inefficient tools and appliances—when we recollect the instances quoted by Sir John Lubbock where whole years are spent in the perfecting of a single art-product, in grinding smooth a jasper hatchet or polishing a crystal ear-drop—we cannot fail to wonder at the æsthetic fervour of these unsophisticated artists. There is positively no object, however insignificant, in the ordinary savage hut, on which immense pains have not been expended for purely ornamental purposes.

Look, by way of contrast, at our English labourer's cottage. A few painted deal chairs, a square white table, an iron bedstead, half a dozen plain Delft cups and saucers, a little coarse table linen, and a pile of bedclothes—these constitute almost the whole furniture of nine out of ten English households. We must not be led away by thinking of a

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stray cottage or so in the country, or a few model workmen's houses in the outskirts of our towns, where gay flowers and bits of ornamental pottery add a touch of grace to the little home. Such homes are really quite exceptional, and by far the larger number of our people seem wholly destitute of æsthetic surroundings in any shape. We must never forget that the vast majority of Englishmen live and die either in the stifling dens of our great towns or in the cheerless little stone-floored cottages of our country, whose thatched eaves look so picturesque without and whose bare walls chill the eye with their cold reception within. Why is it that civilisation has done so little to raise, or rather so much to lower, their æsthetic sensibilities?

Two reasons must be given in answer to this question. The first and most obvious one has doubtless already occurred to every thinking person. Civilised life so heightens the struggle for existence that the mass of men are compelled ceaselessly to devote their whole labour to the bare task of earning their daily bread. In spite of occasional hardship and periodical starvation, the savage generally finds his life admit of considerable leisure, which he can employ in æsthetic occupations. During the intervals of hunting, fishing, nutting, planting maize, and gathering yam or bread-fruit, he can find time not only for grinding stone weapons or weaving baskets, but also for building artistic head-dresses, tattooing his chest and arms, drilling shells or fossils to string as wampum, and staining his roughly-woven fibres with green, yellow, blue, and scarlet dyes. He can lie on his back in the sun to carve his calabash or polish his cocoa-nut cup. The modern Eskimos, like the cave-men of the Dordogne, have leisure in their snow huts for sketching spirited representations of their hunting parties, scratched on the mammoth tusks which they take from the frozen carcases embedded in the ice of the glacial period. But our English labourers and artisans must toil the live-long day to procure bare food and drink, with such minimum of clothing and furniture as the habits of the race imperatively demand. What political economy, with its customary grim facetiousness, calls the "standard of comfort" among our lower classes, does not embrace more than the scantiest necessities of warmth and sustenance. It leaves no margin for decoration, either in personal dress or household furniture; far less for distinctive works of art such as those which so commonly adorn even the poorest savage huts.

But the second reason, to which, as it seems to me, sufficient importance has hardly ever been attributed, is this. The rapid growth of civilisation has itself entailed so great an advance in art-workmanship that the highest art-products have utterly outgrown the means of all but the wealthiest classes: and the lower branches have thus been left to lag behind and fall out of the artistic category altogether. We have paid so much attention to our Cimabues that we have till quite lately utterly neglected our coal-scuttles. It is not so amongst unsophisticated savages. With them, whatever is worth making is worth making well. Moreover, the difference between their highest and their lowest handicraft is so

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slight that almost every article is equally well made. But with us it would long have been thought absurd to ask Mr. Millais or Sir Frederick Leighton to turn from pourtraying their Jersey Lilies or their Nausicaas to design our soup-plates and our Turkey carpets. Painting, sculpture, and architecture have thus outrun all our lesser arts, and have finally brought about a condition of things in which till yesterday they alone were thought worthy the serious attention of artists.

The growth of this divorce between art and common life is easy enough to trace. In all ages, art has specially devoted itself to royalty or religion—to the political or the ecclesiastical government. Temples and palaces are its chief homes. Whether we look at Egypt with its endless colonnades of Karnak and its granite images of Memnon and Sesostris; or at Assyria with its winged bulls and its regal bas-reliefs; or at Hellas with its Parthenons and its Theseiums; or at Rome with its Colosseum and its Capitol; or at modern Europe, with its Louvre and its Escurial, its St. Peter's and its Lincoln Minster, its Vatican and its Winter Palace, we see everywhere that kings and deities gather round their dwelling-places all the grandest works of the highest national art. We may turn again to India, and there we find the same tale in the mosques and mausoleums of Agra and Delhi, in the exquisite temples of Benares, in the rock-hewn caves of Elephanta, in the gorgeous courtyards of modern Lucknow. Turn once more to Mexico, to Peru, to China, and the same fact everywhere forces itself upon our attention. Amongst ourselves, we find painting, sculpture, architecture, the thousand minor arts of wood-carving, mosaic, jewellery, intaglio, fresco, ivory-work, metallurgy, and upholstery, all pressed into the special service of royalty. Our cathedrals give us the same arts in addition to music, glass staining, embroidery, and fifty other decorative devices. From east to west, from China to Peru, we see every kind of æsthetic handicraft lavished with about equal hand upon the country's king and the country's gods.

Naturally, as the savage chief developed into the barbaric or civilised monarch, and as the arts grew up side by side with this slow evolution of the governmental agency, the highest artistic products were specially prepared for royal use. In the great Oriental despotisms, where hardly any ranks existed between the king and the slavish subject, the king himself absorbed almost all the spare labour of the community, and the gods absorbed the rest. Thus, even in the barbaric stage, the gap between the higher art which ministered to the great, and the lower arts which ministered to the people, must have been very great. But with the rapid advance made in mediæval and modern times, that gap has become immensely widened. All through the Middle Ages, especially in Italy, the higher art was developing with extraordinary rapidity. From the Renaissance, however, we must date the beginning of the modern and complete separation between the two types of art, the industrial and the æsthetic. The separation was consummated by the successors of Michel Angelo, and it remained unchallenged till a couple of dozen years ago.

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The difference between a Ghirlandajo or a Luca della Robbia, and an ordinary Florentine goldsmith, was a mere question of material and purpose; the difference between a Sir Joshua and a contemporary London jeweller was total and absolute. In the first case, both were artists of slightly varying merits; in the second case, the one was an artist, and the other a respectable tradesman. It is only within the last two or three decades that the gulf has once more begun to be bridged over in northern Europe.

Even if other causes had not interfered, the mere spontaneous development of the highest art must necessarily have produced some such separation. Painting, for example, had become so highly evolved, that it required a long special training in drawing and colouring, in perspective and chiaroscuro, in anatomy and in a dozen other connected sciences. The painter must spend much time beforehand in acquiring his art, and he must also spend much time over each particular canvas in conception and composition, in copying the features of his models and working out the details of his drapery, in rendering a single finger or a refractory foot so as to satisfy the highly critical connoisseurs who had developed side by side with the developing technique of the artists. The special public which can fully appreciate fine paintings is only to be found, as a rule, amongst the wealthy classes who can afford to buy them. Thus the front rank of art naturally gets far ahead of all the lesser ranks, and produces a race of artists whose work is ridiculously advanced in comparison with the average appreciation of the masses.

But this inevitable tendency was much strengthened and accelerated at the Renaissance by two special causes. In the first place, the spirit of the classical revival (especially in its later days) tended towards the unduly exclusive cultivation of the three main visual arts, painting, sculpture, and architecture. It tended, also, towards their cultivation in a very cold and isolated form. The remains of ancient art which have come down to us are mere fragments, and they are fragments whose real relation to their surroundings was much misunderstood by the Florentine revivalists, and ridiculously caricatured during the eighteenth century, when the word "classical" became almost synonymous with cold, colourless, and insipid. The chief relics of Hellenic and Roman art are pieces of sculpture. Now Mr. Pater has lately pointed out in two of his exquisite and subtly-woven essays that Greek sculpture ought never to be divorced from the many-coloured background of minor arts which formed its native atmosphere. We should always see in fancy the chryselephantine Zeus or the tinted marble Aphrodite projected upon a mental field of mosaic, of metal work, of fresco, of stained ivory carving, of a thousand butterfly hues which have all disappeared from the disenhumed Hellas of our museums. But it was this latter pale and faded Hellas alone that the eye of Michel Angelo saw in the freshly recovered torsos of the Vatican. The gold and ivory were gone, the general background of varied arts had disappeared, the gilding and

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tinting on the marble itself had been worn away by time or exposure, and only the cold and weather-stained stone remained as an isolated relic of that warm and many-hued Hellenic world, whose picture is preserved for us in the minute descriptions of Pausanias. Accordingly, the "classical" school of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the false heirs of the Renaissance, began to restore the Greek ideal as they found it in its few surviving fragments. They had not even the wall paintings of Pompeii by which to correct the erroneous conception derived from the torsos. Thus they reduced all art in the end to something so chilly and lifeless that the world hailed with delight the so-called Gothic revival about the middle of the present century, as a grateful restoration of warmth and colour to the dry bones of a mummified art.

The second and still more potent cause for the separation between artistic and industrial work was the rapid growth of the manufacturing system in northern Europe. During the Middle Ages, the painter, the sculptor, and the wood-carver were all higher handicraftsmen, whose handicraft merged insensibly into that of the decorator, the joiner, the jeweller, and the potter. These lower trades still gave an opportunity for the display of individual taste, of artistic fancy, of that capricious quaintness which forms, perhaps, the greatest charm of mediæval workmanship. But with the employment of machinery, the separation became broad and pronounced. Steam-woven patterns and calico prints have superseded the hand-made embroidery and rich brocades of earlier times. Cheap moulded crockery and stamped designs have taken the place of jars turned upon the wheel and painted decorations. Wall papers hang where tapestry hung before, and chintzes cover the chairs that were once covered by delicate needlework. Electro-plate tea-pots, machine-made jewellery, and ungainly porcelain vases replace the handicraft of humbler Cellinis, unknown Ghibertis, or inglorious Palissys. Under the influence of this cause, industrialism became frankly cheap and ugly, while æstheticism retreated into the lofty upper region of the three recognised fine arts.

In proportion as the industrial system was more or less developed in each European country did the divorce become absolute. In Italy and the south, where the manufacturing spirit never gained a firm footing, individual workmanship survived and still survives. Florentine mosaics, Roman cameos, Genoese filigree work, Venetian glass, are all of them relics of the old artistic handicraft which has lived on unmoved among the quiet Italian towns. In France, more manufacturing than Italy, but less so (at least during the eighteenth century) than England, we find a sort of intermediate stage in Sèvres porcelain and Gobelins tapestry, in Louis Quinze marquetry and Dieppe ivory-carving. But in England the gap was truly a great gulf. Between the Royal Academy and the Birmingham or Manchester workshops there was no common term. Most of our manufactures were simply and unpretentiously utilitarian. They had no affectation of beauty in any way. Whatever art-furniture existed

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in the country—mosaic tables or buhl cabinets in a few noble houses—was brought from those southern lands where industrialism had not yet killed out the native art-faculties of the people. A piece or two of Chinese porcelain, a stray bit of Indian carving, an Oriental rug, or embroidered cushion here and there carried the mind away to Eastern countries where steam and factories were yet wholly unknown. But at home the stereotyped uniformity of manufacturing ugliness bore undivided sway, and if a solitary Wedgwood at rare intervals had originality enough to set up some attempt at artistic industrial work, his aspirations naturally cast themselves in the prevailing classical mould.

From these tendencies two evil results inevitably flowed. In the first place, art came to be looked upon by the mass, even of the middle classes, as something wholly apart from everyday life. The æsthetic faculty was a sense to be gratified by an annual visit to the Academy, an occasional perambulation of the National Gallery, and perhaps a single pilgrimage during a lifetime to Rome and Florence. For the lower classes, art ceased to exist at all. Their few sticks of furniture, their bits of glass and crockery, were all turned out on the strictly manufacturing pattern, with the least possible expenditure of time and money. Only the extreme upper class, the landed aristocracy and very wealthy merchants, could afford to live in an atmosphere of pictures and statues, of Italian art-furniture and Oriental porcelain.

The second evil hangs on to the first. As the only beautiful objects with which the rich were acquainted (save in the three great arts) were antique or foreign productions, the notion of rarity got inextricably and fatally mixed up with that of beauty, or even began to supersede it. The age of *virtuosi* set in. "That is a very pretty plate," you may say to a confirmed china maniac, as you look over his collection; and he will answer you unconcernedly, "Ah, yes, it *is* pretty, to be sure," as if that were quite an accidental and secondary consideration about it. He is surprised that you should admire the pretty plate, rather than this hideously ugly but very rare pipkin, which is one of the costliest and most vulgar specimens of old Worcester now extant. This spirit in a less exaggerated form is widely prevalent amongst all connoisseurs and collectors. They want a particular "sang de bœuf" or old turquoise blue Chinese vase not merely because it is beautiful, but also because it is old and rare. The self-same turquoise blue turned out by a modern Japanese or European workman they will not look at. Hence there has arisen, or arose till very lately, a certain profound hopelessness in industrial Europe—a general belief that the age of art-production was past, and that we were fatally bound down to make ugly things to all eternity. "We can never rival the past" was the unspoken thought of almost every Western manufacturer.

These considerations bring us back at last to Cimabue. I do not wish in any way to underrate the importance of the mediæval great masters; but it does seem to me that under the influence partly of the collecting

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spirit and partly of the æsthetic revival, their real value and interest have been overlooked, while false and exaggerated claims have been made on their behalf. The true importance of Cimabue, for example, is historical and evolutionary, rather than strictly artistic. He, like every other early great painter, like the Egyptian, Assyrian, and Etruscan sculptors, forms a moment in the development of art. As illustrating that moment, as carrying on the unbroken succession between the comparative woodenness of his predecessors and the comparative freedom of Giotto, he possesses the deepest interest for the student of artistic evolution. He is, in fact, a critical point in the development; he attracts our attention just as the ascidian or the lepidosiren attracts the attention of the genealogical biologist. Cimabue painted eyes to look like eyes, while his Byzantine masters painted them to look like glass beads; he created stiff human beings in the place of still stiffer model saints; he made his drapery hang something like real clothes instead of hanging like starched buckram. Giotto discovered that the sky was blue and not gilded, that human limbs were made of flesh and bone, not of wood, and that men and women lived their lives instead of acting perpetual *tableaux vivants* in unnatural attitudes. Masaccio further found out that you could move your body freely on its joints, and need not always hold it in the most angular of abstract positions. The great Renaissance painters finally introduced accurate anatomical knowledge, power of drawing, and free individuality of conception and composition. It is interesting to follow the development, just as it is interesting to watch Egyptian art touching on Assyrian, and Assyrian again merging into Phœnician, Syrian, Ionian, and Athenian. We like to observe Cimabue as the transitional term between Byzantine and early Italian painting, just as we like to know what Professor Sayce tells us of the Hittites as the missing link between Oriental and Hellenic art. But too many modern enthusiasts are accustomed accordingly to speak of mediæval artists in terms which would be extravagant if applied to the most developed æsthetic works. They weary us with over-appreciation of Lippi and Perugino: they annoy us by dragging doubtful Memmis out of the dark recesses of Italian churches, and finding in them a thousand admirable qualities which are wholly invisible to the cold and matter-of-fact eye of the historical critic. Yet, curiously enough, it is these very people who are generally least ready to admit that there can be any merit or interest in the still more infantile art of Memphis and Nineveh. Let us praise Giotto by all means for his admirable colouring, for his emancipated grouping, for his comparatively natural figures; but do not let us pretend that all his tints are as fine as Titian's, that all his legs and arms are absolutely perfect, or that all his attitudes are really those which human beings actually adopt in their every-day existence.

Now, the general position brought about in England by all these combined causes was something like this. The poorer people had no art at all. The richer imagined art to be mainly confined to painting, and

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perhaps sculpture: while they confused a love of beauty with a taste for making collections. The middle class could not afford the only kind of art which it knew, and therefore contented itself with bad imitations in the shape of cheap family portraits in oils and similar monstrosities. Look into the Balbi palace at Genoa, the big white house nearly opposite the Annunziata Church, and you have a good specimen of the Italian style fully carried out in all its details. Wide marble staircases lead you into the great reception rooms. Vandycks, Guidos, and Titians hang upon the walls. The ceilings are painted in fresco: the floors inlaid with parti-coloured marble. Every table, cabinet, or chimney-piece is a triumph of decorative art. This is what the rich man's house can be made, after its fashion, and a fine and stately fashion it is. But all these things are impossible for the man of moderate means in our industrial England; and having no model of his own on which to adorn his house, he takes the most unattainable of all the rich man's luxuries, the great painting, as his aim, and gets himself copied in oils, with a heavy gilt frame included, for ten guineas. All the rest of his house is on the manufacturing pattern. He covers his wall with a tasteless paper, and his floor with a tasteless carpet; but he hangs the picture and frame over his dining-room side-board, and thinks complacently to himself that he has performed the whole duty of man as a munificent patron of art.

For a great many years the British middle classes contentedly slumbered on in this Philistine repose. The Exhibition of 1851 suddenly woke them up with an unexpected start. They had set on foot that Exhibition with a decided idea that they were about to astonish the world by displaying their cheap calicos, their excellent steel blades, and their patent revolving corkscrews, to the admiration of all outsiders. Well, in these things they undoubtedly and deservedly carried away the palm from all competitors, even from their own industrial kinsmen across the Atlantic. But when they put their own goods side by side with goods from France and Italy, from Bohemia and Spain, from India and Japan, it began to strike the Birmingham and Manchester manufacturers that their native productions were perhaps just a trifle ugly. Long before, the "classical" school had given way to the "Gothic" revival, and the minds of the architects and ecclesiastical decorators had been carried back (partly through the High Church reaction) to mediæval models. But the Great Exhibition was the first hint received by the mass of our manufacturing classes of their own shortcomings. Everybody knows the history of the æsthetic movement which set in from that critical date. England recognised its new need. Schools of art and design began to inundate London and the provinces. South Kensington Museums, needlework exhibitions, artistic potteries, and decorative upholsteries sprang up on every side. Æstheticism became first a fashion, and at last almost a craze. In its earlier phases, the new movement affected only the upper classes. Art-workmanship was introduced into the luxuries of the rich—the silver caskets, the ornamental plaques, the carved oaken

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furniture of wealthy halls. But side by side with the practice of the great manufacturers went the preaching of men like Mr. Ruskin and Mr. Morris. The attention of truly artistic minds was being turned aside, in part at least, from Cimabue and Lionardo to coal-scuttles and arm-chairs. During the last five years, the movement has spread rapidly downwards through society. It has passed beyond the aristocracy and the upper middle class, and now it has reached the stratum of the small shopkeepers and clerks. In the course of time it may perhaps reach the labouring man, and brighten up his cheerless, unlovely home with a few fairer gleams of artistic beauty. Already it has æstheticised our wall-papers and our carpets, our vases and our tea-trays, our curtains and our chimney-pieces; perhaps it may before long do something to æstheticise the poor man's chairs and tables, cups and saucers, clothing and surroundings. Those who have lived in homes, first of the old and then of the new type, know with what an unwonted grace their whole life has been suddenly invested by a few simple changes in its artistic environment. They seem to live and move in a purer atmosphere; all existence seems sweetly set to a higher key.

Naturally, when first the manufacturing interest awoke to its own exceeding ugliness, it began to look about for some model upon which it should improve its personal appearance. A great many causes led it in the beginning towards mediævalism. The close connection between the High Church and the Gothic revivals, the strong share borne by ecclesiastical art in the new movement, coupled with the complete gap in that art between the Reformation and our own time, inevitably brought about such a tendency. Already, even in the higher arts, a change of taste in the same direction was visible. People had given up admiring Guido and the Caracci in favour of Francia and Filippino Lippi. It was the age of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood and the church restoration mania. Pure mediævalism, well or ill understood, was all the rage. Metal-work and wood-carving, in what was called Gothic styles, inundated our houses. Sir Charles Eastlake became the oracle of domestic taste. A tendency to pointed arches, in season and out of season, ran through all our struggling decorative art. The cathedrals were the great existing monuments of mediæval workmanship, and, owing in part to this fact, the whole mediæval revival took a certain undefined ecclesiastical and architectural turn. The architects and the clergy, indeed, had been its prime authors, and they impressed upon it too distinctly their own habits of thought. We sat down to dinner on a sort of carved-oak bishop's throne, and we hung up our hats on a domestic variety of pinnacled sedilia. Even the coal-scuttles assumed the air of church furniture. It was a little ridiculous, perhaps, but it was a step towards decorative improvement. Like Cimabue himself, it formed a passing moment in our æsthetic evolution. The bad in it has mostly passed away, but the good has remained and will doubtless remain for ever.

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After the mediæval stage came the Renaissance, which did not supersede the other, but, so to speak, was superposed upon it. We began to admire Henri Deux ware and to read Mr. Pater's admirable essays. Moreover, people felt gradually more or less conscious that the mediæval school had gone a little too far. The knobs on the Gothic chairs hurt their backs, and the absurdity of carved wooden arches supporting nothing hurt their rational sensibilities. So we had next, in due historical order, the Queen Anne school, of which the Miss Garrets, with their pleasant dogmatic style of "Thou shalt do this," and "Thou shalt not buy that," were the chief prophetesses. Chippendale furniture replaced the pointed arches of the previous decade. The Queen Anne school was a great and solid improvement, and its work will abide among us for many a long day. It introduced us to many good things, and above all it set to work devising decorations which would accord with the ordinary style of brick house common among the well-to-do middle classes of England. It gave us pretty wall-papers, designed on good decorative principles; and gentle colours, and nice patterns in chintz or tapestry, and sensible chairs, and comfortable fire-places, and cosy sofas. Under a thin disguise of archaism, it really recognised the needs of modern comfort. Moreover, it penetrated the serried phalanx of British Philistinism, and induced it to discover its own hideousness. All this is good and commendable. No doubt, like all other schools, the Queen Anne school has too much mannerism; but we shall learn in time to reject the mannerism and cleave to the spirit. The new red brick houses are apt to be a little tedious and monotonous in their interior decorations when one sees a dozen or so of them at a time; the hand of the master is everywhere too conspicuous; but after all, how infinitely preferable they are to the old-fashioned Philistine houses with no decoration at all!

Concurrently with the Queen Anne revival came the Japanese invasion. It was natural that when we began to look out for decorative art in cheap forms we should turn our eyes to those Oriental countries where such art has formed a part of the popular life for all ages. In Japan, painting and sculpture never rose high enough to kill off the lower arts; machinery never destroyed the native taste and ingenuity of the people. The Japanese products had exquisite colour, curious quaintness, and a certain national flavour which gave them some ethnographical interest. We were glad to welcome their paper fans and umbrellas, their lacquered fire-screens, their papier-mâché trays, their bamboo whatnots, their daintily-coloured porcelain and coarser pottery ware. At the same time with Japan we welcomed China and India as well. "In Tiberim Syrus defluxit Orontes"—the Ganges and the Hoang-Ho overflowed the banks of Thames. Benares metal-work and Lucknow jars, Indian durries and Chinese bronzes, jostled one another in half the windows in Regent Street. Everything Oriental became equally fashionable. Persian tiles, Turkey carpets, and Cashmere rugs found their way into every family. Most of these new introductions, again, are also

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good, each after its kind. Above all, they are for the most part cheap as well as beautiful, and they enable the comparatively poor to obtain really pretty decorations for prices far lower than those of almost any similar European manufactures.

The general conclusion which we may draw from these varying freaks of fashion is a comfortable one. The mass of the well-to-do classes are in search of an æsthetic style which will suit their purses. A little while ago we heard Mr. Poynter asserting that Mr. Ruskin had "no feeling for the beautiful in art." That is the sort of language which is common amongst the higher art-critics. But those who believe that every savage and every child has a feeling for the beautiful in art, do not trouble themselves about these high questions. They look for a simpler and more comprehensive kind of beauty. We are still groping about, but we are on the right path. Cast upon our own resources, we were compelled at first to take the best we could get. Now we are striking out new lines for ourselves. Day by day the love for beauty in small surroundings, for art at home, is spreading downward into successively lower strata of our people. What we need is that the feeling for beauty as beauty should be encouraged. We must not let ourselves be led away by the apostles of higher æstheticism or the mere bric-à-brac collectors. A pretty thing is pretty whatever it may cost, and, other things equal, is all the better for being cheap. From the old-curiosity-shop point of view, a piece of Venetian glass is valuable only because it is old; from the decorative point of view it is valuable because it is beautiful and effective, and it will be quite as beautiful and effective if it was made yesterday as if it was made for Dandolo himself. Just at present there is a good deal of extravagance, a good deal of archæological puritanism, a good deal of dogmatic assertion. But all these are common accompaniments of every revolution. In the end, no doubt, we shall invent more original types for ourselves. There will be less of mediævalism, less of Queen Anne, less of the Japanesque, less even of eclecticism, and more individuality. Already one can find dozens of homes, even among comparative laymen, where the prevailing style is neither Mr. Morris's, nor Dr. Dresser's, nor any other authority's, but the owner's own. There are thousands of people who feel that they cannot criticise, perhaps cannot even appreciate, Corot and Millet with the intense fervour and subtle penetration of Mr. Comyns Carr, but who can nevertheless enjoy the beauty of a daintily-shaped and delicately-coloured earthenware vase, or a simple and decorative textile fabric. They firmly believe in their own right to admire Doulton ware, even though they may be profoundly ignorant of majolica or Chelsea. It is worth while to aim at supplying this large class of people with artistic products which they can understand, and in the midst of which they can pass their lives. England is now essentially a limited democracy, and its art must become more democratic every day. Painting and sculpture can minister mainly to the few alone; decorative art must minister to the many. Nor is this

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any degradation to its office, but rather the contrary. "Art," says a great critic, "is never more supreme than when it fashions from the commonest materials objects of the greatest beauty."

Professor Huxley once expressed a wish that a race of palæontologists might some day come into existence who knew nothing of geology. So one might almost wish that a race of decorative artists might come into existence who knew nothing of museums and connoisseurs. They would then set to work to invent beautiful and effective decorations on rational principles, not according to pre-established models. Those two turquoise-blue vases on the mantelpiece are modern Chinese, and no one but a collector could tell them from the ancient specimens. They do the work they are intended to do, that is to say, they decorate the room. But the collector would despise them because they have not got the proper mark. That piece of Worcester in the cabinet behind me, on the other hand, is genuine and valuable; but it is so frightfully ugly that it retains its place only out of consideration for the feelings of the friend who added it to the scratch collection of odds and ends in the little cabinet. A museum is one thing, and a dwelling-house another. It has been too much the fashion amongst our most artistic classes to confuse the two. Let us religiously preserve curiosities by all means, just as we preserve Cimabues, or tumuli, or Egyptian mummies; but don't let us imagine that because they are curious or ancient they are necessarily decorative. Above all, don't let us assent to the converse proposition, that because pretty things are cheap and modern they are necessarily unworthy of artistic consideration.

G. A.

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Unreformed Corporations.

A BLUE-BOOK has recently been published under the formal title of "Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into Municipal Corporations not subject to the Municipal Corporations Acts (other than the City of London), together with Minutes of Evidence, &c. presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty." It discloses a state of things a trifle less comic than the unreformed system of borough representation, inasmuch as there is no corporation to be found in any place which is totally uninhabited. There are non-resident burgesses and non-resident chief magistrates; and the population in proportion to the number of municipal officers is sometimes ludicrously small, reminding us of Macpherson's army in Bon Gualtier, which consisted of five-and-twenty men and five-and-thirty pipers. But still there is nothing in the system corresponding exactly to old Sarum. The place inhabited by the corporation may be only a small village: but there is at all events that. We see nothing to prevent aldermen and jurats, and burgesses and capital burgesses, from still retaining the small revenues which they draw from landed property, and spending them where they pleased, when not one stone was left upon another of the original "borough town." Still they have not come to that point yet; governing bodies, ranging from twelve to twenty, with half a dozen officers in their employment, have never less than from a hundred and fifty to a couple of hundred subjects whose affairs one would be inclined to say that they mismanaged, if mismanagement on such a Lilliputian scale can be spoken of seriously.

We suppose that scarcely one reader in a hundred will understand at first sight to what the above paragraph refers, or will be prepared to hear that, scattered up and down the country, chiefly in the south and west, lie from eighty to a hundred municipalities untouched by the Act of 1835, though of course they have lost the privileges which they enjoyed before the Reform Bill of 1832. They are not all of such diminutive proportions as we have above described; among the eighty-six reported on by the Commissioners being eleven Parliamentary boroughs, and several other towns of which the population is not under two thousand. But the great majority of them are practically mere villages, with their mayors or high bailiffs, aldermen, justices, town clerks, mace-bearers, port-reeves, criers, ale-tasters, scavengers, carnals, and constables, many of these officials having neither any duties to perform nor any salaries to receive. Let us open the report at random. We light upon the borough of Bovey Tracey in Devonshire. As is frequently the case, the

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borough and the parish are not conterminous, the population of the latter being a thousand, while that of the former is two hundred. Of these about fifty are freeholders, and entitled to the privileges of the corporation. The welfare of this little community is cared for by a bailiff, a port-reeve, a crier, an ale-taster, a scavenger, and two constables. Its income is 17*l.* a year, which is spent, we are told, in paying the land tax and property tax, in printing circulars, in perambulating the borough boundaries, and an annual dinner in the month of May, of which all the freeholders partake. The boundary stones of the borough are said to be from six hundred to nine hundred years old. The corporation has no seal; but it has some ancient weights and measures which are never used; and tradition preserves the memory of a mace. There are, however, better specimens than Bovey Tracey, because here justice is administered, and the public-houses are licensed, by the county magistrates. But such is far from being the case in some other places, where the corporations are more strictly speaking municipal.

Fordwich is a village in Kent with a population of two hundred and seventy. The governing body consists of a mayor and seven "jurats," assisted by a town clerk. Anybody can become a freeman by the payment of 5*l.* 10*s.*; as soon as he is a freeman he can become a jurat; and as soon as he becomes a jurat, he becomes a magistrate. These gentlemen try prisoners in the Borough Court, who undergo their sentences in Maidstone or Canterbury Gaol. They also license all the public-houses, which are four in number; and the management of charities, to the amount of about a hundred pounds a year, is in their hands. The rent of a fishery, let to the Stour Fishery Association, which, however, does not produce more than about ten shillings each, they divide among themselves. Ouenborough, in the same county, has a population of eight hundred. It is governed by a mayor, bailiff, and four jurats. It keeps a recorder, a treasurer, a town clerk, a constable, and two sergeants-at-mace, who receive 44*l.* a year. Axbridge, in Somersetshire, has a population of nine hundred. The corporation consists of a mayor, recorder, alderman, eight capital burgesses, and free burgesses. The mayor, the alderman, and the recorder, who never attends, are the magistrates who try prisoners and license the public-houses. The present mayor is a tanner. The alderman is a watchmaker. There is, of course, a town clerk; and at Axbridge there is an inspector of weights and measures. The income of the corporation is about a hundred and twenty pounds a year. Camelford, in Cornwall, has a population of one thousand. It has a mayor, seven capital burgesses, a recorder, a town clerk, and a sergeant-at-mace. The recorder does not act; the corporation has nothing to do, and the duty of the sergeant-at-mace is to wait on the corporation. Dunwich, in Suffolk, has a population of two hundred and thirty. The corporation—Heaven save the mark—consists of two bailiffs, fifteen aldermen, twelve common councilmen, and twenty-three freemen. The bailiffs, recorder, and two assistant justices, who are simply such as have been

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bailiffs, are the magistrates. The recorder is not a lawyer, and the other magistrates are farmers. St. Clears, in Carmarthenshire, has a population of about a thousand. The corporation consists of three port-reeves, a recorder, a town clerk, two common attorneys, a crier, and an indefinite number of burgesses. The official members of it appear to have nothing to do.

The reader will not be surprised to learn that since 1835 a good many of these village municipalities have expired of inanition. Bossiny, an old borough town in Tintagel, which may possibly have been a flourishing community in the days of King Arthur, finally gave up the ghost in 1871. The last mayor was appointed in 1841, but, like "the last man," he was surrounded by skeletons. The burgesses were nearly all dead, and no more were appointed. One only is alive at the present moment, besides the mayor, Mr. Symons, who has possession of the old regalia in the shape of a mace and a cup. He still continued to receive some rents till 1849, since which time the property has been occupied by somebody who pays nothing at all. The same gentleman had an interest in the Town Hall; and when he was bought out nine years ago by Lord Wharncliffe, and the edifice pulled down, the last vestige of this ancient corporation disappeared. In 1860 the corporation of Plympton Earle, in Devonshire, voted themselves extinct. In 1849 the corporation of Tregony, in Cornwall, was found to have literally died out. The corporation of Castle Rising, which existed in 1835, has simply disappeared.

The privileges enjoyed by the members of these petty local bodies, small as they are, are quite enough to give rise to a plentiful crop of social jealousies and heartburnings. There is no want of village Gracchi among those who are outside of the "populus;" and one cannot help exclaiming as one reads what admirable materials are here for a novel in the hands of George Eliot! One main source of the dissatisfaction which the commissioners encountered, though it was by no means universal, was in the quality of the persons who filled the highest offices of State, and frequently administered justice. At Axbridge, in Somersetshire, as we have seen, the mayor is a tanner, and the alderman a watchmaker, and these are the two magistrates for the borough. At Woodstock they lately had an alderman who couldn ot spell his own name or that of the town. At Harton, in Devonshire, the port-reeve is a carpenter, and his predecessor was a shoemaker. At Higham Ferrers, in Northamptonshire, complaint was made that the aldermen and burgesses were the most ignorant and illiterate persons in the town. The largest ratepayer in the parish had been proposed as a member of the corporation, but was beaten by a blacksmith. At Loughor, in Glamorganshire, the port-reeve who sits as a magistrate is sometimes only a journeyman tradesman, a mason perhaps, or a plasterer. At Malmesbury, which is a Parliamentary borough with a considerable population, complaints on this score were very rife. The alderman of Malmesbury sits as a borough magistrate; and the present alderman is a working tailor. Among the burgesses who have

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"passed the chair," we find one described as a yeoman who was recently a domestic servant, another a mason, and another a cabinet maker. It is true that at the sittings of the court the deputy high steward, who is a solicitor, is present, and that he and the town clerk keep the tailor pretty straight. Still there is the fact that he sits in the chair, and occasionally, after being duly primed, delivers the sentence of the court. It is only fair, however, to add in this place the testimony of Mr. Powell, who was member for the borough, in favour of the corporation. "I should not say," says he, "that the townspeople outside the corporation were of a more intelligent character than the corporation themselves. I think that they are a thoroughly sound common sense body of men . . . and that their decisions would compare favourably with those of any bench of magistrates in the country." Mr. Powell believed the movement against the corporation to be purely political. "The alderman and corporation have always supported the Conservative party from time immemorial," and hence these misrepresentations of them. Mr. Tullaway's brother—Tullaway himself is the tailor—who was alleged by a witness to be one of the "most besotted men in the place," is an assistant burgess, and has been alderman. "I saw him yesterday," said the witness, who is a postman, "coming from one of the beerhouses near my stable in company with a man who is one of the most besotted men in our town, and likewise an assistant burgess and brother to the present alderman. In the evening when I was coming round from the post-office to my house, this fellow, whose name is Tullaway, and is brother to the alderman, was standing near the market cross in a state of intoxication, and he said, 'Halloo, old fellow, are you going up to London?' I said, 'I am, and I hope you will be happy;' and he said, 'I hope you will;' that was last evening. I suppose they found out that I was coming up here, and I had roused the ire of this immaculate corporation, I expect, a little."

Does not this little bit bring the whole state of party feeling in the good old town vividly before us? There is the worthy burgess *a laudator temporis acti*, and a scoffer at the new ideas which proscribe cakes and ale, thinking little of education, and able perhaps to "buy up many of them as has it" sauntering along the streets in company with a mellow friend, and conversing very probably on these pestilent disturbers of the peace, who were for doing away with all the comfortable old customs and venerable institutions of the place out of mere envy, jealousy, and naughtiness of heart. On the other hand is the ardent reformer, in the person of the local postman, who, although a commoner, never expects to be a burgess, that being an honour which he does not covet, perhaps because the grapes are sour, determined, however, if he can, to pull down the house about the ears of the exclusives, and to exhibit himself before a London audience in the character of a superior person, deeply shocked by the misgovernment of his native town, and the gross habits and low birth of the official class. It is a beautiful picture. But it requires the hand which drew the people of Milby to do adequate justice to it.

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The actual advantages of belonging to one of these corporations, or being one of its officers, may be easily summed up. They have the management of the corporate property, the licensing of public-houses, and the privilege of spending certain sums of money on corporation dinners, or of dividing it among themselves. Where they exercise magisterial jurisdiction, they may perhaps have the power of screening a friend, or paying off a grudge against an enemy, though it is but fair to say that few such charges have been brought against them. The management of their small properties, as it is on the whole the most important, so it seems to be that one of their functions which has given rise to the greatest discontent. Their revenues are derived from the rents of land and buildings, investments, dues, tolls, and fees on the admission of officers and burgesses. And as might have been expected, it is a custom in a great many of these boroughs to let the property to members of the corporation at an absurdly low rate. Land worth a pound an acre will be let to burgesses on leases renewable for ever at five or six shillings. At one place, Kidwelly, land worth fifty shillings an acre is let in this way at half-a-crown. At St. Clears, which we have already mentioned, property worth from two to three hundred pounds a year brings in sixty-one. In fact, favouritism and jobbery of every description appear to be rampant; and what adds to the discontent of the outside public is that the corporation accounts are not published. They may be seen on application, it is true; but that is not enough. The malcontents think that they ought to be furnished with a copy. They want to know "what becomes o' the money?" And they think, not unnaturally, that the town might derive more benefit than it does from what is, after all, public property. Old Mr. Thomas Tonbridge, of New Romney, gave evidence to this effect, which is very good reading. "He never had no schooling in his young days." He has picked it all up since, and something besides, we should infer from the information he vouchsafed to the commissioners. They have land let out "among themselves" for 793*l.* a year, for which he would have given them 1,000*l.* a year, and the first year's rent in advance. He was ready to have sat down and written the cheque off-hand. Like the northern farmer, he has so many acres of the Duke's, and "land of his own besides;" and what is specially to the purpose, "his sheepskins are all at home." This communicative old gentleman objects to things being done "secret and sly like." He wants to see "everything open and above-board;" for where folks don't understand what is being done they are sure to fancy there is something wrong, even though there may be nothing. To much the same purpose is the evidence of a leather merchant and a currier from the little town of Higham Ferrers. The former gentleman, like the Malmesbury postman, had also been defeated by the village blacksmith in a struggle for admission to the government, and he was proportionably bitter in consequence. There seems quite a run upon blacksmiths in unreformed corporations. The administration of justice

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by the curious class of archons whom this report exhibits to us, does not seem, as a rule, to have given rise to much complaint; and where it has done so, the complaint itself has not seldom been as stupid as the worst of them. Some amusing cases, however, are furnished by Fordwich, Malmesbury, Seaford, and Higham Ferrers. In Fordwich it appears that Colonel Cox, who is said to be "an irritable gentleman," locked up another gentleman, with whom he was unfortunate enough to quarrel, in the town gaol. "He took him bodily, and locked him up for the night." In Malmesbury there was a story which admirably illustrates the proneness to suspicion so characteristic of a certain class of society. "There was a young man," said one witness, "apprehended some time last year, in the month of March, and Mr. Weekes was then alderman. The young man was given into custody, I think, by his own father, because he had obtained goods under alleged false pretences from a jeweller in our town, Mr. Barnard, and Mr. Barnard applied for the goods, and his father waxed wrath upon the subject, and sent for a policeman and gave his son into custody. He was taken to the station-house, and this Mr. Weekes, our late alderman, sent to the station-house the next morning, and released the prisoner from the station, and this has been the cause of great discontent in our borough. Folks talk a good deal about it." It turned out on inquiry that nothing irregular had been done. But the same witness, when asked by one of the commissioners if there was any relationship between the alderman and the young man, replied: "He was connected so far, as the alderman and father were both members of the same community or chapel. The young man was the son of respectable parents, but the lower classes say that they do not consider justice was administered impartially, and that if it had been one of them they would have been brought before a magistrate and committed for trial." The patriotic postman, for the witness was no other than an old acquaintance, had probably never heard of Mr. Pell and the late Lord Chancellor, but the lower classes in Malmesbury were evidently of the same opinion as the elder Mr. Weller in regard to the impunity of aristocratic offenders. "Parliament ought to ha' took it up," said that venerable man, when he heard that the Keeper of the Royal Conscience had been guilty of profane swearing; "and if he'd been a poor man they'd ha' done it." The alderman of Malmesbury had not the same excuse as the noble and learned lord who was so much attached to Mr. Pell. But the suspicions of the Commons were totally without foundation, as no charge at all was ever brought against the young man, who had been locked up when he was drunk for threatening his father with violence. No one in the morning appeared to prosecute, and the prisoner was necessarily discharged. But the Commons only shook their heads, and no doubt continue to believe to this day that the liberation of this young man was a gross piece of favouritism, and a daring contempt of the law. On this occasion the two offenders were Moravians, or "United Brethren." The witness added, for the infor-

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mation of the commissioners, that his son Samuel was once "unfortunately assaulted," and that, owing to the corruption of the bench, the offender was most inadequately punished. Moreover, there was great disorder in court. When the prosecutor's witness appeared to be sworn, he was greeted with loud cries of "Thee must not." And as the prosecutor himself was leaving the court, he was subjected to the indignity of having a man's fist thrust in his face. At Seaford the magistrates were accused of being drunk upon the bench. And at Higham Ferrers a sad failure of justice was narrated by the currier who had been defeated by the blacksmith. "A member of the corporation had a rent-audit held at his house. There were the late mayor and several other members of the corporation at his house until early in the morning. They went into the servants' room while the servants were in bed, and ordered them to get out of bed and dress themselves. One man insisted upon remaining in the room while the two female servants were dressing themselves. One of the servants left, and a friend of hers went to the deputy-recorder and asked for a summons, but he refused to grant one."

Being asked by Mr. John Karslake what offence was charged, the witness said he did not know. But "people thought there ought to be something." The complainant "wanted a summons against A. B. for staying in the room and refusing to go out while the servant was dressing." They were told that the magistrates did not know what offence had been committed, and that they could not grant a summons. But the people "thought they ought to have justice." This modern Appius Claudius appears to have got off too easily, but it is difficult to see what else the magistrates could have done. The Commissioner, at all events, did not think the charge against them proved.

As might have been anticipated, a good deal of eating and drinking figures in the corporation expenses. The entire revenues of Bovey Tracey are 17*l.* per annum; and the expenditure for one year was 10*s.* 11*d.* land tax, 3*s.* 6*d.* for printing, and 15*l.* 3*s.* for "dinners, brandy, and punch." Some evil-disposed persons have suggested that the money might be better laid out in improving the water supply, or in promoting the interests of education. A Mr. Mugford, we are told, has been "rather noisy" on the subject. But as this gentleman is accustomed to bring forward his proposals in a state of intoxication, at which times he curses and swears a good deal, and "wants to fight," it is perhaps not surprising that his efforts have as yet been unsuccessful. The ex-mayor, it is said (Mr. J. Hurrell), has spared neither time nor money in the sacred cause of dining. If people want water or learning, he argues, let them go the rates, and not rob a poor man of his beer, which was granted to him many hundred years ago by the king, God bless him!

At Axbridge they only dine occasionally, but the burgesses or freemen have a glass of sherry and a slice of seed cake on the election of the mayor. It is at Malmesbury, however, that perhaps the funniest institution of all is to be found. This is the "seeking feast" or enter-

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tainment given by the landholder who seeks to be an assistant burgess, or the assistant burgess who desires to be a capital burgess. The account of this custom, as given by numerous witnesses, is not very clear on some points, for it still leaves us in doubt as to what is the motive power by which the feast is set agoing. An aspirant for municipal honours must first, we suppose, let it be generally known to the twenty-four assistant burgesses that he is anxious to be enrolled among them. But the second stage of the transaction is involved in considerable obscurity, no one of the witnesses being competent to explain with certainty the etiquette which governs it. That the candidate says openly to the burgess, "Agree to elect me at the next vacancy, and I will then give you a seeking feast," was denied almost with indignation. This was far too coarse a way of putting the arrangement. That the burgesses, on the other hand, say to the candidate that they will have him if he gives them this feast is likewise repudiated as an erroneous version of the business. We suppose there is a tacit understanding, the operation of which none but those born to it can hope to comprehend. It is certain that both the seeking feast and the return feast are considered to be essential parts of the election; and that is all which it is necessary to know. The seeking-feast appears to be a rough-and-ready business; the seeker and his friends meeting at a public-house in the evening, when the entertainment consists of beer, grog, and tobacco, with bread and cheese for those who like it. After the election, however, a more sumptuous banquet is provided, in the middle of the day, at a cost of six or seven pounds; a regular dinner, in fact. In simpler times the *pièce de résistance* was a ham. With the march of luxury, however, the municipal palate has grown daintier, and the seeker who has found is now expected to provide a sirloin. There is plenty of drinking on these occasions, and formerly a plentiful supply of intoxicated burgesses might be seen about the streets in the afternoon. Matters, however, are said to have mended a little, and we are now told euphemistically that "they have a glass or two of wine," that they "get merry, and like that, but nothing but what they know what is going on." The burgesses do not now "wallow" about the streets. The idea, however, of giving a seeking feast with tea, is still regarded with contempt, partly as a disagreeable thing in itself, partly as a radical innovation, deserving the scorn of all well-regulated minds. A teetotal candidate sent his wife to the assistant burgesses to know whether tea could be recognised as a legitimate beverage. "No," answered these noble-minded men; "we will not alter the old custom." They would stand upon the ancient ways, and if they stumbled on them, too, sometimes, it was all in the spirit of reverence. If, however, the seeker chose to drink tea himself, while the others drank better stuff, he was at liberty to do so. The feast given by a newly-elected capital burgess to his brother capitals is a still grander affair, and costs a pound a head.

At Woodstock, a witness complained that the only way of getting into the corporation was "to go to the public-house every night, and be

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jolly, and so on, and do as they do," and that for a person of a different character (like the witness), who refrained from all evil company, such honour was unattainable. Woodstock, however, is not the only place, nor are unreformed corporations the only bodies of men who are guided by similar considerations. Sinners will never love saints to the end of time; besides which, an ascetic alderman is a contradiction in terms, an unnatural combination of ideas tolerable only to a morbid fancy or a dyspeptic constitution.

Politics, it is needless to say, run high in these little communities; the ins being mostly blue, and the outs principally yellow. These divisions are especially noticeable in the little town of Woodstock, from the history of which we glean the interesting psychological fact that all glove makers are Liberals. Question 10,479:

> Can you at all account for the glove manufacturers being excluded as a body?—I think that it is on account of their being all Liberals in politics; I do not know any glove manufacturer but who is Liberal in politics. That is how you account for it?—I do not know whether that is the reason or not; I only know that they are Liberals, and are left out. I know that they are very much annoyed at being left out. I have had conversation with all of them.

It seems, then, that the glove maker is true to his principles, and is not to be bribed even by the prospect of promotion, such as, according to one witness, "any inhabitant of the place would deem an honour." But we still have to inquire what is the necessary connection between glove making and Liberalism. As gloves are chiefly worn by the well-to-do classes, one would have thought that the trade would be on the side of property. The glove, too, has its feudal associations, and the political creed of the modern glove maker may possibly be an example of reaction. Any way, the fact is curious, and deserves the consideration of philosophers.

The whole Report is very interesting, carrying us back, as it does, for so many centuries, to the time when these dwindling villages were flourishing commercial towns, newly chartered by some Saxon or Norman sovereign, and forming the germs from which has sprung the great English middle-class. Sometimes, however, great privileges have been conferred by the neighbouring Barons, traces of which are still visible in surviving manorial rights. In some small towns the mayoralty is hereditary in the lord's family. But, interesting as many of these institutions may be in the light of relics, they present few other attractions, and seem to serve no other useful purpose. Some of them survive in towns of some considerable importance, and might with propriety be placed under the Municipal Corporation Act. In the case of the majority, the funds, we suppose, will some day be vested in the Charity Commissioners, or handed over to School Boards for the benefit of the whole population; or should the new municipal government of which we hear so much be extended to the counties, it is possible that the revenues of Tregony, and Bossiny, and Dunwich might be turned to uses more nearly corresponding to their original ones.

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Hours in a Library.

No. XXII.—Sterne.

"Love me, love my book" is a version of a familiar proverb which one might be slow to accept. There are, as one need hardly say, many admirable persons for whose sake one would gladly make any sacrifice of personal comfort short of that implied in a study of their works. But the converse of the statement is more nearly true. I confess that I at any rate love a book pretty much in proportion as it makes me love the author. I do not of course speak of histories or metaphysical treatises which one reads for the sake of the information or of the logical teaching; but of the imaginative books which appeal in the last resort to the sympathy between the writer and the reader. It matters not whether you are brought into contact with a man by seeing or hearing, by the printed or spoken word—the ultimate source of pleasure is the personal affinity. To read a book in the true sense—to read it, that is, not as a critic but in the spirit of enjoyment—is to lay aside for the moment one's own personality, and to become a part of the author. It is to enter the world in which he habitually lives—for each of us lives in a separate world of his own—to breathe his air, and therefore to receive pleasure and pain according as the atmosphere is or is not congenial. I may by an intellectual effort perceive the greatness of a writer whose character is essentially antagonistic to my own; but I cannot feel it as it must be felt for genuine enjoyment. The qualification must, of course, be understood that a great book really expresses the most refined essence of the writer's character. It gives the author transfigured, and does not represent all the stains and distortions which he may have received in his progress through the world. In real life we might have been repelled by Milton's stern Puritanism, or by some outbreak of rather testy self-assertion. In reading *Paradise Lost*, we feel only the loftiness of character, and are raised and inspirited by sentiments, without pausing to consider the particular application.

If this be true in some degree of all imaginative writers, it is especially true of humourists. For humour is essentially the expression of a personal idiosyncrasy, and a man is a humorist just because the tragic and the comic elements of life present themselves to his mind in new and unexpected combinations. The objects of other men's reverence strike him from the ludicrous point of view, and he sees something attractive in the things which they affect to despise. It is his function to strip off the commonplaces by which we have tacitly agreed to cover over our

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doubts and misgivings, and to explode empty pretences by the touch of a vigorous originality; and therefore it is that the great mass of mankind are apt to look upon humour of the stronger flavour with suspicion. They suspect the humorist—not without reason—of laughing at their beards. There is no saying where he may not explode next. They can enjoy the mere buffoonery which comes from high spirits combined with thoughtlessness. And they can fairly appreciate the gentle humour of Addison or Goldsmith, or Charles Lamb, where the kindliness of the intention is so obvious that the irony is felt to be harmless. It represents only the tinge of melancholy which every good man must feel at the sight of human folly, and is used rather to light up by its gentle irradiation the amiable aspects of weakness than to unmask solemn affectation and successful hypocrisy. As soon as the humourist begins to be more pungent, and the laughter to be edged with scorn and indignation, good quiet people who do not like to be shocked begin to draw back. They are half ashamed when a Cervantes or a Montaigne, a Rabelais or a Swift, takes them into his confidence, and proposes in the true humourist's spirit to but show them the ugly realities of the world or of his own mind. They shrink from the exposure which follows of the absurdity of heroes, the follies of the wise, the cruelty and injustice of the virtuous. In their hearts they take this daring frankness for sheer cynicism, and reject his proffered intimacy. They would rather overlook the hollowness of established conventions, than have them ruthlessly exposed by the sudden audacity of these daring rebels. To the man, on the contrary, who is predisposed to sympathy by some affinity of character, the sudden flash of genuine feeling is infinitely refreshing. He rejoices to see theories confronted with facts, solemn conventions turned inside out, and to have the air cleared by a sudden burst of laughter, though it may occasionally have something rather savage in it. He welcomes the discovery that another man has dared to laugh at the idols before which we are all supposed to bow in solemn reverence. We love the humour in short so far as we shall the character from which it flows. Everybody can love the spirit which shows itself in the *Essays on Elia*; but you can hardly love the *Tale of a Tub* or *Gulliver* unless you have a sympathy with the genuine Swift which overpowers your occasional disgust at his misanthropy. But to this general rule there is one marked exception in our literature. It is impossible for any one with the remotest taste for literary excellence to read *Tristram Shandy* or the *Sentimental Journey* without a sense of wondering admiration. One can hardly read the familiar passages without admitting that Sterne was perhaps the greatest artist in the language. No one at least shows more inimitable felicity in producing a pungent effect by a few touches of exquisite precision. He gives the impression that the thing has been done once for all; he has hit the bull's eye round which inspiring marksmen go on blundering indefinitely without any satisfying success. Two or three of the scenes in which Uncle Toby expresses his sentiments are as perfect in their way as the

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half-dozen lines in which Mrs. Quickly describes the end of Falstaff and convince us that three strokes from a man of genius may be worth more than the life's labour of the cleverest of skilled literary workmen. And it may further be said that Uncle Toby, like his kinsmen in the world of humour, is an incarnation of most lovable qualities. In going over the list, a short list in any case, of the immortal characters in fiction, there is hardly any one in our literature who would be entitled to take precedence of him. To find a distinctly superior type, we must go back to Cervantes, whom Sterne idolised and professed to take for his model. But to speak of a character as in some sort comparable to Don Quixote, though without any thought of placing him on the same level, is to admire that he is a triumph of art. Indeed, if we take the other creator of types, of whom it is only permitted to speak with bated breath, we must agree that it would be difficult to find a figure even in the Shakespearean gallery more admirable in its way. Of course, the creation of a Hamlet, an Iago, or a Falstaff implies an intellectual intensity and reach of imaginative sympathy altogether different from anything which his warmest admirers would attribute to Sterne. I only say that there is no single character in Shakespeare whom we see more vividly and love more heartily than Mr. Shandy's uncle.

It should follow, according to the doctrine just set forth, that we ought to love Uncle Toby's creator. But here I fancy that everybody will be sensible of a considerable difficulty. The judgment pronounced upon Sterne by Thackeray seems to me to be substantially unimpeachable. The more I know of the man, for my part, the less I like him. It is impossible to write his biography (from the admiring point of view) without making it a continuous apology. His faults may be extenuated by the customary devices; but there is a terrible lack of any positive merits to set against them. He seems to have been fond of his daughter, and tolerant of his wife. The nearest approach to a good action recorded of him is that when they preferred remaining in France to following him to England, he took care that they should have the income which he had promised. The liberality was nothing very wonderful. He knew that his wife was severely economical, as she had good reason to be; inasmuch as his own health was most precarious, and he was spending his income with a generous freedom which left her in destitution at his death. Still we are glad to give him all credit for not being a grudging paymaster. Some better men have been less good-natured. The rest of his panegyric consists of excuses for his shortcomings. We know the regular formulæ. He had bad companions, it is said, in his youth. Men who show a want of principle in later life have a knack of picking up bad companions at their outset. We are reminded as usual that the morals of the time were corrupt. It is a very difficult question how far this is true. We can only make a rough guess as to the morals of our own time; some people can see steady improvement, where others see nothing but signs of growing

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corruption; but when we come to speak of the morals of an age more or less removed, there are so many causes of illusion that our estimates have very small title to respect. It is no doubt true that the clergy of the Church of England in Sterne's day took a less exalted view than they now do of their own position and duties; that they were frequently pluralists and absentees; that patrons had small sense of responsibility; and that, as a general rule, the spiritual teachers of the country took life easily, and left an ample field for the activity of Wesley and his followers. But, making every allowance for this, it would be grossly unfair to deny, what is plainly visible in all the memoirs of the time, that there were plenty of honest squires and persons in every part of the country leading wholesome domestic lives.

But, in any case, such apologies rather explain how a man came to be bad, than prove that he was not bad. They would show at most that we were making an erroneous inference if we inferred badness of heart from conduct which was not condemned by the standard of his own day. This argument, however, is really inapplicable. Sterne's faults were of a kind for which if anything there was less excuse then than now. The faults of his best known contemporaries, of men like Fielding, Smollett, or Churchill, were the faults of robust temperament with an excess of animal passions. Their coarseness has left a stain upon their pages as it injured their lives. But, however much we may lament or condemn, we do not feel that such men were corrupt at heart. And that, unfortunately, is just what we are tempted to feel about Sterne. When the huge, brawny parson, Churchill, felt his unfitness for clerical life, he pitched his cassock to the dogs and blossomed out in purple and gold. He set the respectabilities at defiance, took up with Wilkes and the reprobates, and roared out full-mouthed abuse against bishops and ministers. He could still be faithful to his friends, observe his own code of honour, and do his best to make some atonement to the victims of his misconduct. Sterne, one feels, differs from Churchill not really as being more virtuous, but in not having the courage to be so openly vicious. Unlike Churchill he could be a consummate sneak. He was quite as ready to flatter Wilkes or to be on intimate terms with atheists and libertines, with Holbach and Crébillon, when his bishop and his parishioners could not see him. His most intimate friend from early days was John Hall Stevenson—the country squire whose pride it was to ape in the provinces the orgies of the monks of Medmenham Abbey, and once notorious as the author of a grossly indecent book. The dog Latin letter in which Sterne informs this chosen companion that he is weary of his life, contains other remarks sufficiently significant of the nature of their intimacy. The age was not very nice; but it was quite acute enough to see the objections to a close alliance between a married ecclesiastic of forty-five* and the rustic Don Juan of the district. But his

* Sterne says in the letter that Hall was over forty; and he was five years older than Hall.

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cynicism becomes doubly disgusting when we remember that Sterne was all the time as eager as any patronage hunter to ingratiate himself into the good graces of bishops. Churchill, we remember, lampooned Warburton with savage ferocity. Sterne tried his best to conciliate the most conspicuous prelate of the day. He never put together a more elaborately skilful bit of writing than the letter which he wrote to Garrick, with the obvious intention that it should be shown to Warburton. He humbly says that he has no claim to an introduction, except "what arises from the honour and respect which, in the progress of my work, will be shown the world I owe so great a man." The statement was probably meant to encounter a suspicion which Warburton entertained that he was to be introduced in a ridiculous character in *Tristram Shandy*. The bishop was sufficiently soothed to administer not only good advice but a certain purse of gold, which had an unpleasant resemblance to hush-money. It became evident, however, that the author of *Tristram Shandy* was not a possible object of episcopal patronage; and, indeed, he was presently described by the bishop as an "irrevocable scoundrel." Sterne's "honour and respect" never found expression in his writings; but he ingeniously managed to couple the *Divine Legation*—the work which had justified Warburton's elevation to the bench—with the *Tale of a Tub*, the audacious satire upon orthodox opinions, which had been an insuperable bar to Swift's preferment. The insinuation had its sting, for there were plenty of critics in those days who maintained that Warburton's apology was really more damaging to the cause of orthodoxy than Swift's burlesque. We cannot resist the conviction that if Warburton had been more judicious in his distribution of patronage, he would have received a very different notice in return. The blow from Churchill's bludgeon was, on any right, given by an open enemy. This little stab came from one who had been a servile flatterer.

No doubt Sterne is to be pitied for his uncongenial position. The relations who kindly took him off the hands of his impecunious father could provide for him most easily in the Church; and he is not the only man who has been injured by being forced by such considerations into a career for which he was unfitted. In the same way we may pity him for having become tired of his wife when he seems to have married under a generous impulse—she was no doubt a very tiresome woman—and try to forgive him for some of his flirtations. But it is not so easy to forgive the spirit in which he conducted them. One story, as related by an admiring biographer, will be an amply sufficient specimen. He fell in love with a Miss Fourmantelle, who was living at York when he was finishing the first volumes of *Tristram Shandy* at the ripe age of forty-six. He introduced her into that work as "dear, dear Jenny." He writes to her in his usual style of lovemaking. He swears that he loves her "to distraction," and will love her "to eternity." He declares that there is "only one obstacle to their happiness"—obviously Mrs. Sterne—and solemnly prays to God that she may so live and love him as one day to

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share in his great good fortune. Precisely similar aspirations, we note in passing, were to be soon afterwards addressed to Mrs. Draper, on the hypothesis that two obstacles to their happiness might be removed, namely, Mr. Draper and Mrs. Sterne. Few readers are likely to be edified by the sacred language used by a clergyman on such an occasion; though biographical zeal has been equal even to this emergency. But the sequel to the Fourmantelle story is the really significant part. Mr. Sterne goes to London to reap the social fruits of his amazing success with *Tristram Shandy*. The whole London world falls at his feet; he is overwhelmed with invitations, and deafened with flattery; and poor literary drudges like Goldsmith are scandalised by so overpowering a triumph. Nobody had thought it worth while to make a fuss about the author of the *Vicar of Wakefield*. Sterne writes the accounts of his unprecedented success to Miss Fourmantelle: he snatches moments in the midst of his crowded lévées to tell her that he is hers for ever and ever, that he would "give a guinea for a squeeze of her hand;" and promises to use his influence in some affair in which she is interested. Hereupon Miss Fourmantelle follows him to London. She finds him so deeply engaged, that he cannot see her from Sunday till Friday; though he is still good enough to say that he would wish to be with her always, were it not for "fate." And, hereupon, Miss Fourmantelle vanishes out of history, and Mr. Sterne ceases to trouble his head about her. It needs only to be added that this is but one episode in Sterne's career out of several of which the records have been accidentally preserved. Mrs. Draper seems to have been the most famous case; but, according to his own statement, he had regularly on hand some affair of the sort, and is proud of the sensibility which they indicate.

Upon such an occurrence only one comment is possible from the moralist's point of view, namely, that a brother of Miss Fourmantelle, had she possessed a brother, would have been justified in administering a horsewhipping. I do not, however, wish to preach a sermon upon Sterne's iniquities, or to draw any edifying conclusions upon the present occasion. We have only to deal with the failings of the man so far as they are reflected in the author. Time enables us to abstract and distinguish. A man's hateful qualities may not be of the essence of his character, or they may be only hateful in certain specific relations which do not now affect us. Moreover, there is some kind of immorality—spite and uncharitableness, for example—which is not without its charm. Pope was in many ways a far worse man than Sterne; he was an incomparably more elaborate liar, and the amount of gall with which his constitution was saturated would have been enough to furnish a whole generation of Sternes. But we can admire the brilliance of Pope's epigrams, without bothering ourselves with the reflection that he told a whole series of falsehoods as to the date of their composition. We can enjoy the pungency of his indignant satire without asking whether it was directed against deserving objects. Atticus was perhaps a very cruel caricature of Addison; but the lines upon Atticus remain as an in-

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comparably keen dissection of a type which need not have been embodied in this particular representative. Some people, indeed, may be too virtuous or tender-hearted to enjoy any exposure of human weakness. I make no pretensions to such amiability, and I can admire the keenness of the wasp's sting when it is no longer capable of touching me and my friends. Indeed, almost any genuine ebullition of human passion is interesting in its way, and it would be pedantic to be scandalised whenever it is rather more vehement than a moralist would approve, or happens to break out on the wrong occasion. The reader can apply the correction for himself; he can read satire in his moments of virtuous indignation, and twist it in his own mind against some of those people —they are generally to be found—who really deserve it. But the case is different when the sentiment itself is offensive, and offensive by reason of insincerity. When the very thing by which we are supposed to be attracted is the goodness of a man's heart, a suspicion that he was a mere Tartuffe cannot enter our minds without injuring our enjoyment. We may continue to admire the writer's technical skill, but he cannot fascinate us unless he persuades us of his sincerity. One might, to take a parallel case, admire Reynolds for his skill of hand and fine perception of form and colour, if he had used them only to represent objects as repulsive as the most hideous scenes in Hogarth. One loves him, because of the exquisite tenderness of nature implied in the representations of infantile beauty. And if it were possible to feel that this tenderness was a mere sham, that his work was that of a dexterous artist skilfully flattering the fondness of parents, the charm would vanish. The children would breathe affectation instead of simplicity, and provoke only a sardonic sneer, which is suggested by most of the infantile portraits collected in modern exhibitions.

It is with something of this feeling that we read Sterne. Of the literary skill there cannot be a moment's question; but if we for a moment yield to the enchantment, we feel ashamed, at the next moment, of our weakness. We have been moved on false pretences; and we seem to see the sham Yorick with that unpleasant leer upon his too expressive face, chuckling quietly at his successful imposition. It is no wonder if many of his readers have revolted, and even been provoked to an excessive reaction of feeling. The criticism was too obvious to be missed. Horace Walpole indulged in a characteristic sneer at the genius who neglected a mother and snivelled over a dead donkey. (The neglect of a mother, we may note in passing, is certainly not proven.) Walpole was too much of a cynic, it may be said, to distinguish between sentimentalism and genuine sentiment, or rather so much of a cynic that one is surprised at his not liking the sentimentalism more. But Goldsmith at least was a man of real feeling, and as an artist in some respects superior even to Sterne. He was moved to his bitterest outburst of satire by *Tristram Shandy*. He despised the charlatan who eked out his defects of humour by the paltry mechanical devices of blank pages, dis-

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ordered chapters, and a profuse indulgence in dashes. He pointed out with undeniable truth the many grievous stains by which Sterne's pages are defaced. He spoke with disgust of the ladies who worshipped the author of a book which they should have been ashamed to read, and found the whole secret of Sterne's success in his pertness and indecency. Goldsmith may have been yielding unconsciously to a not unnatural jealousy, and his criticism certainly omits to take into account Sterne's legitimate claims to admiration. It is happily needless to insist at the present day upon the palpable errors by which the delicate and pure-minded Goldsmith was offended. It is enough to indulge in a passing word of regret that a man of Sterne's genius should have descended so often to mere buffoonery or to the most degrading methods of meeting his reader's interest. The *Sentimental Journey* is a book of simply marvellous cleverness, to which one can find no nearer parallel than Heine's *Reisebilder*. But one often closes it with a mixture of disgust and regret. The disgust needs no explanation; the regret is caused by our feeling that something has been missed which ought to have been in the writer's power. He has so keen an eye for picturesque effects; he is so sensitive to a thousand little incidents which your ordinary traveller passes with eyes riveted to his guide-book, or which "Smelfungus" Smollett disregarded in his surly British pomposity; he is so quick at appreciating some delicate courtesy in humble life or some pathetic touch of commonplace suffering, that one grows angry when he spoils a graceful scene by some prurient double meaning, and wastes whole pages in telling a story fit only for John Hall Stevenson. One feels that one has been rambling with a discreditable parson, who is so glad to be free from the restraints of his parish or of Mrs. Sterne's company, that he is always peeping into forbidden corners, and anxious to prove to you that he is as knowing in the ways of a wicked world as a raffish undergraduate enjoying a stolen visit to London. Goldsmith's idyllic pictures of country life may be a little too rose-coloured, but at least they are harmonious. Sterne's sudden excursions into the nauseous are like the brutal practical jokes of a dirty boy who should put filth into a scent-bottle. One feels that if he had entered the rustic paradise, of which Dr. and Mrs. Primrose were the Adam and Eve, half his sympathies would have been with the wicked Squire Thornhill; he would have been quite as able to suit that gentleman's tastes as to wheedle the excellent Vicar; and his homage to Miss Olivia would have partaken of the nature of an insult. A man of Sterne's admirable delicacy of genius, writing always with an eye to the canons of taste approved in Crazy Castle, must necessarily produce painful discords, and throw away admirable workmanship upon contemptible ribaldry. But the very feeling proves that there was really a finer element in him. Had he been thoroughly steeped in the noxious element, there would have been no discord. We might simply have set him down as a very clever reprobate. But, with some exceptions, we can generally recognise something so amiable and attractive as to excite our regret for the waste

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of genius even in his more questionable passages. Coleridge points out, with his usual critical acuteness, that much of *Tristram Shandy* would produce simple disgust were it not for the presence of that wonderful group of characters who are antagonistic to the spurious wit based upon simple shocks to a sense of decency. That group redeems the book, and we may say that it is the book. We must therefore admit that the writer of Uncle Toby and his families must not be unreservedly condemned. To admit that one thoroughly dislikes Sterne is not to assert that he was a thorough hypocrite of the downright Tartuffe variety. His good feelings must be something more than a mere sham or empty formula: they are not a flimsy veil thrown over degrading selfishness or sensuality. When he is attacked upon this ground, his apologists may have an easy triumph. The true statement is rather that Sterne was a man who understood to perfection the art of enjoying his own good feelings as a luxury without humbling himself to translate them into practice. This is the definition of sentimentalism when the word is used in a bad sense. Many admirable teachers of mankind have held the doctrine that all artistic indulgence is universally immoral, because it is all more or less obnoxious to this objection. So far as a man saves up his good feelings merely to use them as the raw material of poems, he is wasting a force which ought to be applied to the improvement of the world. What have we to do with singing and painting when there are so many of our fellow-creatures whose sufferings might be relieved and whose characters might be purified if we turned our songs into sermons, and, instead of staining canvas, they tried to purify the dwellings of the poor? There is a good deal to be said for the thesis that all fiction is really a kind of lying, and that art in general is a luxurious indulgence, to which we have no right whilst crime and disease are rampant in the outer world.

I think, indeed, that I could detect some flaws in the logic by which this conclusion is supported, but I confess that it often seems to possess a considerable plausibility. The peculiar sentimentalism of which Sterne was one of the first mouthpieces, would supply many effective illustrations of the argument; for it is a continuous manifestation of extraordinary skill in providing "sweet poison for the ages' tooth." He was exactly the man for his time, though, indeed, so clever a man would probably have been equally able to flatter the prevailing impulse of any time in which his lot had been cast. M. Taine has lately described with great skill the sort of fashion of philanthropy which became popular among the upper classes in France in the pre-revolutionary generation. The fine ladies and gentlemen who were so soon to be crushed as tyrannical oppressors of the people, had really a strong impression that benevolence was a branch of social elegance which ought to be assiduously cultivated by persons of taste and refinement. A similar tendency, though less strongly marked, is observable amongst the corresponding class in English society. From causes which may be analysed by his-

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torians, the upper social stratum was becoming penetrated with a vague discontent with the existing order and a desire to find new outlets for emotional activity. Between the reign of comfortable common sense, represented by Pope and his school, and the fierce outbreak of passion which accompanied the crash of the revolution, there was an interregnum marked by a semi-conscious fore-feeling of some approaching catastrophe; a longing for fresh excitement, and tentative excursions into various regions of thought, which have since been explored in a more systematic fashion. Sentimentalism was the word which represented one phase of this inarticulate longing, and which expresses pretty accurately the need of having some keen sensations without very well knowing in what particular channels they were to be directed. The growth of the feminine influence in literature had no doubt some share in this development. Women were no longer content to be simply the pretty fools of the *Spectator*, unworthy to learn the Latin grammar or to be admitted to the circle of wits; though they seldom presumed to be independent authors, they were of sufficient importance to have a literature composed for their benefit. The sentimentalism of the worthy Richardson implied a discovery of one means of turning this tendency to account, and in his little circle of feminine adorers we find one of the earliest discussions of the word.

"What," asks Lady Bradshaigh (writing to him about 1749), "is the meaning of the word sentimental, so much in vogue amongst the polite, both in town and country? In letters and common conversations I have asked several who made use of it, and have generally received for answer, it is—it is—*sentimental*. Everything clever and agreeable is comprehended in that word; but I am convinced a wrong interpretation is given, because it is impossible everything clever or agreeable can be so common as this word. I am frequently astonished to hear such a one is a *sentimental* man; we were a *sentimental* party; I have been taking a *sentimental* walk." Some time earlier Sterne was writing a love letter to his future wife, lamenting his "quiet and sentimental repasts" which they had had together, and weeping "like a child" (so he writes) at the sight of his single knife and fork and plate. The growth of such phrases is often an interesting symptom of new currents of social development. Richardson might have replied by pointing to the history of Clarissa, which represents a respectable, moral, and domestic sentimentalism; and Rousseau expressed it a little later in a more dangerous and revolutionary embodiment. We have known the same spirit in many incarnations in later days. We have been bored by Wertherism; by the Byronic misanthropy; by the *Weltschmerz* of our German cousins; and by the æsthetic raptures or the pessimist lamentations of our modern poets. But Sterne, who made the word popular in literature, represents what may be considered as sentimentalism in its purest form; that which corresponds most closely to its definition as sentiment running to waste; for in Sterne there is no thought of any moral, or political, or philoso-

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phical application. He is as entirely free as a man can be from any suspicion of "purpose." He tells us as frankly as possible that he is simply putting on the cap and bells for our amusement. He must weep and laugh just as the fancy takes him; his pen, he declares, is the master of him, not he the master of his pen. This, being interpreted, means of course something rather different from its obvious sense. Nobody, it is abundantly clear, could be a more careful and deliberate artist, though he aims at giving a whimsical and arbitrary appearance to his most skilfully devised effects. The author Sterne has a thorough command of his pen; he only means that the parson Sterne is not allowed to interfere in the management. He has no doctrine which he is in the least ambitious of expounding. He does not even wish to tell us, like some of his successors, that the world is out of joint; that happiness is a delusion, and misery the only reality; nor what often comes to just the same thing, is he anxious to be optimistic, and to declare, in the vein of some later humorists, that the world should be regarded through a rose-coloured mask, and that a little effusion of benevolence will summarily remove all its rough places. Undoubtedly it would be easy to argue—were it worth the trouble—that Sterne's peculiarities of temperament would have rendered certain political and religious teachings more congenial to him than others. But he did not live in stirring times, when every man is forced to translate his temperament by a definite creed. He could be as thoroughgoing and consistent an Epicurean as he pleased. Nothing matters very much (that seems to be his main doctrine), so long as you possess a good temper, a soft heart, and have a flirtation or two with pretty women. Though both men may be called sentimentalists, Sterne must have regarded Rousseau's vehement social enthusiasm as so much insanity. The poor man took life in desperate circumstances, and instead of keeping his sensibility to warm his own hearth, wanted to set the world on fire. When rambling through France, Sterne had an eye for every pretty vignette by the roadside, for peasants' dances, for begging monks, or smart Parisian grisettes; he received and repaid the flattery of the drawing-rooms, and was, one may suppose, as absolutely indifferent to omens of coming difficulties as any of the freethinking or free-living abbés, who were his most congenial company. Horace Walpole was no philosopher, but he shook his head in amazement over the audacious scepticism of French society. Sterne, so far as one can judge from his letters, saw and heard nothing in this direction; and one would as soon expect to find a reflection upon such matters in the *Sentimental Journey* as to come upon a serious discussion of theological controversy in *Tristram Shandy*. Now and then some such question just shows itself for an instant in the background. A negro wanted him to write against slavery; and the letter came just as Trim was telling a pathetic story to Uncle Toby, and suggesting doubtfully that a black might have a soul. "I am not much versed, Corporal," quoth my Uncle Toby, "in things of that kind; but I suppose God would not have made him without one any more than thee

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or me." Sterne was quite ready to aid the cause of emancipation by adding as many picturesque touches as he could devise to Uncle Toby or sentimentalising over jackdaws and prisoners in the *Sentimental Journey;* but more direct agitation would have been as little in his line as travelling through France in the spirit of Arthur Young to collect statistics about rent and wages. Sterne's sermons, to which one might possibly turn with a view to discovering some serious opinions, are not without an interest of their own. They show touches of the Shandy style and efforts to escape from the dead level. But Sterne could not be really at home in the pulpit, and all that can be called original is an occasional infusion of a more pungent criticism of life into the moral commonplaces of which sermons were then chiefly composed. The sermon on Tristram Shandy supplies a happy background to Uncle Toby's comments; but even Sterne could not manage to interweave them into the text.

The very essence of the Shandy character implies this absolute disengagement from all actual contact with sublunary affairs. Neither Fielding nor Goldsmith can be accused of preaching in the objectionable sense; they do not attempt to supply us with pamphlets in the shape of novels, but in so far as they draw from real life they inevitably suggest some practical conclusions. Reformers, for example, might point to the prison experiences of Dr. Primrose or of Captain Booth, as well as to the actual facts which they represent; and Smollett's account of the British navy is a more valuable historical document than any quantity of official reports. But in Uncle Toby's bowling-green we have fairly shut the door upon the real world. We are in a region as far removed from the prosaic fact as in Aladdin's wondrous subterranean garden. We mount the magical hobby-horse, and straightway are in an enchanted land, "as though of hemlock we had drunk," and if the region is not altogether so full of delicious perfume as that haunted by Keats's nightingale, and even admits occasional puffs of rather unsavoury odours, it has a singular and characteristic influence of its own. Uncle Toby, so far as his intellect is concerned, is a full-grown child; he plays with his toys, and rejoices over the manufacture of cannon from a pair of jack boots, precisely as if he were still in petticoats; he lives in a continuous daydream framed from the materials of adult experience, but as unsubstantial as any childish fancies; and when he speaks of realities it is with the voice of one half-awake, and in whose mind the melting vision still blends with the tangible realities. Mr. Shandy has a more direct and conscious antipathy to reality. The actual world is commonplace; the events there have a trick of happening in obedience to the laws of nature; and people not unfrequently feel what one might have expected beforehand that they would feel. One can express them in cut and dried formulæ. Mr. Shandy detests this monotony. He differs from the ordinary pedant in so far as he values theories not in proportion to their dusty antiquity, but in proportion to their unreality, the pure whimsicality and irrationality of the heads which contained them. He is a sort of inverted

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philosopher, who loves the antithesis of the reasonable as passionately as your commonplace philosopher professes to love the reasonable. He is ready to welcome a *reductio ad absurdum* for a demonstration; yet he values the society of men of the ordinary turn of mind precisely because his love of oddities makes him relish a contradiction. He is enabled to enjoy the full flavour of his preposterous notions by the reaction of other men's astonished common sense. The sensation of standing upon his head is intensified by the presence of others in the normal position. He delights in the society of the pragmatic and contradictious Dr. Slop, because Slop is like a fish always ready to rise at the bait of a palpable paradox, and quite unable to see with the prosaic humorist that paradoxes are the salt of philosophy. Poor Mrs. Shandy drives him to distraction by the detestable acquiescence with which she receives his most extravagant theories, and the consequent impossibility of ever (in the vulgar phrase) getting a rise out of her.

A man would be priggish indeed who could not enjoy this queer region where all the sober proprieties of ordinary logic are as much inverted as in Alice's Wonderland; where the only serious occupation of a good man's life is in playing an infantile game; where the passion of love is only introduced as a passing distraction when the hobby-horse has accidentally fallen out of gear; where the death of a son merely supplies an affectionate father with a favourable opportunity for airing his queer scraps of outworn moralities, and the misnaming of an infant casts him into a fit of profound melancholy; where everything, in short, is topsy-turvy, and we are invited to sit down, consuming a perpetual pipe in an old-fashioned arbour, dreamily amusing ourselves with the grotesque shapes that seem to be projected, in obedience to no perceptible law, upon the shifting wreaths of smoke. It would be as absurd to lecture the excellent brothers upon the absurdity of their mode of life as to preach morality to the manager of a Punch show, or to demand sentiment in the writer of a mathematical treatise. "I believe in my soul," says Sterne, rather audaciously, "that the hand of the supreme Maker and Designer of all things never made or put a family together, where the characters of it were cast and contrasted with so dramatic a felicity as ours was, for this end; or in which the capacities of affording such exquisite scenes, and the powers of shifting them perpetually from morning to night, were lodged and entrusted with so unlimited a confidence as in the Shandy family." The grammar of the sentence is rather queer, but we can hardly find fault with the substance. The remark is made *à propos* of Mr. Shandy's attempt to indoctrinate his brother with the true theory of noses, which is prefaced by the profoundly humorous sentence which expresses the leading article of Mr. Shandy's creed: "Learned men, brother Toby, don't write dialogues upon long noses for nothing." And, in fact, one sees how admirably the simplicity of each brother plays into the eccentricity of the other. The elder Shandy could not have found in the universe a listener more admirably calculated to

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act as whetstone for his strangely-constructed wit, to dissent in precisely the right tone, not with a brutal intrusion of common sense, but with the gentle horror of innocent astonishment at the paradoxes, mixed with veneration for the portentous learning of his senior. By looking at each brother alternately through the eyes of his relative, we are insensibly infected with the intense relish which each feels for the cognate excellence of the other. When the characters are once familiar to us, each new episode in the book is a delightful experiment upon the fresh contrasts which can be struck out by skilfully shifting their positions and exchanging the parts of clown and chief actor. The light is made to flash from a new point, as the gem is turned round by skilled hands. Sterne's wonderful dexterity appears in the admirable setting which is thus obtained for his most telling remarks. Many of the most famous sayings, such as Uncle Toby's remark about the fly, or the recording angel, are more or less adapted from other authors, but they come out so brilliantly that we feel that he has shown a full right to property which he can turn to such excellent account. Sayings quite as witty, or still wittier, may be found elsewhere. Some of Voltaire's incomparable epigrams, for example, are keener than Sterne's, but they owe nothing to the Zadig or Candide who supplies the occasion for the remark. They are thrown out in passing, and shine by their intrinsic brilliancy. But when Sterne has a telling remark, he carefully prepares the dramatic situation in which it will have the whole force due to the concentrated effect of all the attendant circumstances. "Our armies swore terribly in Flanders," cried my uncle Toby, "but nothing to this." Voltaire could not have made a happier hit at the excess of the *odium theologicum*, but the saying comes to us armed with the authority of the whole Shandy conclave. We have a vision of the whole party sitting round, each charged with his own peculiar humour. There is Mr. Shandy, whose fancy has been amazingly tickled by the portentous oath of Ernulfus, as regards antiquarian curiosity, and has at once framed a quaint theory of the advantages of profane swearing in order to justify his delight in the tremendous formula. He regards his last odd discovery with the satisfaction of a connoisseur: "I defy a man to swear out of it!" It includes all oaths from that of William the Conqueror to that of the humblest scavenger, and is a perfect institute of swearing collected from all the most learned authorities. And there is the unlucky Dr. Slop, cleverly enticed into the pitfall by Mr. Shandy's simple cunning, and induced to exhibit himself as a monster of ecclesiastical ferocity by thundering forth the sounding anathema at the ludicrously disproportioned case of Obadiah's clumsy knot-tying; and to bring out the full flavour of the grotesque scene, we see it as represented to the childlike intelligence of Uncle Toby, taking it all in sublime seriousness, whistling lillabullero to soothe his nerves under this amazing performance, in sheer wonder at the sudden revelation of the potentialities of human malediction, and compressing his whole character in that admi-

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rable cry of wonder, so phrased as to exhibit his innocent conviction that the habits of the armies in Flanders supplied a sort of standard by which the results of all human experience might be appropriately measured, and to even justify it in some degree by the queer felicity of the particular application. A formal lecturer upon the evils of intolerance might argue in a set of treatises upon the light in which such an employment of sacred language would strike the unsophisticated common sense of a benevolent mind. The imaginative humourist sets before us a delicious picture of two or three concrete human beings, and is then able at one stroke to deliver a blow more telling than the keenest flashes of the dry light of the logical understanding. The more one looks into the scene and tries to analyse the numerous elements of dramatic effect to which his total impression is owing, the more one admires the astonishing skill which has put so much significance into a few simple words. The colouring is so brilliant and the touch so firm that one is afraid to put any other work beside it. Nobody before or since has had so clear an insight into the meaning which can be got out of a simple scene by a judicious selection and skilful arrangement of the appropriate surroundings. Sterne's comment upon the mode in which Trim dropped his hat at the peroration of his speech upon Master Bobby's death, affecting even the "fat, foolish scullion," is significant. "Had he flung it, or thrown it, or skimmed it, or squirted it, or let it slip or fall in any possible direction under Heaven—or in the best direction that could have been given to it—had he dropped it like a goose, like a puppy, like an ass, or in doing it, or even after he had done it, had he looked like a fool, like a ninny, like a nincompoop, it had failed, and the effect upon the heart had been lost." Those who would play upon human passions and those who are played upon, or, in Sterne's phrase, those who drive, and those who are driven, like turkeys to market, with a stick and a red clout, are invited to meditate upon Trim's hat; and so may all who may wish to understand the secret of Sterne's art.

It is true, unfortunately, that this singular skill—the felicity with which Trim's cap, or his Montero cap, or Uncle Toby's pipe—is made to radiate eloquence, sometimes leads to a decided bathos. The climax so elaborately prepared too often turns out to be a faded bit of sentimentalism. We rather resent the art which is thrown away to prepare us for the assertion that "When a few weeks will rescue misery out of her distress, I hate the man who can be a churl of them." So we hate the man who can lift his hand upon a woman save in the way of kindness, but we do not want a great writer to adorn that unimpeachable sentiment with all the jewels of rhetoric. It is just in these very critical passages that Sterne's taste is defective, because his feeling is not sound. We are never sure that we can distinguish between the true gems and the counterfeit. When the moment comes at which he suddenly drops the tear of sensibility, he is almost as likely to provoke sneers as sympathy. There is, for example, the famous donkey, and it is curious to

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compare the donkey fed with macaroons in the *Tristram Shandy* with the dead donkey of the *Sentimental Journey*, whose weeping master lays a crust of bread on the now vacant bit of his bridle. It is obviously the same donkey, and Sterne has reflected that he can squeeze a little more pathos out of the animal by actually killing him, and providing a sentimental master. It seems to me that, in trying to heighten the effect, he has just crossed the dangerous limit which divides sympathetic from derisive laughter; and whereas the macaroon-fed animal is a possible, straightforward beast, he becomes (as higher beings have done) a humbug in his palpably hypocritical epitaph. Sterne tries his hand in the same way at improving Maria, who is certainly an effective embodiment of the mad young woman who has tried to move us in many forms since the days of Ophelia. In her second appearance, she comes in to utter the famous sentiment about the wind and the shorn lamb. It has become proverbial, and been even credited in the popular mind with a scriptural origin; and considering such a success, one has hardly the right to say that it has gathered a certain sort of banality. Yet it is surely on the extreme verge at which the pathetic melts into the ludicrous. The reflection, however, occurs more irresistibly in regard to that other famous passage about the recording angel. Sterne's admirers held it to be sublime at the time, and he obviously shared the opinion. And it is undeniable that the story of Le Fevre, in which it is the most conspicuous gem, is a masterpiece in its way. No one can read it, or better still, hear it from the lips of a skilful reader, without admitting the marvellous felicity with which the whole scene is presented. Uncle Toby's oath is a triumph fully worthy of Shakespeare. But the recording angel, though he certainly comes in effectively, is a little suspicious to me. It would have been a sacrifice to which few writers could have been equal, to suppress or soften that brilliant climax; and yet, if the angel had been omitted, the passage would, I fancy, have been really stronger. We might have been left to make the implied comment for ourselves. For the angel seems to introduce an unpleasant air as of eighteenth century politeness; we fancy that he would have welcomed a Lord Chesterfield to the celestial mansions with a faultless bow and a dexterous compliment; and somehow he appears, to my imagination at least, apparelled in theatrical gauze and spangles rather than in the genuine angelic costume. Some change passes over every famous passage; the bloom of its first freshness is rubbed off as it is handed from one quoter to another; but where the sentiment has no false ring at the beginning, the colours may grow faint without losing their harmony. In this angel, and some other of Sterne's best-known touches, we seem to feel that the baser metal is beginning to show itself through the superficial enamel.

And this suggests the criticism which must still be made in regard even to the admirable Uncle Toby. Sterne has been called the English Rabelais, and was apparently more ambitious himself of being considered

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as an English Cervantes. To a modern English reader he is certainly far more amusing than Rabelais, and he can be appreciated with less effort than Cervantes. But it is impossible to mention these great names without seeing the direction in which Sterne falls short of the highest excellence. We know that, on clearing away the vast masses of buffoonery and ribaldry under which Rabelais was forced, or chose, to hide himself, we come to the profound thinker and powerful satirist. Sterne represents a comparatively shallow vein of thought. He is the mouthpiece of a sentiment which had certainly its importance in so far as it was significant of a vague discontent with things in general, and a desire for more exciting intellectual food. He was so far ready to fool the age to the top of its bent; and in the course of his ramblings he strikes some hard blows at various types of hide-bound pedantry. But he is too systematic a trifler to be reckoned with any plausibility amongst the spiritual leaders of any intellectual movement. In that sense, *Tristram Shandy* is a curious symptom of the existing currents of emotion, but cannot, like the *Emile* or the *Nouvelle Héloise*, be reckoned as one of the efficient causes. This complete and characteristic want of purpose may indeed be reckoned as a literary merit, so far as it prevented *Tristram Shandy* from degenerating into a mere tract. But the want of intellectual seriousness has another aspect, which comes out when we compare Tristram Shandy, for example, with Don Quixote. The resemblance, which has been often pointed out (as indeed Sterne is fond of hinting at it himself) consists in this, that in both cases we see loveable characters through a veil of the ludicrous. As Don Quixote is a true hero, though he is under a constant hallucination, so Uncle Toby is full of the milk of human kindness, though his simplicity makes him ridiculous to the piercing eyes of common sense. In both cases, it is inferred, the humorist is discharging his true function of showing the loveable qualities which may be associated with a ludicrous outside.

The Don and the Captain both have their hobbies, which they ride with equal zeal, and there is a close analogy between them. Uncle Toby makes his own apology in the famous oration upon war. "What is war," he asks, "but the getting together of quiet and harmless people with swords in their hands, to keep the turbulent and ambitious within bounds? And heaven is my witness, brother Shandy, that the pleasure I have taken in these things, and that infinite delight in particular which has attended my sieges in the bowling-green has arisen within me, and I hope in the Corporal too, from the consciousness that in carrying them on we were answering the great ends of our creation." Uncle Toby's military ardour undoubtedly makes a most piquant addition to his simple-minded benevolence. The fusion of the gentle Christian with the chivalrous devotee of honour is perfect; and the kindliest of human beings, who would not hurt a hair of the fly's head, most delicately blended with the gallant soldier who, as Trim avers, would march up to the mouth of a cannon though he saw the match at the very touch-

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hole. Should any one doubt the merits of the performance, he might reassure himself by comparing the scene in which Uncle Toby makes the speech, just quoted, with a parallel passage in *The Caxtons*, and realise the difference between extreme imitative dexterity and the point of real genius.

It is only when we compare this exquisite picture with the highest art that we are sensible of its comparative deficiency. The imaginative force of Cervantes is proved by the fact that Don Quixote and his followers have become the accepted symbols of the most profoundly tragic element in human life—of the contrast between the lofty idealism of the mere enthusiast and the sturdy common sense of ordinary human beings—between the utilitarian and the romantic types of character; and as neither aspect of the truth can be said to be exhaustive, we are rightly left with our sympathies equally balanced. The book may be a sad one to those who prefer to be blind; but in proportion as we can appreciate a penetrative insight into the genuine facts of life, we are impressed by this most powerful presentation of the never-ending problem. It is impossible to find in *Tristram Shandy* any central conception of this breadth and depth. If Trim had been as shrewd as Sancho, Uncle Toby would appear like a mere simpleton. Like a child, he requires a thoroughly sympathetic audience, who will not bring his playthings to the brutal test of actual facts. The high and earnest enthusiasm of the Don can stand the contrast of common sense, though at the price of passing into insanity. But Trim is forced to be Uncle Toby's accomplice, or his Commander would never be able to play at soldiers. If Don Quixote had simply amused himself at a mock tournament, and had never been in danger of mistaking a puppet-show for a reality, he would certainly have been more credible, but in the same proportion he would have been commonplace. The whole tragic element, which makes the humour impressive, would have disappeared. Sterne seldom ventures to the limit of the tragic. The bowling-green of Mr. Shandy's parlance is too exclusively a sleepy hollow. The air is never cleared by a strain of lofty sentiment. When Yorick and Eugenius form part of the company, we feel that they are rather too much at home with offensive suggestions. When Uncle Toby's innocence fails to perceive their coarse insinuations, we are credited with clearer perception, and expected to sympathise with the spurious wit which derives its chief zest from the presence of the pure-minded victim. And so Uncle Toby comes to represent that stingless virtue, which never gets beyond the ken or hurts the feelings of the easy-going epicurean. His perceptions are too slow and his temper too mild to resent an indecency as his relative, Colonel Newcome, would have done. He would have been too complacent, even to the outrageous Costigan. He is admirably kind when a comrade falls ill at his door; but his benevolence can exhale itself sufficiently in the intervals of hobby-riding, and his chivalrous temper in fighting over old battles with the Corporal. We feel that he must be growing fat;

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that his pulse is flabby and his vegetative functions predominant. When he falls in love with the repulsive (for she is repulsive) widow Wadman, we pity him as we pity a poor soft zoophyte in the clutches of a rapacious crab; but we have no sense of a wasted life. Even his military ardour seems to present itself to our minds as due to the simple affection which makes his regiment part of his family rather than to any capacity for heroic sentiment. His brain might turn soft; it would never spontaneously generate the noble madness of a Quixote, though he might have followed that hero with a more canine fidelity than Sancho.

Mr. Matthew Arnold says of Heine, as we all remember, that—

> The spirit of the world,
> Beholding the absurdity of men—
> Their vanities, their feats—let a sardonic smile
> For one short moment wander o'er his lips—
> That smile was Heine.

There is a considerable analogy, as one may note in passing, between the two men; and if Sterne was not a poet, his prose could perhaps be even more vivid and picturesque than Heine's. But his humour is generally wanting in the quality suggested by Mr. Arnold's phrase. We cannot represent it by a sardonic smile, or indeed by any other expression which we can very well associate with the world-spirit. The imaginative humourist must in all cases be keenly alive to the "absurdity of man;" he must have a sense of the irony of fate, of the strange interlacing of good and evil in the world, and of the baser and nobler elements in human nature. He will be affected differently according to his temperament and his intellectual grasp. He may be most impressed by the affinity between madness and heroism; by the waste of noble qualities on trifling purposes; and, if he be more amiable, by the goodness which may lurk under ugly forms. He may be bitter and melancholy, or simply serious in contemplating the fantastic tricks played by mortals before high heaven. But, in any case, some real undercurrent of deeper feeling is essential to the humourist who impresses us powerfully, and who is equally far from mere buffoonery and sentimental foppery. His smile must be at least edged with melancholy, and his pathos too deep for mere "snivelling."

Sterne is often close to this loftier region of the humorous; sometimes he fairly crosses it; but his step is uncertain as of one not feeling at home. The absurdity of man does not make him "sardonic." He takes things too easily. He shows us the farce of life, and feels that there is a tragical background to it all; but somehow he is not usually much disposed to cry over it, and he is obviously proud of the tears which he manages to produce. The thought of human folly and suffering does not usually torment and perplex him. The hightest humourist should be the laughing and weeping philosopher in one; and in Sterne the weeping philosopher is always a bit of a humbug. The pedantry of the elder Shandy is a simple whim, not a misguided aspiration; and Sterne

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is so amused with his oddities that he even allows him to be obtrusively heartless. Uncle Toby undoubtedly comes much nearer to complete success; but he wants just that touch of genuine pathos which he would have received from the hands of the present writer. But the performance is so admirable in the last passages, where Sterne can drop his buffoonery and his indecency, that even a criticism which sets him below the highest place seems almost unfair.

And this may bring us back for a moment to the man himself. Sterne avowedly drew his own portrait in Yorick. That clerical jester, he says, was a mere child, full of whim and gaiety, but without an ounce of ballast. He had no more knowledge of the world at 26 than a "romping, unsuspicious girl of 13." His high spirits and frankness were always getting him into trouble. When he heard of a spiteful or ungenerous action he would blurt out that the man was a dirty fellow. He would not stoop to set himself right, but let people think of him what they would. Thus his faults were all due to his extreme candour and impulsiveness. It wants little experience of the world to recognise the familiar portrait of an impulsive and generous fellow. It represents the judicious device by which a man reconciles himself to some very ugly actions. It provides by anticipation a complete excuse for thoughtlessness and meanness. If he is accused of being inconstant, he points out the extreme goodness of his impulses; and if the impulses were bad he argues that at least they did not last very long. He prides himself on his disregard to consequences, even when the consequences may be injurious to his friends. His feelings are so genuine for the moment that his conscience is satisfied without his will translating them into action. He is perfectly candid in expressing the passing phase of sentiment, and therefore does not trouble himself to ask whether what is true to-day will be true to-morrow. He can call an adversary a dirty fellow, and is very proud of his generous indiscretion. But he is also capable of gratifying the dirty fellow's vanity by highflown compliments if he happens to be in the enthusiastic vein; and somehow the providence which watches over the thoughtless is very apt to make his impulses fall in with the dictates of calculated selfishness. He cannot be an accomplished courtier because he is apt to be found out; but he can crawl and creep for the nonce with any one. In real life such a man is often as delightful for a short time as he becomes contemptible on a longer acquaintance. When we think of Sterne as a man, and try to frame a coherent picture of his character, we must give a due weight to the baser elements of his composition. We cannot forget his shallowness of feeling and the utter want of self-respect which prompted him to condescend to be a mere mountebank, and to dabble in filth for the amusement of graceless patrons. Nor is it really possible entirely to throw aside this judgment even in reading his works; for even after abstracting our attention from the rubbish and the indecency, we are haunted in the really admirable parts by our misgivings as to their sincerity. But the problem is often

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one to tax critical acumen. It is one aspect of a difficulty which meets us sometimes in real life. Every man flatters himself that he can detect the mere hypocrite. We seem to have a sufficient instinct to warn us against the downright pitfalls, where an absolute void is covered by an artificial stratum of mere verbiage. Perhaps even this is not so easy as we sometimes fancy; but there is a more refined sort of hypocrisy which requires keener dissection. How are men to draw the narrow and yet all important line which separates—not the genuine from the feigned emotion—but the emotion which is due to some real cause, and that which is a cause in itself? Some people we know fall in love with a woman, and others are really in love with the passion. Grief may be the sign of lacerated affection, or it may be a mere luxury indulged in for its own sake. The sentimentalism which Sterne represented corresponded in the main to this last variety. People had discovered the art of extracting direct enjoyment from their own "sensibility," and Sterne expressly gives thanks for his own as the great consolation of his life. He has the heartiest possible relish for his tears and lamentations, and it is precisely his skill in marking this vein of interest which gives him his extraordinary popularity. So soon as we discover that a man is enjoying his sorrow our sympathy is killed within us, and for that reason Sterne is apt to be repulsive to humourists whose sense of the human tragi-comedy is deeper than his own. They agree with him that the vanity of human dreams may suggest a mingling of tears and laughter; but they grieve because they must, not because they find it a pleasant amusement. Yet it is perhaps unwise to poison our pleasure by reflections of this kind. They come with critical reflection, and may at least be temporarily suppressed when we are reading for enjoyment. We need not sin ourselves by looking a gift-horse in the mouth. The sentiment is genuine at the time. Do not inquire how far it has been deliberately concocted and stimulated. The man is not only a wonderful artist, but he is right in asserting that his impulses are clear and genuine. Why should not that satisfy us? Are we to set up for so rigid a nature that we are never to consent to sit down with Uncle Toby and take him as he is made? We may wish, if we please, that Sterne had always been in his best, and that his tears flowed from a deeper source. But so long as he really speaks from his heart—and he does so in all the finer parts of the Toby drama—why should we remember that the heart was rather flighty, and regarded with too much conscious complacency by its proprietor? The Shandyism upon which he prided himself was not a very exalted form of mind, nor one which offered a very deep or lasting satisfaction. Happily we can dismiss an author when we please; give him a cold shoulder in our more virtuous moods, and have a quiet chat with him when we are graciously pleased to relax. In those times we may admit Sterne as the best of jesters, though it may remain an open question whether the jester is on the whole an estimable institution.

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MORRIS HAD A SWEET, LIGHT TENOR VOICE.

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Washington Square.*

VII.

HE was, however, by no means so much in earnest as this might seem to indicate; and, indeed, he was more than anything else amused with the whole situation. He was not in the least in a state of tension or of vigilance, with regard to Catherine's prospects; he was even on his guard against the ridicule that might attach itself to the spectacle of a house thrown into agitation by its daughter and heiress receiving attentions unprecedented in its annals. More than this, he went so far as to promise himself some entertainment from the little drama—if drama it was—of which Mrs. Penniman desired to represent the ingenious Mr. Townsend as the hero. He had no intention, as yet, of regulating the *dénouement*. He was perfectly willing, as Elizabeth had suggested, to give the young man the benefit of every doubt. There was no great danger in it; for Catherine, at the age of twenty-two, was after all a rather mature blossom, such as could be plucked from the stem only by a vigorous jerk. The fact that Morris Townsend was poor was not of necessity against him; the Doctor had never made up his mind that his daughter should marry a rich man. The fortune she would inherit struck him as a very sufficient provision for two reasonable persons, and if a penniless swain who could give a good account of himself should enter the lists, he should be

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judged quite upon his personal merits. There were other things besides. The Doctor thought it very vulgar to be precipitate in accusing people of mercenary motives, inasmuch as his door had as yet not been in the least besieged by fortune-hunters; and, lastly, he was very curious to see whether Catherine might really be loved for her moral worth. He smiled as he reflected that poor Mr. Townsend had been only twice to the house, and he said to Mrs. Penniman that the next time he should come she must ask him to dinner.

He came very soon again, and Mrs. Penniman had of course great pleasure in executing this mission. Morris Townsend accepted her invitation with equal good grace, and the dinner took place a few days later. The Doctor had said to himself, justly enough, that they must not have the young man alone; this would partake too much of the nature of encouragement. So two or three other persons were invited; but Morris Townsend, though he was by no means the ostensible, was the real, occasion of the feast. There is every reason to suppose that he desired to make a good impression; and if he fell short of this result, it was not for want of a good deal of intelligent effort. The Doctor talked to him very little during dinner; but he observed him attentively, and after the ladies had gone out he pushed him the wine and asked him several questions. Morris was not a young man who needed to be pressed, and he found quite enough encouragement in the superior quality of the claret. The Doctor's wine was admirable, and it may be communicated to the reader that while he sipped it Morris reflected that a cellar-full of good liquor—there was evidently a cellar-full here—would be a most attractive idiosyncrasy in a father-in-law. The Doctor was struck with his appreciative guest; he saw that he was not a commonplace young man. "He has ability," said Catherine's father, "decided ability; he has a very good head if he chooses to use it. And he is uncommonly well turned out; quite the sort of figure that pleases the ladies. But I don't think I like him." The Doctor, however, kept his reflections to himself, and talked to his visitors about foreign lands, concerning which Morris offered him more information than he was ready, as he mentally phrased it, to swallow. Dr. Sloper had travelled but little, and he took the liberty of not believing everything that his talkative guest narrated. He prided himself on being something of a physiognomist, and while the young man, chatting with easy assurance, puffed his cigar and filled his glass again, the Doctor sat with his eyes quietly fixed on his bright, expressive face. "He has the assurance of the devil himself," said Morris's host; "I don't think I ever saw such assurance. And his powers of invention are most remarkable. He is very knowing; they were not so knowing as that in my time. And a good head, did I say? I should think so—after a bottle of Madeira, and a bottle and a half of claret!"

After dinner Morris Townsend went and stood before Catherine, who was standing before the fire in her red satin gown.

"He doesn't like me—he doesn't like me at all!" said the young man.

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"Who doesn't like you?" asked Catherine.

"Your father; extraordinary man!"

"I don't see how you know," said Catherine, blushing.

"I feel; I am very quick to feel."

"Perhaps you are mistaken."

"Ah, well; you ask him and you will see."

"I would rather not ask him, if there is any danger of his saying what you think."

Morris looked at her with an air of mock melancholy.

"It wouldn't give you any pleasure to contradict him?"

"I never contradict him," said Catherine.

"Will you hear me abused without opening your lips in my defence?"

"My father won't abuse you. He doesn't know you enough."

Morris Townsend gave a loud laugh, and Catherine began to blush again.

"I shall never mention you," she said, to take refuge from her confusion.

"That is very well; but it is not quite what I should have liked you to say. I should have liked you to say: 'If my father doesn't think well of you, what does it matter?'"

"Ah, but it would matter; I couldn't say that!" the girl exclaimed.

He looked at her for a moment, smiling a little; and the Doctor, if he had been watching him just then, would have seen a gleam of fine impatience in the sociable softness of his eye. But there was no impatience in his rejoinder—none, at least, save what was expressed in a little appealing sigh. "Ah, well, then, I must not give up the hope of bringing him round!"

He expressed it more frankly to Mrs. Penniman, later in the evening. But before that he sang two or three songs at Catherine's timid request; not that he flattered himself that this would help to bring her father round. He had a sweet, light tenor voice, and when he had finished, every one made some exclamation—every one, that is, save Catherine, who remained intensely silent. Mrs. Penniman declared that his manner of singing was "most artistic," and Dr. Sloper said it was "very taking—very taking indeed;" speaking loudly and distinctly, but with a certain dryness.

"He doesn't like me—he doesn't like me at all," said Morris Townsend, addressing the aunt in the same manner as he had done the niece. "He thinks I am all wrong."

Unlike her niece, Mrs. Penniman asked for no explanation. She only smiled very sweetly, as if she understood everything; and, unlike Catherine too, she made no attempt to contradict him. "Pray, what does it matter?" she murmured softly.

"Ah, you say the right thing!" said Morris, greatly to the gratification of Mrs. Penniman, who prided herself on always saying the right thing.

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The Doctor, the next time he saw his sister Elizabeth, let her know that he had made the acquaintance of Lavinia's *protégé*.

"Physically," he said, "he's uncommonly well set up. As an anatomist, it is really a pleasure to me to see such a beautiful structure; although, if people were all like him, I suppose there would be very little need for doctors."

"Don't you see anything in people but their bones?" Mrs. Almond rejoined. "What do you think of him as a father?"

"As a father? Thank Heaven I am not his father!"

"No; but you are Catherine's. Lavinia tells me she is in love."

"She must get over it. He is not a gentleman."

"Ah, take care! Remember that he is a branch of the Townsends."

"He is not what I call a gentleman. He has not the soul of one. He is extremely insinuating; but it's a vulgar nature. I saw through it in a minute. He is altogether too familiar—I hate familiarity. He is a plausible coxcomb."

"Ah, well," said Mrs. Almond; "if you make up your mind so easily, it's a great advantage."

"I don't make up my mind easily. What I tell you is the result of thirty years of observation; and in order to be able to form that judgment in a single evening, I have had to spend a lifetime in study."

"Very possibly you are right. But the thing is for Catherine to see it."

"I will present her with a pair of spectacles!" said the Doctor.

VIII.

If it were true that she was in love, she was certainly very quiet about it; but the Doctor was of course prepared to admit that her quietness might mean volumes. She had told Morris Townsend that she would not mention him to her father, and she saw no reason to retract this vow of discretion. It was no more than decently civil, of course, that after having dined in Washington Square, Morris should call there again; and it was no more than natural that, having been kindly received on this occasion, he should continue to present himself. He had had plenty of leisure on his hands; and thirty years ago, in New York, a young man of leisure had reason to be thankful for aids to self-oblivion. Catherine said nothing to her father about these visits, though they had rapidly become the most important, the most absorbing thing in her life. The girl was very happy. She knew not as yet what would come of it; but the present had suddenly grown rich and solemn. If she had been told she was in love, she would have been a good deal surprised; for she had an idea that love was an eager and exacting passion, and her own heart was filled in these days with the impulse of self-effacement and sacrifice. Whenever Morris Townsend had left the house, her imagination projected itself, with all its strength, into the

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idea of his soon coming back; but if she had been told at such a moment that he would not return for a year, or even that he would never return, she would not have complained nor rebelled, but would have humbly accepted the decree, and sought for consolation in thinking over the times she had already seen him, the words he had spoken, the sound of his voice, of his tread, the expression of his face. Love demands certain things as a right; but Catherine had no sense of her rights; she had only a consciousness of immense and unexpected favours. Her very gratitude for these things had hushed itself; for it seemed to her that there would be something of impudence in making a festival of her secret. Her father suspected Morris Townsend's visits, and noted her reserve. She seemed to beg pardon for it; she looked at him constantly in silence, as if she meant to say that she said nothing because she was afraid of irritating him. But the poor girl's dumb eloquence irritated him more than anything else would have done, and he caught himself murmuring more than once that it was a grievous pity his only child was a simpleton. His murmurs, however, were inaudible; and for a while he said nothing to any one. He would have liked to know exactly how often young Townsend came; but he had determined to ask no questions of the girl herself—to say nothing more to her that would show that he watched her. The Doctor had a great idea of being largely just: he wished to leave his daughter her liberty, and interfere only when the danger should be proved. It was not in his manners to obtain information by indirect methods, and it never even occurred to him to question the servants. As for Lavinia, he hated to talk to her about the matter; she annoyed him with her mock romanticism. But he had to come to this. Mrs. Penniman's convictions as regards the relations of her niece and the clever young visitor who saved appearances by coming ostensibly for both the ladies—Mrs. Penniman's convictions had passed into a riper and richer phase. There was to be no crudity in Mrs. Penniman's treatment of the situation; she had become as uncommunicative as Catherine herself. She was tasting of the sweets of concealment; she had taken up the line of mystery. "She would be enchanted to be able to prove to herself that she is persecuted," said the Doctor; and when at last he questioned her, he was sure she would contrive to extract from his words a pretext for this belief.

"Be so good as to let me know what is going on in the house," he said to her, in a tone which, under the circumstances, he himself deemed genial.

"Going on, Austin?" Mrs. Penniman exclaimed. "Why, I am sure I don't know! I believe that last night the old grey cat had kittens?"

"At her age?" said the Doctor. "The idea is startling—almost shocking. Be so good as to see that they are all drowned. But what else has happened?"

"Ah, the dear little kittens!" cried Mrs. Penniman. "I wouldn't have them drowned for the world!"

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Her brother puffed his cigar a few moments in silence. "Your sympathy with kittens, Lavinia," he presently resumed, "arises from a feline element in your own character."

"Cats are very graceful, and very clean," said Mrs. Penniman, smiling.

"And very stealthy. You are the embodiment both of grace and of neatness; but you are wanting in frankness."

"You certainly are not, dear brother."

"I don't pretend to be graceful, though I try to be neat. Why haven't you let me know that Mr. Morris Townsend is coming to the house four times a week?"

Mrs. Penniman lifted her eyebrows. "Four times a week?"

"Three times, then, or five times, if you prefer it. I am away all day, and I see nothing. But when such things happen, you should let me know."

Mrs. Penniman, with her eyebrows still raised, reflected intently. "Dear Austin," she said at last, "I am incapable of betraying a confidence. I would rather suffer anything."

"Never fear; you shall not suffer. To whose confidence is it you allude? Has Catherine made you take a vow of eternal secresy?"

"By no means. Catherine has not told me as much as she might. She has not been very trustful."

"It is the young man, then, who has made you his confidant? Allow me to say that it is extremely indiscreet of you to form secret alliances with young men. You don't know where they may lead you."

"I don't know what you mean by an alliance," said Mrs. Penniman. "I take a great interest in Mr. Townsend; I won't conceal that. But that's all."

"Under the circumstances, that is quite enough. What is the source of your interest in Mr. Townsend?"

"Why," said Mrs. Penniman, musing, and then breaking into her smile, "that he is so interesting!"

The Doctor felt that he had need of his patience. "And what makes him interesting?—his good looks?"

"His misfortunes, Austin."

"Ah, he has had misfortunes? That, of course, is always interesting. Are you at liberty to mention a few of Mr. Townsend's?"

"I don't know that he would like it," said Mrs. Penniman. "He has told me a great deal about himself—he has told me, in fact, his whole history. But I don't think I ought to repeat those things. He would tell them to you, I am sure, if he thought you would listen to him kindly. With kindness you may do anything with him."

The Doctor gave a laugh. "I shall request him very kindly, then, to leave Catherine alone."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Penniman, shaking her forefinger at her brother, with her little finger turned out, "Catherine has probably said something to him kinder than that!"

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"Said that she loved him? Do you mean that?"

Mrs. Penniman fixed her eyes on the floor. "As I tell you, Austin, she doesn't confide in me."

"You have an opinion, I suppose, all the same. It is that I ask you for; though I don't conceal from you that I shall not regard it as conclusive."

Mrs. Penniman's gaze continued to rest on the carpet; but at last she lifted it, and then her brother thought it very expressive. "I think Catherine is very happy; that is all I can say."

"Townsend is trying to marry her—is that what you mean?"

"He is greatly interested in her."

"He finds her such an attractive girl?"

"Catherine has a lovely nature, Austin," said Mrs. Penniman, "and Mr. Townsend has had the intelligence to discover that."

"With a little help from you, I suppose. My dear Lavinia," cried the Doctor, "you are an admirable aunt!"

"So Mr. Townsend says," observed Lavinia, smiling.

"Do you think he is sincere?" asked her brother.

"In saying that?"

"No; that's of course. But in his admiration for Catherine?"

"Deeply sincere. He has said to me the most appreciative, the most charming things about her. He would say them to you, if he were sure you would listen to him—gently."

"I doubt whether I can undertake it. He appears to require a great deal of gentleness."

"He is a sympathetic, sensitive nature," said Mrs. Penniman.

Her brother puffed his cigar again in silence. "These delicate qualities have survived his vicissitudes, eh? All this while you haven't told me about his misfortunes."

"It is a long story," said Mrs. Penniman, "and I regard it as a sacred trust. But I suppose there is no objection to my saying that he has been wild—he frankly confesses that. But he has paid for it."

"That's what has impoverished him, eh?"

"I don't mean simply in money. He is very much alone in the world."

"Do you mean that he has behaved so badly that his friends have given him up?"

"He has had false friends, who have deceived and betrayed him."

"He seems to have some good ones too. He has a devoted sister, and half a dozen nephews and nieces."

Mrs. Penniman was silent a minute. "The nephews and nieces are children, and the sister is not a very attractive person."

"I hope he doesn't abuse her to you," said the Doctor; "for I am told he lives upon her."

"Lives upon her?"

"Lives with her, and does nothing for himself; it is about the same thing."

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"He is looking for a position—most earnestly," said Mrs. Penniman. "He hopes every day to find one."

"Precisely. He is looking for it here—over there in the front parlour. The position of husband of a weak-minded woman with a large fortune would suit him to perfection!"

Mrs. Penniman was truly amiable, but she now gave signs of temper. She rose with much animation, and stood for a moment looking at her brother. "My dear Austin," she remarked, "if you regard Catherine as a weak-minded woman, you are particularly mistaken!" And with this she moved majestically away.

IX.

It was a regular custom with the family in Washington Square to go and spend Sunday evening at Mrs. Almond's. On the Sunday after the conversation I have just narrated, this custom was not intermitted; and on this occasion, towards the middle of the evening, Doctor Sloper found reason to withdraw to the library, with his brother-in-law, to talk over a matter of business. He was absent some twenty minutes, and when he came back into the circle, which was enlivened by the presence of several friends of the family, he saw that Morris Townsend had come in and had lost as little time as possible in seating himself on a small sofa, beside Catherine. In the large room, where several different groups had been formed, and the hum of voices and of laughter was loud, these two young persons might confabulate, as the Doctor phrased it to himself, without attracting attention. He saw in a moment, however, that his daughter was painfully conscious of his own observation. She sat motionless, with her eyes bent down, staring at her open fan, deeply flushed, shrinking together as if to minimise the indiscretion of which she confessed herself guilty.

The Doctor almost pitied her. Poor Catherine was not defiant; she had no genius for bravado, and as she felt that her father viewed her companion's attentions with an unsympathising eye, there was nothing but discomfort for her in the accident of seeming to challenge him. The Doctor felt, indeed, so sorry for her that he turned away, to spare her the sense of being watched; and he was so intelligent a man that, in his thoughts, he rendered a sort of poetic justice to her situation.

"It must be deucedly pleasant for a plain, inanimate girl like that to have a beautiful young fellow come and sit down beside her and whisper to her that he is her slave—if that is what this one whispers. No wonder she likes it, and that she thinks me a cruel tyrant; which of course she does, though she is afraid—she hasn't the animation necessary—to admit it to herself. Poor old Catherine!" mused the Doctor; "I verily believe she is capable of defending me when Townsend abuses me!"

And the force of this reflection, for the moment, was such in making him feel the natural opposition between his point of view and that of an

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infatuated child, that he said to himself that he was perhaps after all taking things too hard and crying out before he was hurt. He must not condemn Morris Townsend unheard. He had a great aversion to taking things too hard; he thought that half the discomfort and many of the disappointments of life come from it; and for an instant he asked himself whether, possibly, he did not appear ridiculous to this intelligent young man, whose private perception of incongruities he suspected of being keen. At the end of a quarter of an hour Catherine had got rid of him, and Townsend was now standing before the fireplace in conversation with Mrs. Almond.

"We will try him again," said the Doctor. And he crossed the room and joined his sister and her companion, making her a sign that she should leave the young man to him. She presently did so, while Morris looked at him, smiling, without a sign of evasiveness in his affable eye.

"He's amazingly conceited!" thought the Doctor; and then he said aloud: "I am told you are looking out for a position."

"Oh, a position is more than I should presume to call it," Morris Townsend answered. "That sounds so fine. I should like some quiet work—something to turn an honest penny."

"What sort of thing should you prefer?"

"Do you mean what am I fit for? Very little, I am afraid. I have nothing but my good right arm, as they say in the melodramas."

"You are too modest," said the Doctor. "In addition to your good right arm, you have your subtle brain. I know nothing of you but what I see; but I see by your physiognomy that you are extremely intelligent."

"Ah," Townsend murmured, "I don't know what to answer when you say that! You advise me, then, not to despair?"

And he looked at his interlocutor as if the question might have a double meaning. The Doctor caught the look and weighed it a moment before he replied. "I should be very sorry to admit that a robust and well-disposed young man need ever despair. If he doesn't succeed in one thing, he can try another. Only, I should add, he should choose his line with discretion."

"Ah, yes, with discretion," Morris Townsend repeated, sympathetically. "Well, I have been indiscreet, formerly; but I think I have got over it. I am very steady now." And he stood a moment, looking down at his remarkably neat shoes. Then at last, "Were you kindly intending to propose something for my advantage?" he inquired, looking up and smiling.

"Damn his impudence!" the Doctor exclaimed, privately. But in a moment he reflected that he himself had, after all, touched first upon this delicate point, and that his words might have been construed as an offer of assistance. "I have no particular proposal to make," he presently said; "but it occurred to me to let you know that I have you in my mind.

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Sometimes one hears of opportunities. For instance, should you object to leaving New York—to going to a distance?"

"I am afraid I shouldn't be able to manage that. I must seek my fortune here or nowhere. You see," added Morris Townsend, "I have ties—I have responsibilities here. I have a sister, a widow, from whom I have been separated for a long time, and to whom I am almost everything. I shouldn't like to say to her that I must leave her. She rather depends upon me, you see."

"Ah, that's very proper; family feeling is very proper," said Doctor Sloper. "I often think there is not enough of it in our city. I think I have heard of your sister."

"It is possible, but I rather doubt it; she lives so very quietly."

"As quietly, you mean," the Doctor went on, with a short laugh, "as a lady may do who has several young children."

"Ah, my little nephews and nieces—that's the very point! I am helping to bring them up," said Morris Townsend. "I am a kind of amateur tutor; I give them lessons."

"That's very proper, as I say; but it is hardly a career."

"It won't make my fortune!" the young man confessed.

"You must not be too much bent on a fortune," said the Doctor. "But I assure you I will keep you in mind; I won't lose sight of you!"

"If my situation becomes desperate I shall perhaps take the liberty of reminding you!" Morris rejoined, raising his voice a little, with a brighter smile, as his interlocutor turned away.

Before he left the house the Doctor had a few words with Mrs. Almond.

"I should like to see his sister," he said. "What do you call her? Mrs. Montgomery. I should like to have a little talk with her."

"I will try and manage it," Mrs. Almond responded. "I will take the first opportunity of inviting her, and you shall come and meet her. Unless, indeed," Mrs. Almond added, "she first takes it into her head to be sick and to send for you."

"Ah, no, not that; she must have trouble enough without that. But it would have its advantages, for then I should see the children. I should like very much to see the children."

"You are very thorough. Do you want to catechise them about their uncle?"

"Precisely. Their uncle tells me he has charge of their education, that he saves their mother the expense of school-bills. I should like to ask them a few questions in the commoner branches."

"He certainly has not the cut of a schoolmaster!" Mrs. Almond said to herself a short time afterwards, as she saw Morris Townsend in a corner bending over her niece, who was seated.

And there was, indeed, nothing in the young man's discourse at this moment that savoured of the pedagogue.

"Will you meet me somewhere to-morrow or next day?" he said, in a low tone, to Catherine.

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"Meet you?" she asked, lifting her frightened eyes.

"I have something particular to say to you—very particular."

"Can't you come to the house? Can't you say it there?"

Townsend shook his head gloomily. "I can't enter your doors again!"

"Oh, Mr. Townsend!" murmured Catherine. She trembled as she wondered what had happened, whether her father had forbidden it.

"I can't, in self-respect," said the young man. "Your father has insulted me."

"Insulted you?"

"He has taunted me with my poverty."

"Oh, you are mistaken—you misunderstood him!" Catherine spoke with energy, getting up from her chair.

"Perhaps I am too proud—too sensitive. But would you have me otherwise?" he asked, tenderly.

"Where my father is concerned, you must not be sure. He is full of goodness," said Catherine.

"He laughed at me for having no position! I took it quietly; but only because he belongs to you."

"I don't know," said Catherine; "I don't know what he thinks. I am sure he means to be kind. You must not be too proud."

"I will be proud only of you," Morris answered. "Will you meet me in the Square in the afternoon?"

A great blush on Catherine's part had been the answer to the declaration I have just quoted. She turned away, heedless of his question.

"Will you meet me?" he repeated. "It is very quiet there; no one need see us—towards dusk?"

"It is you who are unkind, it is you who laugh, when you say such things as that."

"My dear girl!" the young man murmured.

"You know how little there is in me to be proud of. I am ugly and stupid."

Morris greeted this remark with an ardent murmur, in which she recognised nothing articulate but an assurance that she was his own dearest.

But she went on. "I am not even—I am not even——" And she paused a moment.

"You are not what?"

"I am not even brave."

"Ah, then, if you are afraid, what shall we do?"

She hesitated awhile; then at last—"You must come to the house," she said; "I am not afraid of that."

"I would rather it were in the Square," the young man urged. "You know how empty it is, often. No one will see us."

"I don't care who sees us! But leave me now."

He left her resignedly; he had got what he wanted. Fortunately

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he was ignorant that half an hour later, going home with her father and feeling him near, the poor girl, in spite of her sudden declaration of courage, began to tremble again. Her father said nothing; but she had an idea his eyes were fixed upon her in the darkness. Mrs. Penniman also was silent; Morris Townsend had told her that her niece preferred, unromantically, an interview in a chintz-covered parlour to a sentimental tryst beside a fountain sheeted with dead leaves, and she was lost in wonderment at the oddity—almost the perversity—of the choice.

X.

Catherine received the young man the next day on the ground she had chosen—amid the chaste upholstery of a New York drawing-room furnished in the fashion of fifty years ago. Morris had swallowed his pride and made the effort necessary to cross the threshold of her too derisive parent—an act of magnanimity which could not fail to render him doubly interesting.

"We must settle something—we must take a line," he declared, passing his hand through his hair and giving a glance at the long narrow mirror which adorned the space between the two windows, and which had at its base a little gilded bracket covered by a thin slab of white marble, supporting in its turn a backgammon board folded together in the shape of two volumes, two shining folios inscribed in greenish gilt letters, *History of England*. If Morris had been pleased to describe the master of the house as a heartless scoffer, it is because he thought him too much on his guard, and this was the easiest way to express his own dissatisfaction—a dissatisfaction which he had made a point of concealing from the Doctor. It will probably seem to the reader, however, that the Doctor's vigilance was by no means excessive and that these two young people had an open field. Their intimacy was now considerable, and it may appear that for a shrinking and retiring person our heroine had been liberal of her favours. The young man, within a few days, had made her listen to things for which she had not supposed that she was prepared; having a lively foreboding of difficulties, he proceeded to gain as much ground as possible in the present. He remembered that fortune favours the brave, and even if he had forgotten it, Mrs. Penniman would have remembered it for him. Mrs. Penniman delighted of all things in a drama, and she flattered herself that a drama would now be enacted. Combining as she did the zeal of the prompter with the impatience of the spectator, she had long since done her utmost to pull up the curtain. She, too, expected to figure in the performance—to be the confidant, the Chorus, to speak the epilogue. It may even be said that there were times when she lost sight altogether of the modest heroine of the play, in the contemplation of certain great scenes which would naturally occur between the hero and herself.

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What Morris had told Catherine at last was simply that he loved her, or rather adored her. Virtually, he had made known as much already—his visits had been a series of eloquent intimations of it. But now he had affirmed it in lover's vows, and, as a memorable sign of it, he had passed his arm round the girl's waist and taken a kiss. This happy certitude had come sooner than Catherine expected, and she had regarded it, very naturally, as a priceless treasure. It may even be doubted whether she had ever definitely expected to possess it; she had not been waiting for it, and she had never said to herself that at a given moment it must come. As I have tried to explain, she was not eager and exacting; she took what was given her from day to day; and if the delightful custom of her lover's visits, which yielded her a happiness in which confidence and timidity were strangely blended, had suddenly come to an end, she would not only not have spoken of herself as one of the forsaken, but she would not have thought of herself as one of the disappointed. After Morris had kissed her, the last time he was with her, as a ripe assurance of his devotion, she begged him to go away, to leave her alone, to let her think. Morris went away, taking another kiss first. But Catherine's meditations had lacked a certain coherence. She felt his kisses on her lips and on her cheeks for a long time afterwards; the sensation was rather an obstacle than an aid to reflection. She would have liked to see her situation all clearly before her, to make up her mind what she should do if, as she feared, her father should tell her that he disapproved of Morris Townsend. But all that she could see with any vividness was that it was terribly strange that any one should disapprove of him; that there must in that case be some mistake, some mystery, which in a little while would be set at rest. She put off deciding and choosing; before the vision of a conflict with her father she dropped her eyes and sat motionless, holding her breath and waiting. It made her heart beat, it was intensely painful. When Morris kissed her and said these things—that also made her heart beat; but this was worse, and it frightened her. Nevertheless, to-day, when the young man spoke of settling something, taking a line, she felt that it was the truth, and she answered very simply and without hesitating.

"We must do our duty," she said; "we must speak to my father. I will do it to-night; you must do it to-morrow."

"It is very good of you to do it first," Morris answered. "The young man—the happy lover—generally does that. But just as you please!"

It pleased Catherine to think that she should be brave for his sake, and in her satisfaction she even gave a little smile. "Women have more tact," she said; "they ought to do it first. They are more conciliating; they can persuade better."

"You will need all your powers of persuasion. But after all," Morris added, "you are irresistible."

"Please don't speak that way—and promise me this. To-morrow, when you talk with father, you will be very gentle and respectful."

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"As much so as possible," Morris promised. "It won't be much use, but I shall try. I certainly would rather have you easily than have to fight for you."

"Don't talk about fighting; we shall not fight."

"Ah, we must be prepared," Morris rejoined; "you especially, because for you it must come hardest. Do you know the first thing your father will say to you?"

"No, Morris; please tell me."

"He will tell you I am mercenary."

"Mercenary?"

"It's a big word; but it means a low thing. It means that I am after your money."

"Oh!" murmured Catherine, softly.

The exclamation was so deprecating and touching that Morris indulged in another little demonstration of affection. "But he will be sure to say it," he added.

"It will be easy to be prepared for that," Catherine said. "I shall simply say that he is mistaken—that other men may be that way, but that you are not."

"You must make a great point of that, for it will be his own great point."

Catherine looked at her lover a minute, and then she said, "I shall persuade him. But I am glad we shall be rich," she added.

Morris turned away, looking into the crown of his hat. "No, it's a misfortune," he said at last. "It is from that our difficulty will come."

"Well, if it is the worst misfortune, we are not so unhappy. Many people would not think it so bad. I will persuade him, and after that we shall be very glad we have money."

Morris Townsend listened to this robust logic in silence. "I will leave my defence to you; it's a charge that a man has to stoop to defend himself from."

Catherine on her side was silent for a while; she was looking at him while he looked, with a good deal of fixedness, out of the window. "Morris," she said, abruptly, "are you very sure you love me?"

He turned round, and in a moment he was bending over her. "My own dearest, can you doubt it?"

"I have only known it five days," she said; "but now it seems to me as if I could never do without it."

"You will never be called upon to try!" And he gave a little tender, reassuring laugh. Then, in a moment, he added, "There is something you must tell me, too." She had closed her eyes after the last words she uttered, and kept them closed; and at this she nodded her head, without opening them. "You must tell me," he went on, "that if your father is dead against me, if he absolutely forbids our marriage, you will still be faithful."

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Catherine opened her eyes, gazing at him, and she could give no better promise than what he read there.

"You will cleave to me?" said Morris. "You know you are your own mistress—you are of age."

"Ah, Morris!" she murmured, for all answer. Or rather not for all; for she put her hand into his own. He kept it awhile, and presently he kissed her again. This is all that need be recorded of their conversation; but Mrs. Penniman, if she had been present, would probably have admitted that it was as well it had not taken place beside the fountain in Washington Square.

XI.

Catherine listened for her father when he came in that evening, and she heard him go to his study. She sat quiet, though her heart was beating fast, for nearly half an hour; then she went and knocked at his door—a ceremony without which she never crossed the threshold of this apartment. On entering it now she found him in his chair beside the fire, entertaining himself with a cigar and the evening paper.

"I have something to say to you," she began very gently; and she sat down in the first place that offered.

"I shall be very happy to hear it, my dear," said her father. He waited—waited, looking at her, while she stared, in a long silence, at the fire. He was curious and impatient, for he was sure she was going to speak of Morris Townsend; but he let her take her own time, for he was determined to be very mild.

"I am engaged to be married!" Catherine announced at last, still staring at the fire.

The Doctor was startled; the accomplished fact was more than he had expected. But he betrayed no surprise. "You do right to tell me," he simply said. "And who is the happy mortal whom you have honoured with your choice?"

"Mr. Morris Townsend." And as she pronounced her lover's name, Catherine looked at him. What she saw was her father's still grey eye and his clear-cut, definite smile. She contemplated these objects for a moment, and then she looked back at the fire; it was much warmer.

"When was this arrangement made?" the Doctor asked.

"This afternoon—two hours ago."

"Was Mr. Townsend here?"

"Yes, father; in the front parlour." She was very glad that she was not obliged to tell him that the ceremony of their betrothal had taken place out there under the bare alanthus trees.

"Is it serious?" said the Doctor.

"Very serious, father."

Her father was silent a moment. "Mr. Townsend ought to have told me."

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"He means to tell you to-morrow."

"After I know all about it from you? He ought to have told me before. Does he think I didn't care—because I left you so much liberty?"

"Oh, no," said Catherine; "he knew you would care. And we have been so much obliged to you for—for the liberty."

The Doctor gave a short laugh. "You might have made a better use of it, Catherine."

"Please don't say that, father," the girl urged, softly, fixing her dull and gentle eyes upon him.

He puffed his cigar awhile, meditatively. "You have gone very fast," he said at last.

"Yes," Catherine answered simply; "I think we have."

Her father glanced at her an instant, removing his eyes from the fire. "I don't wonder Mr. Townsend likes you. You are so simple and so good."

"I don't know why it is—but he *does* like me. I am sure of that."

"And are you very fond of Mr. Townsend?"

"I like him very much, of course—or I shouldn't consent to marry him."

"But you have known him a very short time, my dear."

"Oh," said Catherine, with some eagerness, "it doesn't take long to like a person—when once you begin."

"You must have begun very quickly. Was it the first time you saw him—that night at your aunt's party?"

"I don't know, father," the girl answered. "I can't tell you about that."

"Of course; that's your own affair. You will have observed that I have acted on that principle. I have not interfered, I have left you your liberty, I have remembered that you are no longer a little girl—that you have arrived at years of discretion."

"I feel very old—and very wise," said Catherine, smiling faintly.

"I am afraid that before long you will feel older and wiser yet. I don't like your engagement."

"Ah!" Catherine exclaimed, softly, getting up from her chair.

"No, my dear. I am sorry to give you pain; but I don't like it. You should have consulted me before you settled it. I have been too easy with you, and I feel as if you had taken advantage of my indulgence. Most decidedly, you should have spoken to me first."

Catherine hesitated a moment, and then—"It was because I was afraid you wouldn't like it!" she confessed.

"Ah, there it is! You had a bad conscience."

"No, I have not a bad conscience, father!" the girl cried out, with considerable energy. "Please don't accuse me of anything so dreadful." These words, in fact, represented to her imagination something very terrible indeed, something base and cruel, which she associated with

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malefactors and prisoners. "It was because I was afraid—afraid——" she went on.

"If you were afraid, it was because you had been foolish!"

"I was afraid you didn't like Mr. Townsend."

"You were quite right. I don't like him."

"Dear father, you don't know him," said Catherine, in a voice so timidly argumentative that it might have touched him.

"Very true; I don't know him intimately. But I know him enough. I have my impression of him. You don't know him either."

She stood before the fire, with her hands lightly clasped in front of her; and her father, leaning back in his chair and looking up at her, made this remark with a placidity that might have been irritating.

I doubt, however, whether Catherine was irritated, though she broke into a vehement protest. "I don't know him?" she cried. "Why, I know him—better than I have ever known any one!"

"You know a part of him—what he has chosen to show you. But you don't know the rest."

"The rest? What is the rest?"

"Whatever it may be. There is sure to be plenty of it."

"I know what you mean," said Catherine, remembering how Morris had forewarned her. "You mean that he is mercenary."

Her father looked up at her still, with his cold, quiet, reasonable eye, "If I meant it, my dear, I should say it! But there is an error I wish particularly to avoid—that of rendering Mr. Townsend more interesting to you by saying hard things about him."

"I won't think them hard, if they are true," said Catherine.

"If you don't, you will be a remarkably sensible young woman!"

"They will be your reasons, at any rate, and you will want me to hear your reasons."

The Doctor smiled a little. "Very true. You have a perfect right to ask for them." And he puffed his cigar a few moments. "Very well, then, without accusing Mr. Townsend of being in love only with your fortune—and with the fortune that you justly expect—I will say that there is every reason to suppose that these good things have entered into his calculation more largely than a tender solicitude for your happiness strictly requires. There is of course nothing impossible in an intelligent young man entertaining a disinterested affection for you. You are an honest, amiable girl, and an intelligent young man might easily find it out. But the principal thing that we know about this young man—who is, indeed, very intelligent—leads us to suppose that, however much he may value your personal merits, he values your money more. The principal thing we know about him is that he has led a life of dissipation, and has spent a fortune of his own in doing so. That is enough for me, my dear. I wish you to marry a young man with other antecedents—a young man who could give positive guarantees. If Morris

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Townsend has spent his own fortune in amusing himself, there is every reason to believe that he would spend yours."

The Doctor delivered himself of these remarks slowly, deliberately, with occasional pauses and prolongations of accent, which made no great allowance for poor Catherine's suspense as to his conclusion. She sat down at last, with her head bent and her eyes still fixed upon him; and strangely enough—I hardly know how to tell it—even while she felt that what he said went so terribly against her, she admired his neatness and nobleness of expression. There was something hopeless and oppressive in having to argue with her father; but she too, on her side, must try to be clear. He was so quiet; he was not at all angry; and she, too, must be quiet. But her very effort to be quiet made her tremble.

"That is not the principal thing we know about him," she said; and there was a touch of her tremor in her voice. "There are other things—many other things. He has very high abilities—he wants so much to do something. He is kind, and generous, and true," said poor Catherine, who had not suspected hitherto the resources of her eloquence. "And his fortune—his fortune that he spent—was very small!"

"All the more reason he shouldn't have spent it," cried the Doctor getting up with a laugh. Then as Catherine, who had also risen to her feet again, stood there in her rather angular earnestness, wishing so much and expressing so little, he drew her towards him and kissed her. "You won't think me cruel?" he said, holding her a moment.

This question was not reassuring; it seemed to Catherine, on the contrary, to suggest possibilities which made her feel sick. But she answered coherently enough—"No, dear father; because if you knew how I feel—and you must know, you know everything—you would be so kind, so gentle."

"Yes, I think I know how you feel," the Doctor said. "I will be very kind—be sure of that. And I will see Mr. Townsend to-morrow. Meanwhile, and for the present, be so good as to mention to no one that you are engaged."

XII.

On the morrow, in the afternoon, he stayed at home, awaiting Mr. Townsend's call—a proceeding by which it appeared to him (justly perhaps, for he was a very busy man) that he paid Catherine's suitor great honour and gave both these young people so much the less to complain of. Morris presented himself with a countenance sufficiently serene—he appeared to have forgotten the "insult" for which he had solicited Catherine's sympathy two evenings before, and Dr. Sloper lost no time in letting him know that he had been prepared for his visit.

"Catherine told me yesterday what has been going on between you," he said. "You must allow me to say that it would have been becoming of you to give me notice of your intentions before they had gone so far."

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"I should have done so," Morris answered, "if you had not had so much the appearance of leaving your daughter at liberty. She seems to me quite her own mistress."

"Literally, she is. But she has not emancipated herself morally quite so far, I trust, as to choose a husband without consulting me. I have left her at liberty, but I have not been in the least indifferent. The truth is that your little affair has come to a head with a rapidity that surprises me. It was only the other day that Catherine made your acquaintance."

"It was not long ago, certainly," said Morris, with great gravity. "I admit that we have not been slow to—to arrive at an understanding. But that was very natural, from the moment we were sure of ourselves —and of each other. My interest in Miss Sloper began the first time I saw her."

"Did it not by chance precede your first meeting?" the Doctor asked.

Morris looked at him an instant. "I certainly had already heard that she was a charming girl."

"A charming girl—that's what you think her?"

"Assuredly. Otherwise I should not be sitting here."

The Doctor meditated a moment. "My dear young man," he said at last, "you must be very susceptible. As Catherine's father, I have, I trust, a just and tender appreciation of her many good qualities; but I don't mind telling you that I have never thought of her as a charming girl and never expected any one else to do so.

Morris Townsend received this statement with a smile that was not wholly devoid of deference. "I don't know what I might think of her if I were her father. I can't put myself in that place. I speak from my own point of view."

"You speak very well," said the Doctor; "but that is not all that is necessary. I told Catherine yesterday that I disapproved of her engagement."

"She let me know as much, and I was very sorry to hear it. I am greatly disappointed." And Morris sat in silence awhile, looking at the floor.

"Did you really expect I would say I was delighted, and throw my daughter into your arms?"

"Oh, no; I had an idea you didn't like me."

"What gave you the idea?"

"The fact that I am poor."

"That has a harsh sound," said the Doctor, "but it is about the truth—speaking of you strictly as a son-in-law. Your absence of means, of a profession, of visible resources or prospects, places you in a category from which it would be imprudent for me to select a husband for my daughter, who is a weak young woman with a large fortune. In any other capacity I am perfectly prepared to like you. As a son-in-law, I abominate you!"

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Morris Townsend listened respectfully. "I don't think Miss Sloper is a weak woman," he presently said.

"Of course you must defend her—it's the least you can do. But I have known my child twenty years, and you have known her six weeks. Even if she were not weak, however, you would still be a penniless man."

"Ah, yes; that is *my* weakness! And therefore, you mean, I am mercenary—I only want your daughter's money."

"I don't say that. I am not obliged to say it; and to say it, save under stress of compulsion, would be very bad taste. I say simply that you belong to the wrong category."

"But your daughter doesn't marry a category," Townsend urged, with his handsome smile. "She marries an individual—an individual whom she is so good as to say she loves."

"An individual who offers so little in return!"

"Is it possible to offer more than the most tender affection and a life-long devotion?" the young man demanded.

"It depends how we take it. It is possible to offer a few other things besides, and not only it is possible, but it is the custom. A life-long devotion is measured after the fact; and meanwhile it is usual in these cases to give a few material securities. What are yours? A very handsome face and figure, and a very good manner. They are excellent as far as they go, but they don't go far enough."

"There is one thing you should add to them," said Morris: "the word of a gentleman!"

"The word of a gentleman that you will always love Catherine? You must be a very fine gentleman to be sure of that."

"The word of a gentleman that I am not mercenary; that my affection for Miss Sloper is as pure and disinterested a sentiment as was ever lodged in a human breast! I care no more for her fortune than for the ashes in that grate."

"I take note—I take note," said the Doctor. "But, having done so, I turn to our category again. Even with that solemn vow on your lips, you take your place in it. There is nothing against you but an accident, if you will; but with my thirty years' medical practice, I have seen that accidents may have far-reaching consequences."

Morris smoothed his hat—it was already remarkably glossy—and continued to display a self-control which, as the Doctor was obliged to admit, was extremely creditable to him. But his disappointment was evidently keen.

"Is there nothing I can do to make you believe in me?"

"If there were, I should be sorry to suggest it, for—don't you see?—I don't want to believe in you!" said the Doctor, smiling.

"I would go and dig in the fields."

"That would be foolish."

"I will take the first work that offers, to-morrow."

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"Do so by all means—but for your own sake, not for mine."

"I see; you think I am an idler!" Morris exclaimed, a little too much in the tone of a man who has made a discovery. But he saw his error immediately and blushed.

"It doesn't matter what I think, when once I have told you I don't think of you as a son-in-law."

But Morris persisted. "You think I would squander her money?"

The Doctor smiled. "It doesn't matter, as I say; but I plead guilty to that."

"That's because I spent my own, I suppose," said Morris. "I frankly confess that. I have been wild. I have been foolish. I will tell you every crazy thing I ever did, if you like. There were some great follies among the number—I have never concealed that. But I have sown my wild oats. Isn't there some proverb about a reformed rake? I was not a rake, but I assure you I have reformed. It is better to have amused oneself for a while and have done with it. Your daughter would never care for a milksop; and I will take the liberty of saying that you would like one quite as little. Besides, between my money and hers there is a great difference. I spent my own; it was because it was my own that I spent it. And I made no debts; when it was gone I stopped. I don't owe a penny in the world."

"Allow me to inquire what you are living on now—though I admit," the Doctor added, "that the question, on my part, is inconsistent."

"I am living on the remnants of my property," said Morris Townsend.

"Thank you!" the Doctor gravely replied.

Yes, certainly, Morris's self-control was laudable. "Even admitting I attach an undue importance to Miss Sloper's fortune," he went on, "would not that be in itself an assurance that I would take good care of it?"

"That you should take too much care would be quite as bad as that you should take too little. Catherine might suffer as much by your economy as by your extravagance."

"I think you are very unjust!" The young man made this declaration decently, civilly, without violence.

"It is your privilege to think so, and I surrender my reputation to you! I certainly don't flatter myself I gratify you."

"Don't you care a little to gratify your daughter? Do you enjoy the idea of making her miserable?"

"I am perfectly resigned to her thinking me a tyrant for a twelvemonth."

"For a twelvemonth!" exclaimed Morris, with a laugh.

"For a lifetime, then! She may as well be miserable in that way as in the other."

Here at last Morris lost his temper. "Ah, you are not polite, sir!" he cried.

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"You push me to it—you argue too much."

"I have a great deal at stake."

"Well, whatever it is," said the Doctor, "you have lost it!"

"Are you sure of that?" asked Morris; "are you sure your daughter will give me up?"

"I mean, of course, you have lost it as far as I am concerned. As for Catherine's giving you up—no, I am not sure of it. But as I shall strongly recommend it, as I have a great fund of respect and affection in my daughter's mind to draw upon, and as she has the sentiment of duty developed in a very high degree, I think it extremely possible."

Morris Townsend began to smooth his hat again. "I, too, have a fund of affection to draw upon!" he observed at last.

The Doctor at this point showed his own first symptoms of irritation. "Do you mean to defy me?"

"Call it what you please, sir! I mean not to give your daughter up."

The Doctor shook his head. "I haven't the least fear of your pining away your life. You are made to enjoy it."

Morris gave a laugh. "Your opposition to my marriage is all the more cruel, then! Do you intend to forbid your daughter to see me again?"

"She is past the age at which people are forbidden, and I am not a father in an old-fashioned novel. But I shall strongly urge her to break with you."

"I don't think she will," said Morris Townsend.

"Perhaps not. But I shall have done what I could."

"She has gone too far," Morris went on.

"To retreat? Then let her stop where she is."

"Too far to stop, I mean."

The Doctor looked at him a moment; Morris had his hand on the door. "There is a great deal of impertinence in your saying it."

"I will say no more, sir!" Morris answered; and, making his bow, he left the room.

HENRY JAMES, Jr.

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"DON'T LET HER MARRY HIM!"

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THE

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XIII.

It may be thought the Doctor was too positive, and Mrs. Almond intimated as much. But as he said, he had his impression; it seemed to him sufficient, and he had no wish to modify it. He had passed his life in estimating people (it was part of the medical trade), and in nineteen cases out of twenty he was right.

"Perhaps Mr. Townsend is the twentieth case," said Mrs. Almond.

"Perhaps he is, though he doesn't look to me at all like a twentieth case. But I will give him the benefit of the doubt, and, to make sure, I will go and talk with Mrs. Montgomery. She will almost certainly tell me I have done right; but

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it is just possible that she will prove to me that I have made the greatest mistake of my life. If she does, I will beg Mr. Townsend's pardon. You needn't invite her to meet me, as you kindly proposed; I will write her a frank letter, telling her how matters stand, and asking leave to come and see her."

"I am afraid the frankness will be chiefly on your side. The poor little woman will stand up for her brother, whatever he may be."

"Whatever he may be? I doubt that. People are not always so fond of their brothers."

"Ah," said Mrs. Almond, "when it's a question of thirty thousand a year coming into a family——"

"If she stands up for him on account of the money, she will be a humbug. If she is a humbug I shall see it. If I see it, I won't waste time with her."

"She is not a humbug—she is an exemplary woman. She will not wish to play her brother a trick simply because he is selfish."

"If she is worth talking to, she will sooner play him a trick than that he should play Catherine one. Has she seen Catherine, by the way—does she know her?"

"Not to my knowledge. Mr. Townsend can have had no particular interest in bringing them together."

"If she is an exemplary woman, no. But we shall see to what extent she answers your description."

"I shall be curious to hear her description of you!" said Mrs. Almond, with a laugh. "And, meanwhile, how is Catherine taking it?"

"As she takes everything—as a matter of course."

"Doesn't she make a noise? Hasn't she made a scene?"

"She is not scenic."

"I thought a love-lorn maiden was always scenic."

"A ridiculous widow is more so. Lavinia has made me a speech; she thinks me very arbitrary."

"She has a talent for being in the wrong," said Mrs. Almond. "But I am very sorry for Catherine, all the same."

"So am I. But she will get over it."

"You believe she will give him up?"

"I count upon it. She has such an admiration for her father."

"Oh, we know all about that! But it only makes me pity her the more. It makes her dilemma the more painful, and the effort of choosing between you and her lover almost impossible."

"If she can't choose, all the better."

"Yes; but he will stand there entreating her to choose, and Lavinia will pull on that side."

"I am glad she is not on my side; she is capable of ruining an excellent cause. The day Lavinia gets into your boat it capsizes. But she had better be careful," said the Doctor. "I will have no treason in my house!"

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"I suspect she will be careful; for she is at bottom very much afraid of you."

"They are both afraid of me—harmless as I am!" the Doctor answered. "And it is on that that I build—on the salutary terror I inspire!"

XIV.

He wrote his frank letter to Mrs. Montgomery, who punctually answered it, mentioning an hour at which he might present himself in the Second Avenue. She lived in a neat little house of red brick, which had been freshly painted, with the edges of the bricks very sharply marked out in white. It has now disappeared, with its companions, to make room for a row of structures more majestic. There were green shutters upon the windows, without slats, but pierced with little holes, arranged in groups; and before the house was a diminutive "yard," ornamented with a bush of mysterious character, and surrounded by a low wooden paling, painted in the same green as the shutters. The place looked like a magnified baby-house, and might have been taken down from a shelf in a toy-shop. Dr. Sloper, when he went to call, said to himself, as he glanced at the objects I have enumerated, that Mrs. Montgomery was evidently a thrifty and self-respecting little person—the modest proportions of her dwelling seemed to indicate that she was of small stature—who took a virtuous satisfaction in keeping herself tidy, and had resolved that, since she might not be splendid, she would at least be immaculate. She received him in a little parlour, which was precisely the parlour he had expected: a small unspeckled bower, ornamented with a desultory foliage of tissue-paper, and with clusters of glass drops, amid which—to carry out the analogy—the temperature of the leafy season was maintained by means of a cast-iron stove, emitting a dry, blue flame and smelling strongly of varnish. The walls were embellished with engravings swathed in pink gauze, and the tables ornamented with volumes of extracts from the poets, usually bound in black cloth stamped with florid designs in jaundiced gilt. The Doctor had time to take cognisance of these details; for Mrs. Montgomery, whose conduct he pronounced under the circumstances inexcusable, kept him waiting some ten minutes before she appeared. At last, however, she rustled in, smoothing down a stiff poplin dress, with a little frightened flush in a gracefully rounded cheek.

She was a small, plump, fair woman, with a bright, clear eye, and an extraordinary air of neatness and briskness. But these qualities were evidently combined with an unaffected humility, and the Doctor gave her his esteem as soon as he had looked at her. A brave little person, with lively perceptions, and yet a disbelief in her own talent for social, as distinguished from practical, affairs—this was his rapid mental *résumé* of Mrs. Montgomery, who, as he saw, was flattered by what she re-

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garded as the honour of his visit. Mrs. Montgomery, in her little red house in the Second Avenue, was a person for whom Dr. Sloper was one of the great men, one of the fine gentlemen of New York; and while she fixed her agitated eyes upon him, while she clasped her mittened hands together in her glossy poplin lap, she had the appearance of saying to herself that he quite answered her idea of what a distinguished guest would naturally be. She apologised for being late; but he interrupted her.

"It doesn't matter," he said; "for while I sat here I had time to think over what I wish to say to you, and to make up my mind how to begin."

"Oh, do begin!" murmured Mrs. Montgomery.

"It is not so easy," said the Doctor, smiling. "You will have gathered from my letter that I wish to ask you a few questions, and you may not find it very comfortable to answer them."

"Yes; I have thought what I should say. It is not very easy."

"But you must understand my situation—my state of mind. Your brother wishes to marry my daughter, and I wish to find out what sort of a young man he is. A good way to do so seemed to be to come and ask you, which I have proceeded to do."

Mrs. Montgomery evidently took the situation very seriously; she was in a state of extreme moral concentration. She kept her pretty eyes, which were illumined by a sort of brilliant modesty, attached to his own countenance, and evidently paid the most earnest attention to each of his words. Her expression indicated that she thought his idea of coming to see her a very superior conception, but that she was really afraid to have opinions on strange subjects.

"I am extremely glad to see you," she said, in a tone which seemed to admit, at the same time, that this had nothing to do with the question.

The Doctor took advantage of this admission. "I didn't come to see you for your pleasure; I came to make you say disagreeable things—and you can't like that. What sort of a gentleman is your brother?"

Mrs. Montgomery's illuminated gaze grew vague, and began to wander. She smiled a little, and for some time made no answer, so that the Doctor at last became impatient. And her answer, when it came, was not satisfactory. "It is difficult to talk about one's brother."

"Not when one is fond of him, and when one has plenty of good to say."

"Yes, even then, when a good deal depends on it," said Mrs. Montgomery.

"Nothing depends on it, for you."

"I mean for—for——" and she hesitated.

"For your brother himself. I see!"

"I mean for Miss Sloper," said Mrs. Montgomery.

The Doctor liked this; it had the accent of sincerity. "Exactly;

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that's the point. If my poor girl should marry your brother, everything —as regards her happiness—would depend on his being a good fellow. She is the best creature in the world, and she could never do him a grain of injury. He, on the other hand, if he should not be all that we desire, might make her very miserable. That is why I want you to throw some light upon his character, you know. Of course, you are not bound to do it. My daughter, whom you have never seen, is nothing to you; and I, possibly, am only an indiscreet and impertinent old man. It is perfectly open to you to tell me that my visit is in very bad taste and that I had better go about my business. But I don't think you will do this; because I think we shall interest you, my poor girl and I. I am sure that if you were to see Catherine, she would interest you very much. I don't mean because she is interesting in the usual sense of the word, but because you would feel sorry for her. She is so soft, so simple-minded, she would be such an easy victim! A bad husband would have remarkable facilities for making her miserable; for she would have neither the intelligence nor the resolution to get the better of him, and yet she would have an exaggerated power of suffering. I see," added the Doctor, with his most insinuating, his most professional laugh, "you are already interested!"

"I have been interested from the moment he told me he was engaged," said Mrs. Montgomery.

"Ah! he says that—he calls it an engagement?"

"Oh, he has told me you didn't like it."

"Did he tell you that I don't like *him*?"

"Yes, he told me that too. I said I couldn't help it!" added Mrs. Montgomery.

"Of course you can't. But what you can do is to tell me I am right —to give me an attestation, as it were." And the Doctor accompanied this remark with another professional smile.

Mrs. Montgomery, however, smiled not at all; it was obvious that she could not take the humorous view of his appeal. "That is a good deal to ask," she said at last.

"There can be no doubt of that; and I must, in conscience, remind you of the advantages a young man marrying my daughter would enjoy. She has an income of ten thousand dollars in her own right, left her by her mother; if she marries a husband I approve, she will come into almost twice as much more at my death."

Mrs. Montgomery listened in great earnestness to this splendid financial statement; she had never heard thousands of dollars so familiarly talked about. She flushed a little with excitement. "Your daughter will be immensely rich," she said softly.

"Precisely—that's the bother of it."

"And if Morris should marry her, he—he——" And she hesitated timidly.

"He would be master of all that money? By no means. He would

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be master of the ten thousand a year that she has from her mother; but I should leave every penny of my own fortune, earned in the laborious exercise of my profession, to my nephews and nieces."

Mrs. Montgomery dropped her eyes at this, and sat for some time gazing at the straw matting which covered her floor.

"I suppose it seems to you," said the Doctor, laughing, "that in so doing I should play your brother a very shabby trick."

"Not at all. That is too much money to get possession of so easily, by marrying. I don't think it would be right."

"It's right to get all one can. But in this case your brother wouldn't be able. If Catherine marries without my consent, she doesn't get a penny from my own pocket."

"Is that certain?" asked Mrs. Montgomery, looking up.

"As certain as that I sit here!"

"Even if she should pine away?"

"Even if she should pine to a shadow, which isn't probable."

"Does Morris know this?"

"I shall be most happy to inform him!" the Doctor exclaimed.

Mrs. Montgomery resumed her meditations, and her visitor, who was prepared to give time to the affair, asked himself whether, in spite of her little conscientious air, she was not playing into her brother's hands. At the same time he was half ashamed of the ordeal to which he had subjected her, and was touched by the gentleness with which she bore it. "If she were a humbug," he said, "she would get angry; unless she be very deep indeed. It is not probable that she is as deep as that."

"What makes you dislike Morris so much?" she presently asked, emerging from her reflections.

"I don't dislike him in the least as a friend, as a companion. He seems to me a charming fellow, and I should think he would be excellent company. I dislike him, exclusively, as a son-in-law. If the only office of a son-in-law were to dine at the paternal table, I should set a high value upon your brother. He dines capitally. But that is a small part of his function, which, in general, is to be a protector and care-taker of my child, who is singularly ill-adapted to take care of herself. It is there that he doesn't satisfy me. I confess I have nothing but my impression to go by; but I am in the habit of trusting my impression. Of course you are at liberty to contradict it flat. He strikes me as selfish and shallow."

Mrs. Montgomery's eyes expanded a little, and the Doctor fancied he saw the light of admiration in them. "I wonder you have discovered he is selfish!" she exclaimed.

"Do you think he hides it so well?"

"Very well indeed," said Mrs. Montgomery. "And I think we are all rather selfish," she added quickly.

"I think so too; but I have seen people hide it better than he. You see I am helped by a habit I have of dividing people into classes, into

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types. I may easily be mistaken about your brother as an individual, but his type is written on his whole person."

"He is very good-looking," said Mrs. Montgomery.

The Doctor eyed her a moment. "You women are all the same! But the type to which your brother belongs was made to be the ruin of you, and you were made to be its handmaids and victims. The sign of the type in question is the determination—sometimes terrible in its quiet intensity—to accept nothing of life but its pleasures, and to secure these pleasures chiefly by the aid of your complaisant sex. Young men of this class never do anything for themselves that they can get other people to do for them, and it is the infatuation, the devotion, the superstition of others, that keeps them going. These others in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred are women. What our young friends chiefly insist upon is that some one else shall suffer for them; and women do that sort of thing, as you must know, wonderfully well." The Doctor paused a moment, and then he added abruptly—"You have suffered immensely for your brother!"

This exclamation was abrupt, as I say, but it was also perfectly calculated. The Doctor had been rather disappointed at not finding his compact and comfortable little hostess surrounded in a more visible degree by the ravages of Morris Townsend's immorality; but he had said to himself that this was not because the young man had spared her, but because she had contrived to plaster up her wounds. They were aching there, behind the varnished stove, the festooned engravings, beneath her own neat little poplin bosom; and if he could only touch the tender spot, she would make a movement that would betray her. The words I have just quoted were an attempt to put his finger suddenly upon the place; and they had some of the success that he looked for. The tears sprang for a moment to Mrs. Montgomery's eyes, and she indulged in a proud little jerk of the head.

"I don't know how you have found that out!" she exclaimed.

"By a philosophic trick—by what they call induction. You know you have always your option of contradicting me. But kindly answer me a question. Don't you give your brother money? I think you ought to answer that."

"Yes, I have given him money," said Mrs. Montgomery.

"And you have not had much to give him?"

She was silent a moment. "If you ask me for a confession of poverty, that is easily made. I am very poor."

"One would never suppose it from your—your charming house," said the Doctor. "I learned from my sister that your income was moderate and your family numerous."

"I have five children," Mrs. Montgomery observed; "but I am happy to say I can bring them up decently."

"Of course you can—accomplished and devoted as you are! But your brother has counted them over, I suppose?"

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"Counted them over?"

"He knows there are five, I mean. He tells me it is he that brings them up."

Mrs. Montgomery stared a moment, and then quickly—"Oh, yes; he teaches them——Spanish."

The Doctor laughed out. "That must take a great deal off your hands! Your brother also knows, of course, that you have very little money."

"I have often told him so!" Mrs. Montgomery exclaimed, more unreservedly than she had yet spoken. She was apparently taking some comfort in the Doctor's clairvoyance.

"Which means that you have often occasion to, and that he often sponges on you. Excuse the crudity of my language; I simply express a fact. I don't ask you how much of your money he has had, it is none of my business. I have ascertained what I suspected—what I wished." And the Doctor got up, gently smoothing his hat. "Your brother lives on you," he said as he stood there.

Mrs. Montgomery quickly rose from her chair, following her visitor's movements with a look of fascination. But then, with a certain inconsequence—"I have never complained of him!" she said.

"You needn't protest—you have not betrayed him. But I advise you not to give him any more money."

"Don't you see it is in my interest that he should marry a rich person?" she asked. "If, as you say, he lives on me, I can only wish to get rid of him, and to put obstacles in the way of his marrying is to increase my own difficulties."

"I wish very much you would come to me with your difficulties," said the Doctor. "Certainly, if I throw him back on your hands, the least I can do is to help you to bear the burden. If you will allow me to say so, then, I shall take the liberty of placing in your hands, for the present, a certain fund for your brother's support."

Mrs. Montgomery stared; she evidently thought he was jesting; but she presently saw that he was not, and the complication of her feelings became painful. "It seems to me that I ought to be very much offended with you," she murmured.

"Because I have offered you money? That's a superstition," said the Doctor. "You must let me come and see you again, and we will talk about these things. I suppose that some of your children are girls."

"I have two little girls," said Mrs. Montgomery.

"Well, when they grow up, and begin to think of taking husbands, you will see how anxious you will be about the moral character of these husbands. Then you will understand this visit of mine!"

"Ah, you are not to believe that Morris's moral character is bad!"

The Doctor looked at her a little, with folded arms. "There is something I should greatly like—as a moral satisfaction. I should like to hear you say—'He is abominably selfish!'"

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The words came out with the grave distinctness of his voice, and they seemed for an instant to create, to poor Mrs. Montgomery's troubled vision, a material image. She gazed at it an instant, and then she turned away. "You distress me, sir!" she exclaimed. "He is, after all, my brother, and his talents, his talents——" On these last words her voice quavered, and before he knew it she had burst into tears.

"His talents are first-rate!" said the Doctor. "We must find the proper field for them!" And he assured her most respectfully of his regret at having so greatly discomposed her. "It's all for my poor Catherine," he went on. "You must know her, and you will see."

Mrs. Montgomery brushed away her tears and blushed at having shed them. "I should like to know your daughter," she answered; and then, in an instant—"Don't let her marry him!"

Dr. Sloper went away with the words gently humming in his ears —"Don't let her marry him!" They gave him the moral satisfaction of which he had just spoken, and their value was the greater that they had evidently cost a pang to poor little Mrs. Montgomery's family pride.

XV.

He had been puzzled by the way that Catherine carried herself; her attitude at this sentimental crisis seemed to him unnaturally passive. She had not spoken to him again after that scene in the library, the day before his interview with Morris; and a week had elapsed without making any change in her manner. There was nothing in it that appealed for pity, and he was even a little disappointed at her not giving him an opportunity to make up for his harshness by some manifestation of liberality which should operate as a compensation. He thought a little of offering to take her for a tour in Europe; but he was determined to do this only in case she should seem mutely to reproach him. He had an idea that she would display a talent for mute reproaches, and he was surprised at not finding himself exposed to these silent batteries. She said nothing, either tacitly or explicitly, and as she was never very talkative, there was now no especial eloquence in her reserve. And poor Catherine was not sulky—a style of behaviour for which she had too little histrionic talent; she was simply very patient. Of course she was thinking over her situation, and she was apparently doing so in a deliberate and unimpassioned manner, with a view of making the best of it.

"She will do as I have bidden her," said the Doctor, and he made the further reflection that his daughter was not a woman of a great spirit.

I know not whether he had hoped for a little more resistance for the sake of a little more entertainment; but he said to himself, as he had said before, that though it might have its momentary alarms, paternity was, after all, not an exciting vocation.

Catherine meanwhile had made a discovery of a very different sort; it had become vivid to her that there was a great excitement in trying to

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be a good daughter. She had an entirely new feeling, which may be described as a state of expectant suspense about her own actions. She watched herself as she would have watched another person, and wondered what she would do. It was as if this other person, who was both herself and not herself, had suddenly sprung into being, inspiring her with a natural curiosity as to the performance of untested functions.

"I am glad I have such a good daughter," said her father, kissing her, after the lapse of several days.

"I am trying to be good," she answered, turning away, with a conscience not altogether clear.

"If there is anything you would like to say to me, you know you must not hesitate. You needn't feel obliged to be so quiet. I shouldn't care that Mr. Townsend should be a frequent topic of conversation, but whenever you have anything particular to say about him I shall be very glad to hear it."

"Thank you," said Catherine; "I have nothing particular at present."

He never asked her whether she had seen Morris again, because he was sure that if this had been the case she would tell him. She had in fact not seen him, she had only written him a long letter. The letter at least was long for her; and, it may be added, that it was long for Morris; it consisted of five pages, in a remarkably neat and handsome hand. Catherine's handwriting was beautiful, and she was even a little proud of it; she was extremely fond of copying, and possessed volumes of extracts which testified to this accomplishment; volumes which she had exhibited one day to her lover, when the bliss of feeling that she was important in his eyes was exceptionally keen. She told Morris in writing that her father had expressed the wish that she should not see him again, and that she begged he would not come to the house until she should have "made up her mind." Morris replied with a passionate epistle, in which he asked to what, in Heaven's name, she wished to make up her mind. Had not her mind been made up two weeks before, and could it be possible that she entertained the idea of throwing him off? Did she mean to break down at the very beginning of their ordeal, after all the promises of fidelity she had both given and extracted? And he gave an account of his own interview with her father—an account not identical at all points with that offered in these pages. "He was terribly violent," Morris wrote; "but you know my self-control. I have need of it all when I remember that I have it in my power to break in upon your cruel captivity." Catherine sent him in answer to this, a note of three lines. "I am in great trouble; do not doubt of my affection, but let me wait a little and think." The idea of a struggle with her father, of setting up her will against his own, was heavy on her soul, and it kept her quiet, as a great physical weight keeps us motionless. It never entered into her mind to throw her lover off; but from the first she tried to assure herself that there would be a peaceful way out of their

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difficulty. The assurance was vague, for it contained no element of positive conviction that her father would change his mind. She only had an idea that if she should be very good, the situation would in some mysterious manner improve. To be good, she must be patient, outwardly submissive, abstain from judging her father too harshly and from committing any act of open defiance. He was perhaps right, after all, to think as he did; by which Catherine meant not in the least that his judgment of Morris's motives in seeking to marry her was perhaps a just one, but that it was probably natural and proper that conscientious parents should be suspicious and even unjust. There were probably people in the world as bad as her father supposed Morris to be, and if there were the slightest chance of Morris being one of these sinister persons, the Doctor was right in taking it into account. Of course he could not know what she knew, how the purest love and truth were seated in the young man's eyes; but Heaven, in its time, might appoint a way of bringing him to such knowledge. Catherine expected a good deal of Heaven, and referred to the skies the initiative, as the French say, in dealing with her dilemma. She could not imagine herself imparting any kind of knowledge to her father, there was something superior even in his injustice and absolute in his mistakes. But she could at least be good, and if she were only good enough, Heaven would invent some way of reconciling all things—the dignity of her father's errors and the sweetness of her own confidence, the strict performance of her filial duties and the enjoyment of Morris Townsend's affection. Poor Catherine would have been glad to regard Mrs. Penniman as an illuminating agent, a part which this lady herself indeed was but imperfectly prepared to play. Mrs. Penniman took too much satisfaction in the sentimental shadows of this little drama to have, for the moment, any great interest in dissipating them. She wished the plot to thicken, and the advice that she gave her niece tended, in her own imagination, to produce this result. It was rather incoherent counsel, and from one day to another it contradicted itself; but it was pervaded by an earnest desire that Catherine should do something striking. "You must *act*, my dear; in your situation the great thing is to act," said Mrs. Penniman, who found her niece altogether beneath her opportunities. Mrs. Penniman's real hope was that the girl would make a secret marriage, at which she should officiate as bridesmaid or duenna. She had a vision of this ceremony being performed in some subterranean chapel—subterranean chapels in New York were not frequent, but Mrs. Penniman's imagination was not chilled by trifles—and of the guilty couple—she liked to think of poor Catherine and her suitor as the guilty couple—being shuffled away in a fast-whirling vehicle to some obscure lodging in the suburbs, where she would pay them (in a thick veil) clandestine visits, where they would endure a period of romantic privation, and where ultimately, after she should have been their earthly providence, their intercessor, their advocate, and their medium of communication with the world, they would be reconciled to her brother in

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an artistic tableau, in which she herself should be somehow the central figure. She hesitated as yet to recommend this course to Catherine, but she attempted to draw an attractive picture of it to Morris Townsend. She was in daily communication with the young man, whom she kept informed by letters of the state of affairs in Washington Square. As he had been banished, as she said, from the house, she no longer saw him; but she ended by writing to him that she longed for an interview. This interview could take place only on neutral ground, and she bethought herself greatly before selecting a place of meeting. She had an inclination for Greenwood Cemetery, but she gave it up as too distant; she could not absent herself for so long, as she said, without exciting suspicion. Then she thought of the Battery, but that was rather cold and windy, besides one's being exposed to intrusion from the Irish emigrants who at this point alight, with large appetites, in the New World; and at last she fixed upon an oyster saloon in the Seventh Avenue, kept by a negro—an establishment of which she knew nothing save that she had noticed it in passing. She made an appointment with Morris Townsend to meet him there, and she went to the tryst at dusk, enveloped in an impenetrable veil. He kept her waiting for half-an-hour—he had almost the whole width of the city to traverse—but she liked to wait, it seemed to intensify the situation. She ordered a cup of tea, which proved excessively bad, and this gave her a sense that she was suffering in a romantic cause. When Morris at last arrived, they sat together for half an hour in the duskiest corner of the back shop; and it is hardly too much to say that this was the happiest half-hour that Mrs. Penniman had known for years. The situation was really thrilling, and it scarcely seemed to her a false note when her companion asked for an oyster-stew, and proceeded to consume it before her eyes. Morris, indeed, needed all the satisfaction that stewed oysters could give him, for it may be intimated to the reader that he regarded Mrs. Penniman in the light of a fifth wheel to his coach. He was in a state of irritation natural to a gentleman of fine parts who had been snubbed in a benevolent attempt to confer a distinction upon a young woman of inferior characteristics, and the insinuating sympathy of this somewhat desiccated matron appeared to offer him no practical relief. He thought her a humbug, and he judged of humbugs with a good deal of confidence. He had listened and made himself agreeable to her at first, in order to get a footing in Washington Square; and at present he needed all his self-command to be decently civil. It would have gratified him to tell her that she was a fantastic old woman, and that he should like to put her into an omnibus and send her home. We know, however, that Morris possessed the virtue of self-control, and he had moreover the constant habit of seeking to be agreeable; so that, although Mrs. Penniman's demeanour only exasperated his already unquiet nerves, he listened to her with a sombre deference in which she found much to admire.

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XVI.

They had of course immediately spoken of Catherine. "Did she send me a message, or—or anything?" Morris asked. He appeared to think that she might have sent him a trinket or a lock of her hair.

Mrs. Penniman was slightly embarrassed, for she had not told her niece of her intended expedition. "Not exactly a message," she said; "I didn't ask her for one, because I was afraid to—to excite her."

"I am afraid she is not very excitable!" And Morris gave a smile of some bitterness.

"She is better than that. She is steadfast—she is true!"

"Do you think she will hold fast then?"

"To the death!"

"Oh, I hope it won't come to that," said Morris.

"We must be prepared for the worst, and that is what I wish to speak to you about."

"What do you call the worst?"

"Well," said Mrs. Penniman, "my brother's hard, intellectual nature."

"Oh, the devil!"

"He is impervious to pity," Mrs. Penniman added, by way of explanation.

"Do you mean that he won't come round?"

"He will never be vanquished by argument. I have studied him. He will be vanquished only by the accomplished fact."

"The accomplished fact?"

"He will come round afterwards," said Mrs. Penniman, with extreme significance. "He cares for nothing but facts—he must be met by facts!"

"Well," rejoined Morris, "it is a fact that I wish to marry his daughter. I met him with that the other day, but he was not at all vanquished."

Mrs. Penniman was silent a little, and her smile beneath the shadow of her capacious bonnet, on the edge of which her black veil was arranged curtainwise, fixed itself upon Morris's face with a still more tender brilliancy. "Marry Catherine first and meet him afterwards!" she exclaimed.

"Do you recommend that?" asked the young man, frowning heavily.

She was a little frightened, but she went on with considerable boldness. "That is the way I see it: a private marriage—a private marriage." She repeated the phrase because she liked it.

"Do you mean that I should carry Catherine off? What do they call it—elope with her?"

"It is not a crime when you are driven to it," said Mrs. Penniman. "My husband, as I have told you, was a distinguished clergyman—one

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of the most eloquent men of his day. He once married a young couple that had fled from the house of the young lady's father; he was so interested in their story. He had no hesitation, and everything came out beautifully. The father was afterwards reconciled, and thought everything of the young man. Mr. Penniman married them in the evening, about seven o'clock. The church was so dark, you could scarcely see; and Mr. Penniman was intensely agitated—he was so sympathetic. I don't believe he could have done it again."

"Unfortunately Catherine and I have not Mr. Penniman to marry us," said Morris.

"No, but you have me!" rejoined Mrs. Penniman, expressively. "I can't perform the ceremony, but I can help you; I can watch!"

"The woman's an idiot!" thought Morris; but he was obliged to say something different. It was not, however, materially more civil. "Was it in order to tell me this that you requested I would meet you here?"

Mrs. Penniman had been conscious of a certain vagueness in her errand, and of not being able to offer him any very tangible reward for his long walk. "I thought perhaps you would like to see one who is so near to Catherine," she observed, with considerable majesty. "And also," she added, "that you would value an opportunity of sending her something."

Morris extended his empty hands with a melancholy smile. "I am greatly obliged to you, but I have nothing to send!"

"Haven't you a *word?*" asked his companion, with her suggestive smile coming back.

Morris frowned again. "Tell her to hold fast," he said, rather curtly.

"That is a good word—a noble word. It will make her happy for many days. She is very touching, very brave," Mrs. Penniman went on, arranging her mantle and preparing to depart. While she was so engaged she had an inspiration; she found the phrase that she could boldly offer as a vindication of the step she had taken. "If you marry Catherine at all risks," she said, "you will give my brother a proof of your being what he pretends to doubt."

"What he pretends to doubt?"

"Don't you know what that is?" Mrs. Penniman asked, almost playfully.

"It does not concern me to know," said Morris, grandly.

"Of course it makes you angry."

"I despise it," Morris declared.

"Ah, you know what it is, then?" said Mrs. Penniman, shaking her finger at him. "He pretends that you like—you like the money."

Morris hesitated a moment; and then, as if he spoke advisedly, "I *do* like the money!"

"Ah, but not—but not as he means it. You don't like it more than Catherine?"

He leaned his elbows on the table and buried his head in his hands.

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"You torture me!" he murmured. And, indeed, this was almost the effect of the poor lady's too importunate interest in his situation.

But she insisted on making her point. "If you marry her in spite of him, he will take for granted that you expect nothing of him, and are prepared to do without it. And so he will see that you are disinterested."

Morris raised his head a little, following this argument. "And what shall I gain by that?"

"Why, that he will see that he has been wrong in thinking that you wished to get his money."

"And seeing that I wish he would go to the deuce with it, he will leave it to a hospital. Is that what you mean?" asked Morris.

"No, I don't mean that; though that would be very grand!" Mrs. Penniman quickly added. "I mean that having done you such an injustice, he will think it his duty, at the end, to make some amends."

Morris shook his head, though it must be confessed he was a little struck with this idea. "Do you think he is so sentimental?"

"He is not sentimental," said Mrs. Penniman; "but, to be perfectly fair to him, I think he has, in his own narrow way, a certain sense of duty."

There passed through Morris Townsend's mind a rapid wonder as to what he might, even under a remote contingency, be indebted to from the action of this principle in Dr. Sloper's breast, and the inquiry exhausted itself in his sense of the ludicrous. "Your brother has no duties to me," he said presently, "and I none to him."

"Ah, but he has duties to Catherine."

"Yes, but you see that on that principle Catherine has duties to him as well."

Mrs. Penniman got up, with a melancholy sigh, as if she thought him very unimaginative. "She has always performed them faithfully; and now do you think she has no duties to *you*?" Mrs. Penniman always, even in conversation, italicised her personal pronouns.

"It would sound harsh to say so! I am so grateful for her love," Morris added.

"I will tell her you said that! And now, remember that if you need me I am there." And Mrs. Penniman, who could think of nothing more to say, nodded vaguely in the direction of Washington Square.

Morris looked some moments at the sanded floor of the shop; he seemed to be disposed to linger a moment. At last, looking up with a certain abruptness, "It is your belief that if she marries me he will cut her off?" he asked.

Mrs. Penniman stared a little, and smiled. "Why, I have explained to you what I think would happen—that in the end it would be the best thing to do."

"You mean that, whatever she does, in the long run she will get the money?"

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"It doesn't depend upon her, but upon you. Venture to appear as disinterested as you are!" said Mrs. Penniman ingeniously. Morris dropped his eyes on the sanded floor again, pondering this; and she pursued. "Mr. Penniman and I had nothing, and we were very happy. Catherine, moreover, has her mother's fortune, which, at the time my sister-in-law married, was considered a very handsome one."

"Oh, don't speak of that!" said Morris; and, indeed, it was quite superfluous, for he had contemplated the fact in all its lights.

"Austin married a wife with money—why shouldn't you?"

"Ah! but your brother was a doctor," Morris objected.

"Well, all young men can't be doctors!"

"I should think it an extremely loathsome profession," said Morris, with an air of intellectual independence; then, in a moment, he went on rather inconsequently, "Do you suppose there is a will already made in Catherine's favour?"

"I suppose so—even doctors must die; and perhaps a little in mine," Mrs. Penniman frankly added.

"And you believe he would certainly change it—as regards Catherine?"

"Yes; and then change it back again."

"Ah, but one can't depend on that!" said Morris.

"Do you want to *depend* on it?" Mrs. Penniman asked.

Morris blushed a little. "Well, I am certainly afraid of being the cause of an injury to Catherine."

"Ah! you must not be afraid. Be afraid of nothing, and everything will go well!"

And then Mrs. Penniman paid for her cup of tea, and Morris paid for his oyster stew, and they went out together into the dimly-lighted wilderness of the Seventh Avenue. The dusk had closed in completely, and the street lamps were separated by wide intervals of a pavement in which cavities and fissures played a disproportionate part. An omnibus, emblazoned with strange pictures, went tumbling over the dislocated cobble-stones.

"How will you go home?" Morris asked, following this vehicle with an interested eye. Mrs. Penniman had taken his arm.

She hesitated a moment. "I think this manner would be pleasant," she said; and she continued to let him feel the value of his support.

So he walked with her through the devious ways of the west side of the town, and through the bustle of gathering nightfall in populous streets, to the quiet precinct of Washington Square. They lingered a moment at the foot of Dr. Sloper's white marble steps, above which a spotless white door, adorned with a glittering silver plate, seemed to figure, for Morris, the closed portal of happiness; and then Mrs. Penniman's companion rested a melancholy eye upon a lighted window in the upper part of the house.

"That is my room—my dear little room!" Mrs. Penniman remarked.

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Morris started. "Then I needn't come walking round the square to gaze at it."

"That's as you please. But Catherine's is behind; two noble windows on the second floor. I think you can see them from the other street."

"I don't want to see them, ma'am!" And Morris turned his back to the house.

"I will tell her you have been *here*, at any rate," said Mrs. Penniman, pointing to the spot where they stood; "and I will give her your message—that she is to hold fast!"

"Oh, yes! of course. You know I write her all that."

"It seems to say more when it is spoken! And remember, if you need me, that I am *there*;" and Mrs. Penniman glanced at the third floor.

On this they separated, and Morris, left to himself, stood looking at the house a moment; after which he turned away, and took a gloomy walk round the Square, on the opposite side, close to the wooden fence. Then he came back, and paused for a minute in front of Dr. Sloper's dwelling. His eyes travelled over it; they even rested on the ruddy windows of Mrs. Penniman's apartment. He thought it a devilish comfortable house.

XVII.

Mrs. Penniman told Catherine that evening—the two ladies were sitting in the back parlour—that she had had an interview with Morris Townsend; and on receiving this news the girl started with a sense of pain. She felt angry for the moment; it was almost the first time she had ever felt angry. It seemed to her that her aunt was meddlesome; and from this came a vague apprehension that she would spoil something.

"I don't see why you should have seen him. I don't think it was right," Catherine said.

"I was so sorry for him—it seemed to me some one ought to see him."

"No one but I," said Catherine, who felt as if she were making the most presumptuous speech of her life, and yet at the same time had an instinct that she was right in doing so.

"But you wouldn't, my dear," Aunt Lavinia rejoined; "and I didn't know what might have become of him."

"I have not seen him because my father has forbidden it," Catherine said, very simply.

There was a simplicity in this, indeed, which fairly vexed Mrs. Penniman. "If your father forbade you to go to sleep, I suppose you would keep awake!" she commented.

Catherine looked at her. "I don't understand you. You seem to me very strange."

"Well, my dear, you will understand me some day!" And Mrs.

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Penniman, who was reading the evening paper, which she perused daily from the first line to the last, resumed her occupation. She wrapped herself in silence; she was determined Catherine should ask her for an account of her interview with Morris. But Catherine was silent for so long, that she almost lost patience; and she was on the point of remarking to her that she was very heartless, when the girl at last spoke.

"What did he say?" she asked.

"He said he is ready to marry you any day, in spite of everything."

Catherine made no answer to this, and Mrs. Penniman almost lost patience again; owing to which she at last volunteered the information that Morris looked very handsome, but terribly haggard.

"Did he seem sad?" asked her niece.

"He was dark under the eyes," said Mrs. Penniman. "So different from when I first saw him; though I am not sure that if I had seen him in this condition the first time, I should not have been even more struck with him. There is something brilliant in his very misery."

This was, to Catherine's sense, a vivid picture, and though she disapproved, she felt herself gazing at it. "Where did you see him?" she asked presently.

"In—in the Bowery; at a confectioner's," said Mrs. Penniman, who had a general idea that she ought to dissemble a little.

"Whereabouts is the place?" Catherine inquired, after another pause.

"Do you wish to go there, my dear?" said her aunt.

"Oh, no!" And Catherine got up from her seat and went to the fire, where she stood looking awhile at the glowing coals.

"Why are you so dry, Catherine?" Mrs. Penniman said at last.

"So dry?"

"So cold—so irresponsive."

The girl turned, very quickly. "Did *he* say that?"

Mrs. Penniman hesitated a moment. "I will tell you what he said. He said he feared only one thing—that you would be afraid."

"Afraid of what?"

"Afraid of your father."

Catherine turned back to the fire again, and then, after a pause, she said—"I *am* afraid of my father."

Mrs. Penniman got quickly up from her chair and approached her niece. "Do you mean to give him up, then?"

Catherine for some time never moved; she kept her eyes on the coals. At last she raised her head and looked at her aunt. "Why do you push me so?" she asked.

"I don't push you. When have I spoken to you before?"

"It seems to me that you have spoken to me several times."

"I am afraid it is necessary, then, Catherine," said Mrs. Penniman, with a good deal of solemnity. "I am afraid you don't feel the importance——" She paused a little; Catherine was looking at her. "The importance of not disappointing that gallant young heart!" And Mrs.

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Penniman went back to her chair, by the lamp, and, with a little jerk, picked up the evening paper again.

Catherine stood there before the fire, with her hands behind her, looking at her aunt, to whom it seemed that the girl had never had just this dark fixedness in her gaze. "I don't think you understand—or that you know me," she said.

"If I don't, it is not wonderful; you trust me so little."

Catherine made no attempt to deny this charge, and for some time more nothing was said. But Mrs. Penniman's imagination was restless, and the evening paper failed on this occasion to enchain it.

"If you succumb to the dread of your father's wrath," she said, "I don't know what will become of us."

"Did *he* tell you to say these things to me?"

"He told me to use my influence."

"You must be mistaken," said Catherine. "He trusts me."

"I hope he may never repent of it!" And Mrs. Penniman gave a little sharp slap to her newspaper. She knew not what to make of her niece, who had suddenly become stern and contradictious.

This tendency on Catherine's part was presently even more apparent. "You had much better not make any more appointments with Mr. Townsend," she said. "I don't think it is right."

Mrs. Penniman rose with considerable majesty. "My poor child, are you jealous of me?" she inquired.

"Oh, Aunt Lavinia!" murmured Catherine, blushing.

"I don't think it is your place to teach me what is right."

On this point Catherine made no concession. "It can't be right to deceive."

"I certainly have not deceived *you*!"

"Yes; but I promised my father——"

"I have no doubt you promised your father. But I have promised him nothing!"

Catherine had to admit this, and she did so in silence. "I don't believe Mr. Townsend himself likes it," she said at last.

"Doesn't like meeting me?"

"Not in secret."

"It was not in secret; the place was full of people."

"But it was a secret place—away off in the Bowery."

Mrs. Penniman flinched a little. "Gentlemen enjoy such things," she remarked, presently. "I know what gentlemen like."

"My father wouldn't like it, if he knew."

"Pray, do you propose to inform him?" Mrs. Penniman inquired.

"No, Aunt Lavinia. But please don't do it again."

"If I do it again, you will inform him: is that what you mean? I do not share your dread of my brother; I have always known how to defend my own position. But I shall certainly never again take any step on your behalf; you are much too thankless. I knew you were

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not a spontaneous nature, but I believed you were firm, and I told your father that he would find you so. I am disappointed—but your father will not be!" And with this, Mrs. Penniman offered her niece a brief good-night, and withdrew to her own apartment.

XVIII.

Catherine sat alone by the parlour fire—sat there for more than an hour, lost in her meditations. Her aunt seemed to her aggressive and foolish, and to see it so clearly—to judge Mrs. Penniman so positively—made her feel old and grave. She did not resent the imputation of weakness; it made no impression on her, for she had not the sense of weakness, and she was not hurt at not being appreciated. She had an immense respect for her father, and she felt that to displease him would be a misdemeanour analogous to an act of profanity in a great temple: but her purpose had slowly ripened, and she believed that her prayers had purified it of its violence. The evening advanced, and the lamp burned dim without her noticing it; her eyes were fixed upon her terrible plan. She knew her father was in his study—that he had been there all the evening; from time to time she expected to hear him move. She thought he would perhaps come, as he sometimes came, into the parlour. At last the clock struck eleven, and the house was wrapped in silence; the servants had gone to bed. Catherine got up and went slowly to the door of the library, where she waited a moment, motionless. Then she knocked, and then she waited again. Her father had answered her, but she had not the courage to turn the latch. What she had said to her aunt was true enough—she was afraid of him; and in saying that she had no sense of weakness she meant that she was not afraid of herself. She heard him move within, and he came and opened the door for her.

"What is the matter?" asked the Doctor. "You are standing there like a ghost."

She went into the room, but it was some time before she contrived to say what she had come to say. Her father, who was in his dressing-gown and slippers, had been busy at his writing-table, and after looking at her for some moments, and waiting for her to speak, he went and seated himself at his papers again. His back was turned to her—she began to hear the scratching of his pen. She remained near the door, with her heart thumping beneath her bodice; and she was very glad that his back was turned, for it seemed to her that she could more easily address herself to this portion of his person than to his face. At last she began, watching it while she spoke.

"You told me that if I should have anything more to say about Mr. Townsend you would be glad to listen to it."

"Exactly, my dear," said the Doctor, not turning round, but stopping his pen.

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Catherine wished it would go on, but she herself continued. "I thought I would tell you that I have not seen him again, but that I should like to do so."

"To bid him good-bye?" asked the Doctor.

The girl hesitated a moment. "He is not going away."

The Doctor wheeled slowly round in his chair, with a smile that seemed to accuse her of an epigram; but extremes meet, and Catherine had not intended one. "It is not to bid him good-bye, then?" her father said.

"No, father, not that; at least not for ever. I have not seen him again, but I should like to see him," Catherine repeated.

The Doctor slowly rubbed his under-lip with the feather of his quill.

"Have you written to him?"

"Yes, four times."

"You have not dismissed him, then. Once would have done that."

"No," said Catherine; "I have asked him—asked him to wait."

Her father sat looking at her, and she was afraid he was going to break out into wrath; his eyes were so fine and cold.

"You are a dear, faithful child," he said at last. "Come here to your father." And he got up, holding out his hands towards her.

The words were a surprise, and they gave her an exquisite joy. She went to him, and he put his arm round her tenderly, soothingly; and then he kissed her. After this he said—

"Do you wish to make me very happy?"

"I should like to—but I am afraid I can't," Catherine answered.

"You can if you will. It all depends on your will."

"Is it to give him up?" said Catherine.

"Yes, it is to give him up."

And he held her still, with the same tenderness, looking into her face and resting his eyes on her averted eyes. There was a long silence; she wished he would release her.

"You are happier than I, father," she said, at last.

"I have no doubt you are unhappy just now. But it is better to be unhappy for three months and get over it, than for many years and never get over it."

"Yes, if that were so," said Catherine.

"It would be so; I am sure of that." She answered nothing, and he went on: "Have you no faith in my wisdom, in my tenderness, in my solicitude for your future?"

"Oh, father!" murmured the girl.

"Don't you suppose that I know something of men: their vices, their follies, their falsities?"

She detached herself, and turned upon him. "He is not vicious—he is not false!"

Her father kept looking at her with his sharp, pure eye. "You make nothing of my judgment, then?"

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"I can't believe that!"

"I don't ask you to believe it, but to take it on trust."

Catherine was far from saying to herself that this was an ingenious sophism; but she met the appeal none the less squarely. "What has he done—what do you know?"

"He has never done anything—he is a selfish idler."

"Oh, father, don't abuse him!" she exclaimed, pleadingly.

"I don't mean to abuse him; it would be a great mistake. You may do as you choose," he added, turning away.

"I may see him again?"

"Just as you choose."

"Will you forgive me?"

"By no means."

"It will only be for once."

"I don't know what you mean by once. You must either give him up or continue the acquaintance."

"I wish to explain—to tell him to wait."

"To wait for what?"

"Till you know him better—till you consent."

"Don't tell him any such nonsense as that. I know him well enough, and I shall never consent."

"But we can wait a long time," said poor Catherine, in a tone which was meant to express the humblest conciliation, but which had upon her father's nerves the effect of an iteration not characterised by tact.

The Doctor answered, however, quietly enough: "Of course you can wait till I die, if you like."

Catherine gave a cry of natural horror.

"Your engagement will have one delightful effect upon you; it will make you extremely impatient for that event."

Catherine stood staring, and the Doctor enjoyed the point he had made. It came to Catherine with the force—or rather with the vague impressiveness—of a logical axiom which it was not in her province to controvert; and yet, though it was a scientific truth, she felt wholly unable to accept it.

"I would rather not marry, if that were true," she said.

"Give me a proof of it, then; for it is beyond a question that by engaging yourself to Morris Townsend you simply wait for my death."

She turned away, feeling sick and faint; and the Doctor went on: "And if you wait for it with impatience, judge, if you please, what *his* eagerness will be!"

Catherine turned it over—her father's words had such an authority for her that her very thoughts were capable of obeying him. There was a dreadful ugliness in it, which seemed to glare at her through the interposing medium of her own feebler reason. Suddenly, however, she had an inspiration—she almost knew it to be an inspiration.

"If I don't marry before your death, I will not after," she said.

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To her father, it must be admitted, this seemed only another epigram; and as obstinacy, in unaccomplished minds, does not usually select such a mode of expression, he was the more surprised at this wanton play of a fixed idea.

"Do you mean that for an impertinence?" he inquired; an inquiry of which, as he made it, he quite perceived the grossness.

"An impertinence? Oh father, what terrible things you say!"

"If you don't wait for my death, you might as well marry immediately; there is nothing else to wait for."

For some time Catherine made no answer; but finally she said—

"I think Morris—little by little—might persuade you."

"I shall never let him speak to me again. I dislike him too much."

Catherine gave a long, low sigh; she tried to stifle it, for she had made up her mind that it was wrong to make a parade of her trouble, and to endeavour to act upon her father by the meretricious aid of emotion. Indeed, she even thought it wrong—in the sense of being inconsiderate—to attempt to act upon his feelings at all; her part was to effect some gentle, gradual change in his intellectual perception of poor Morris's character. But the means of effecting such a change were at present shrouded in mystery, and she felt miserably helpless and hopeless. She had exhausted all arguments, all replies. Her father might have pitied her, and in fact he did so; but he was sure he was right.

"There is one thing you can tell Mr. Townsend, when you see him again," he said: "that if you marry without my consent, I don't leave you a farthing of money. That will interest him more than anything else you can tell him."

"That would be very right," Catherine answered. "I ought not in that case to have a farthing of your money."

"My dear child," the Doctor observed, laughing, "your simplicity is touching. Make that remark, in that tone, and with that expression of countenance, to Mr. Townsend and take a note of his answer. It won't be polite—it will express irritation; and I shall be glad of that, as it will put me in the right; unless, indeed—which is perfectly possible—you should like him the better for being rude to you."

"He will never be rude to me," said Catherine, gently.

"Tell him what I say, all the same."

She looked at her father, and her quiet eyes filled with tears.

"I think I will see him, then," she murmured, in her timid voice.

"Exactly as you choose!" And he went to the door and opened it for her to go out. The movement gave her a terrible sense of his turning her off.

"It will be only once, for the present," she added, lingering a moment.

"Exactly as you choose," he repeated, standing there with his hand on the door. "I have told you what I think. If you see him, you will

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be an ungrateful, cruel child; you will have given your old father the greatest pain of his life."

This was more than the poor girl could bear; her tears overflowed, and she moved towards her grimly consistent parent with a pitiful cry. Her hands were raised in supplication, but he sternly evaded this appeal. Instead of letting her sob out her misery on his shoulder, he simply took her by the arm and directed her course across the threshold, closing the door gently but firmly behind her. After he had done so, he remained listening. For a long time there was no sound; he knew that she was standing outside. He was sorry for her, as I have said; but he was so sure he was right. At last he heard her move away, and then her footstep creaked faintly upon the stairs.

The Doctor took several turns round his study, with his hands in his pockets, and a thin sparkle, possibly of irritation, but partly also of something like humour, in his eye. "By Jove," he said to himself, "I believe she will stick—I believe she will stick!" And this idea of Catherine "sticking" appeared to have a comical side, and to offer a prospect of entertainment. He determined, as he said to himself, to see it out.

HENRY JAMES, Jr.

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Why did Shakspeare write Tragedies?

STUDENTS of Shakspeare ought to be very grateful to Mr. Furnivall, both for the many scarce books bearing on their subject that have been brought within their reach, and for the progress that has been made in ascertaining the dates of his several writings; which are all we can be said to *know* about him—all, at least, that makes him memorable. The dates are still in many cases doubtful; but the order of succession, which is the most important point, is already determined with tolerable certainty, and the problem is, to learn from it the history of his mind.

Before the New Shakspere Society can deal with that problem in its corporate capacity, it has a great deal of preparatory business to get through, and a great deal of leisure for consideration. But Mr. Furnivall has, in the meantime, explained his personal views about it in his Introduction to the *Leopold Shakspere*. To some of these I have, as he is aware, a strong objection; and as his original design in founding the New Society was to have every disputable question concerning Shakspeare fought out and settled by general agreement before any final resolutions were taken, I propose to offer as my contribution to the debate a statement of the principal points on which, as at present advised, I differ with him.

The following sentences, extracted from his "Introduction," will explain what the question is, as I understand it: *

> I believe, nay, assert, that down each side-edge of every one of Shakspere's plays are several hooks and eyes of special patterns, which as soon as their play is put in its right place will find a set of eyes and hooks of the same pattern in the adjoining play to fit into . . . .
>
> The only exception to the rule is, where an entirely new or different subject . . . . is started, after such a succession of comedies as closes Shakspere's Second Period; in this case the links, the hooks and eyes, on the left edge of the new play may be wanting.
>
> Note, too, that as in conjunctions we have both copulative and disjunctive ones, so in links we have both bonds of likeness and contrast . . . These links . . . . are only what must naturally exist between works written by the same man, nearly at the same time of his life, and in the same mood.
>
> From evidence of like kind, comparing the general tone of the Four Periods of his works, I hold that Shakspere's plays, when looked at broadly in their successive periods, represent his own prevailing temper of mind, as man as well as artist, in the succeeding stages of his life.†

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* There are two or three points upon which Mr. Furnivall tells me that I have misunderstood him. His explanations will be found in the footnotes where they occur.

† Introduction to the *Leopold Shakspere*, p. cxix.

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Now if this means only that Shakspeare preserved his personal identity from his birth to his death,—that he continued to be the same man, with only such changes as accompany growth in a healthy human subject, that his successive works are all related to each other, as the successive actions of one man must always be related, through their common relation to himself—that as what a man *does* must always correspond with what at the time of doing it he *is*, so whatever he writes must bear some mark (if we could but read it) of his condition, mental and bodily, at the time of writing—and therefore that when all we know of him is what he has written, our only chance of finding out what kind of man he was is to read what he has written with due consideration of all the circumstances, order of succession being one:—if this be all, it seems a harmless proposition which nobody can dispute, and for which nobody can be the wiser. And when all the conditions here specified are duly taken into account and set out in their proper places, it may almost seem that no more was meant. For it appears that the hooks are to fit the eyes, only in the writings (1) of "the same man"; (2) "nearly at the same time of his life"; (3) "in the same mood"; and (4) dealing with the same class of "subjects"; for, "when an entirely new or different subject is started," we are expressly warned that the rule does not hold; and as we are not in that case to expect that the eyes of the last writing will fit the hooks of the last *preceding*, so if it should happen that another "entirely new or different subject" should be started in the next *succeeding*, we must not expect them to fit with it either. Now that the same man, at the same age, dealing with the same kind of subjects in the same mood, will probably leave upon them marks of the same hand, is so indisputable that it seems superfluous to assert it. And though it is not so certain that works composed under these conditions will reflect faithfully either "the prevailing temper of his mind" or the actual conditions of his life (for in his imaginative mood a man sees himself not as he is, but as he would be), yet a judicious reader may collect something from them in this way too. But what are we to infer when we find two plays in which the same subjects are *not* treated in the same way? Shall we say that they *cannot* have been written by the same man, nearly at the same time of his life, and in the same mood; because the inevitable "links" are wanting? By no means. "Links," like conjunctions, are of different kinds. Our hooks and eyes may be either "copulative or disjunctive"—either fit or refuse to fit. Now where in two plays the subjects are different, or being similar are differently treated, if we find no hooks and eyes that fit, we can hardly fail to find some that do not fit; these are the "disjunctive links," the "bonds of contrast," which in some mysterious way serve the same purpose as the "bonds of likeness," and help to teach us (if we do not know it already) that the successive productions of the same man are apt to be like each other in some things and unlike in others; and that both the like and the unlike, being the expression of something in himself, will, if rightly understood, tell us something about him.

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More than this we cannot reasonably expect to establish by this kind of evidence; and if more is promised by the propounder, I think it is because he assumed two things besides—which cannot, however, be so readily granted: one, that each of Shakspeare's works was meant to be taken as part of a whole; being connected with those that came before and after, not merely as a product of the same mind, but as holding a place in a general scheme designed by that mind; * the other, that each of them reflects some personal experience of the writer's own—whatever passion is in any of them represented with apparent force and truth being presumably a passion to which he had been himself subject at or about that time.

With the help of these large and bold, and by me altogether inadmissible assumptions, a knowledge of the order in which the several plays were composed would no doubt tell us a great deal; and if the hooks and eyes could find it out for us, the inquiry after them could hardly be too searching. Even without their help it would tell us something. Every man changes more or less with age and experience, and, therefore, the true dates of his successive productions will always throw some light both upon them and upon him. But though the true dates, or at least the true order of succession, may be otherwise found within certain limits with a certain degree of probability, I do not see how it can be done by the mere discovery of resemblances and contrasts, unless it can be shown that the contrast implies some difference due to time, and that the resemblance implies some limit to the time which may have passed between the one and the other. "Links,"—in the shape of similar situations, characters bearing the same relation to each other, similar ideas, images, tricks of expression, and the like—will always be

* 'The great defect of the English school of Shaksperians is their neglect to study Shakspere as a whole. They have too much looked on his works as a conglomerate of isolated plays, without order or succession . . . . whereas the first necessity is to regard Shakspere as a whole, his works as a living organism, each a member of one created unity . . . . the successive shoots of one great mind which can never be seen in its full glory . . . . unless it be viewed in its oneness,' p. xvii. The words, "Each a member of one *created* unity," I took to mean that each formed part of a general scheme *designed by the author*. In this Mr. Furnivall tells me that I was mistaken. His true meaning he explains in the following note. "I look on the work of any great artist, Turner, Beethoven, Shakspere, as a whole, a unity, created by him, and on each work as a part of that whole or unity. But of course I never thought that any artist started with the design of that whole or unity in his head, and produced his successive works to fit into his design. His works just came out of him as his nature from time to time put them forth, and they formed a whole or unity never designed or dreamt of by him at first, though he created it."—*F. J. F.* But the question will still be whether he created the unity by chance or by design. Though he did not *start* with any general scheme in his head, he may have meant each successive work, as he went on, to be taken in connection with its predecessors, and so form a "unity" with them; or he may have thought nothing about it from first to last; but treated each story simply with reference to its capacity for making a good play.

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discoverable in the writings of the same man, in whatever order they are taken. How else could we pretend to recognise a man's style in two different works, or reject portions of any single work as not bearing the mark of his hand? And if the inquiry were worth the time it would cost, I think I could undertake to produce from any two plays in the whole Shakspearian theatre points of resemblance as plausible as those which Mr. Furnivall produces to prove the contiguity in date of composition of any which for other reasons he believes to have been composed about the same time. A single example, by way of illustration, may perhaps be worth its time and space, because it will relieve us from the duty of spending any over the others.

Passing by the first four plays, in which the common subject of "the fickleness of love" (p. xxvii.) supplies (as might have been expected) many situations which bear a resemblance to each other; as well as *Richard II.* and *Romeo and Juliet*, between which Mr. Furnivall mentions only one link, though he says it is a strong one, "in the up-and-downness of the character, of *Richard II.* and *Romeo*" (p. xxxvii.)—meaning, I suppose, the variety of fortune, or perhaps the sensibility to changes of fortune, in the principal characters—let us take *King John* (p. xl.), which is linked on one side to *Richard III.*, on the other to the *Merchant of Venice*.

The links with *Richard III.*, which is supposed to have come next before it, are these. We find in both—

1. A cruel uncle planning the murder of a nephew who stood in his way.

2. A distracted mother.

3. A prophecy of ruin and a curse on the murderer, denounced and fulfilled.

4. A civil war.

5. A lesson of warning as to the danger of divisions.

6. An instrument tempted by subtle suggestions to undertake the murder.

7. A cynical avowal of an immoral purpose by a principal character (Faulconbridge in one proclaiming that gain shall be the object of his worship; Richard himself on the other declaring that he is determined to prove a villain.)

The links with the *Merchant of Venice*, which is supposed to have come next after, are these. We find in both—

1. An outbreak of parental passion. (Constance weeping for her son's murder in one; Shylock cursing his daughter for eloping with his ducats and jewels in the other.)

2. A plea for mercy to the helpless. (Prince Arthur in one pleading for mercy to himself; Portia, in the other, for mercy to Antonio.)

3. Prince Arthur's recollection of the young gentlemen in France affecting sadness for the fashion, "echoed" (says Mr. Furnivall) by Antonio in the first scene of the *Merchant of Venice*, and "repeated" in Portia and Jessica.

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4. A young gentleman of high spirits and gay humour.

5. A struggle between two duties: in the Lady Blanche, between the claims of her husband and her uncle, which she shall pray for; in Portia, between pleasure in her husband's company and a sense of what is due to his honour; whether she shall keep him with her for her pleasure or let him go to save the life of his benefactor.

6. Losses by the action of water. King John's forces drowned in the Wash of Lincoln; Antonio's ship wrecked on the Goodwin Sands.

This seems a long list, and must have been the fruit of much pains in the search. But before we accept these "links" as evidence that the three plays were composed "nearly at the same time of Shakspeare's life," we must consider how many of them would have been sure to be found where they are, at whatever time of his life the plays were composed. Suppose Shakspeare to have written a play about Richard III. in his first period, and a play about King John in his last, *other* differences there would have been, of many kinds and much larger; but all the "links" here enumerated—or all but one—would have been there just the same. The cruel uncle, the murdered nephew, the distracted mother, the procurement of the murderer, the civil war, the lesson of warning, all these would certainly have been prominent features in both. Nor is it at all likely that either of the mothers would have forgotten to pray for evil to the murderer of her son, or to predict it. All these, therefore, we must set aside. They cannot prove anything as to date, because their presence does not depend upon the date. The solitary link remaining to be accounted for would be the cynical avowal of an immoral purpose by a principal character: which is in fact a "link disjunctive;" a "bond of contrast;" for when Richard avows that he is determined to prove a villain, he means what he says; when Faulconbridge proposes to make gain his object of worship, he means the very reverse.

The resemblance or contrast between these two passages is all, then, that remains to prove, or help to prove, that *King John* was written not long after *Richard III.* Let us now see what evidence we can obtain by the same process, that it was written not long *before* the *Merchant of Venice*: and let us begin, as before, by supposing that it was written as long before as possible;—that Shakspeare took the story of the reign of King John for the subject of a tragedy in his first period, and the story of the pound of flesh, as told by Ser Giovanni, for the subject of a comedy in his last; and see whether any of the "links" offer any resistance to such a supposition.

1. In both we find an outburst of parental passion. Constance distracted for the loss of her son, that was murdered, in the first; Shylock raging at the elopement of his daughter with his ducats and jewels (an incident not necessarily suggested by the story) in the last.

2. In both we find an eloquent pleading for mercy. Prince Arthur, in the first, endeavouring to persuade Hubert not to burn out his eyes; Portia, in the last, endeavouring to persuade Shylock not to cut his

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forfeit out of Antonio. But in this case the coincidence was to be expected under any circumstances. In the original story which Shakspeare was dramatising, the Lady says to the Jew, "I must have you take the 100,000 ducats, and release this innocent man, who will always have a grateful sense of the favour done to him." Shakspeare was as unlikely, at any time of his life, to have omitted such an incident, or introduced it without some persuasive argument in behalf of mercy, as to have allowed Prince Arthur to submit to Hubert's hot irons without an attempt to move pity in him. The two plays would therefore have certainly had this feature in common, though they had been quite unconnected with each other; and this link must be set aside.

3. In both we find the recognition among human infirmities of a peculiar kind of *sadness*—sadness without apparent cause. And though I think that the introduction of this feature into the character of Antonio was a fact suggested by the behaviour of the Merchant in the original story, I cannot say that it was inevitable. But when Mr. Furnivall calls it an "echo" of the passage in Prince Arthur's speech to Hubert, he surely overlooks a difference so broad as to preclude all suspicion of any connection between them. The sadness alluded to in *King John* was not real sadness, but a fashionable affectation: the sadness of Antonio was a real depression of spirits, and quite out of fashion among the young gentlemen of Venice. And as for the "repetition of the same thought," that is, of the

> Young gentlemen that could be sad as night
> Only for wantonness;

first in Portia, when her "little body was weary of this great world" for a passing moment, and for the very substantial reason that it was placed in a very anxious and disagreeable position in it; and next in Jessica, whose sadness consisted in not being made merry by sweet music—if there is any connection between these several modes of sadness, what two conditions in humanity can be said to be unconnected?

4. In both we find a young gentleman of high spirits and gay humour. And it is true that there is no such character as Gratiano in the story from which the plot was taken. The question, therefore, which we have to consider is, whether the relation of Gratiano to Faulconbridge is close enough to prove them products of the same period.

5. In both we find a struggle between two duties. But Portia's struggle, such as it was (for it was really a struggle between her own pleasure and her husband's duty) was involved in the story. The Lady of Belmonte, the moment she heard of the case, desired her newly-married husband to set out immediately, and not stop till he arrived at Venice. Her dilemma therefore would have been found in the *Merchant of Venice*, if Shakspeare had never explained or heard of the Lady Blanche's.

6. In both are found losses by the action of water. But as the ruin of the Merchant in the old story is distinctly referred to the loss of ships

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at sea, it is not necessary to inquire whether the wreck of one of them on the Goodwins is an incident so remarkably like the loss of King John's army in the Wash, that we should have been obliged otherwise to account for it by supposing that both must have been invented by Shakspeare "nearly at the same time of his life, and in the same mood."

This is all; and having now examined all the hooks and eyes which Mr. Furnivall has collected, let us ask what reason they would supply for dating the composition of *King John* between that of *Richard III.* and the *Merchant of Venice*, if the succession were otherwise uncertain? The answer must be that *King John* was probably written soon after *King Richard III.*, because in the last Richard says to himself—

> And therefore since I cannot prove a lover
> To entertain these fair well-spoken days,
> I am determined to prove a villain,
> And hate the idle pleasures of these days.

While in the other, Faulconbridge says to himself—

> Well, while I am a beggar, I will rail
> And say there is no sin but to be rich.
> And being rich, my virtue then shall be,
> To say there is no vice but beggary.
> Since kings break faith upon commodity,
> Gain, be my lord, for I will worship thee.

Or (to take Mr. Furnivall's own account of it) because "the Bastard's statement of his motives (!)—'Gain, be my lord,' &c., is like that of Richard the Third about his villainy."

On the other side, the *Merchant of Venice* must have been written soon after *King John* for two reasons.

1. Because as Constance in *King John* mourns for her murdered son, and will not be comforted though she should meet him in heaven, if he rose without the native beauty on his cheek, so Shylock in the *Merchant* mourns for the loss of the jewels and ducats which his daughter had run away with, and will not be comforted—unless they are brought back, though it be in her coffin.

2. Because Gratiano, in the *Merchant of Venice* "may be compared" with Faulconbridge in *King John*; being both young men of humour and animal spirits, though in all other respects as different as two men could be.

Now as there is reason to believe that these three plays were actually composed in this order, and within a few years of each other, and such link-evidence as can be counted on must therefore certainly be there, they ought to show the hook-and-eye test to advantage. But if this is a fair sample of the help it would have given had the case been doubtful, it is clear that it cannot be trusted for a guide.

For the order of succession, therefore, we must appeal to more trustworthy tests; which are not altogether wanting. Having ascertained the order, we come upon the question as to the relation of the successive

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plays to each other; were they meant to be regarded as parts of a whole, "each a member of one created unity"? A *created* unity means, I suppose, a unity resulting from a conscious design, formed in the beginning and carried out consistently to the end; such a unity in all the parts together as we recognise in each part taken separately. But though Mr. Furnivall claims for them a unity of this kind, he has not attempted to trace it in detail, or to show how the pieces are to be put together; and as I cannot myself invent any hypothesis upon which it can be made to seem probable that Shakspeare meant them to combine into a complete whole, I must wait till somebody else propounds one. The unity which Mr. Furnivall practically recognises in the whole body of Shakspeare's works is of a different nature. He thinks that each play, poem, song, and sonnet, represents the condition of his own soul when he wrote it; and therefore that the whole series, taken in the right order, must contain a true history of the growth and progress of Shakspeare's soul; "his own pervading temper of mind, *as man as well as artist*, in the succeeding stages of his life." *

Now as there is no doubt that a man's prevailing temper of mind varies with his age, cultivation, and knowledge, it is reasonable to suppose that a corresponding change will be traceable in the *works* of his mind, and that each will throw light upon the other. If, on the one hand, we knew what sort of changes Shakspeare's prevailing temper of mind went through in the succeeding stages of his life, we could partly determine from the prevailing temper of his works to which stage each belonged. If, on the other hand, we knew at what stage of his life each work was produced, we could partly determine what the prevailing temper of his mind was at each stage. The difficulty in Shakspeare's case is, that we have so few data for either. Of the particulars of his life in its several stages we know hardly anything. Of the dates at which his several plays were composed, and even of the order in which they succeeded each other, we know little for certain. The problem, therefore, which they present is analogous to that of arranging a bundle of letters written by the same hand at different times, of which many are undated. And the method of solution is the same. When I have first arranged in order those letters which are dated, I probably find a progressive change in the character of the handwriting; and by observing the stage in that progressive change to which the handwriting of each undated letter appears to correspond, I determine, with more or less accuracy and confidence, its place in the series. So with regard to the order of Shakspeare's plays. Beginning with those of which we know the date upon external evidence, I observe in them a change of style indicating a natural progress, and I infer the date of the composition of those concerning which I have no external evidence from the stage in that progress to which the style corresponds. Placing them accordingly,

* P. cxix.

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and going through the series, I find that the changes follow a kind of law, corresponding to the changes in a man's tastes, moral and intellectual, which ordinarily and naturally take place as he grows older; and as the continuous changes in a man's growth are roughly divided into certain periods, the continuous succession of his productions may be divided into corresponding groups. In early youth the affections are commonly divided between farce and deep tragedy. As the mind expands and ripens, the broader humours of farce and the simpler horrors of tragedy lose their attraction, and give place to the richer, chaster, and more delicate humours of high comedy, and the deeper mysteries of tragic passion. As advancing years cool the blood, and decreasing activity makes the pleasures of a quiet life more attractive than those of a stirring one, it is probable that the taste will incline to the calmer and more soothing kind of pathos, in which the feeling is too profound and tender for what is called comedy, and yet the final impression is too peaceful for what is called tragedy. Tastes so changing would no doubt induce changes both in the choice of subjects and the treatment of them; and if we take Shakspeare's plays in the order of their dates, as determined upon independent grounds, we shall find that the differences in choice and treatment suit very naturally with the natural changes in a man's mind as he grows older, and that the whole series divides very well into four groups. Between twenty-four and thirty he had a young man's tastes, both in the light and the heavy line—a taste for merriment, and absurdity, and ingenious conceits, and slang and loose jests in the light line; and for love, in the "sighing-like-furnace" and bowl-and-dagger stage, in the serious. After thirty he lost his relish for these puerilities, aimed at a higher order of wit and humour in comedy, and a higher moral standard altogether; while for the true elements of human tragedy he turned to history. Five or six years of such work led him upwards into a still higher region. In comedy, though the vein was as rich as ever, and as full of enjoyment, yet the pathetic element springing from the tender and serious feeling with which he had come to regard all human things, became more and more predominant, and so prevailed over the other in the general effect, that his later works which end happily are hardly to be called comedies. I suppose nobody ever thought of *Measure for Measure* as a comedy, though everybody in it except Lucio is happily disposed of, and the effect of *his* sentence is rather comic than otherwise. *All's Well* is allied to tragedy rather than comedy, by the pity and serious interest with which we follow the fortunes of the heroine; and *Twelfth Night*, in spite of the number and perfection of the comic scenes, and the wonderful liveliness and rapidity and variety of incident and action, is nevertheless to me one of the most pathetic plays I know, and would draw tears far sooner than *Romeo and Juliet*. Shakspeare may be said, therefore, to have taken leave of comedy proper in the *Merry Wives*, and to have grown out of it before he was forty years old. In the meantime his exercises in tragedy proper had led him into the region of the

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great passions which disclose the heights and depths of humanity—a region which was destined to become and remain his own. These passions—for the benefit of the theatre, the glory of Burbage, the amusement and instruction of the playgoing public, and partly it may be for the satisfaction and relief of his own genius—he brought (by means of such stories as he could find, suitable for showing them in action) upon the stage. And to this we owe *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Othello*, *Lear*, and the rest, which occupied what Mr. Furnivall calls "the unhappy Third Period." The fourth group follows naturally enough. He was forty-four years old; he had made money enough; he had retired from business; he had passed the period when the mind takes pleasure in violent agitations; and he employed himself upon such subjects as suited —or treated such subjects as he found so as to make them suit—the autumnal days; witness the *Winter's Tale* and the *Tempest*.

Classing his plays according to their general character, I find that they fall naturally into these broad divisions, and that they have a kind of correspondence with the divisions which are observable in the life of man. And if Mr. Furnivall had been content to rest upon this, and apply himself to discover the progressive conditions of Shakspeare's mind in the manner in which he treated the subjects which he successively took in hand, he would have been profitably employed. But when he proceeds to separate these broad natural divisions into subordinate groups, according to the particular feature which happens to be prominent in each play—to seek in the temper, tone, character, or subject of each for a correspondence with some presumed condition of Shakspeare's mind, induced by some personal experience at some particular time—he has no longer any substantial ground to go upon. The distinguishing feature of each would depend upon many things besides the writer's state of mind. It would depend upon the story which he had to tell; while the choice of the story would depend upon the requirements of the theatre, the taste of the public, the popularity of the different actors, the strength of the company. A new part might be wanted for Burbage or Kempe. The two boys that acted Hermia and Helena—the tall and the short one —or the two men who were so like that they might be mistaken for each other, might want new pieces to appear in (which last would be a probable and sufficient explanation of the production about the same time of two or three plays the humour of which turns upon such mistakes—Mr. Furnivall's "mistaken-identity group"), and so on. The stories would be selected from such as were to be had (and had not been used up) to suit the taste of the frequenters of the theatre, and the characters and incidents would be according to the stories.

When Shakspeare created or perfected the part of Petruchio, we need not suppose that he was describing the way he would have set about the taming of a shrew himself, or that he would have recommended it to a friend as the best. But if he had preferred to tame her after the fashion of Tennyson's Princess in his Midsummer-Day's tale, he would

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have had to tell a different story, much too sentimental for the taste of a Bishopsgate audience. The real Petruchio's was one way of doing it, and made a livelier entertainment, with a sufficiently good moral—from which the Katharines at any rate might profit, even if the Petruchios received too much encouragement.

Still less, when he describes the great abnormal conditions of humanity which are the soul of tragedy,—the restless and relentless ambition, without pity, love, or fear, of Richard; the fiendish malignity of Iago; the struggle of the better nature and triumph of the worse in Macbeth; the desecration of all the sanctities of humanity in Regan and Goneril; the shameless disloyalty and barbarity of Edmund; the blind and savage jealousy of Othello, Leontes, and Posthumus; or the conversion in Timon of an indiscriminate love of all mankind into as undiscriminating a hatred, by the unexpected discovery that some of them could be ungrateful;—need we suppose that he is describing conditions which he had himself experienced in the flesh. Every man who ever read a newspaper or a novel must be conscious of *some* power of imagining a situation, an emotion, a condition of hope, fear, or desire, of which he has had no personal experience. This power—"the *shaping* spirit of imagination"—the power of turning to shapes the forms of things unknown, as imagination bodies them forth—has always been thought to be the special gift of poets as distinguished from other men, and of Shakspeare as distinguished from other poets. "His fine sense and knowledge of the soul," says Hartley Coleridge, "*which his imagination extended to all conceivable cases and circumstances*, informed him," &c.* Mr. Furnivall, however, not believing in the existence of any such faculty, lays it down as a foundation for the study of Shakspeare's life and character that whatever he describes vividly he must be supposed to have experienced personally. "As to the question how far we are justified in assuming that Shakspere put his own feelings—himself—into his own plays, some men," he says, "scorn the notion; ask you triumphantly which of his characters represent him, assert that he himself is in none of them, but sits apart, serene, unruffled himself by earthly passion, making his puppets move. *I believe*, on the contrary, that *all the deepest and greatest work of an artist*—playwright, orator, painter, poet, &c.—*is based on personal experience*, on his own emotions and passions, and not merely on his observation of things or feelings outside him, on which his fancy and imagination work. . . . I find that Milton's Satan has Milton's noble nature perverted—is no devil, &c.; but that Dante can paint hell, because he has felt it. Shakspere tells me *he has felt hell*: and in his Othello, Macbeth, Lear, Coriolanus, Timon, *I see the evidence of his having done so* . . . . I see him laying bare his own soul as he strips the covering off other men's . . . . He himself, his own nature *and life*,

* *Essays*, i. 146.

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are in all his plays, to the man who has eyes, and chooses to look for him and them there." *

Now, if this means no more than that Shakspeare derived his knowledge of what was in man from his knowledge of what was in himself; that he knew what another man might, under conceivable conditions, *do*, from consciousness of what he himself, under conceivable conditions, might be *tempted* to do, my only objection to it is that it tells me nothing to the purpose. It tells me that his nature was capable of what is possible in humanity, whether to do or to refrain from doing, and that he knew what it was capable of; it does not tell me what he did and what he refrained from at any particular time; but only that at the time when each play was composed he was in a condition to *imagine* the passions which were represented in it. But when Mr. Furnivall asserts that he sees in Othello, Macbeth, Lear, Coriolanus, and Timon, evidence that Shakspeare had "felt hell," he must be supposed to mean something more than this. He must mean that Shakspeare had himself been *subject* to the passions which are represented there. And when he proceeds to assume that this personal experience of hell coincided *in time* with the composition of that group of plays—that he had passed *at that time* from "the abounding, the overflowing happy life" of the Second Period into "the bitterness, the world-weariness, of this terrible Third Period," a temper which made him "see God as a blind and furious fate, cutting men off in their sins, involving the innocent with the guilty"—and then demands "whether this *change* was one of artist only or one of man too;" we must suppose him to mean that this infernal experience was a condition necessary *then* and *there* for the composition of those plays; for if it had been enough to have *once* "felt hell," there could have been no reason for inferring that he was more in hell between forty and forty-five than at any earlier period of his life. It would seem, therefore, according to Mr. Furnivall, that wherever we find in any of his plays a "deep and great" representation of a bad state of mind, we may conclude that he was at that time *in* that state of mind himself. But here I meet a difficulty. As the same must for the same reason be

* P. cxx. By this passage I understood Mr. Furnivall to mean that Shakspeare's imaginative power was *limited* by his personal experiences. He explains his true meaning in the following note:—"This is news to me. I was, and am, under the impression, 1st, that I believed and believe Shakspere to possess higher imagination than any other mind I have ever come across, and that it has stirred and lifted me more than anything else in the world; 2nd, that I had written of Shakspere's varied powers (p. cxv.) as 'the agents of that imagination which made him the greatest poet of the world' (p. cxvi.). I intend to keep up these delusions. I still believe that the *greatest* work of every great artist is 'based on' what he has felt himself. But as for saying that this 'based on' is equivalent to 'limited to,' so that Shakspere could produce no 'great and deep' work unless it represented his own experience, I never have said it and I never meant to say it."—*F. J. F.* So I should have supposed: but if so, where in *Othello*, *Macbeth*, *Lear*, *Coriolanus*, or *Timon*, is the *evidence* that he had "*felt* hell?"

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true with regard to his "deep and great" representations of other states of mind, what are we to do when we find good and bad states of mind delineated with equal depth and greatness in the same play? How shall we escape the conclusion that he was himself *at the same time* in a *good* state of mind? To represent Isabella to the life must have required quite as much personal experience as to represent Claudio; but such experience must have been obtained in the other place; and though it is easy to understand how he may have *imagined* both at the same time, I do not see how he can in any other sense have *been* both.

In order, therefore, to determine by this method the condition of his soul when he was writing *Measure for Measure*, it is important to know which of these two characters is to be taken as that into which he was "putting his own feelings—himself." But Mr. Furnivall does not attempt to explain by what process we are to discover this. I should myself have looked for it in the character that he most approved and was most in sympathy with, and found it therefore in Isabella. Mr. Furnivall finds it in Claudio, whom he promotes (on what ground I cannot divine, unless it be that it supplied him with a "link") into the hero of the play.* And as there is hardly one of the series without half a dozen prominent characters, all like life and unlike each other—if we may choose which we please for the representative of Shakspeare's "prevailing temper of mind," as a man, for the time being, it is plain that we may make of him whatever we like. The principal character is not necessarily the one with which he is most in sympathy. Horatio in *Hamlet*, Banquo in *Macbeth*, Cordelia, Kent, and Edgar in *Lear*, the steward in *Timon*, Menenius in *Coriolanus*, are the persons who say and do what he most approves in each of those plays. And if it be asked why he should have chosen for a hero a man whose sayings and doings he did not altogether approve, it seems hardly necessary to answer that perhaps he wished to show what came of them.

That we may and do judge which character he is most in sympathy with by some other test than a preconceived opinion as to his own, is proved by the many cases in which we feel surprised at his apparent insensibility to faults which we should have thought most likely to offend him. But though to a disengaged mind the indications of sympathy are mostly clear enough, they may become invisible under the light of a strong prepossession: and I suspect that it was not either in the choice or in the handling of his dramatic subjects that Mr. Furnivall *discovered* the history of Shakspeare's "nature and life" as a man. He found it in them afterwards; but when he "chose to *look for* him and them

* "The centre of *Measure for Measure* is the scene of Isabella with Claudio in the prison, where his unfit nature fails under the burden of coming death laid upon him" (p. lxxv). "*Julius Cæsar*, *Hamlet*, and *Measure for Measure* are most closely allied by the unfitness of Brutus, Hamlet, and Claudio to bear the burden put on them" (p. cxx).

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there," I suspect that he knew quite well what he wanted to find.* His account (pp. xl.–lxiii.) of "the abounding, the overflowing happy life" of "the delightful Second Period" is separated from "the bitterness, the world-weariness of the terrible Third Period" by an account (pp. lxiv.–lxvii.) of the Sonnets.

"The great question is," he says, "do Shakspere's Sonnets speak his own heart and thoughts or not? And were it not for the fact that many critics really deserving the name of Shakspere students, and not Shakspere fools, have held the Sonnets to be merely dramatic, I could not have conceived that poems so intensely and evidently autobiographic and self-revealing—poems so one with the spirit and inner meaning of Shakspere's growth and life could ever have been conceived to be other than what they are, the records of his own loves and fears."

Assuming that they contain a record of his own story, he finds in them these facts which follow:

1. He was passionately attached to a beautiful youth, whose Christian name, Mr. Furnivall says, was "Will" (inferring the fact from what seems to me the misinterpretation of a pun, in a sonnet distinguished by the absence of every quality characteristic of Shakspeare), and his surname unknown.

2. He was anxious that this youth should marry, in order that his beauty might not die with him.

3. Having on some occasion to leave London, he was parted from him for a while.

4. While he was away his friend committed some "sensual fault," for which he blamed, but forgave him.

5. He himself committed a fault, the nature of which does not appear, further than that it was one that would "separate" them.

6. He had a "swarthy mistress," whom his friend "took away" from him.

7. His friend being called away somewhither, they were parted a second time; and he now grew jealous, on account of supposed rivals.

8. He grew tired of the world, because his friend "had mixed with bad company." Yet he excused him.

9. Finding his most formidable rival to be a poet, he prepared to take a final leave of his friend.

10. He was troubled because his friend became "vicious."

11. A third period of absence followed, during which they "com-

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* "Indeed, I did not come with *any* theory to Shakspere. I *did* look to find Shakspere in his works, but had no idea what kind of man I should find there. I honestly asked the plays what Shakspere was, and honestly set down their answer as I heard it."—*F. J. F.* [I hope I have said nothing which implies any doubt on this point. But did Mr. Furnivall ask the question and hear the answer, concerning Shakspeare's state of mind during the Third Period (*ætat.* 40–45), *before* he read the Sonnets?]

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mitted faults on both sides," and separated; but upon the friend's motion made it up again.

12. During the last term of separation, he had been so much "shaken" by his friend's "unkindness," that he told him "he had passed a hell of time."

13. This friendship, with these vicissitudes, had now lasted three years, and the renewal of love which took place at the beginning of the fourth was expected to make it firmer than ever, and is supposed by Mr. Furnivall to have held good for a long time—his reason being that some of the Sonnets are so difficult to construe that they cannot have been composed before the Third Period. But all we know about it is that the first group concludes, soon after the reconciliation, with Shakspeare "excusing himself for giving away his friend's present of some tables," "again describing his love for him," and "warning him that he too must grow old." *

This first group, which has a kind of continuity and coherency that gives it the appearance of being meant for one poem, closes with the 126th Sonnet. The remaining twenty-seven have neither coherency nor consistency, nor (with two or three exceptions) anything which I should take for real passion. For anything I can see, they may be a miscellaneous collection, picked up anywhere, put together anyhow, suggested by different occasions, addressed to different persons, the work of different hands. Mr. Furnivall, however, accepts them as a second *group*, addressed by Shakspeare to his "swarthy mistress," and containing a faithful record of his relation to her: a very strange one for any man to celebrate in a series of sonnets, whether for his own pleasure or hers, even if they were meant to go no further—stranger still, if meant for posterity; for they merely describe a passion discreditable to both parties—a passion, felt to be senseless and sinful, for an object known and proclaimed to be unworthy—a passion which his own Thersites would have had great pleasure in describing truly. But one or two of them seem to carry an allusion to an incident shadowed forth in the first group, that of his friend having been a favoured rival; and as the word "hell" occurs in them more than once, the great biographical fact that Shakspeare had "felt hell," and thereby qualified himself to write *Othello*, *Macbeth*, *Lear*, *Coriolanus*, and *Timon*, is considered to be established. "I always ask," says Mr. Furnivall, "that the sonnets should be read between the Second and Third Periods; for the 'hell of time' of which they speak is the best preparation for the temper of that Third Period, and enables us to understand it. The fierce and stern decree of that period seems to me to be, 'There shall be vengeance, death, for misjudgment, failure in duty, self-indulgence, sin,' and the innocent who belong to the guilty shall suffer with them: Portia, Ophelia, Desdemona, Cordelia, lie beside Brutus, Hamlet, Othello, Lear." †

* I quote from Mr. Furnivall's own analysis of the contents of the Sonnets considered as records of facts in Shakspeare's personal history.

† P. lxvii.

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Now if the temper of the Third Period has to be explained by the personal experiences spoken of in the Sonnets, we must suppose that it depended upon, and therefore could not have existed before, those experiences; and, as Mr. Furnivall asks us to read the Sonnets *after* the *Second* Period, it seems to follow that, according to his view, none of the effects which he attributes to that temper should be found in the plays which were produced *before* the *Third*. How, then, are we to explain the temper implied in *Romeo and Juliet*, in *King Richard III.*, and in *King John*? He supposes *Romeo and Juliet* to have been written between 1591 and 1593, *Richard III.* in 1594, *King John* in 1595. His Third Period begins in 1601. If, then, the experience acquired and the temper generated during the period of his friend's "unkindness" (which by Mr. Furnivall's reckoning cannot be dated before 1595)—the period when he "felt hell"—was a pre-requisite for the composition of tragedies in which vengeance and death, indiscriminately inflicted on the guilty and the innocent, was represented as the inevitable consequence of human error and crime, Shakspeare—"the man"—must have had it before he wrote those three plays; for it will not be disputed that vengeance and death are inflicted indiscriminately enough in all of them; and yet, if so, it must have been compatible with the happier and healthier temper to which we owe the "sunny or sweet-time comedies"* of the "delightful Second Period," which, according to Mr. Furnivall, came—in point of time—after. He must, therefore, have been capable either of having that temper without having had that taste of hell, or of having had that taste without continuing in that temper; and either way we escape the necessity of supposing that the great creations of his Third Period were the offspring of a soul degraded and demoralised—"built in the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark."

Nor is there any difficulty in accounting for them otherwise. If Mr. Furnivall could have been content with his four groups, answering generally to the four natural stages of human life, he would have seen that that phase in the progressive work of the imagination came in the natural order of things. Those early experiments in the delineation of tragic passion had made Shakspeare acquainted with the capabilities of that department of his art, and also with its difficulties and defects as then practised. He found out how to overcome the difficulties and do more justice to the capabilities, and looked about for subjects to try it on. Fit subjects for tragedy of course involved errors, failures, crimes, sins, vengeance, and death; for if everything had been sweet, and sunny, and delightful, the elements of tragedy would have been wanting. He found them both in real history and in poetic tradition, and he treated them according to their kind. But Mr. Furnivall is not satisfied with so commonplace an account of so simple a matter. He must separate these natural divisions into subordinate groups of two or three, by pick-

* P. vii.

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ing out some common peculiarity and referring it to some corresponding peculiarity in Shakspeare's own inward or outward life, which he first imagines and then offers in confirmation. He supposes him, for instance, to have laboured at one time under a sense of inability to do some duty that was laid upon him. The "mood" induced by this experience determined him to choose for his hero Brutus, upon whom was laid "the burden of setting right the time," under which he, being "unfit" to bear it—together with his wife, who "shared the strain of that burden on him"—"died, self-slaughtered." *

The same mood continuing, suggested for his next hero Hamlet, upon whom also is laid "the burden of setting right the times out of joint;" who also "knows himself unfit" for it, and who, "in bearing it, brings death to himself and the woman who loved him—her mind giving way under the strain;" and the way in which he "brought death to himself" points the moral of the lesson. Hearing that he has not half an hour to live in the course of nature, he "at last does sweep to his revenge, and sends his father's murderer to hell." This "involved the doing of his duty; under the burden of that his unfit nature sank." † It was the moral effort, not the poison on the foil, that killed him.

Requiring still another instance to satisfy the demands of this mood, he chose a more ordinary man overpowered by a more ordinary burden. Claudio, in *Measure for Measure*, is condemned to lose his head. His "unfit nature" shrinks from the apprehension of death: he proposes a shameful surrender; and though he repents immediately, and declares himself "so out of love with life that he will sue to be rid of it;" and shortly after receives the warrant for his death with manly composure (Act iv. sc. 2), and escapes the inevitable penalty after all, he stands for the third and last representative of this infirmity, and winds up the trilogy, which is to be called "The unfit-nature or under-burden-failing group"; ‡ the moral of which appears to be, that the best man should not attempt to set the time right, unless he is sure to succeed and not perish in the attempt;—that a son should not allow himself to be persuaded by his father's ghost that it is his duty to kill his uncle, unless he can trust himself to do it without scruple;—and that an ordinary man should not commit a capital offence unless his nature is fit to bear the burden of the duty of undergoing capital punishment.

But the liability of human nature to fail under burdens which it is not strong enough to bear was not all that Shakspeare learned in that unhappy time. He learned also that it was liable to yield to temptation: and to this discovery we owe *Othello* and *Macbeth*. Othello suffered himself to be tempted by Iago to think that it was his duty to kill his wife. Macbeth suffered himself to be tempted by the witches to believe that he was fated to be king. And the "vengeance of death" falls on

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* P. lxviii. † P. lxxiv.

‡ P. lxxxv.

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both. What particular experience enabled Shakspeare to describe those forms of temptation we are not informed, no confession of the kind being quoted from the Sonnets. But these two plays are to be called "The Tempter-yielding group."

Another discovery of the same period was the prevalence or the possibility of ingratitude in human nature, and the violence of the resentment it provokes in those who suffer from it. By what personal experience Shakspeare qualified himself to exhibit these phenomena, we are again left to find out or conjecture for ourselves. The worst ingratitude which he complains of in the Sonnets is that of his "swarthy mistress," in not being more faithful and loving to one who loves her so much in spite of her unworthiness and unattractiveness; and the strongest expression of resentment is contained in the terms of the complaint. But by some means or other he was oppressed (it seems) about this time with a sense of the wickedness of ingratitude and the mischief which it caused; and this induced the mood which manifested itself in the composition of two "Ingratitude and Cursing groups"; the first consisting of the single tragedy of *King Lear*, the second of *Coriolanus* and *Timon of Athens*; these two groups being, however, separated from each other by *Troilus and Cressida* and *Antony and Cleopatra*—the "Lust and False-Love group"—his qualification for which he owed no doubt to the swarthy mistress.

These complete "the terrible Third Period lesson"—that "for misjudgment, unreasoning jealousy, crime,—death is the penalty; no time for repentance is allowed; the innocent must suffer with the guilty." "Look," says Mr. Furnivall, "at Cæsar, Brutus, and the noble Portia, dead: Hamlet and Ophelia dead too: likewise Othello, Desdemona, and Emilia; Macbeth and his wife, Banquo, Macduff's wife and her little ones, Lear, Cordelia, and eyeless Gloster, beside Regan, Goneril, Cornwall, Edmund, Hector's gory corpse, Antony self-slain, Cleopatra too, Coriolanus murdered, Timon miserably dead. Think of the temper in which Shakspere held the scourge of the avenger in his hand, in which he felt the baseness, calumny, and injustice of the world around him, in which he saw as it were the heavens as iron above him, and God as a blind and furious fate,"* &c. "Compare for a minute your memories," &c.; "and then decide for yourselves whether *this change in Shakspere* was one of artist only, or, as I believe, one of man too: and whether many of the Sonnets do not help you to *explain it* with that 'hell of time' through which their writer past:

> For if you were by my unkindness shaken
> As I by yours, you have passed *a hell of time*."

To the obvious question whether Mr. Furnivall ever took the trouble to count up the deaths, with the manner of them, in any nine tragedies by any writer or writers whatever,—to mark the proportions of the in-

* P. lxxxvii.

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nocent and the guilty,—and then compare that list with this—he prepares us in a note for what he has to say in reply. "*I do not admit as a sufficient reason* that which of course rises in one's mind—that the change from Comedy to Tragedy, and then to Romantic Drama, involved this change of tone and temper, independent of the author's own moods. *I feel* that Shakspere's change of subject in his different periods was made because it suited his moods—the different ways in which on the whole, from Period to Period, he looked on the world." When a man *feels* that a thing is so, without being able to give his neighbour a reason for thinking that it is so, there is no more to be said. But in this case I think he must also feel that, though the change may have been really due to a change in Shakspeare's own temper, induced by his own personal experiences, yet *without* any such experiences or any such alteration of temper, the same change would certainly have occurred, if for *any* reason it had suited him to write tragedies instead of comedies. The notion that the "mood" of that dark period compelled him to choose subjects through which he could "wield the scourge of the avenger" is the more remarkable when we observe that two of the ten—*Measure for Measure* and *Troilus and Cressida*—supply occasions for the use of it both numerous and inviting; and yet it is either not applied or misapplied. In *Measure for Measure* there is plenty of "misjudgment, failure in duty, self-indulgence, sin," yet it contributes no instance of "vengeance and death" to swell Mr. Furnivall's list. In *Troilus and Cressida* the scourge passes by Cressida, Pandarus, Diomed, and Troilus, and falls on the man who least deserved it. It seems, therefore, that in the very depth of the dark period it suited Shakspeare's "mood, and the way in which, on the whole, he looked on the world," to choose for his subject, on two several occasions, a story that was not to end with the death of the principal characters, and in which, *therefore*, "the terrible Third Period lesson" could not be taught. To me, the indulgence shown to the guilty in *Measure for Measure*—an indulgence worthy of the Fourth Period, when "the God of forgiveness and reconciliation has taken the avenger's place," and seeks "repentance, not vengeance" (p. lxxxvii)—is sufficiently explained by the fact that the story which he was dramatising ends with marriages instead of deaths; and the imperfect execution of poetical justice in *Troilus and Cressida* by the fact that he had no authority for killing (during the time allotted to the action) any of the company except Hector.

Whether the circumstances hinted in the Sonnets are to be taken for incidents in Shakspeare's own life, is a question interesting as regards him, but not as regards the matter under discussion; for I do not find that any of them, or all together, help at all to explain how he came by the power, the temper, or the insight which are shown in his productions of the Third Period. Assume them to be biographical, and consider how much they imply. Suppose it true that, for the space of three years at least, he was possessed by a passionate friendship for a beautiful youth;

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that during those years he suffered the usual penalties of such a passion —jealousies, misunderstandings, unkindnesses, expostulations, quarrels, partings, and reconciliations; that he was often very unhappy in consequence; that he had at the same time fallen into another passion of a more earthly kind, an irrepressible affection or appetite for a woman whom he felt to be neither beautiful, nor good, nor true, nor attractive, yet who had some indescribable power over both himself and his friend, and that one of their quarrels was about her; lastly, that from the world at large he had met with disgraces, injuries, and disgusts, and having little respect for it, found it often very tiresome. Take all this for prosaic fact, judicially established by his own confession, and consider how far such experiences as these would go to furnish a man whose imagination could not travel beyond the range of *his own* experience (which being, according to Mr. Furnivall, the case of all great artists, we must suppose to have been eminently the case of Shakspeare) with insight into the souls of Brutus, Hamlet, Claudio, Othello, Macbeth, Lear and his daughters, Mark Antony, Cleopatra, Coriolanus, and Timon. For Angelo, Troilus, Cressida, and Mark Antony, they might perhaps (if the author of *Venus and Adonis* and the *Rape of Lucrece* can be supposed to have stood in need of instruction to qualify him for the "False Love or Passion group") have furnished hints: but the mysteries of passion in the others lie surely far beyond the sphere not only of any experiences indicated in the Sonnets, but of any *personal* experiences that he can be supposed to have had anywhere or at any time. To imagine him exhibiting men and women under conditions which he had not proved by trial is, according to Mr. Furnivall, to degrade him into the master of a puppet-show.* To me, on the contrary, it seems certain that he could not have exhibited those conditions as he has done while he was himself subject to them; and that whatever perturbations his spirit may have gone through, it had risen above them before he wrote his great tragedies, into—

The brightest heaven of *invention*,

from which he could look down with pity upon all the disorders of mankind. J. S.

* See p. cxx. "Some men . . . . assert . . . . that he sits apart, serene, unruffled himself by earthly passion, making *his puppets* move."

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English Sculpture in 1880.

It would seem as though comparatively few people had observed that the general revival of the arts amongst us has extended to the domain of sculpture. In the face of an annual exhibition, gradually but surely increasing in merit year by year, we are constantly confronted by the dictum that sculpture is dead in England. It is not a new complaint, it marks no studied conviction on the part of the public, it is merely one of the time-honoured commonplaces of newspaper criticism. It was never expressed more loudly than a hundred years ago, when Bacon and Nollekens were founding our national sculpture with their robust and original work; it was sounded a generation later in the ears of Flaxman, it greeted Alfred Stevens in his solitude, and Foley in the circle of his disciples. Whenever English sculpture has breathed strongly after one of its periodical trances, whenever it has stretched a limb or fluttered a pulse, criticism has hastened to assure it that it is as dead as a door-nail, and should permit itself to be borne decently and swiftly to the tomb. Thus encouraged, it is not wonderful that it fails to gain strength, or to throw off the sluggishness consistent with so complete a hypochondria. Since everyone busily informs him that he is dead, the courteous invalid can do no less than close his eyes and compose his limbs, and be as comatose as possible. Sculpture is not dead in England, let us distinctly say; but whose is the fault if it appear to be so?

The fault would seem to lie with three responsible bodies, each charged with the duty of observing and encouraging contemporary art—the public, the critics, the Royal Academy. Each of these can hardly be acquitted of a determined neglect of the interests of sculpture, and each has had a reflex influence in prejudicing the other two. The body of which artists complain the most, and which has, in fact, less fault in this particular case than any other, is the Royal Academy. The painters do not depend wholly upon the annual show at Burlington House; it is but the largest and most important of a variety of exhibitions at which, throughout the year, the public is invited to observe their productions. Some of the most celebrated painters of our day have never exhibited at the Royal Academy, and have successfully summoned their admirers around them at other galleries. But the sculptor has no public audience except at Burlington House, and the critic who desires to follow the progress of sculpture in England has no means of doing so except by a careful study, year after year, of the three rooms devoted to that art at the Academy, which becomes, in this way, the sole medium between the

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public and the sculptor. With all their faults, it cannot be said that the Academicians have ever denied the dignity of this particular art. They have given it a measure of encouragement in their schools, they have admitted its followers to a fair share of the honours of their foundation, and, above all, whatever resistance has been made to the endowment of false and meretricious popular work, has been made by the Academy. Where a just complaint may be brought against the Council, is in the matter of the space allotted to the works in sculpture year by year. When the Academy first arrived in Burlington House, so few works in this branch of art were exhibited that the three rooms, or rather two rooms and a half, were by no means unduly crowded. At present, on the contrary, the crush is very great, and most injurious to the effect of each individual statue, which, drawn so close as it is to two uncongenial neighbours, is apt to lose much of the harmony of its proportions. The whole principle upon which works of sculpture are now arranged at the Academy is injudicious. The long, flat line of busts set close to one another on a ledge half-way up a blank wall, is one of the most uncomely features of the whole exhibition, and the arrangement by which weary visitors are encouraged to sit and rest with their backs to the principal statues in the Central Hall, must surely be the grim pleasantry of some elderly painter of past times. A few ottomans cosily arranged *dos-à-dos* with Sir Frederick Leighton's nymphs, and a sofa wheeled up against Mr. Poynter's "Æsculapius," would form the best possible comment on the present manner of treating sculpture in the Academy. Everyone remarks the ease and comfort with which sculpture is seen in the garden of the Salon, and may ask why the Royal Academy is unable to contrive something more creditable to its fine rooms than the present array of "wall-flowers" in marble.

But if the Royal Academy has failed to do justice to sculpture, contemporary criticism has been still more neglectful. There are not a few writers amongst us at the present time who have given to the history and practice of painting that exact and sympathetic study which makes a critical survey of an exhibition a fine intellectual exercise. It was never so little admissible as it now is to treat a collection of paintings by a merely personal and accidental standard, approving of the intention of this and the subject of that, and making the individuality of the visitor the final canon of taste. We have by no means escaped from criticism of this helpless kind, but it is much that we possess several accredited critics of painting who set their faces against such a treatment of art, and who have introduced with prestige a mode more exact and scientific. But none of these writers seem to have been drawn to the study of contemporary sculpture, and we meet, in the best reviews, with a most judicious survey of the painting of the year side by side with a short paragraph on sculpture, composed in the old haphazard fashion of twenty years ago. We submit that before the critics condemn with contempt the whole production of a country, they should give themselves the

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trouble to examine with some little care the works exhibited. The connoisseur who shows in one paragraph that he has not mastered the elementary principles of the practice of bas-relief, gives occasion to the sculptor to blaspheme when, in the next, he is pleasantly reminded of Luca della Robbia by the most slovenly work of the year. Sculpture is an art the technical character of which is less easily observed than that of painting, and the eye of a critic who has a fine natural taste for art may very easily be deceived if he trusts to that alone, without any practical study. Without doubt, our accomplished art-critics will readily acknowledge this, and consent to give to sculpture that special attention which would render their criticism equally beneficial to the artist and to the public. At present, it must frankly be said that what is written in our newspapers about the art is simply void to the one and misleading to the other.

A more general suffusion of critical knowledge would preserve the public also from many errors of judgment and selection. Sculpture ought to be the most popular of all the arts. It appeals to the eye of the spectator even more directly than architecture itself; it does not require to be visited, in a gallery, like painting, but it stands before the workman as he goes to his daily labour; its form approaches nearer to reality than a picture does, and it has a meaning from every point of view, not from one only. Yet so true is it that we need to be taught to see the most obvious features of the world around us, that ninety-nine people out of a hundred will pass a statue without observation, when a picture, being a work of art which they have been taught to understand, will catch their attention at once, notwithstanding its far more artificial qualities. The very simplicity and monochromatic character of sculpture, so far from assisting an untaught eye, seem to confound and perplex it. In France, the only modern country where sculpture can really be said to flourish, the public is very likely equally indifferent to the niceties of the art, but the misfortunes from which we suffer in England are prevented by the copious patronage of the State. Every year the French Government gives large commissions to the best sculptors, and by this means the art is enabled to exist in prosperity without being at the mercy of popular taste. But it is not likely, or perhaps desirable, that this system should ever largely prevail in England, although the few occasions in which the State has patronised sculpture have been singularly beneficial to the art. Most of our public groups and figures are due to private enterprise in combination, and the particular manner in which these commissions are worked, is one of the crying evils of the art-life of the day. It is perhaps not undesirable to dwell a little on a point which has a very practical importance to our whole group of sculptors. When a corporation or a company desires to raise a monument to some public man, the system now in vogue requires that it should subscribe a certain amount of money, and then advertise for sketches to be sent in by any sculptors who like to compete. No man, however, whose time has any

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value, can be expected to give his work for nothing; and so, to secure good studies, a primary selection is made among the competitors, and a fee has to be paid to each of these. By this means a tenth of the sum collected is wasted before any decision has been reached. At last the selected models are placed before a professional committee, usually quite unaccustomed to sit in judgment upon works of art, and by this committee the final choice is made. Now, everyone familiar with the process of art knows that the sketch of a work by a master is precisely what an outsider finds it most difficult to comprehend. The smooth and conventional model of a mediocre man looks less surprising and more effective to an unpractised eye than the rough sketch of a great artist. So the professional committee, truly desiring to do the best thing for its clients, and unwilling to trust to the advice of any technical authority, falls into the trap that mediocrity lays for it, and selects the smooth and feeble design. But this danger, upon which six committees out of seven strike, is not the only one involved in the system of competitions now in fashion. One still more serious to the art of the country is the unavoidable jealousy that it engenders among artists, and the isolation in which it forces sculptors to live. No man is able to frequent the studio of his contemporaries when he and they are alike at work for a competition. His mind and hand must labour in solitude, he must forego all the advantage that accrues from the amiable discussion of ways and means. His colleagues, instead of welcoming his skilled criticism and his fresh practised eye, close their studio doors with suspicion to a possible rival. As long as such a system is in vogue among us, individuals of genius may rise here and there above the throng of workmen, but we shall never enjoy the possession of a national school. This will appear more clearly when our age has become history; but we require no distant perspective to show us that, ugly as many of our public statues are, none are so deplorable as those that owe their existence to competitions; even as we write these lines, London is being disgraced by a competitive statue of Byron which will be laughed at, as long as it exists, from one end of Europe to another.

A great deal of nonsense is talked about the impossibility of preserving sculpture out of doors in England. The destructive action of the atmosphere has been greatly exaggerated, and in the case of works in bronze does not, properly speaking, exist at all. Grinling Gibbons' statue of James II., in Whitehall Yard, has borne the disintegrating stress of rain and fog for two hundred years, and does not seem any the worse for it. The surface of bronze is, indeed, almost indestructible. The rudest navvy might be set to scrape a statue with a brick-end, and he would be found to have done it less harm than the accumulations of the dirt of years. It is less a matter of complaint that the English climate destroys sculpture than that the English public takes no trouble to cleanse it. The only public figure which it seems anybody's business to scour and keep decent is Foley's beautiful statue of Sidney Herbert in front

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of the War Office in Pall Mall, one of the best of our monumental figures, indeed, but not the only one that is worthy of a washing.* In 1785, Peter Pindar, lashing the unfortunate Sir William Chambers, accused him of encouraging the election, as Academicians, of such persons

> As can wash best the larger statues' faces,
> And clean the dirty linen of the Graces,
> Scour best the skins of the young marble brats,
> Trap mice, and clear the Academy from rats.

What was then suggested in jest might really be now carried out in earnest. It would be by no means an unworthy extension of the scope of the Academy, if it were empowered by the Office of Works to appoint one of its members to superintend the periodical cleansing of all public monuments, to the great indulgence of sensitive and æsthetic persons. The reliefs at the base of the Nelson column would be the first to respond to the invitation to let themselves be seen.

Not only is it a fallacy to suppose that bronze is destructible in our climate, marble itself may, with a very little care, be preserved from decay in the open air. Two kinds of marble are used in the art, and they are distinguished as Statuary and Sicilian. The former is set apart for indoor work only, the latter is almost always of a bluish tint, and somewhat uneven in colour and density. It is hard, sometimes intensely hard, especially the variety known as *campanella*, from its bell-like resonance. These Sicilian marbles are thoroughly appropriate for out-door art, and their uneven colour and the faint veins that run through the blocks form no disadvantage to a work of large size. These marbles are dense enough to carry out Gautier's charge to the artist—

> Que ton rêve flottant
> Se scelle
> Dans le bloc résistant,

and yield nothing of their delicacy of surface to the ordinary attacks of such a climate as ours. In the centre of the City of London there are two alto-relievos, with life-sized figures, which were executed in Sicilian marble fifteen years ago, and which have been kept as bright, sharp, and interesting as they were the day they were put up, by being played upon every now and then by the hose of a fire-engine. It may be added that the same durable and beautiful material was employed in the Albert Memorial.

Another great drawback to the progress of popular taste in sculpture is the curious prejudice in favour of Italian work which came into fashion half a century ago, with the successes of Canova, and which has survived the final decadence of the Roman school. We are glad to see

* This spring a bird has successfully built a nest and reared a brood in the draperies of Westmacott's statue of Canning, in New Palace Yard, without the smallest disturbance from the Office of Works.

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that the Royal Academy discourages more and more the exhibition in its rooms of those flimsy and meretricious productions which do so much to lead away our weaker brethren. The London exhibitions this year do not contain a single work done in Italy or after the Italian manner which deserves any serious consideration. Design has totally abandoned the Italian sculptors, and they depend for their success on their extraordinary skill in under-cutting and treating the surfaces of marble on the one hand, and their vulgar use of *genre* on the other. We are stimulated by no insular or provincial jealousy in begging the Italians to keep within the confines of their own country, and to prove it we may say, before having mentioned the name of one living native sculptor, that we should welcome with open arms the exhibition in London of works by such Frenchmen as Dubois, Chapu, or Mercié. The serious and learned work of the French might indeed put much of our cold and dry sculpture to the blush, but the lesson it would teach would be of inestimable value to us. But while we speak of the French school of to-day with a becoming modesty, we acknowledge no such supremacy in the Italians. They make good workmen, but bad artists; they know how to wield the chisel, but they are powerless with the modelling-tool, and above all they seem absolutely incapable, at present, as a nation, of that elevation of the spirit and intellectual nobility without which sculpture is like a musical instrument in the hands of a man who has no ear. It may safely be contended that we have at least half-a-dozen sculptors in England who can beat the most accomplished Italian in everything except the mere bravura of execution. Subjects which an English, and still more a French master, would inspire with dignity and grandeur, descend in the hands of an Italian to pettiness and prettiness, and the soft, over-chiselled statue, when it is finished, has lost all vestige of style or character. Yet the public is constantly seduced by the charming brilliance of surface and affected elegance of pose, and the trade in Italian statuary is a perpetual danger to the vitality of our native sculpture.

It is doubtless owing to the want of style and true charm in the common chamber statuary of the Italians, that sculpture has been so little invited to take a share in the recent movement in favour of beautifying the dwelling-house. This movement arose in the Gothic camp, and its founder expressed himself with terrible vigour against the unfortunate art of sculpture. Doubtless he had in his mind some smirking nymph or effeminate deity of modern Roman work, and he was specifically right, though, as we hold, generically wrong. The desire for "art in the house" has widely extended, and has come to outgrow all specially Gothic bias; but the claims of the statue, and still more of the statuette, have been too much neglected. Nothing gives more refinement and style to a large room, somewhat severely furnished, than a few beautiful specimens of sculpture. There is now being exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery the model of a statuette some three feet high, a Naiad

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negligently pouring water from a slender urn, which it is impossible to see without wishing that one had the opportunity to invite Mr. MacLean, its author, to execute it in marble for the centre of a dwelling-room. In corners where there now stands a gorgeous Indian vase or Japanese pot, space might be found for figures that would be intellectually more worthy of attention, and no less decorative in character. The conventional clock on the mantelpiece of a rich room might very advantageously be exchanged for one of those vigorous little figures in bronze for which one or two of our younger sculptors show a special aptitude, and indeed the deep and picturesque colour of fine bronze makes it perhaps more thoroughly in harmony with the tones of a modern artistic house than marble, which requires considerable brightness of surrounding, and a tone not sinking below grissaille, to escape a certain glaring whiteness. But those who deny or disregard the value of fine sculpture in a dwelling-house, should inspect the drawing-room at Osborne, where the presence of at least a dozen statues, arranged in different parts of the room, gives an air of dignity and serenity which is wholly pleasurable.

It will perhaps be observed that we speak of marble and bronze as if no other substances existed which found their place in the art of sculpture. We are not unconscious of the charm which many find in the naïve and accentuated character of terra-cotta, a substance that seems to lend itself to improvisation in the art. Without sharing this fascination, we can admit that terra-cotta may legitimately please those who crave for a link between the coloured variety of painting and the monochromatic simplicity of sculpture. Yet we regard it as a dangerous licence, tending rather to rhetoric than to poetry, and safely to be admitted only in bas-relief, which, as the dramatic side of sculpture, demands a form less exact than any other, as we admit prose and a lax system of versification into dramatic poetry only. It is well to keep this analogy clearly before us. We offer no dishonour to the infinitely versatile and brilliant art of painting when we assert that it is the prose of art, and that sculpture is the poetry. Painting, like prose, is free to treat any theme in nature, in literature, in history. It may revive the glories of the past or sketch the humdrum features of to-day; the world is all before it, where to choose; it may adopt any subject, any style; nothing is too ambitious, nothing too trivial for it to treat; it is equally well employed upon the fall of empires or on the shadows of a morning cloud. Sculpture, on the other hand, like poetry, is bound by ancient and immovable laws to move within a certain range of exact form. These technical restrictions tramel only those who are not born to contend with and to overthrow them. To the born artist, to the poet or sculptor, they give an intensity of inspiration, a severe beauty of style that lifts his best work at once to the level of that of the masters of prose or painting. With fewer means he arrives at an end no less brilliant than theirs, and is crowned, if crowned at all, with a more delicate wreath by the Muses. This hope of supreme attainment supports him in contending against difficulties

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and restrictions unknown in the more facile art, and he comforts himself that if the painter and the proseman strike nineteen times while he is motionless, the twentieth, which is his, will more than reverse their position. And as, in the art of poetry, no real master of verse rejects the power and prestige with which the traditional limits of his art endow him, but leaves to experimentalists and rhapsodists the craving to revolutionise the form of poetry, so the master of sculpture will mainly leave to the novice and the charlatan the more prosaic substances which allow themselves to be carved and moulded, fearing even in the use of terra-cotta to lose something of the serious and tragic force of sculpture. Plaster is permitted as the necessary mould and matrix of the tragic idea, not regarded at all as a durable or self-sufficient class in sculpture, but only as the humble form through which the type must pass on its way to immortality in bronze or marble. Many a fine work, unhappily, never passes beyond the plaster form, but this is a mere accident of unpopularity, the stigma of financial ill-success. No sculptor regards his plaster figure as anything but the chrysalis out of which the Psyche of his art will evolve, and to the eye of an artist of refined perceptions something of the same unripeness and insufficiency clings to the frailty of terra-cotta.

We have hitherto confined ourselves to the consideration of those general principles of style which act upon the sculptor from without, and of the assistance or hindrance that he receives from the public. This has been necessary as a preliminary exercise, although not bearing exclusively on the art of the present year or of the present decade. It is time, however, to turn from the abstract to the concrete, and to survey the actual condition of sculpture among us. Setting aside any estimate founded upon mere popular success, we hold the condition of the art in England in 1880 to afford material less of performance than of promise, and to call for hope rather than for self-congratulation. The influence of the Albert Memorial has been at work in generating a bolder and more confident treatment, a juster sense of design, a franker sentiment in composition. We look back to the sculpture of twenty years ago with a sense of extreme relief. The deadly smoothness of Chantrey, the awkwardness of Behnes, the pedantry of Gibson, the whole evil genius of the dark age that succeeded the dawn of Flaxman, all seems to have past away, or to be traced only in the work of two or three artists who no longer assert an influence over public taste. The errors that led astray alike the most opposite talents of the last generation have lost their fascination for the new race of sculptors, and the signs of revival are clearly to be observed by any eyes that are open to perceive them. Still, the old dry manner, the cold and pedantic mode of misinterpreting the antique, are not lost in a day, when they have ruled a people for a quarter of a century. We have dated the revival from the unveiling of the Albert Memorial, and we believe that the future historian of the English art of the nineteenth century will find for that event a position much more prominent

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than was given to it in the criticism of the hour. It was the first great protest against the evil system of competition; it forced the individual artists of an age to combine in a great design, and drew them together out of their isolation into something more like a school than England had ever previously seen. The architectural genius that presided at the birth of the general design is now pretty widely admitted to have been an unlucky one, but it lies outside our province to discuss that question here. Enough to say that nothing can be conceived more beneficial for plastic art in this country than the scheme which invited eight or ten of our best sculptors to unite, without rivalry or fear of criticism, in a great imaginative work. The years so spent were even more fertile in their effect upon the future of art than in the merit of the groups then immediately produced, although the value of some of these is intrinsically very high. The relievos of Mr. Armstead, in particular, will continue to be admired and studied as long as they remain in existence, and mark, historically, the artistic coming-of-age of the most accomplished sculptor that we now possess.

In reviewing the art of the year, it is natural to consider what has been achieved or attempted in the domain of the Group. The group is in sculpture what the epic poem is in poetry, it is the final ambition and supreme exercise of the artist. As the world gets older the power of commanding this sustained action of mind and hand seems to grow less and less, yet even among the ancients it would seem that the number of single figures immensely overbalanced the number of groups. By a group we understand a collection of two or more human beings, or animals to whom we attribute the importance and individuality of men, in distinct relation to each other. The mere introduction of an animal into a work of art, such as the horse in an equestrian figure, does not render it a group, for it is but an accessory to the man, but if the man were represented on the ground, struggling with the horse, or in relation to it in any centaur-form, we permit to the work the title of a group. So Mr. Brock's "A Moment of Peril," in the Royal Academy, is a group, because, although it depicts a Red Indian on horseback repelling the advances of a great snake, and contains no other human figure, yet the serpent is so important in the composition, so menacing and thrilling in its independent attitude, that the eye accedes to it the rank of a human figure, and acknowledges that it is of equal value with the figure of the Indian. It is about fifty years since Barye introduced to the French public, with startling originality, his compositions of animals and men in juxtaposition; in some of his grandest works the human element, though not the human interest, was entirely absent, and one vast creature met another in mortal shock. A very special talent is needed to carry out so rough a design without offending against the canon of beauty, and what Barye did supremely well, it cannot be said that all his disciples have succeeded in doing. The disciples of Foley, of whom Mr. Brock is one of the most distinguished, are wanting neither in spirit nor in ambition.

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They attempt to scale the highest peaks of their art with an audacity that they are almost alone in possessing, but the best of them seem lacking in poetic invention and originality, while the less gifted ones fall on every hand into the sin of plagiarism. It would be easy to point to the previous works which rise to the spectator's memory, and remove, one by one, the pleasure he would else receive from Mr. Brock's spirited and well-executed group. It is difficult to believe in the ultimate success, in any very large sense, of an artist so little able to see things from his own point of view. Another pupil of Foley, Mr. Birch, may attain to higher things, because, although his work is awkward where Mr. Brock's is accomplished, he has more invention, and assumes a style of his own. He has passed from the ideal work, by which he first became known, to the realistic study of military subjects, which he treats too farcically, and with too little depth of feeling. His soldiers are apt to look like acrobats in uniform, yet the public, which has been attracted to his name this spring at an unfortunate moment, will hardly suppose that his unlucky group of this year, but rather his previous statues, have gained him the distinction of A.R.A. When all is said, it is probably to Mr. Birch to whom the State would do best to apply, if some feat of British arms had to be commemorated in a becoming monument. He would no doubt do better rather than worse on such an occasion than has been done in past times by Wyatt and Behnes. What talent our sculptors possess in the composition of a group is hardly indicated by their productions in the Academy this year.

It is "in the round," in solitary figures, that the higher forms of sculpture now chiefly subsist. The group is too ambitious for constant use; its nature demands more intellectual tension and a stricter selection of theme than is generally convenient to the sculptor, and the confusion of its lines and broken *silhouette* against the sky are practical difficulties that are apt to intimidate him. Among monumental or iconic figures of full size, in modern dress, Mr. Boehm's Lord John Russell is the example which we select from the work of the year. This statue has been much objected to by some of the reviewers; but, we think, with injustice. The statesman was not a person of commanding height or exquisite feature, and to have attempted to give these qualities to his statue would have been absurd. No doubt Chantrey would have lifted the head, and given to the face a flattering sweetness of outline; but even he could not have risked positive height or beauty, and the result of such idealism would have been neither true nor charming. Mr. Boehm gives us the earnestness of attitude, the fire in the eye; and, although this statue will never be his masterpiece, there is nothing weak or tame about it, and it sustains his reputation for modern portrait-figures. The Hungarian artist has been settled among us so long that we may consider him one of ourselves, and enjoy the credit due to his learning, energy, and skill. His portrait statue of Mr. Carlyle, a few years ago, was a work such as is seldom produced in England, and which

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any modern master might have been proud to sign. But though Mr. Boehm's talent is genuine, it is narrow. We do not remember a single instance in which this fecund artist has left the domain of portraiture, and we should be sorry to see his interesting, but prosaic manner, too closely followed by younger men. Imaginative work must always take the first place, and the sculpture of a country would scarcely be worth writing about if it dealt with nothing but realistic portraits.

In "ideal" sculpture—as work of the imagination has rather unfortunately grown to be termed—the present year has seen the production of a statue so remarkable that it gives a fresh pulse to our hopes for the future of the art in England. Mr. Hamo Thornycroft's performances during the last four or five years have been spirited enough to draw general attention to the young sculptor, but not to prepare us for the singular excellence of his "Artemis" this year. He has been noticeable from the first for his freshness of manner, and for a certain dignity of conception rare among English sculptors. His "Lot's Wife," in 1878, was admirably invented and executed; but his work last year gave us reason to fear that his might be one of those ephemeral lyric talents that evaporate with the first dew of youth. His "Artemis" has nobly proved that we were wrong, and that the fountain of his invention is still unexhausted. But he has more than invention, precious a gift as that is; he has the rarer attribute of style. In saying this we do not mean that he has mastered all the mysteries of his art: we find traces in his work of youth, of inexperience. He has thrown aside the conventional range of draperies, and has found the difficulties of original treatment of folds greater than he had anticipated. Fired with a just disdain of prettiness and sleekness, he has not given to his goddess the full grace of a supple and undulating motion. But it must be a very unsympathetic criticism that should blame an artist for such faults as these—restrictions of which he is probably more sensitively conscious than any of his judges. Mr. Thornycroft has produced a figure that lifts him to the front rank of contemporary sculptors, a figure full of simplicity and dignity, modern in sentiment and antique in form, blending the present and the past by sympathy rather than by antiquarian study, and answering to the usual mock-antique of sculpture as a poem of André Chenier, or Keats, answers to an ode of Akenside. Mr. Thornycroft is to be congratulated on his high sense of stately and virginal beauty in woman. The "Artemis" is the best, but not the first example of his remarkable feeling for female beauty—a gift that should lead him far, and be popularly welcome, in an age when a tendency to prefer oddity or picturesqueness to beauty in art threatens to become a snare. We look forward with anxiety to Mr. Thornycroft's future, because it has been our misfortune, especially in the art of painting, to see not a few young men exhibit extraordinary power in some one direction, be overwhelmed with recognition by the public, and then subside, in the heyday of youth, into inaction, instead of pushing on to fresh triumphs and more durable successes. It would

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be an unfortunate thing if the success of his works this year should in any way persuade Mr. Thornycroft to rest on his oars. What he has done is more than remarkable; but we believe he has the ability to do far better than this, and to take the lead among English sculptors of imagination. Such a reputation, however, is not built in a day. For the time being, in Mr. G. A. Lawson, whose male figures, illustrative of poetic literature, are delicate without ever being effeminate or fatuous, he has a possible rival.

An annual exhibition is hardly the best place to study bas-relief, that charming art which does not properly exist except as the ornament of architecture. We ought to judge an entablature or a frieze when it is fixed in its place upon the building, the harmony of which it completes and emphasises. But the Royal Academy this year gives the critic an unusually favourable opportunity of studying, in extreme contrast, the two classes into which work of this kind is naturally divided. Historically, the Nineveh friezes and the relievo panels of fifteenth century Florentine work supply us with the most familiar instances of these opposite styles. In one the object of the artist is decorative, in the other pictorial; in one he produces his effects by broad low planes, securing large masses of light and pencilled shadows; in the other his figures start from the background with animation, and he aims at gaining the most picturesque effect possible by rounded forms, a rich broken surface, and deep chasms of shadow. Between these two extremes the lovely dramatic art of bas-relief has always oscillated, the latter class having been most in vogue since the Italian Renaissance. In the Academy, as we have said, we find this year a fine typical example of each. We are far from placing Mr. Tinworth on a level with Mr. Armstead; but his "Going to Calvary" is so spirited that we do the more eminent sculptor no injustice in comparing or contrasting it with "The Courage of David." Mr. Tinworth's frieze of coarse and animated figures, hurrying the Saviour to His execution, is conceived in the full spirit of the school of Ghiberti. It teems with life and excitement, and sacrifices almost every purely sculpturesque quality to secure picturesqueness. The only way in which we can imagine it to attain architectural propriety is by supposing it to be the centre-piece of an entablature indefinitely continued round a building. It is the weakness of this class of work to seem fragmentary, and an anecdote rather than a complete narrative. Mr. Armstead's decorative marble, notwithstanding its curious archaic air, is more truly an independent work, and much more wisely designed for an architectural position. It is a work of singular ingenuity and beauty, and exhibits those qualities of style which make Mr. Armstead, from a technical point of view, distinctly the best of our living English sculptors. His modelling has a sharpness and a bright, strong touch, that we look for in vain elsewhere, and that have never been much cultivated in England. Probably few of the thousands who pass up and down Whitehall every day have ever stopped to look up at Mr. Armstead's reliefs on

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the façade of the Colonial Office, or in doing so have reflected how exceedingly rare such beautiful work is, not merely with us, but in any modern country of Europe.

A survey of the busts exhibited this year does not leave upon us the impression that we have any striking genius for portraiture amongst us. There is one head by Mr. Woolner that is very delicately finished, but one swallow does not make a summer. Most of the artists whose names we have already mentioned contribute one or more busts in which it is easy to discover some merit of vigour or grace. But we confess that we think that one of Weekes' good portrait heads would have shone out among the work of the present year with distinction, and yet Weekes had talent rather than genius. The fact is that English sculpture neglects the requirements of portraiture, and is in no other department in so great need of revival as in this. We see little effort made to read the inside as well as the outside of a head of intellect. It is the duty of the sculptor very often to have to model the portraits of persons devoid of beauty, charm, or elevation. It is the most tedious part of his business, and he has not the opportunity, which the painter enjoys, of adding picturesqueness to the accessories, or richness to the surrounding colour. A first-rate sculptor, however, will succeed in adding points of interest, even to a poor head, by some delicacy of treatment or brilliancy of execution. Mr. Boehm used to know how to do this, but Mr. Boehm seems to have grown languid. Towards heads of this class, however, criticism is lenient, for the artist is not responsible for the hopeless mediocrity of his sitter. We are not so indulgent when the sculptor has a man of real intellectual ability to pourtray. We then expect that he should give us, not merely the form of the skull, but the kindling of the features, and project upon his marble the glow of the great mind with which he has been in contact while the work progressed. But this is just what the portrait sculptors of our day do not seem able to do. The Royal Academy this year contains two marble busts of the President of the Royal Society, each to a certain degree like the original, yet each wholly valueless as a record of his appearance. We cannot help fancying, from the expression of the busts, that one of these gentlemen frightened Mr. Spottiswoode, and that the other fatigued him consumedly. Neither can have had any sympathy with his mind or curiosity to investigate its working.

It may be noticed that we have succeeded in bringing these remarks to a close without any reference to the antique. In our opinion the comparison of modern with ancient work in sculpture, especially any one single statue with the bulk of Greek statuary, is exceedingly unfair and discouraging to the modern artist. The sculptor himself can hardly contemplate too lovingly the relics of antique perfection, so long as he withholds himself from imitation and plagiarism, but the critic should judge his contemporaries by the gentler standard of modern production, and need not deny all merit to a Dubois or a Foley because he is not a Pheidias. Artists and connoisseurs have grown modest since Horace

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Walpole thought it necessary to write on one of the Hon. Mrs. Damer's statues :—

Non me Praxiteles fecit, at Anna Damer,

nor is any good sculptor at the present day likely to underrate the immense chasm that divides his own work from the magnificence of the Olympian Hermes or of the Venus of Milos. He knows that even were he to rise for once to the level of the Greeks, and carve a figure as strong and beautiful as one of the historical masterpieces, his marble would not have the harmony of tone, his idea would not have the freshness, his age would not have the enthusiasm that would enable him to compete with the ancients in prestige. It is better, in specific criticism, to let the Greeks alone, and rather inquire whether English sculptors have got further in their art, achieved a truer sense of its aims, arrived at loftier and juster forms, than Wilton and Nollekens had a century ago. It must, moreover, be recollected that it was not every year, even in Greece, that a Venus of Milos was produced, and that it is mere ignorance to suppose that all the statues annually executed there enjoyed the same exquisite perfection. Meanwhile the sculptors should work hopefully on, unflagging in their ambition, constantly occupied with those great and simple thoughts upon which the masters of their art have always been nourished. Sir Joshua Reynolds exactly defined the attitude which a sculptor should preserve towards ancient art, when he passed upon Banks the fine eulogy that "his mind was ever dwelling upon subjects worthy of an ancient Greek." Modern artists lose not a little by the unfortunate indifference they show to literature. To sculptors, above all others, the cultivation of an imaginative temperament, and the study of the best poetry is essential; without this they can scarcely fail to yield to trite inspirations and to the fatal fascination of *genre*.

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Minuets.

Few persons, perhaps, have ever considered that the minuet, notwithstanding its solemn triviality and dignified affectation, was really in its essence and origin a reaction of decorum and dignity against the licentious dances in vogue amidst the highest society during the first half of the seventeenth century. It is sufficient to read any French memoirs of this period to perceive how scandalous—both from the point of view of good morals and good taste—were the ballets and dances performed at the Court of the Tuileries by princes and princesses of the blood, in company with hired opera-dancers, male and female. For this species of exhibition the minuet was undoubtedly an excellent substitute. And although considered simply in itself the minuet, with its elegant attitudinising and pompous affectation, has a ridiculous side to it, yet we must remember that at its beginning it was welcomed as being far more modest and decent than the dances then in fashion. The minuet, in fact, raised a distinct line of demarcation between stage dancing and society dancing; and this was for many reasons a gain to morality.

But it was during the eighteenth century that the minuet reached the height of its popularity. In France and Italy it became an absolute passion; and many English readers will be surprised to hear of ecclesiastical dignitaries, princes of the Church, dancing minuets in the Eternal City! Yet such was undoubtedly the case. Abbés, who swarmed in Rome, and held as it were only a brevet rank in the ecclesiastical army, used to dance minuets with the powdered and patched dames of the period. Eminent cardinals did not quite go that length, but went through the dignified evolutions of the minuet with each other! There exists a very curious production, never printed, although pretty widely circulated, of which a MS. copy now lies before me. It is a drama, with music and dancing, entitled *Il Conclave dell'* 1774; the scene is the Vatican Palace; the interlocutors, their eminences the cardinals; and the argument, the intrigues and incidents of the conclave which met in October 1774 to elect a successor to Pope Clement XIV.! The drama was represented during the carnival of 1775, at a private theatre. That such a production should be written and circulated—not to say prepared—is the most curious and striking commentary on the state of feeling as to ecclesiastical matters in Rome at that period. When one considers what is the orthodox *theory* of a papal conclave, and what divine influences are (officially) supposed to prevail in it, this crudely realistic picture is indeed amazing. And not less noteworthy is the progress which

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has been made during the last century in earnestness about earnest things. The most uncompromising enemies of the Church would admit that the conclave which elected Pope Leo XIII. was composed of men penetrated with the conviction of the grave importance of their task; whilst her most devoted adherents could scarcely pretend so much for the conclave which elected Braschi to the chair of St. Peter, under the title of Pius VI.

But to return to our minuets: in the above-mentioned drama (Scene v. Act I.) occurs the following dialogue between Cardinals D'Elci and Calino:—

Card. D'Elci.— ——dirci che per passar il tedio
A giuocar ci mettessimo il Tresette.*
Card. Calino.—No; è meglio che balliamo un minuette.
Così si fa del moto,
Così l'ipocondria si scaccia.
Card. D'Elci.—Prence mio, vuoi così, così si faccia.
Ecco Corsini! Egli potrà sonando
Guidare il ballo nostro;
Il ballo non fe' mai vergogna all' ostro.

Of which the following is a translation:—

Card. D'Elci.—I would suggest we set ourselves to play
Tresette, as a refuge from *ennui*.
Card. Calino.—Nay; it were best to dance a minuet.
Thus we get exercise, and chase away
Black hypochondria.
Card. D'Elci.— 'Tis well, my prince;
Since thus you wish, so be it! Lo, Corsini!
He will accompany our rhythmic steps
With music. Never has the dance disgraced
The purple!

In order to realise to our imagination the abyss which separates our sentiments and manners on such subjects from the sentiments and manners of a hundred years ago, let us picture to ourselves an author (and that author an abbé!) representing their Eminences Cardinals Manning and Hohenlohe going through a figure of the Lancers to the lively fiddling of Cardinal Nina! But, at any rate, the above passage will serve to prove the universal passion for the minuet which prevailed during the eighteenth century.

The learned are divided as to the origin of the minuet, and the derivation of the word. An Italian writer says that the name assuredly came from France, whatever might be the origin of the dance; and derives it from *menu*—small, minute—which epithet was applied to it on account of its small neat steps. Sebastian Brossard gives Poitou as its native country. Others, again, declare that it was a rustic dance in vogue amongst the peasants of Anjou, and from thence introduced at the

* A game of cards very fashionable at the period.

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French court by the celebrated musician Lully; and that Louis XIV. became extravagantly fond of it, and brought it into fashion by dancing it at Versailles in 1660. But the period of its greatest glory and influence was, as has been said, the eighteenth century. The names of many of its chief professors and performers have been preserved for the gratification of the curious. In Italy a certain Monsieur Dufort was one of the most celebrated teachers of the minuet; and Monsieur Liepig received incredible ovations for his performance of that dance at the theatre of San Carlo, in Naples, during the carnival of 1773. Several female dancers made large fortunes by the minuet. There was Mademoiselle Coupé, with an income of twenty-five thousand francs a year; Mademoiselle Vestris, the most graceful and languishing of all minuet-dancers, also very rich; Mademoiselle Allard, the ruin of many princely fortunes; and, finally, Mademoiselle Guimard, celebrated for her caprices and her sumptuousness. The name of minuet was applied in the eighteenth century to a certain species of air, in three-four time, which was sung in the opera; and still signifies a melody with a special rhythm and movement familiar to all musicians. One Gennaro Magri, who wrote just about a century ago, styles himself "*Maître de ballet of the royal diversions of his Sicilian Majesty, and of the Royal Military Academy.*" And he assures us that of all dances the minuet was the most noble, and ought to be learned by all, even by the military (!). From Magri's official title of "Dancing Master to the Royal Military Academy," it would seem as though his Sicilian Majesty had not neglected this part of his army's education. The same writer discourses of his art with an amount of fervour and a minute attention to details which betray his undoubting belief in its importance. The rules about the minuet alone would fill a volume. But we may lay before the reader Magri's five indispensable requisites for making a good figure in the minuet. These are namely:—"*A languishing eye, a smiling mouth, an imposing carriage, innocent hands, and ambitious feet.*"

Towards the middle of the last century, there died in Paris a dancing master, named Marcello, who may be called the genius of the minuet. His lessons were extremely dear, and eagerly sought after. He treated his subject with vast profundity and solemnity, and his pupils with autocratic arrogance. There was a whimsical contrast between the pompous elegance of his outward bearing and the extremely rough and blunt utterances to which he treated his noble scholars. He would make a lady a bow, expressive of high-bred courtesy, and call out the next moment, "Duchess, you waddle like a goose! Stand upright, do! You have the air of a servant-maid!" or, "Prince, what are you about? You look like a street-porter!" But nobody resented these speeches, for Marcello was privileged to say what he chose. In his later years he relinquished teaching the minuet, and devoted himself to what he called "the most sublime part of his art," namely, *la révérence*. He taught two hundred and thirty-six different species of bow and curtsey for the

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two sexes, each of which expressed the condition, and frequently the mood, of the person who made it. There was the court bow, the city bow, the bow of a gentleman to his equal, the minister's bow, the curtsey of a young lady in church, on the presentation of her fiancée, &c. Curtseys on presentation at court were taught at twenty-five Louis d'ors the course! During the lesson Marcello represented the king, and took care to comport himself with all the overwhelming majesty belonging to the part, with a view to strengthen the nerves of his pupils for an interview with the Grand Monarque in person. It may be safely assumed, however, that magnificent as was Louis XIV., he was not so magnificent as Marcello.

Dufort, in his essay *On Noble Dancing* (published at Naples 1728), consecrates one entire chapter to the minuet; describing its whole ceremonial with scientific minuteness. But here is a somewhat less verbose description, taken from a work published during the most acute period of the passion for this dance:

"The cavalier takes his lady by the hand, and makes two steps forward with her, both keeping on the same line; after which he causes her to describe a circle around him, which brings her back to the same spot whence she started. They then cross each other during four or five minutes, looking at each other as they pass, and ending with a profound genuflexion; *the whole gravely, and without laughing, since the minuet in Europe is the most serious diversion known in society.*"

The words "in Europe" are rather mysterious, and make one wonder what the author conceived about minuets in Asia and Africa. As to America, it was quite out of the question as a scene for courtly dancing in those days.

The author of an amusing and erudite monograph on the minuet, Count Alessandro Moroni, to whom I am indebted for several of the foregoing anecdotes, observes that the music of the minuet obtained its best effects from the long-drawn cadences and pauses, which were then a great novelty. Formerly the precise contrary had been the case. Not only had music been a torrent of notes, but dancing had become a mere twinkling of legs! and the *tours de force* of agility in song had introduced the same taste into the dance. It was reserved for the phlegmatic minuet to put an end to this whirlwind of vocal and terpsichorean difficulties, and to restore calm to the legs, and peace to the throats, of the performers. Thanks to this new fashion, dancers were dispensed from running after the notes, and imitating the trills of the voice with the tips of their toes. And thus, too, foreigners were no longer able to declare of the Italians, "*qu'ils gambadèrent comme leur chant,*"—that they capered with their legs as with their voice! This criticism appears in a work called *Remarques sur la Musique et la Danse*, published at Venice in 1773.

In our own country, however, although the majority of dances were brisk and lively as the tunes to which they were performed still attest, there existed a precursor of the minuet. In 1581 the dances in vogue

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were *measures*, galliards, jigs, brawls, rounds, and hornpipes. "The measure," says Mr. Chappell, in his *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, "was a grave and solemn dance, with slow and measured steps like the minuet. To *tread* a measure was the usual term, like to *walk* a minuet." Sir John Davies says—

> Yet all the feet whereon these measures go,
> Are only spondees—solemn, grave, and slow.

The melody of the minuet is in three-four time, and consists of two members of eight bars each. To give more life and colour to the music a second part was added and alternated with the first. This second movement bore the name of *trio*, because it was written for three parts (technically *voices*) only; whilst the principal movement was executed by the full orchestra. The conductor was careful above everything to emphasize the divisions of the melody into groups of four bars each, and to pay careful attention to the pauses which occurred at regular intervals. "These pauses," observes the Comte Moroni, "allowed the ear to perceive the sonorous wave of the last chords die and fade slowly into air, which gave the dance a sort of languor and affected softness, peculiarly belonging to the fashion of those times. The pause was the signal for a profound reverence on the part of the dancers. When all is said, the minuet was a poor and stupid dance, but an important pantomimic action."

A vast number of memoirs are extant which give minute descriptions of great balls and celebrated minuets at the French Court during the whole of the eighteenth, and even part of the seventeenth century. These are for the most part not difficult of access to the readers of French literature, and have been copiously cited in many works on the social history and manners of those times. But very few persons are acquainted with an extremely curious description of a celebrated masked ball given in Rome on November 24, 1751, at the Palazzo Farnese. The description appeared in a flying sheet (*foglio volante*) which has now become very rare, and bears the following title:—

Descrizione distinta delle feste celebrate in Roma da S. E. il signor Duca di Nivernois, ambasciatore di S. M. il Re cristianissimo presso la S. di N. S. Papa Benedetto XIV. nelli giorni 22, 23, 24 *del mese di Novembre* 1751 *per la nascita del serenissimo Real Duca di Borgogna, fedelmente descritta da Giovanni Reffino. Roma* 1752, *per il Salomoni.*

(A detailed description of the festival celebrated in Rome by his Excellency the Lord Duke of Nivernois, Ambassador of his Majesty the Most Christian King at the Court of the Holiness of our Lord Pope Benedict XIV., the 22, 23, and 24 of the month of November, 1751, for the birth of the most serene royal Duke of Burgundy, faithfully described (*sic*) by Giovanni Reffino.)

This most serene royal Duke of Burgundy was the elder brother of Louis XVI., and died in his childhood at little more than nine years old. The flying sheet of Reffino is now so extremely rare that Moroni, who

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quotes it, says it may be considered practically new to the world of readers, and adds that he is not acquainted with a single writer who names it.

Reffino's detailed account gives us a vivid idea of the grandiose spectacle afforded by the stately minuet executed in the splendid saloons of the Roman aristocracy. And supremely splendid are the saloons of the Palazzo Farnese, now as then the seat of the French Ambassador; but of an ambassador accredited to a monarch undreamt of in the philosophy of the eighteenth century—namely, to the King of United Italy. Its noble apartments are admirable for vastness, proportion, and the masterpieces of painting with which they have been adorned by Annibale Carracci, Guido, Domenichino, Daniele da Volterra, and others. In this magnificent theatre the brilliant figures of the Duc de Nivernois' ball must have appeared to surprising advantage. The entertainment was remarkable from several circumstances. Firstly, from the lavish magnificence of the decorations; secondly, because it was renewed and continued during three successive evenings, in order to allow the *bourgeoisie*, as well as the nobles, to enjoy it; and thirdly, because it was honoured by the presence of the Pope and his court! This latter circumstance is probably unique. It must not be supposed that Benedict XIV. and his reverend cardinals and monsignori absolutely assisted at the ball; but so great was the fame of its splendours that his Holiness's curiosity was excited, and he repaired to Palazzo Farnese on the morning after the last ball, to see the decorations, &c. Not long after the last maskers had left the palace where they had danced until daylight, the ambassador caused the shutters to be reclosed, the lights renewed, the musicians recalled to their posts, in honour of the new and unexpected guests. But we will let Reffino speak for himself:—

So magnificent an entertainment merited the observation even of the Supreme Pontiff, and on Thursday, the twenty-fifth day of November, his Holiness deigned to go and see it. His Eminence Cardinal Valenti, and the Ambassador in Court dress, received his Holiness and attended him to the great saloon, which was illuminated, and where there were the musicians; and to the apartment where there was erected a throne for his Blessedness, who repaired thither with all the *Camera Segreta* (domestic prelates, chamberlains, &c.). Sumptuous refreshments were distributed to the noble household, and to the military officers, and there were various tables with collations for the lower members of the household, and the Swiss guard and cuirassiers.

But the best part of the spectacle could not be repeated. The festival, with its dancers in gorgeous costumes distributed in five great and splendid ball-rooms, was past and gone, and the Roman Pontiff and his court could only reconstruct it in imagination. It has, however, been faithfully recorded for us by the eye-witness Reffino, whose hyperboles and incorrect diction may be easily pardoned, considering that we owe to him a careful description of the dresses of the nobler gentlewomen who graced the entertainment. "To see those fair dames perform the minuet in all their bravery must have been enough to melt the icy heart of an ancho-

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rite." So at least says Count Alessandro Moroni! Here is another quotation from Reffino:—

In order to receive without disorder the infinite number of maskers who filled that vast apartment with its five ball-rooms, the Palazzo Farnese was provided with a guard of soldiers. At three o'clock * was opened the great saloon destined for the nobility, who appeared in truly superb pomp. The princesses and all the ladies were dressed in habits of singular richness adorned with copious jewels, and distinguished by a great variety of masquerade costumes. Foremost for majesty of appearance was her Excellency the Ambassadress of Venice, in a charming costume after the German fashion, and perfectly supporting the graceful character of a Tyrolese peasant-woman. She wore a superb petticoat of white satin, with bouquets of natural flowers; a tighly-fitting bodice, with chemisette and sleeves of the finest muslin dotted over with symmetrical groups of embroidered flowers; on her head a black Tyrolese cap enriched with various and tastefully divided groups of jewels; to all which pleasing and rich adornment new charms were added by the deportment of her Excellency, who attracted the respectful admiration of all present. Then came the Princess di Viano in a most charming dress of rose-colour with festoons of the rarest Flanders lace, On the left side of her bosom she had a group of diamonds, emeralds, and rubies in an ingenious design, and a large pear-shaped pearl surrounded by smaller ones. Her hair was adorned with similar precious stones, which formed a head-dress very suitable to the noble bearing of her Excellency. The Duchess Salviati appeared glittering in a rich hussar costume, with a brocade petticoat. The ground of the brocade was of purple damask worked with silver branches and flowers in natural colours. She wore a hussar jacket hanging loose from one shoulder, of sky-blue velvet, and a hussar cap to match, both trimmed with rare furs of Muscovy. She wore a golden-hilted sabre, and a diamond sword-knot; and strings of large pearls round her throat and mixed with the tassel of her cap. And the effect of this brilliant costume was enhanced by the *spirituel* affability of her Excellency. The Marchesa Virginia Patrizi was very distinguished in a dragoon costume of jonquil-coloured satin entirely trimmed with silver lace; a baldrick studded with gems across her shoulders, supporting an elegant dagger, and a head-dress similarly adorned. Next appeared the Marchesa Sacripanti, superbly attired in white and gold brocade with natural-coloured flowers; a bodice of the same, from the back of which fell long folds of crimson velvet, with sleeves to match; and a small black velvet hat adorned with jewels to match her necklace. The Marchesa Costaguti was also in white and gold brocade, with a Turkish turban of cloth of silver fastened by a half-moon in diamonds, The Contessa Carpegna wore a white train *with a petticoat delicately painted with various rural landscapes*, and very fine jewels on her breast and in her hair. The guards on duty very properly presented arms on the appearance of the goddess Minerva (!). This was the young bride, Marchesa Gaucci, with breastplate and helmet wreathed with laurel, and enriched with groups of jewels and rows of pearls. She had her hair dressed in short curls like a man's, and wore a baldrick set with superb jewels. Her petticoat was white, sprinkled with spots of gold and blue embroidery, and the sleeves *à la guerrière*, were also blue; so that (*sic*) she received well-merited applause. Very charming and attractive was the Marchesa Gabrielli in a tight-fitting gown of rose-coloured satin, trimmed with Flanders lace and long wreaths of silver vine-leaves. On her head she wore a bandeau of brilliants, terminating at the

* At the date at which Reffino writes, the hours were universally reckoned in Italy from sunset to sunset, which latter was the *venti-quattro*, or twenty-four o'clock. Thus three o'clock in Rome at the end of November would be between seven and eight in the evening according to our manner of reckoning, which is now also generally adopted in Italy.

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sides in little rosettes, extremely well suited to the dignified vivacity of this lady. The Marchesa del Bufalo was much admired in a white satin gown *with little groups of Cupids painted on it*, and edged with gold embroidery and flowers painted in natural colours. The bodice was of cloth of gold, and she wore a mass of superb diamonds on her bosom and in her hair. Then arrived the Princess Ruspoli in a majestic costume *à l'Impérial*, consisting of a petticoat and train of rose-coloured velvet trimmed with great festoons of the richest gold lace, and a head-dress and necklace of large pearls, which caused this Princess to be highly admired. General surprise was caused amongst the noble company by the apparition of the rising sun, represented in a lively manner by the Lady Mobilia Falconieri. On the right side of her bodice, which was entirely covered with diamonds, appeared a rising sun, whose golden rays illuminated the hemisphere which was designed upon the skirt of the gown, together with the signs of the zodiac. There was also the moon embroidered in silver, to signify that she had paled in the light of the greater luminary, which shone upon various terrestrial scenes skilfully painted round the edge of the skirt. And to show that the sun left darkness behind him, the night was excellently symbolised by a hanging drapery of black, studded with silver stars, which fell negligently from the shoulder. Golden sun-rays mixed with precious stones formed the head-dress, and there were similar ornaments at the throat and breast. But the greatest splendour of this rising sun was derived from the majestic bearing of the noble lady who wore it.

It is not necessary to follow the worthy Reffino further into the minutiæ of this singular entertainment. It is certain that the fame of it passed the Alps; and probably, as Count Moroni observes, did not wholly fade away as long as one survivor remained of those who had witnessed its splendours.

One very marked peculiarity of Roman society in the eighteenth century was the great number of *abbés* who frequented it. It must not be supposed that the majority of these *abati* and *abatini* had any real ecclesiastical rank or function. The learned Cistercian monks in the work entitled *Antichità Longobardico-Milanesi*, published at Milan in 1793, deplore the abuse of this title, which, they say, has become a mere fashion, imported from France, and unfortunately spread throughout Italy. The fact is that as in a military state every man finds it useful to don a uniform, so in the states of the church the little silk mantle of the *abbé* was justly considered as a desirable badge of some connection, however remote, with the great ecclesiastical army. Up to comparatively recent times there were to be met with, in old-fashioned Roman houses, specimens of the genuine *abate;* familiar faces at christenings, weddings, birthdays, at other festive occasions; indispensable purveyors of social gossip; excellent partners at the whist-table; harmless flatterers; discreet confidants; formidable trenchermen at a feast; and critics of cookery from whose experienced judgment there was no appeal! Now-a-days the race is well-nigh extinct. There are *abbés* still, but they wear their cue with a difference. In the eighteenth century one of the *chevaux de bataille* of the *abbé* was the minuet. Strange as it may seem to our views, the characteristic silk mantelet of the *abbé* fluttered through that stately and languishing dance, in the most aristocratic

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ball-rooms. A ballet-master named Rota, very celebrated in his day, composed a ballet of which one of the most effective scenes was a minuet danced by *Abatini* and *Contessine*—gentlemen with the smartest and neatest of black silk stockings and buckled shoes, and ladies powdered, patched, and hooped in the height of the fashion.

The great storm of the French Revolution swept away these slight creatures with its first breath. An active imagination might picture to itself a whole cloud of *toupés chignons à la Du Barry*, high-heeled shoes, pig-tails, and diamond snuff-boxes, fluttering forlornly across Europe like leaves before the wind. With these accessories the minuet, too, disappeared. It belongs to the history of the past. Count Moroni says that "the eighteenth century was truly pourtrayed in the minuet, which was, so to speak, the expression of that Olympic calm and that universal languor which were reflected in everything, even in social pleasures."

But it must be admitted that the portrait, however true so far as it went, was a very partial one; and the frivolous, pompous, graceful minuet was no complete epitome of that marvellous century which expired amidst the convulsions of the great French Revolution.

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The Sweating Sickness.

TOWARDS the beginning of the sixteenth century a terrible malady made its first appearance within our island, causing the greatest danger to life wherever its pestilential breath infected the multitude. The origin of the evil was supposed to be wrapped in mystery; the disease was looked upon as one of those visitations which have so often been attributed to an offended Providence instead of to the true causes of their existence—the ignorance and negligence of a people as to the first principles of sanitary science. Illumined by the light of modern teaching, we can entertain but little doubt that the dreaded sweating sickness—the *Sudor Anglicus*—which created such havoc throughout England in the reigns of Henry VIII. and his son, was entirely due to the almost Eastern condition of things then apparent in our system of drainage and ventilation. The houses, even of the great, harboured filth and dirt which were allowed to remain unremoved, and thus to exhale their noxious gases in fatal freedom. The narrow streets were the receptacles for all garbage, whilst open sewers on either side slowly rolled their contents towards a polluted river. Pure water for drinking purposes was scarcely to be had; the brewers monopolised the springs for their trade, whilst the conduits, which even a century before the accession of bluff King Hal had been insufficient for the wants of the people, now simply mocked the requirements of the town. Meat was cheap, and the English were notorious for their robust appetites. It is not, therefore, surprising that men, breathing in their own homes and out of doors a fetid atmosphere, with their blood heated by heavy consumptions of animal food, should fall easy victims to a pestilence which their own offensive habits had helped to engender and encourage. The subject did not escape the notice of one of the keenest observers of his day.

I am frequently astonished and grieved (writes Erasmus to Wolsey's physician) to think how it is that England has been now for so many years troubled by a continual pestilence, especially by a deadly sweat, which appears in a great measure to be peculiar to your country. I have read how a city was once delivered from a plague by a change in the houses, made at the suggestion of a philosopher. I am inclined to think that this also must be the deliverance for England. First of all, Englishmen never consider the aspect of their doors or windows; next, their chambers are built in such a way as to admit of no ventilation. Then a great part of the walls of the house is occupied with glass casements, which admit light but exclude the air, and yet they let in the draught through holes and corners, which is often pestilential and stagnates there. The floors are in general laid with white clay, and are covered with rushes, occasionally removed, but so imperfectly that the bottom layer is left undisturbed, sometimes for twenty years, harbouring expectorations, vomitings, ale-droppings,

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scraps of fish, and other abominations not fit to be mentioned. Whenever the weather changes a vapour is exhaled which I consider very detrimental to health. . . . I am confident the island would be much more salubrious if the use of rushes were abandoned, and if the rooms were built in such a way as to be exposed to the sky on two or three sides, and all the windows so built as to be opened or closed at once, and so completely closed as not to admit the foul air through chinks; for, as it is beneficial to health to admit the air, so it is equally beneficial at times to exclude it. The common people laugh at you if you complain of a cloudy or foggy day. Thirty years ago, if ever I entered a room which had not been occupied for some months, I was sure to take a fever. More moderation in diet, and especially in the use of salt meats, might be of service; more particularly were public ædiles appointed to see the streets cleaned and the suburbs kept in better order.

The sweating sickness made its first appearance in England a few days before the battle of Bosworth.

In the year of our Lord 1485 (writes a Dr. Caius, a Welsh physician, who had made the disease his special study), shortly after the seventh day of August, at which time King Henry VII. arrived at Milford, in Wales, out of France, and in the first year of his reign, there chanced a disease among the people, lasting the rest of that month and all September, which for the sudden sharpness and unwont cruelness passed the pestilence. For this commonly giveth in four, often seven, sometime nine, sometime eleven, and sometime fourteen days, respite to whom it vexeth. But that immediately killed some in opening their windows, some in playing with children in their street doors; some in one hour, many in two, it destroyed; and, at the longest, to them that merrily dined it gave a sorrowful supper. As it found them, so it took them: some in sleep, some in wake, some in mirth, some in care, some fasting and some full, some busy and some idle; and in one house sometime three, sometime five, sometime more, sometime all; of the which if the half in every town escaped, it was thought great favour. This disease, because it most did stand in sweating from the beginning until the ending, was called *The Sweating Sickness;* and because it first began in England, it was named in other countries "The English Sweat."

In the summers of 1506, 1517, and 1528 this curious epidemic reappeared, and it again broke out at Shrewsbury, where it raged from April to September, 1551, spreading afterwards throughout the whole kingdom. We read that in 1619 great dread of its return prevailed, but happily the fears of the country proved groundless.

One of the strange features of this disease was its partiality for Englishmen. Wherever Englishmen congregated, there it attacked them, "following them, as the shadow does the body, in all countries, albeit not at all times." In Calais, Antwerp, and Brabant it generally singled out the English residents and visitors, whilst the native population escaped unaffected. The chief victims were the robust and the powerful, whose sound digestions permitted them to indulge in the pleasures of the table; "thin-dieted" men it rarely attacked. The illness began with a fever, followed by severe internal struggles, which caused a profuse perspiration to break out. If the constitution proved strong enough to expel the poison, the sufferer escaped. One of the chief results of the malady was to cause such an utter prostration of the nervous system that the patient often yielded without a struggle; "seeing

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how it began fearfully to invade them, furiously handle them, speedily oppress them, unmercifully choke them, and that in no small numbers; and such persons so notably noble in birth, goodly conditions, grave sobriety, singular wisdom, and great learning." The *State Papers* of the reign of Henry VIII. are full of allusions to the epidemic. When it first appeared every precaution was taken to cut off infection. The inhabitants of houses in which the disease had broken out were ordered to keep within doors, to hang out wisps of straw, and when convalescent to carry white rods. The peers and richer gentry put down their establishments, and hastened, as best they could, to isolate themselves from their neighbour. "Tell your master," said Wolsey to the chaplain of the Earl of Shrewsbury, "to get him into clean air, and divide his household in sundry places." Fairs were put down; the country, panic-stricken, was indifferent to amusements; and business was in a great measure at a standstill. No one knew whether his own turn might be the next. The palace was no more exempt than the cottage. A man was in perfect health one moment, the next he felt a little feverish, and in a few hours he was dead. An open window, accidental contact in the streets, a beggar asking for alms, might disseminate the infection, and a whole family be laid low by the terrible visitor. Where the sickness once appeared men preferred to take refuge in flight; and the traveller, as he passed through England, often entered a village in which every house was deserted. The rapidity with which the hale and hearty were struck down added all the more to the reign of terror that then prevailed. Ammonius, the Latin secretary, the friend of Erasmus, was dining one day with an acquaintance; they had arranged to meet on the morrow and ride to Merton to escape the infection. The next morning, before his friend had time to get out of bed and dress himself, a messenger arrived to announce the death of Ammonius. He had been carried off in eight hours.*

This sweat (writes Du Bellay, the French Ambassador to Montmorency), which has made its appearance within these four days, is a most perilous disease. One has a little pain in the head and heart; suddenly a sweat breaks out, and a doctor is useless; for whether you wrap yourself up much or little, in four hours, and sometimes in two or three, you are despatched without languishing, as in those troublesome fevers. However, only about two thousand have caught it in London. Yesterday we saw them as thick as flies rushing from the streets and shops into their houses to take the sweat, whenever they felt ill. I found the Ambassador of Milan leaving his lodgings in great haste because two or three had been suddenly attacked. In London, I assure you, the priests have a better time of it than the doctors, except that the latter do not help to bury. If the thing goes on corn will soon be cheap. . . . The King keeps moving about for fear of the plague. . . . Of 40,000 attacked in London, only 2,000 are dead, but if a man only put his hand out of bed during twenty-four hours it becomes as stiff as a pane of glass.

Various remedies were employed, and it may amuse modern pharmacy to study a few of the prescriptions then made out to check the ravages of

* *State Papers*, Henry VIII. Vol. 1515–1518. Preface. Rev. J. S. Brewer.

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the pestilence. "Take endive," says one, "sowthistle, marygold, m'oney, and nightshade, three handfuls of all, and seethe them in conduit water from a quart to a pint, then strain it in a fair vessel, then delay it with a little sugar to put away the tartness, and then drink it when the sweat taketh you, and keep you warm; and by the grace of God ye shall be whole."

My Lord (writes Lady Whethyll to Lord Darcy), in my best manner I recommend me unto your Lordship, and very sorry I am of your great heaviness. My Lord, the cause of my writing to you at this time is to advertise your Lordship of a proved medicine; that is, to take treacle and vinegar and temper them together, and put thereto some running water to allay the vinegar with, and take three or four good spoonfuls fasting, you and all yours, four or five mornings, and fast an hour after it; and by the grace of God ye shall find it shall do great good; and then, my good Lord, I beseech our Lord to preserve you and all yours, and send you as good health as I woll myself. This medicine have I proved myself.

Herbs of all kinds—rue, wormwood, sage, balm, rosemary, dragons, burnet, sorrel, elecampane, pimpernel, &c.—enter largely into the prescriptions; as do crushed eggs, treacle, vinegar, and "unicorns' horn," "if it be possible to be gotten." Nor were the prayers of the Church to be omitted:

Another very true medicine is to say every day, at seven parts of your body, 7 Paternosters and 7 Ave Marias, with 1 Credo at the last. Ye shall begyn at the ryght syde, under the ryght ere, saying the *Paternoster qui es in cœlis, sanctificetur nomen tuum*, with a cross made there with your thumb, and so say the Paternoster full complete, and 1 Ave Maria, and then under the left ear, and then under the left armhole, and then under the left thigh-hole, and then the last at the heart, with 1 Paternoster, Ave Maria, with 1 Credo; and these thus said daily, with the grace of God is there no manner drede hym.

To avoid falling victims to the sickness all persons were enjoined "to keep fro outrage and excess in meat and eke drink, ne use no baths, ne sweat not too much, for all these openeth the pores of the body and maketh the venemous airs to enter, and destroyeth the lively spirit in man and enfeebleth the body." The diet was to be very simple. "They should not eat much flesh, but chickens sodden with water, or fresh fish roasted to eat with vinegar. Pottage of almonds is good, and for drink tysan, or in the heat small ale. If they wish wine, give them vinegar and water; white wine is better than red." *

When the epidemic was at its height, all remedies and precautions seemed useless to arrest its progress. It spread through the little villages as well as through the large towns. The noble in his secluded mansion was as liable to infection as the most miserable pauper. Ladies in waiting and pages of the Household fell victims to the sickness whilst in the performance of their duties at the palace. Some of the foreign ambassadors, who had attributed the disease entirely to English over-

* *A Book of Receipts*, Additional MSS., British Museum, *State Papers*, Hen. VIII. Vol. 1515–1518.

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feeding and English timidity, were seized with the terrible fever, and on partial recovery hastened to quit the infected kingdom. The health of Wolsey was permanently undermined from four severe attacks. The Duke of Norfolk, the Marquis of Dorset, and young Lord Grey, were not permitted to escape the contagion. The king, like many men whose courage is undoubted, was terribly concerned about his own health; he would die like the bravest on the field of battle, but to perish ingloriously from an infectious illness was an end which made him as fearful as the most craven. He shifted his Court from Richmond to Reading, then from Reading to Abingdon, then to Woodstock, or Wallingford, or Farnham, according as the sickness dogged his steps. The peers and members of Council hastily quitted London and left the State to take care of itself. One man, however, remained true to his post. In spite of failing health and repeated attacks, Wolsey continued to attend diligently to his duties as Chief Minister and Lord Chancellor. Henry, safe in the seclusion of Woodstock, praised the Cardinal for his wisdom and diligence, and vowed that "there was no man living who pondered more the surety of the Royal person and the commonwealth of the realm," but at the same time he begged him to repair to Woodstock; "for here is clear air," writes the Court physician to His Eminence, "which His Grace thinketh you will like very well."

Myne awne good Cardinall (addresses the King to him in his own hand), I recomande me unto yow with all my hart, and thanke yow for the grette payne and labour that yow do dayly take in my bysynes and maters, desyryng yow (that wen yow have well establysshyd them) to take summe pastyme and comfort, to the intente yow may the lenger endure to serve us; for allways payne can nott be induryd. Surly yow have so substancyally orderyd oure matters bothe off thys syde the see and byonde, that in myne oppynion lityll or no thyng can be addyd. . . . The Quene my wyff hathe desyrd me to make har most harty recommendations to yow, as to hym that she lovethe very well, and bothe she and I wolde knowe fayne when yow wyll repayer to us. No more to yow at thys tyme, but that wyth God's helpe I trust we shall dysapoynte our enymys off theyre intendyd purpose. Wryttyn with the hand off your lovyng Master,

HENRY R.

But there was one who had fallen a victim to the sickness, in whom Henry felt a far keener interest. The great beauty of the Court, whose wondrous grey eyes were then playing such havoc in the too susceptible heart of the monarch, had been suddenly seized with the malady, and was now lying ill of fever. When the news reached Woodstock that the incomparable Anne Boleyn had not been spared by the epidemic, but was now in a critical condition, the grief of the royal lover was intense. Henry could not have been more concerned if he himself had been the victim.

There came to me (he writes to her in one of his love-letters preserved among the State Papers—he wrote to her sometimes in French and sometimes in English)—there came to me in the night the most afflicting news possible. I have to grieve for three causes: first, to hear of my mistress' sickness, whose health I desire as my own, and would willingly bear the half of yours to cure you. Secondly, because I

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fear to suffer yet longer that absence which has already caused me so much pain. God deliver me from such an importunate rebel! Thirdly, because the physician I trust most is at present absent, when he could do me the greatest pleasure. However, in his absence I send you the second: I beseech you to be governed by his advice, and then I shall hope soon to see you again.

A few days later he continues the correspondence:—

My doubts of your health have disturbed and troubled me extremely, and I should scarcely have had any quiet had I not received some news of you. But as you have felt nothing of it hitherto, I hope you are as well as we are. . . . I think if you would retire from the Surrey side, as we did, you would escape all danger. There is another thing for your comfort, that few or no women have suffered from it: what is more, none of our Court, and few elsewhere, have died of it. [A more unblushing falsehood royal lips never uttered!] Wherefore I beg of you, my entirely beloved, to put away fear and not be too uneasy at our absence; for wherever I am I am yours. . . . I hope for your speedy return. No more for the present, for lack of time, except that I wish you in my arms, to banish your unreasonable thoughts.

And then he signs himself "MA H. R. AIMABLE."

Seldom a day was allowed to pass without the fair invalid receiving a letter or gift from her "H. R. *aimable*." "The cause of my writing at this time, good sweetheart," he writes to her on one occasion, when she was rapidly becoming convalescent, "is only to understand of your good health and prosperity. . . . And seeing my darling is absent, I can no less do than send her some flesh representing my name, which is hart's flesh for Harry, prognosticating that hereafter you must enjoy some of mine. . . . No more to you at this time, mine own darling, but that awhile I would we were together of an evening." As the correspondence proceeds, and absence causes the heart to grow the fonder, Henry becomes more and more enamoured. From the respectful address of "mistress," or "mistress and friend," he deepens into "mine own sweetheart," "darling," "mine own darling," and other expressions of endearment, somewhat too plain and glowing for these civilised days. Would it not have been better for the unhappy woman had she never risen from that bed of sickness to share the dazzling glories of a throne and to trust to the fickle fondness of her "H. R. *aimable*"?

It has been computed that during the five visitations of the Sweating Sickness over one hundred thousand persons were enrolled amongst its victims.

ALEX. CHARLES EWALD.

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Foreign Titles.

A good many misconceptions prevail in England on the subject of foreign titles: one section of society rating them too highly, another unduly depreciating them. Another common mistake is to suppose that the grades of nobility abroad are as precisely defined as with us. In France there are dukes who rank before princes, and indeed prince is often the title of the eldest son of a duke in that country: the Duc de Broglie's eldest son is styled Prince Victor de Broglie—and his other sons are likewise princes, the Duke happening to be a Prince of the Holy Roman Empire; but of that by-and-bye. Sometimes father and son enjoy the same title; the present Duc de Gramont was styled Duc de Guiche in his father's lifetime. He might, had he pleased, have called himself Prince de Bidache. As a rule, however, the eldest son of a French duke bears the same name as his father, with the title of marquis, *e.g.* Duc d'Avaray, Marquis d'Avaray. The next son would be Comte d'Avaray, the third Vicomte, and so on.

The names just cited are among the greatest in France, and entitled to all such honour as birth can claim; but there are about five hundred French dukes, and all Englishmen cannot be expected to discern between them. The table of precedence assigns no place to foreign noblemen, but the rule generally observed in society is this: the head of a foreign house of authentic nobility, be he prince, duke, or count, walks out of a room after an English duke. The same precedence is accorded to "envoys extraordinary" and "ministers plenipotentiary," as distinguished from "ambassadors," who rank immediately after members of the Royal Family. Only France, Austria, Prussia, Russia, Italy, and Turkey are represented by ambassadors at the Court of St. James's.

As for the cadets of foreign houses, they are as little thought of as they think of themselves. Many drop their titles altogether, contenting themselves with the prefix "de" or "von" before their family names, just to mark its nobility. And here it may be remarked that English gentlemen abroad, especially in Germany, should be careful how they answer the question which may any day be put to them, "Are you noble?" You may be, like most of us, plain Mister, but you should answer "Yes" if you are, however remotely, descended from a peer or a baronet (contrary to the popular belief, baronets are distinctly "noblemen," according to the Institution of James I.), or even if you are merely entitled to a coat of arms either by grant to yourself from the Sovereign or by inheritance. The matter grows year by year of less importance;

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but at Berlin and Vienna you may still lose access to some pleasant clubs and social gatherings, if not of the privileged caste. And the conditions of nobility, as recognised on the Continent, are simply those stated above. It is ludicrous to recollect that the younger son of an English duke replied "No" to the shibboleth question of a small Prussian Freiherr, thus losing a great deal of fun during his stay in King William's dominions. Lord A's rank, had he known it, was precisely the equivalent of that of a German prince's son: English dukes, marquises, and earls being all (heraldically) "princes." The Duke of Norfolk's full style, to take an example, would be—"The most high, most noble, and most puissant prince, Henry, Duke of Norfolk," &c. The fact is, Lord A mistook his legal status of "commoner" for his social status of "noble."

The highest order of foreign nobility is that of the mediatised princes of Germany. They represent houses which once exercised sovereign power, and are still accorded semi-regal honours. Of these is the Prince of Leiningen, Her Majesty's nephew, and a Rear-Admiral in the British Navy; also Count Gleichen (he too is a Rear-Admiral, and Governor of Windsor Castle). Prince Victor of Hohenlohe-Langenburg, brother of the "reigning" prince, assumed the title of Count Gleichen on his marriage with a daughter of the late Admiral Sir George Seymour, father of the present Marquis of Hertford. Mediatised princes are entitled to the style of Serene Highness (Durchlaucht), though there appears to be some doubt as to whether all their descendants can claim the same style. "Princes" they would seem to be down to any generation. On this point, again, Britons caring for these things should beware of supposing that every foreign "prince" is a Highness. The vast number of them are entitled to no other recognition of their rank than "Prince" or "Mon Prince," and this need not be repeated more than once in the conversation. One says advisedly the vast number, for Russian princes alone can be counted by thousands, not to say tens of thousands. There are said to be 600 of the house of Galitzin alone.

Scarcely inferior in dignity to the mediatised princes are the members of those Comital Houses the chiefs of which, by a decision of the German Diet of 1829, have right to the title of "Most Illustrious Count" (Erlaucht). They are all counts—father, son, grandson, great-grandson, they and all their male descendants *ad infinitum*. Of course the descendants of princes or counts in the female line are not, as such, noble. The heraldic canon, that *le ventre n'anoblit pas*, is of almost universal acceptation. This is even the case in England, with a few exceptions.

One of the most famous of the Comital Houses is that of Bentinck, which is not without interest for Englishmen. Its head, a few years ago, was Colonel Bentinck (of the British Army), who, however, in 1874 resigned his rights in favour of Mr. William Bentinck, of the Diplomatic Service, who had not, any more than his elder brother, borne any title till that time. Count William was a great favourite at Christ

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Church; and few were aware that the pale, fair-haired, rather shy lad belonged to one of the proudest families in Europe. Count Bentinck and the present Duke of Portland both descend lineally from the *fidus Achates* of William III. The House has further given England a Prime Minister, and India one of her best Governor-Generals.

The serene and illustrious compose a mighty host occupying 127 closely printed pages of the Almanach de Gotha. Next to them in universally recognised rank are those princes of the Holy Roman Empire (all the sovereign and mediatised princes of Germany are princes of the empire: the emperors of Germany having been also emperors of the Romans) whose titles were honorary from the first. Three English peers, the Dukes of Marlborough and Leeds and Earl Cowper, are princes of the empire. It may be added that the Earl of Denbigh and Lord Arundell of Wardour are counts of the empire. Lord Denbigh claims to come of the same stock as the Emperor of Austria; but the best title of his family to fame is that it produced the author of "Tom Jones."

Lord Arundell's ancestor got into serious trouble for accepting the title of count, conferred on him by the Emperor in grateful recognition of services in the war against the Ottomans. On his arrival in England, Count Arundell was sent without ceremony to the Tower, and questioned before the Star Chamber as to wherefore he had dared to accept a title from a foreign prince, to the contempt of the Queen's grace. He pleaded that the empire was *communis patria*, an argument more pleasing to the Emperor, whose style was *mundi dominus*, than to an English sovereign. He was released after a time, but made to understand that he could not be permitted to assume his title in England. To this day it is necessary to obtain the Queen's permission to bear a foreign title; nor is it ever granted without the proviso that no precedence whatsoever shall be claimed in respect of it.

Amongst other British subjects enjoying foreign titles are the Duke of Hamilton, who is Duke of Chatelhérault in France; the Duke of Wellington, who is Prince of Waterloo in the Netherlands, and Duke of Vittoria and Grandee of the first class in Spain; Earl Nelson, who is Duke of Bronte in Italy; the Earl of Clancarty, Marquis of Hensden in the Netherlands; Sir Nathaniel Rothschild, an Austrian baron; Mr. Albert Grant, an Italian baron; and Sir Edward Thornton, Count of Cassilhas in Portugal. This last title may be called semi-hereditary, having been granted to Sir Edward's father for three lives and no more. Sir Edward's is the second life.

Several French noblemen are also princes of the empire. All the lineal descendants (in the male line) of such princes being themselves princes, it is not surprising to find that there are nineteen princes of the House of Broglie alone, to say nothing of eight princesses. The family has given to France three marshals. It is of Italian origin, the name having originally been written Broglio. The pronunciation of the modern form is "Broil."

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Perhaps the greatest name in the roll of the French nobility is that of Rohan. A device of this family was "King am not, Prince disdain to be, Rohan am." Nevertheless, princes they became without abating one jot of their pride. The wife of one of them was asked when she expected to lie-in? "I hope to have that honour in six weeks," replied the lady. The "honour" was to be delivered of a Rohan. In spite of some distinguished scions of this house, it is to be feared the two best known to history are the Cardinal who did his best to ruin the reputation of Marie-Antoinette, and the Marshal Prince of Soubise, so egregiously beaten by Frederic at Rosbach. "Ce pauvre Soubise," said Louis XV. when he heard the news, "il ne lui manque plus que d'être content." The prince had been unfortunate in his domestic relations.

The head of the Rohans migrated to Austria at the time of the first Revolution, and the elder branch is no longer French. Doubtless there were Rohans in the field against their old country at Magenta and Solferino. There are at least five in the armies of Francis-Joseph at the present day. The Rohan-Chabots, a younger branch, have remained faithful to the fatherland. They are all, by right, "cousins of the king"—a dignity more highly prized than it would be in England, where it is enjoyed by every peer down to viscounts inclusive. Should, however, "the king" ever return, and the old order of things be re-established, the Duke of Uzés would be entitled to take precedence of the whole aristocracy of France. An Uzés was already premier duke (after the princes of the blood) in the reign of Louis XIV. The late duke died a year or two ago, and a little child is now the heir of this splendid title—and of many hopes. He dwells in the château of Uzés, which still stands, and which the family have managed to keep.

Another famous French house is that of the Lévis, now represented by the Duc de Mirepoix, "hereditary marshal of the Faith." Their pedigree stretches back to Levi, son of Jacob, and consequently up to Adam, whose arms every one has *not* the right to quarter: purity as well as directness of descent having to be proved. Whether the Lévis have established theirs is another matter. There was once a picture in the possession of the family in which a Lévis appeared taking off his hat to the Blessed Virgin. From her lips issued a scroll with the words, "Cover yourself, my cousin."

The historic names of Noailles, Richelieu, Rochechouart, La Rochefoucauld, Luynes, and many others still figure in the roll of the French peerage. The Duc de la Rochefoucauld-Bisaccia, be it observed in passing, who made himself so conspicuous in the National Assembly as a partisan of Henry V., has but a doubtful right to the title he assumes. In France he is simply Chevalier de la Rochefoucauld, and Duc de Bisaccia in Italy.

The title of marquis carries more prestige with it nowadays in France than that of the duke; and for this reason. The Empire made no marquises, *ergo*, a marquis (unless the son of an Imperialist duke) must derive his title from the old dynasty; and it is unquestionably more

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honourable to have been ennobled by the Pompadour than by Napoleon. The first emperor created some thirty dukes and princes, all more or less men of talent; but none of their sons or grandsons appear to have done anything. Nor is this because they were frowned upon by the monarchy. On the contrary, everything was done by the Bourbons to conciliate the marshals. Soult was President of the Council to Louis-Philippe, and ultimately glorified with the magnificent title of Marshal-General of the Armies of France. His son, the Marquis of Dalmatia, was named Secretary of Legation at Vienna, whence arose an unforeseen difficulty. The Court of Austria objected to receive a man whose title was taken from an Austrian province, though the matter was ultimately arranged. By the courtesy of nations a sovereign is allowed in one instance (and one only) to confer a title taken from a locality in a brother sovereign's dominions. A soldier who has won a victory may be ennobled by the name of the battle-field. Thus Austria would cheerfully accord their full honours to a Prince of Wagram or a Duke of Magenta. The same rule holds good in the case of naval victories. Spain would have no right to object to a Viscount Trafalgar, or Holland to an Earl of Camperdown.

A propos of Holland, it is not generally known that the old Earls of Holland—the English Earls of the house of Rich—and the late Lords Holland (House of Fox) derived their title from a district of Lincolnshire called Holland. Holland was probably a common name enough at one time, signifying Hollow Land, or Valley, though some say it meant wooded land. The first English title derived from a place out of England was that of Viscount Barfleur, conferred, together with the Earldom of Oxford, on Admiral Russell, the victor of La Hogue. It was near Cape Barfleur that the battle was won, but the French fleet was followed up into the Bay of La Hogue and terribly handled there. But there is another Anglo-foreign title which has no such martial origin, yet against which no protest was ever raised.

When William III. raised his favourite Keppel to the peerage, the title chosen was Earl of Abbemarle, avowedly from Abbemarle, a town in Normandy. The title is still borne by his descendants. It must be remembered that the Kings of England were then titular Kings of France as well; nor did the Court of Versailles ever quarrel with them for quartering the lilies with the leopards. It was reserved for Napoleon, as First Consul, to object to this style of the British Sovereign; and the union with Ireland presented a convenient occasion for dropping it.

To return for a moment to France. What serious student of history but must regret that the present condition of its aristocracy can be best described in the mournful motto of the Bruces—"Fuimus"? Gone for ever is the power and the splendour: nothing left but pride. Gallant, of course, French gentlemen must always be according to both inflexions of the word. But seven thousand of the type of Alcibiades, though they had never bowed the knee to the Republic, would hardly restore their

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order to its old place, or greatly benefit France if they did. Yet have they a brilliant past to remember. So many of them were paragons of wit, of chivalry, of munificence, of loyalty. And with all their faults one cannot help thinking that they worshipped the golden calf less than any other nobility of whom history makes mention. A youthful Duc d'Enghien, whom his relatives frequently tipped, laid by his pocket-money till he had amassed fifty louis, when he took the purse to his father and proudly exhibited its contents, expecting to be praised for his economical habits. The Prince of Condé emptied the purse and flung the money out of the window. "Let that be a lesson to you, sir," he then said, turning to his son, "to think and act more like a gentleman." Too many of the peers of England descend from merchants or lawyers to make it likely that one of them should ever exhibit such a reckless contempt for the stamped effigy of the monarch. Still the act of Condé must not be too hastily condemned. "This money might have been given to the poor!" Yes—but who once used those words? And on what occasion? It was when money had been lavishly spent "for an idea!"—as the world would say.

There is a finer story, though, of a Spanish grandee, where the sentiment of *noblesse oblige* and the highest commercial spirit (in its true essence) are happily blended. Somebody forged the Duke of Ossuña's name, appending it to a bill for 10,000 ducats. On the bill being presented, the duke saw that the signature was counterfeited, but paid the money at once. The name of Ossuña was not to be dishonoured by a rascal. It would be uncharitable to ask whether a second forged bill of the same amount would have been equally honoured. *Non omnia possumus.*

Talking of the Spanish aristocracy, it may be observed that the titled part of it is by no means so large as is supposed. The heads of noble families number about 2,000, and they alone, as a rule, bear titles. Even the eldest son of a duke (say of) Alicante would only be called Don Juan or Don Alfonso d'Alicante during his father's lifetime. The younger sons remain simple Dons—the Spanish equivalent of Esquires. As to the qualificatives of titles, they are lightly esteemed, inasmuch as even a beggar must be addressed as "Your Grace" (Merced). The superscription on an envelope addressed to a duke would be, "A l'eccellentissimo Señor Duque de la Torre." So at least the wife of Marshal Serrano writes to her lord.

A Spanish title is an expensive luxury. An ordinary Castilian one costs 600*l.* The dignity of grandee is rated at 1,000*l.* With us a dukedom costs about 1,300*l.* or 1,400*l.* in fees to its recipient, and minor titles are rated in proportion: but then it is the first grantee of the honour alone who pays. In Spain the fine has to be renewed with each succession to the title. Moreover, it has to be paid in full on each separate title which a man may bear; *e.g.* a Duke of Richmond and Gordon, had he the blessing to be subject of his Catholic Majesty, would

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have to pay 9,000*l.* into the Treasury on his accession to the family titles, which are nine in number. The Dukes of Ossuña and Medina Cœli contribute 12,000*l.* or 15,000*l.* apiece to the necessities of Spain, every generation, merely under this particular head of taxation.

Grandees of Spain of the first class have the privilege of remaining covered in the presence of the sovereign, an honour enjoyed in the United Kingdom by Lord Kingsdale and Lord Forester. It may not be generally known that one great family, that of the Princes of Lara, are claimants to the Crown of Spain. They content themselves, however, with filing a protest at the accession of each new king or queen: after which record of their wrongs they return to cigarettes and leisure of a more or less dignified kind. Possibly, since Byron sang, the name of Lara is better known in Britain than Castile.

Italy has a power of nobles, mostly marquises when they are not princes. Some domains, notably that of San Donato (now in the market), confer titles. It was from his estate of San Donato that Count Anathole Demidoff, who married the Princess Mathilde Bonaparte, derived his style of Prince. Similarly the tenure of Arundel Castle confers an English earldom, but Parliament has taken very good care that it shall never be sold—at any rate till the heirs of the old earls are extinct, and their name is legion.

In the north of Italy the younger son of a marquis is generally styled simply "cavaliere," *e.g.* "il Cavaliere Massimo d'Azeglio." In Southern Italy, and in the Roman States, he would be accorded the same title as his father. A cadet of a princely family frequently contents himself with putting on his card his Christian and surname, adding "of the Princes of ——;" thus, "Felice Barberini, de' Principi Barberini," often with a little princely coronet surmounting the whole.

Speaking of Massimo d'Azeglio reminds one of what excellent service the Piedmontese nobility have rendered their country. They were never wealthy as a class, nor attempted to vie with the aristocracy of France in splendour of hospitality; nor were they renowned for wit, or for exquisite polish of manner. But if Florence was the Athens, Turin was the Sparta, of Italy in the days of old. Piedmontese gentlemen were renowned for the hardy virtues, for courage, manliness of life, integrity, unswerving loyalty to their sovereign. If any one wishes to realise an idea of what the Italian character is at its best, he should read the "Life of the Marquis Costa de Beauregard," which has been translated into English by Miss Yonge. The Marquis was all that a man can be —a good son, a trusty friend, a brave soldier, an ardent patriot, a humble-minded Christian. Had there been more of his stamp in Tuscany and Naples at the commencement of the century, Italy might have achieved her independence at the fall of Napoleon.

It has long been the fashion to sneer at Papal titles, it being commonly supposed that they can be had for the asking, and a lump sum down. This is an error, at all events as far as the later practice of the

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Court of Rome. Titles have to be paid for, as everywhere, but they are not granted to any moneyed man who may choose to apply for one. Some zeal for the faith, some services rendered to the Church, or to humanity, must be proved before a candidate's claim can be admitted. Of course a fortune of the first magnitude will virtually command a title; but here, again, the Supreme Pontiffs are not more facile than an Emperor of Austria or even a Queen of England. The most famous house of banker-nobles in Rome is that of the Dukes and Princes Torlonia—for there are two lines, the ducal being the elder. The first duke was ennobled by Pius VII., who may very well have been under obligations to him. Shrewd in finance, he was otherwise dull, and prouder of his rank than ambitious to illustrate it by amiability or munificence. Still, he could be generous on occasion, and was sensible enough not to be ashamed of his humble origin. A young Roman noble was once playing for high stakes in his presence. Torlonia waited till he had won a considerable sum, then, stepping up to the gamester, and laying a hand on his shoulder, said in a fatherly way, "My son, it was not in that way that I made a fortune." It is amusing to read in the diary of the first Duke of Buckingham and Chandos how Torlonia humbly tendered his services to His Grace, not venturing to approach so great a man as an equal. The English duke received the advances of his Italian brother with extreme coldness, and even suspicion. "Evidently Torlonia wanted his connection."

The Roman nobility of to-day is smitten with Anglomania. They hunt, they dress as much as possible like Englishmen, and they talk English even among themselves, often, too, with the purest accent. This facility for pronouncing our language correctly is shared with them by the Maltese. The nobility of this little island, by the way, has given a good deal of trouble to English Governors and Secretaries of State. Lord Carnarvon finally accorded them a distinct official status, recognising the number of noble families as twelve. They take precedence among themselves by the dates of their patents, irrespective of titular rank—a baron of the seventeenth century ranking before a prince of the eighteenth.

All Monacans are noble, this distinction having been conferred on the inhabitants of the principality by the Emperor Charles II. The Republic of San Marino claims and exercises the right to confer titles. These are to be bought at reasonable prices, and with no troublesome examinations into character or antecedents. A year or two ago San Marino created an apothecary "Duc de Bruc," and named him "Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary" to the French Republic. The Duke gave up the medical profession, announcing that he had been summoned to "high diplomatic functions," but was not above starting a kind of Universal Pill Company, of which His Grace constituted himself chairman. As usual, there was no lack of persons willing to take shares in the new enterprise.

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A word as to the Belgian nobility. It must be divided into two classes: 1. Those who derive their titles from Emperors or from Kings of Spain; 2. Those ennobled by the King of the Netherlands (between 1815 and 1830), or by Leopold I. and his son. It is no disparagement to the latter to say that they derive their grandeur, like Cromwell, from themselves alone. As nobles, they are of no account. But the Duke of Orenberg, a mediatised prince of the empire, the Prince de Ligne (who is a Knight of the Golden Fleece), the Prince de Caraman-Chimay, and others, belong to the first order of European society. In fact their country is Europe, and they attach no more importance to the fact of their Belgian nationality than a Devonshire man amongst us would to the circumstance that he was born in the Queen of the Western counties. One D'Orenberg serves in the French army, a De Ligne in the Austrian. It is related of the present head of the Lignes (who is President of the Belgian Senate) that he once took his hat off (quite for his own convenience) in the presence of a German Grand-Duke. "Cover yourself, Prince," affably commanded the Serenity. "Cover myself!" replied the Prince de Ligne. "I shall cover myself when I please."

Nobility in Belgium, as in Russia, can be conferred for life. Needless to say, no true herald could take cognisance of such blazonry. The very essence of nobility has always consisted in its hereditary character. Sir Bernard Burke discusses the question as to whether the son or daughter of a "Lord of Appeal in Ordinary" (who is a baron for life) can assume the style of "Honourable," and inclines to the opinion that they cannot. A peer accused of felony must be tried by his peers; a bishop, though a "lord of Parliament, is tried by an ordinary jury as not having the privilege of nobility." Why? Simply because his dignity is not hereditary.

Russia has 650,000 hereditary nobles, and 380,000 whose nobility expires with them. But a noble has few, if any, civil privileges as such. He must enter the army or the civil service to obtain precedence in society. There are ten grades in the civil service roughly corresponding to the ten grades of commissioned officers in the army, and military or civil appointments alone confer social standing in Russia. The priesthood is more despised than was the Anglican clergy under the later Stuarts. Only the metropolitans, archbishops, and other high dignitaries are accorded any sort of honour.

Most countries constitutionally governed entrust the legislative power to an assembly composed of two chambers. In England alone is one chamber almost entirely composed of hereditary members. Nevertheless the hereditary principle is recognised to a limited extent in some other countries. The Austrian Upper House is thus made up: Archdukes who are of age (now thirteen in number), fifty-three hereditary nobles, seventeen archbishops and prince-bishops, and 105 life-members.

The Prussian House of Lords has also a considerable hereditary element in it; so has the Upper Chamber of the Spanish Cortes, of which

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Princes of the Blood and Grandees of the first class are members by birth.

It is worthy of note that the Duc de Broglie, who once drew up a constitution for France, while dividing the legislature in two, according to the approved method, did not venture, even with a restored monarchy in view, to introduce an hereditary element into the Upper House. He frankly avows, in the preamble to his Project of Law, that such an institution as that of hereditary law-makers would be impossible in the France of to-day. The Duke's authority on such a point is unimpeachable. And from all one can see, the axiom he lays down will soon be true of every country on the continent of Europe. In a word, foreign titles are fast becoming purely ornamental appendages to large fortunes, and incumbrances on small ones.

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Faustus and Helena.

NOTES ON THE SUPERNATURAL IN ART.

THERE is a story, well known throughout the sixteenth century, which tells how Doctor Faustus of Wittenberg, having made over his soul to the fiend, employed him to raise the ghost of Helen of Sparta, in order that she might become his paramour. The story has no historic value, no scientific meaning; it lacks the hoary dignity of the tales of heroes and demigods, wrought, vague and colossal forms, out of cloud and sunbeam, of those tales narrated and heard by generations of men deep hidden in the stratified ruins of lost civilisations, carried in the migrations of races from India to Hellas and to Scandinavia. Compared with them, this tale of Faustus and Helena is paltry and brand-new; it is not a myth, nay, scarcely a legend; it is a mere trifling incident added by humanistic pedantry to the ever-changing mediæval story of the man who barters his soul for knowledge, the wizard, alchemist, philosopher, printer, Albertus, Bacon, or Faustus. It is a part, an unessential, subordinate fragment, valued in its day neither more nor less than any other part of the history of Doctor Faustus; narrated cursorily by the biographer of the wizard, overlooked by some of the ballad-rhymers, alternately used and rejected by the playwrights of puppet-shows; given by Marlowe himself no greater importance than the other marvellous deeds, the juggling tricks and magic journeys of his hero.

But for us the incident of Faustus and Helena has a meaning, a fascination wholly different from any other portion of the story: the other incidents owe everything to artistic treatment; this one owes nothing. The wizard Faustus, awaiting the hour which will give him over to Hell, is the creation of Marlowe; Gretchen is even more completely the creation of Goethe; the fiend of the Englishman is occasionally grand, the fiend of the German is throughout masterly; in all these cases we are in the presence of true artistic work, of stuff rendered valuable solely by the hand of the artist, of figures well defined and finite, and limited also in their power over the imagination. But the group of Faustus and Helena is different; it belongs neither to Marlowe nor to Goethe, it belongs to the legend. It does not give the complete and limited satisfaction of a work of art; it has the charm of the fantastic and fitful shapes formed by the flickering firelight or the wreathing mists; it haunts like some vague strain of music, drowsily heard in half-sleep. It fills the fancy, it oscillates and transforms itself; the artist may see it, attempt

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to seize and embody it for evermore in a definite and enduring shape, but it vanishes out of his grasp, and the forms which should have inclosed it are mere empty sepulchres, haunted and charmed merely by the evoking power of our own imagination. If we are fascinated by the Lady Helen of Marlowe, walking, like some Florentine goddess, with embroidered kirtle and madonna face, across the study of the old wizard of Wittenberg; if we are pleased by the stately pseudo-antique Helena of Goethe, draped in the drapery of Thorwaldsen's statues and speaking the language of Goethe's own Iphigenia, as she meets the very modern Faust, gracefully masqued in mediæval costume; if we find in these attempts, the one unthinking and imperfect, the other laboured and abortive, something which delights our fancy, it is because our thoughts wander off from them and evoke a Faustus and Helena of our own, different from the creations of Marlowe and of Goethe; it is because in these definite and imperfect artistic forms, there yet remains the suggestion of the subject with all its power over the imagination. We forget Marlowe and we forget Goethe, to follow up the infinite suggestion of the legend; we cease to see the Elizabethan and the pseudo-antique Helen; we lift our imagination from the book and see the mediæval street at Wittenberg, the gabled house of Faustus, all sculptured with quaint devices and grotesque forms of apes and cherubs and flowers; we penetrate through the low brown rooms, filled with musty books and mysterious ovens and retorts, redolent with strange scents of alchemy, to that innermost secret chamber, where the old wizard hides, in the depths of his mediæval house, the immortal woman, the god-born, the fatal, the beloved of Theseus and Paris and Achilles; we are blinded by this sunshine of antiquity pent up in the oaken-panelled chamber, such as Dürer might have etched; and all around we hear circulating the mysterious rumours of the neighbours, of the burghers and students, whispering shyly of Dr. Faustus and his strange guest, in the beer cellars and in the cloisters of the old university town. And gazing thus into the fantastic intellectual mist which has risen up between us and the book we were reading, be it Marlowe or Goethe, we cease after a while to see Faustus or Helena, we perceive only a chaotic fluctuation of incongruous shapes: scholars in furred robes and caps pulled over their ears, burghers' wives with high sugar-loaf coif and slashed boddices, with hands demurely folded over their prayer-books, and knights in armour and immense plumes, and haggling Jews and tonsured monks, descended out of the panels of Wohlgemüth and the engravings of Dürer, mingling with, changing into, processions of naked athletes on foaming short-maned horses, of draped Athenian maidens, carrying baskets and sickles, and priests bearing oil-jars and torches, all melting into each other, indistinct, confused like the images in a dream; vague crowds, phantoms following in the wake of the spectre woman of antiquity, beautiful, unimpassioned, ever young, luring to Hell the wizard of the Middle Ages.

Why does all this vanish as soon as we once more fix our eyes upon

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the book? Why can our fancy show us more than can the artistic genius of Marlowe and of Goethe? Why does Marlowe, believing in Helen as a satanic reality, and Goethe, striving after her as an artistic vision, equally fail to satisfy us? The question is intricate: it requires a threefold answer, dependent on the fact that this tale of Faustus and Helena is in fact a tale of the supernatural—a weird and colossal ghost-story in which the actors are the spectre of Antiquity, ever young, beautiful, radiant, though risen from the putrescence of two thousand years, and the Middle Ages, alive, but toothless, palsied, and tottering. Why neither Marlowe nor Goethe have succeeded in giving a satisfactory artistic shape to this tale is explained by the necessary relations between art and the supernatural, between our creative power and our imaginative faculty; why Marlowe has failed in one manner and Goethe in another is explained by the fact that, as we said, for the first the tale was a supernatural reality, for the second a supernatural fiction.

What are the relations between art and the supernatural? At first sight the two appear closely allied: like the supernatural, art is born of imagination; the supernatural, like art, conjures up unreal visions. The two have been intimately connected during the great ages of the supernatural, when instead of existing merely in a few disputed traditional dogmas, and in a little discredited traditional folklore, it constituted the whole of religion and a great part of philosophy. Gods and demons, saints and spectres, have afforded at least one-half of the subjects for art. The supernatural, in the shape of religious mythology, had art bound in its service in Antiquity and the Middle Ages; the supernatural, in the shape of spectral fancies, regained its dominion over art with the advent of romanticism. From the gods of the *Iliad* down to the Commander in *Don Giovanni*, from the sylvan divinities of Praxiteles to the fairies of Shakespeare, from the Furies of Æschylus to the Archangels of Perugino, the supernatural and the artistic have constantly appeared linked together. Yet, in reality, the hostility between the supernatural and the artistic is well-nigh as great as the hostility between the supernatural and the logical. Critical reason is a solvent, it reduces the phantoms of the imagination to their most prosaic elements; artistic power, on the other hand, moulds and solidifies them into distinct and palpable forms: the synthetical definiteness of art is as sceptical as the analytical definiteness of logic. For the supernatural is necessarily essentially vague, and art is necessarily essentially distinct: give shape to the vague and it ceases to exist. The task set to the artist by the dreamer, the prophet, the priest, the ghost-seer of all times, is as difficult, though in the opposite sense, as that by which the little girl in the Venetian fairy tale sought to test the omnipotence of the emperor. She asked him for a very humble dish, quite simple and not costly—a pat of butter broiled on a gridiron. The emperor desired his cook to place the butter on the gridiron and light the fire; all was going well, when, behold!

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the butter began to melt, trickled off, and vanished. The artists were asked to paint, or model, or narrate the supernatural; they set about the work in good conscience; but see, the supernatural became the natural, the gods turned into men, the madonnas into mere mothers, the angels into armed striplings, the phantoms into mere creatures of flesh and blood.

There are in reality two sorts of supernatural, although only one really deserves the name. A great number of beliefs in all mythologies are in reality mere scientific errors—abortive attempts to explain phenomena by causes with which they have no connection—the imagination plays not more part in them than in any other sort of theorising, and the notions that unlucky accidents are due to a certain man's glance, that certain formulæ will bring rain or sunshine, that miraculous images will dispel pestilence, and kings of England cure epilepsy, must be classed under the head of mistaken generalisations, not very different in point of fact from exploded scientific theories, such as Descartes' vortices, or the innate ideas of scholasticism. That there was a time when animals spoke with human voice may seem to us a piece of fairy-lore, but it was in its day a scientific hypothesis as brilliant and satisfying as Darwin's theory of evolution. We must, therefore, in examining the relations between art and the supernatural, eliminate as far as possible this species of scientific speculation, and consider only that supernatural which really deserves the name, which is beyond and outside the limits of the possible, the rational, the explicable—that supernatural which is due not to the logical faculties, arguing from wrong premisses, but to the imagination wrought upon by certain kinds of physical surroundings. The divinity of the earlier races is in some measure a mistaken scientific hypothesis of the sort we have described, an attempt to explain phenomena otherwise inexplicable. But it is much more: it is the effect on the imagination of certain external impressions, it is those impressions brought to a focus, personified, but personified vaguely, in a fluctuating, ever-changing manner; the personification being continually altered, reinforced, blurred out, enlarged, restricted by new series of impressions from without, even as the shape which we puzzle out of congregated cloud-masses fluctuates with their every movement—a shifting vapour now obliterates the form, now compresses it into greater distinctness: the wings of the fantastic monster seem now flapping leisurely, now extending bristling like a griffon's; at one moment it has a beak and talons, at others a mane and hoofs; the breeze, the sunlight, the moonbeam, form, alter, and obliterate it.

Thus is it with the supernatural: the gods, moulded out of cloud and sunlight and darkness, are for ever changing, fluctuating between a human or animal shape, god or goddess, cow, ape, or horse, and the mere natural phenomenon which impresses the fancy. Pan is the weird, shaggy, cloven-footed shape which the goatherd or the huntsman has seen gliding among the bushes in the grey twilight; his is the piping

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heard in the tangle of reeds, marsh lily, and knotted nightshade by the river side: but Pan is also the wood, with all its sights and noises, the solitude, the gloom, the infinity of rustling leaves, and cracking branches; he is the greenish-yellow light stealing in amid the boughs; he is the breeze in the foliage, the murmur of unseen waters, the mist hanging over the damp sward; the ferns and grasses which entangle the feet, the briars which catch in the hair and garments are his grasp; and the wanderer dashes through the thickets with a sickening fear in his heart, and sinks down on the outskirts of the forest, gasping, with sweat-clotted hair, overcome by this glimpse of the great god.

In this constant renewal of the impressions on the fancy, in this unceasing shaping and reshaping of its creations, consisted the vitality of the myths of paganism, from the scorching and pestilence-bearing gods of India to the divinities shaped out of tempest and snowdrift of Scandinavia; they were constantly issuing out of the elements, renewed, changed, ever young, under the exorcism not only of the priest and of the poet, but of the village boor; and on this unceasing renovation depended the sway which they maintained, without ethical importance to help them. Scholastic theology, born in an age of speculation and eclecticism, removed its mystic figures out of the cosmic surroundings of paganism; it forbade the imagination to touch or alter them, it regularised, defined, explained, placed the saints and angels in a kind of supersensuous world of logic, logic adapted to Heaven, and different therefore from the logic of earth, but logic none the less. Thus the genuine supernatural was well-nigh banished, regulated as it was by a sort of congress of men of science, who eliminated, to the best of their powers, any vagaries of the imagination which might show themselves in their mystico-logic system. But the imagination did work nevertheless, and the supernatural did reappear. The Heaven of theology was too ethical, too logical, too positive, too scientific, in accordance with the science of the Middle Ages, for the minds of humanity at large; the scholars and learned clergy might study and expound it, but it was insufficient for the ignorant. The imagination reappeared once more. To the monk arose, out of the silence and gloom of the damp, lichen-grown crypt, out of the fœtid emanations of the charnel-house, strange forms of horror which lurked in his steps and haunted his sleep after fasting and scourging and vigils: devils and imps horrible and obscene, which the chisel of the stonecutter vainly attempted to reproduce, in their fluctuating abomination, on the capitals and gargoyles of cloister and cathedral. To the artisan, the weaver pent up in some dark cellar into which the daylight stole grey and faint from the narrow strip of blue sky between the overhanging eaves, for him, the hungry and toil-worn and weary of soul, there arose out of the hum of the street above, out of the half-lit dust, the winter damp and summer suffocation of the underground workshop, visions and sounds of sweetness

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and glory, misty clusters of white-robed angels shedding radiance around them, swaying in mystic linked dances; mingling with the sordid noises of toil seraphic harmonies, now near, now dying away into distance, voices singing of the sunshine and flowers of Paradise. And for others, for the lean and tattered peasant, with the dull, apathetic resignation of the starved and goaded ox or horse, sleeping on the damp clay of his hut and eating strange flourless bread, and stranger carrion flesh, there comes a world of the supernatural, different from that of the monk or the artisan, at once terrifying and consoling: the divinities cast out by Christianity, the divinities for ever newly begotten by nature, but begotten of a nature miserably changed, born in exile and obloquy and persecution, fostered by the wretched and the brutified; differing from the gods of antiquity as the desolate heath, barren of all save stones and prickly furze and thistle, differs from the fertile pasture-land; as the forests planted over the corn-field, whence issue wolves and the Baron's harvest-trampling horses, differ from the forests which gave their oaks and pines to Tyrian ships; divinities warped, and crippled, grown hideous and malignant and unhappy in the likeness of their miserable votaries.

This is the real supernatural, born of the imagination and its surroundings, the vital, the fluctuating, the potent; and it is this which the artist of every age, from Phidias to Giotto, from Giotto to Blake, has been called upon to make known to the multitude. And there had been artistic work going on unnoticed long before the time of any painter or sculptor or poet of whom we have any record; mankind longed from the first to embody, to fix its visions of wonder, it set to work with rough unskilful fingers moulding into shape its divinities. Rude work, ugly, barbarous: blundering scratchings on walls, kneaded clay vessels, notched sticks, nonsense rhymes; but work nevertheless which already showed that art and the supernatural were at variance; the beaked and clawed figures outlined on the wall were compromises between the man and the beast, but definite compromises—so much and no more of the man, so much and no more of the beast; the goddess on the clay vessels became a mere little owl; the divinities even in the nonsense verses were presented now as very distinct cows, now as very distinct clouds, or very distinct men and women; the vague, fluctuating impressions oscillating before the imagination like the colours of a dove's wing or the pattern of a shot silk, interwoven, unsteady, never completely united into one, never completely separated into several, were rudely seized, disentangled by art; part was taken, part thrown aside; what remained was homogeneous, definite, unchanging; it was what it was, and could never be aught else.

Goethe has remarked, with a subjective simplicity of irreverence which is almost comical, that as God created man in his image, it was only fair that man, in his turn, should create God in *his* image. But the decay of pagan belief was not, as Hegel imagines, due to the fact

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that Hellenic art was anthropomorphic. The gods ceased to be gods not merely because they became too like men, but because they became too like anything definite. If the ibis on the amulet, or the owl on the terra-cotta, represents a more vital belief in the gods than does the Venus of Milo or the Giustiniani Minerva, it is not because the idea of divinity is more compatible with an ugly bird than with a beautiful woman; but because whereas the beautiful woman, exquisitely wrought by a consummate sculptor, occupied the mind of the artist and of the beholder with the idea of her beauty, to the exclusion of all else, the rudely-engraven ibis, or the badly-modelled owlet, on the other hand, served merely as a symbol, as the recaller of an idea; the mind did not pause in contemplation of the bird, but wandered off in search of the god: the goggle eyes of the owl and the beak of the ibis were soon forgotten in the contemplation of the vague, ever transmuted visions of phenomena of sky and light, of semi-human and semi-bestial shapes, of confused half-embodied forces; in short, of the supernatural. But the human shape did most mischief to the supernatural merely because the human shape was the most absolute, the most distinct of all shapes: a god might be symbolised as a beast, but he could only be portrayed as a man; and if the portrait was correct, then the god was a man, and nothing more. Even the most fantastic among pagan supernatural creatures, those strange monsters who longest kept their original dual nature—the centaurs, satyrs, and tritons—became beneath the chisel of the artist mere aberrations from the normal, rare and curious types like certain fair-booth phenomena, but perfectly intelligible and rational; the very Chimæra, she who was to give her name to every sort of unintelligible fancy, became, in the bas-reliefs of the story of Bellerophon a mere singular mixture between a lion, a dog, and a bird—a cross-breed which happens not to be possible, but which an ancient might well have conceived as adorning some distant zoological collection. How much more rationalised were not the divinities in whom only a peculiar shape of the eye, a certain structure of the leg, or a definite fashion of wearing the hair, remained of their former nature? Learned men, indeed, tell us that we need only glance at Hera to see that she is at bottom a cow; at Apollo, to recognise that he is but a stag in human shape; or at Zeus, to recognise that he is, in point of fact, a lion. Yet it remains true that we need only walk down the nearest street to meet ten ordinary men and women who look more like various animals than do any antique divinities, and who can yet never be said to be in reality cows, stags, or lions. The same applies to the violent efforts which are constantly being made to show in the Greek and Latin poets a distinct recollection of the cosmic nature of the gods, construing the very human movements, looks, and dress of divinities into meteorological phenomena, as has been done even by Mr. Ruskin, in his *Queen of the Air*, despite his artist's sense, which should have warned him that no artistic figure, like Homer's divinities, can possibly be at the same time a woman and a

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whirlwind. The gods did originally partake of the character of cosmic phenomena, as they partook of the characters of beasts and birds, and of every other species of transformation, such as we may watch in dreams; but as soon as they were artistically embodied this transformation ceased, the nature had to be specified in proportion as the form became distinct; and the drapery of Pallas, although it had inherited its purple tint from the storm-cloud, was none the less, when it clad the shoulders of the goddess, not a storm-cloud, but a piece of purple linen. "What do you want of me?" asks the artist. "A god," answers the believer. "What is your god to be like?" asks the artist. "My god is to be a very handsome warrior, a serene heaven, which is occasionally overcast with clouds, which clouds are sometimes very beneficial, and become (and so does the god at those moments) heavy-uddered cows; at others they are dark, and cause annoyance, and then they capture the god, who is the light (but he is also the clouds, remember), and lock him up in a tower, and then he frees himself, and he is a neighing horse, and he is sitting on the prancing horse (which is himself, you know, and is the sky too), in the shape of two warriors, and alsò——" "May Cerberus devour you!" cries the artist. "How can I represent all this? Do you want a warrior, or a cow, or the heavens, or a horse; or do you want a warrior with the hoofs of a horse and the horns of a cow? Explain, for, by Juno, I can give you only one of these at a time."

Thus, in proportion as the gods were subjected to artistic manipulation, whether by sculptor or poet, they lost their supernatural powers. A period there doubtless was when the gods stood out quite distinct from nature, and yet remained connected with it, as the figures of a high relief stand out from the background; but gradually they were freed from the chaos of impressions which had given them birth, and then, little by little, they ceased to be gods; they were isolated from the world of the wonderful, they were respectfully shelved off into the region of the ideal, where they were contemplated, admired, discussed, but not worshipped, even like their statues by Praxiteles and their pictures by Parrhasius. The divinities who continued to be reverenced were the rustic divinities and the foreign gods and goddesses; the divinities which had been safe from the artistic desecration of the cities, and the divinities which were imported from hieratic, unartistic countries like Egypt and Syria; on the one hand, the gods shaped with the pruning-knife out of figwood, and stained with ochre or wine-lees, grotesque mannikins, standing like scarecrows, in orchard or corn-field, to which the peasants crowded in devout procession, leading their cleanly-dressed little ones, and carrying gifts of fruit and milk, while the listless Tibullus, fresh from sceptical Rome, looked on from his doorstep, a vague, childish veneration stealing over his mind; on the other hand, the monstrous goddesses, hundred-breasted or ibis-headed, half hidden in the Syrian and Egyptian temples, surrounded by mysterious priests, swarthy or effeminate, in mitres and tawny robes, jangling their sistra

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and clashing their cymbals, moving in mystic or frenzied dances, weird, obscene, and unearthly, to the melancholy drone of Phrygian or Egyptian music, sending a shudder through the atheist Catullus, and filling his mind with ghastly visions of victims of the great goddess, bleeding, fainting, lashed on to madness by the wrath of the terrible divinity. These were the last survivors of paganism, and to their protection clung the old gods of Greece and Rome, reduced to human level by art, stripped naked by sculptor and poet, and muffling themselves in the homely or barbaric garments of low-born or outlandish usurpers. Art had been a worse enemy than scepticism; Apelles and Scopas had done more mischief than Epicurus.

Christian art was perhaps more reverent in intention, but not less desecrating in practice; even the Giottesques turned Christ, the Virgin, and the Saints, into mere Florentine men and women; even Angelico himself, although a saint, was unable to show Paradise except as a flowery meadow, under a highly gilded sky, through which moved ladies and youths in most artistic but most earthly embroidered garments; and Hell except as a very hot place where men and women were being boiled and broiled and baked and fried and roasted, by very comic little weasel-snouted fiends, which on a carnival car would have made Florentines roar with laughter. The real supernatural was in the cells of fever-stricken, starved visionaries; it was in the contagious awe of the crowd sinking down at the sight of the stained napkin of Bolsena; in that soiled piece of linen was Christ, and God, and Paradise; in that, and not in the panels of Angelico and Perugino, or in the frescoes of Signorelli and Filippino.

Why? Because the supernatural is nothing but ever-renewed impressions, ever-shifting fancies; and that art is the definer, the embodier, the analytic and synthetic force of form. Every artistic embodiment of impressions or fancies implies isolation of those impressions or fancies, selection, combination and balancing of them; that is to say, diminution—nay, destruction of their inherent power. As, in order to be moulded, the clay must be separated from the mound; as, in order to be carved, the wood must be cut off from the tree; as, in order to be reshaped by art, the mass of atoms must be rudely severed; so also the mental elements of art, the mood, the fancy, must be severed from the preceding and succeeding moods of fancies; artistic manipulation requires that its intellectual, like its tangible materials, cease to be vital. But the materials, mental or physical, are not only deprived of vitality and power of self-alteration: they are combined in given proportions, the action of the one on the other destroys in great part the special power of each; art is proportion, and proportion is restriction. Last of all, but most important, these isolated, no longer vital materials, neutralised by each other, are further reduced to insignificance by becoming parts of a whole conception; their separate meaning is effaced by the general meaning of the work of art; art bottles lightning to use

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it as white colour, and measures out thunder by the beat of the chapel-master's roll of notes. But art does not merely restrict impressions and fancies within the limits of form; in its days of maturity and independence it restricts yet closer within the limits of beauty. Partially developed art, still unconscious of its powers and aims, still in childish submission to religion, sets to work conscientiously, with no other object than to embody the supernatural; if the supernatural suffers in the act of embodiment, if the fluctuating fancies which are Zeus or Pallas are limited and curtailed, rendered logical and prosaic even in the wooden prehistoric idol or the roughly kneaded clay owlet, it is by no choice of the artist—his attempt is abortive, because it is thwarted by the very nature of his art. But when art is mature, things are different; the artist, conscious of his powers, instinctively recognising the futility of aiming at the embodiment of the supernatural, dragged by an irresistible longing to the display of his skill, to the imitation of the existing and to the creation of beauty, ceases to strain after the impossible, and refuses to attempt anything beyond the possible. The art, which was before a mere insufficient means, is now an all-engrossing aim; unconsciously, perhaps, to himself, the artist regards the subject merely as a pretext for the treatment; and where the subject is opposed to such treatment as he desires, he sacrifices it. He may be quite as conscientious as his earliest predecessor, but his conscience has become an artistic conscience, he sees only as much as is within art's limits; the gods, or the saints, which were cloudy and supernatural to the artist of immature art, are definite and artistic to the artist of mature art; he can think, imagine, feel only in a given manner; his religious conceptions have taken the shape of his artistic creations; art has destroyed the supernatural, and the artist has swallowed up the believer. The attempts at supernatural effects are almost always limited to a sort of symbolical abbreviation, which satisfies the artist and his public respecting the subject of the work, and lends it a traditional association with the supernatural; a few spikes round the head of a young man are all that remains of the solar nature of Apollo; the little budding horns and pointed ears of the satyr must suffice to recall that he was once a mystic fusion of man and beast and forest; a gilded disc behind the head is all that shows that Giotto's figures are immortals in glory; and a pair of wings is all that explains that Perugino's St. Michael is not a mere dainty mortal warrior; the highest mysteries of Christianity are despatched with a triangle and an open book, to draw which Raphael might employ his colour-grinder, while he himself drew the finely-draped baker's daughter from Trastevere.

If we would bring home to ourselves the action of art on the supernatural, we must examine the only species of supernatural which still retains vitality, and can still be deprived of it by art. That which remains to us of the imaginative workings of the past is traditional and well-nigh effete: we have poems and pictures, Vedic hymns,

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and Egyptian symbols; we have folklore and dogma; remnants of the supernatural, some labelled in our historic museums, where they are scrutinised, catalogue and eye-glass in hand; others dusty on altars and in chapels, before which we uncover our heads and cast down our eyes; relics of dead and dying faiths, of which some are daily being transferred from the church to the museum; art cannot deprive any of these of that imaginative life and power which they have long ceased to possess. We have forms of the supernatural in which we believe from acquiescence of habit, but they are not vital; we have a form of the supernatural in which, from logic and habit, we disbelieve, but which is vital; and this form of the supernatural is the ghostly. We none of us believe in ghosts as logical possibilities, but we most of us conceive them as imaginative probabilities; we can still feel the ghostly, and thence it is that a ghost is the only thing which can in any respect replace for us the divinities of old, and enable us to understand, if only for a minute, the imaginative power which they possessed, and of which they were despoiled not only by logic, but by art. By *ghost* we do not mean the vulgar apparition which is seen or heard in told or written tales; we mean the ghost which slowly rises up in our mind; the haunter, not of corridors and staircases, but of our fancies. Just as the gods of primitive religions were the undulating bright heat which made midday solitary and solemn as midnight; the warm damp, the sap-riser and expander of life; the sad dying away of the summer, and the leaden, suicidal sterility of winter; so the ghost, their only modern equivalent, is the damp, the darkness, the silence, the solitude; a ghost is the sound of our steps through a ruined cloister, where the ivy-berries and convolvulus growing in the fissures sway up and down among the sculptured foliage of the windows, it is the scent of mouldering plaster and mouldering bones from beneath the broken pavement; a ghost is the bright moonlight against which the cypresses stand out like black hearse-plumes, in which the blasted grey olives and the gnarled fig-trees stretch their branches over the broken walls like fantastic, knotted, beckoning fingers, and the abandoned villas on the outskirts of Italian towns, with the birds flying in and out of the unglazed windows, loom forth white and ghastly; a ghost is the long-closed room of one long dead, the faint smell of withered flowers, the rustle of long-unmoved curtains, the yellow paper and faded ribbons of long-unread letters . . . each and all of these things, and a hundred others besides, according to our nature, is a ghost, a vague feeling we can scarcely describe, a something pleasing and terrible which invades our whole consciousness, and which, confusedly embodied, we half dread to see behind us, we know not in what shape, if we look round.

Call we in our artist, or let us be our own artist; embody, let us see or hear this ghost, let it become visible or audible to others besides ourselves; paint us that vagueness, mould into shape that darkness, modulate into chords that silence—tell us the character and history of those vague

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beings . . . . set to work boldly or cunningly. What do we obtain? A picture, a piece of music, a story; but the ghost is gone. In its stead we get oftenest the mere image of a human being; call it a ghost if you will, it is none. And the more complete the artistic work, the less remains of the ghost. Why do those stories affect us most in which the ghost is heard but not seen? Why do those places affect us most of which we merely vaguely know that they are haunted? Why most of all those which look as if they might be haunted? Why, as soon as a figure is seen, is the charm half-lost? And why, even when there is a figure, is it kept so vague and mist-like? Would you know Hamlet's father for a ghost unless he told you he was one, and can you remember it long while he speaks in mortal words? and what would be Hamlet's father without the terrace of Elsinore, the hour, and the moonlight. Do not these embodied ghosts owe what little effect they still possess to their surroundings, and are not the surroundings the real ghost? Throw sunshine on to them, and what remains?

Thus we have wandered through the realm of the supernatural in a manner neither logical nor business-like, for logic and business-likeness are rude qualities, and scare away the ghostly; very far away do we seem to have rambled from Dr. Faustus and Helen of Sparta; but in this labyrinth of the fantastic there are sudden unexpected turns—and see, one of these has suddenly brought us back into their presence. For we have seen why the supernatural is always injured by artistic treatment, why therefore the confused images evoked in our mind by the mere threadbare tale of Faustus and Helena are superior in imaginative power to the picture carefully elaborated and shown us by Goethe. We can now understand why under his hand the infinite charm of the weird meeting of Antiquity and the Middle Ages has evaporated. We can explain why the strange fancy of the classic Walpürgis-night, in the second part of *Faust*, at once stimulates the imagination and gives it nothing. If we let our mind dwell on that mysterious Pharsalian plain, with its glimmering fires and flamelets alone breaking the darkness, where Faust and Mephistopheles wandering about meet the spectres of Antiquity, shadowy in the gloom—the sphinxes crouching, the sirens, the dryads and oreads, the griffons and cranes flapping their unseen wings overhead; where Faust springs on the back of Chiron, and as he is borne along sickens for sudden joy when the centaur tells him that Helen has been carried on that back, has clasped that neck; when we let our mind work on all this, we are charmed by the weird meetings, the mysterious shapes which elbow us; but let us take up the volume and we return to barren prose, without colour or perfume. Yet Goethe felt the supernatural as we feel it, as it can be felt only in days of disbelief, when, the more logical we become in our ideas, the more we view nature as a prosaic machine constructed by no one in particular, the more poignantly, on the other hand, do we feel the delight of the transient belief in the vague and the impossible; when, the greater

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the distinctness with which we see and understand all around us, the greater the longing for a momentary half-light in which forms may appear stranger, grander, vaguer than they are. We moderns seek in the world of the supernatural a renewal of the delightful semi-obscurity of vision and keenness of fancy of our childhood; when a glimpse into fairyland was still possible, when things appeared in false lights, brighter, more important, more magnificent than now. Art indeed can afford us calm and clear enjoyment of the beautiful—enjoyment serious, self-possessed, wideawake, such as befits mature intellects; but no picture, no symphony, no poem, can give us that delight, that delusory, imaginative pleasure which we received as children from a tawdry engraving or a hideous doll; for around that doll there was an atmosphere of glory. In certain words, in certain sights, in certain snatches of melody, words, sights and sounds which we now recognise as trivial, commonplace, and vulgar, there was an ineffable meaning; they were spells which opened doors into realms of wonder; they were precious in proportion as they were misappreciated. We now appreciate and despise: we see, we no longer imagine. And it is to replace this uncertainty of vision, this liberty of seeing in things much more than there is, which belongs to man and to mankind in its childhood, which compensated the Middle Ages for starvation and pestilence, and compensates the child for blows and lessons; it is to replace this that we crave after the supernatural, the ghostly—no longer believed, but still felt. It was from this sickness of the prosaic, this turning away from logical certainty, that the men of the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of this century, the men who had finally destroyed belief in the religious supernatural, who were bringing light with new sciences of economy, philology, and history—Schiller, Goethe, Herder, Coleridge—left the lecture-room and the laboratory, and set gravely to work on ghostly tales and ballads. It was from this rebellion against the tyranny of the possible that Goethe was charmed with that culmination of all impossibilities, that most daring of ghost stories, the story of Faustus and Helena. He felt the seduction of the supernatural, he tried to embody it—and he failed.

The case was different with Marlowe. The bringing together of Faustus and Helena had no special meaning for the man of the sixteenth century, too far from antiquity and too near the Middle Ages to perceive as we do the strange difference between them; and the supernatural had no fascination in a time when it was all permeating and everywhere mixed with prose. The whole play of *Dr. Faustus* is conceived in a thoroughly realistic fashion; it is tragic, but not ghostly. To Marlowe's audience, and probably to Marlowe himself, despite his atheistic reputation, the story of Faustus's wonders and final damnation was quite within the realm of the possible; the intensity of the belief in the tale is shown by the total absence of any attempt to give it dignity or weirdness. Faustus evokes Lucifer with a pedantic semi-biblical Latin speech; he goes about playing the most trumpery conjuror's tricks—snatching

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with invisible hands the food from people's lips, clapping horns and tails on to courtiers for the Emperor's amusement, letting his legs be pulled off like boots, selling wisps of straw as horses, doing and saying things which could appear tragic and important, nay, even serious, only to people who took every second cat for a witch, who burned their neighbours for vomiting pins, who suspected devils at every turn, as the great witch-expert Sprenger shows them in his horribly matter-of-fact manual. We moderns, disbelieving in devilries, would require the most elaborately romantic and poetic accessories—a splendid lurid background, a magnificent Byronian invocation of the fiend. The Mephistophilis of Marlowe, in those days when devils still dwelt in people, required none of Goethe's wit or poetry; the mere fact of his being a devil, with the very real association of flame and brimstone in this world and the next, was sufficient to inspire interest in him; whereas in 1800, with Voltaire's novels and Hume's treatises on the table, a dull devil was no more endurable than any other sort of bore. The very superiority of Marlowe is due to this absence of weirdness, to this complete realism; the last scene of the English play is infinitely above the end of the second part of *Faust* in tragic grandeur, just because Goethe made abortive attempts after a conscious and artificial supernatural, while Marlowe was satisfied with perfect reality of situation. The position of Faustus, when the years of his pact have expired, and he awaits midnight, which will give him over to Lucifer, is as thoroughly natural in the eyes of Marlowe as is in the eyes of Shelley the position of Beatrice Cenci awaiting the moment of execution. The conversation between Faustus and the scholars, after he has made his will, is terribly life-like; they disbelieve at first, pooh-pooh his danger, then, half-convinced, beg that a priest may be fetched; but Faustus cannot deal with priests. He bids them, in agony, go pray in the next room. "Ay, pray for me, pray for me, and what noise soever you hear, come not unto me, for nothing can save me. . . . Gentlemen, farewell; if I live till morning, I'll visit you; if not, Faustus is gone to hell." Faustus remains alone for the one hour which separates him from his doom; he clutches at the passing time, he cries to the hours to stop with no rhetorical figure of speech, but with a terrible reality of agony:

> Let this hour be but
> A year, a month, a week, a natural day,
> That Faustus may repent and save his soul.

Time to repent, time to recoil from the horrible gulf into which he is being sucked. He would leap up to heaven and cling fast, but Lucifer drags him down. He would seek annihilation in nature, be sucked into its senseless, feelingless mass, . . . and meanwhile the time is passing, the interval of respite is shrinking and dwindling. Would that he were a soulless brute and might perish, or that at least eternal hell were finite—a thousand, a hundred thousand years let him suffer, but not for ever and without end! Midnight begins strik-

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ing. With convulsive agony he exclaims, as the rain patters against the window:

> O soul, be changed into small water-drops,
> And fall into the ocean, ne'er be found.

But the twelfth stroke sounds; Lucifer and his crew enter; and when next morning the students, frightened by the horrible tempest and ghastly noises of the night, enter his study, they find Faustus lying dead, torn and mangled by the demon. All this is not supernatural in our sense; such scenes as this were real for Marlowe and his audience. Such cases were surely not unfrequent; more than one man certainly watched through such a night in hopeless agony, conscious like Faustus of pact with the fiend—awaiting, with earth and heaven shut and bolted against him, eternal hell.

In this story of Doctor Faustus, which, to Marlowe and his contemporaries, was not a romance but a reality, the episode of the evoking of Helen is extremely secondary in interest. To raise a dead woman was not more wonderful than to turn wisps of straw into horses, and it was perhaps considered the easier of the two miracles; the sense of the ordinary ghostly is absent, and the sense that Helen is the ghost of a whole long-dead civilisation, that sense which is for us the whole charm of the tale, could not exist in the sixteenth century. Goethe's Faust feels for Helen as Goethe himself might have felt, as Winckelmann felt for a lost antique statue, as Schiller felt for the dead Olympus: a passion intensely imaginative and poetic, born of deep appreciation of antiquity, the essentially modern, passionate, nostalgic craving for the past. In Marlowe's play, on the contrary, Faustus and the students evoke Helen from a confused pedantic impression that an ancient lady must be as much superior to a modern lady as an ancient poem, be it even by Statius or Claudian, must be superior to a modern poem—it is a humanistic fancy of the days of the revival of letters. But, by a strange phenomenon, Marlowe, once realising what Helen means, that she is the fairest of women, forgets the scholarly interest in her. Faustus, once in presence of the wonderful woman, forgets that he had summoned her up to gratify his and his friends' pedantry; he sees her, loves her, and bursts out into the splendid tirade full of passionate fancy:

> Was this the face that launched a thousand ships
> And burnt the topless towers of Ilium!
> Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss!
> Her lips suck forth my soul! See where it flies!
> Come Helen, come give me my soul again.
> Here will I dwell, for Heaven is in these lips,
> And all is dross that is not Helena.
> I will be Paris, and for love of thee,
> Instead of Troy shall Wittenberg be sacked
> And I will combat with weak Menelaus,
> And wear thy colours on my plumed crest
> Yea, I will wound Achilles in the heel,

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And then return to Helen for a kiss.
Oh! thou art fairer than the evening air
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars;
Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter
When he appeared to hapless Semele;
More lovely than the monarch of the sky
In wanton Arethusa's azure arms;
And none but thou shalt be my paramour.

This is a real passion for a real woman, a woman very different from the splendid semi-vivified statue of Goethe, the Helen with only the cold, bloodless, intellectual life which could be infused by enthusiastic studies of ancient literature and art, gleaming bright like marble or a spectre. This Helena of Marlowe is no antique; the Elizabethan dramatist, like the painters of the fifteenth century, could not conceive the purely antique, despite all the translating of ancient writers and all the drawing from ancient marbles. One of the prose versions of the story of Faustus contains a quaint account of Helen, which sheds much light on Marlowe's conception:

This lady appeared before them in a most rich gowne of purple velvet, costly imbrodered; her haire hanged downe loose, as faire as the beaten gold, and of such length that it reached downe to her hammes; having most amorous cole-black eyes, a sweet and pleasant round face, with lips as red as a cherry; her cheeks of a rose colour, her mouth small, her neck white like a swan; tall and slender of personage; in summe, there was no imperfect place in her; she looked around about with a rolling hawk's eye, a smiling and wanton countenance, which neerehand inflamed the hearts of all the students, but that they persuaded themselves she was a spirit, which make them lightly passe away such fancies.

This fair dame in the velvet embroidered gown, with the long, hanging hair, this Helen of the original Faustus legend, is antique only in name; she belongs to the race of mediæval and modern women—the Lauras, Fiammettas, and Simonettas of Petrarch, Boccaccio, and Lorenzo dei Medici: she is the sister of that slyly sentimental coquette, the Monna Lisa of Leonardo. The strong and simple women of Homer, and even of Euripides, majestic and matronly even in shame, would repudiate this slender, smiling, ogling beauty; Briseis, though the captive of Achilles' spear, would turn with scorn from her. The antique woman has a dignity due to her very inferiority and restrictedness of position; she has the simplicity, the completeness, the absence of everything suggestive of degradation, like that of some stately animal, pure in its animal nature. The modern woman, with more freedom and more ideal, rarely approaches to this character; she is too complex to be perfect, she is frail because she has an ideal, she is dubious because she is free, she may fall because she may rise. Helen deserted Menelaus and brought ruin upon Troy, therefore, in the eyes of antiquity, she was the victim of fate, she might be unruffled, spotless, majestic; but to the man of the sixteenth century she was merely frail and false. The rolling hawk's eye and the wanton smile of the old legend-monger would have

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perplexed Homer, but they were necessary for Marlowe; his Helen was essentially modern, he had probably no inkling that an antique Helen as distinguished from a modern could exist. In the paramour of Faustus he saw merely the most beautiful woman, some fair and wanton creature, dressed not in chaste and majestic antique drapery, but in fantastic garments of lawn, like those of Hero in his own poem:

> The lining purple silk, with gilt stars drawn;
> Her wide sleeves green, and bordered with a grove
> Where Venus in her naked glory strove
> To please the careless and disdainful eyes
> Of proud Adonis, that before her lies;
> Her kirtle blue . . . .
> Upon her head she wore a myrtle wreath
> From whence her veil reached to the ground beneath;
> Her veil was artificial flowers and leaves
> Whose workmanship both man and beast deceives.

Some slim and dainty goddess of Botticelli, very mortal withal, long and sinuous, tightly clad in brocaded garments and clinging cobweb veils, beautiful with the delicate, diaphanous beauty, rather emaciated and hectic, of high rank, and the conscious, elaborate fascination of a woman of fashion—a creature whom, like the Gioconda, Leonardo might have spent years in decking and painting, ever changing the ornaments and ever altering the portrait; to whom courtly poets like Bembo and Castiglione might have written scores of sonnets and canzoni—to her hands, her eyes, her hair, her lips—a fanciful inventory to which she listened languidly under the cypresses of Florentine gardens. Some such being, even rarer and more dubious for being an exotic in the England of Elizabeth, was Marlowe's Helen; such, and not a ghostly figure, descended from a pedestal, white and marblelike in her unruffled drapery, walking with solid step and unswerving, placid glance through the study, crammed with books, and vials, and strange instruments, of the mediæval wizard of Wittenberg. Marlowe deluded himself as well as Faustus, and palmed off on to him a mere modern lady. To raise a real spectre of the antique is a craving of our own century. Goethe attempted to do it and failed, for what reasons we have seen, but we all of us possess the charm wherewith to evoke for ourselves a real Helena, on condition that, unlike Faustus and unlike Goethe, we seek not to show her to others, and remain satisfied if the weird and glorious figure haunt only our own imagination.

VERNON LEE.

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"The Ship of Fools."

NOTHING perhaps more distinctly marks the gulf between our mode of thought and that of our forefathers than the total disappearance of allegorical writing from modern literature. Parables or apologues have furnished in all nations the primitive exercise of the inventive faculty; and their universal use, whether as a vehicle of instruction or a source of entertainment, proves their power of appealing to some common instinct of humanity. Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" is the last of this class of compositions which has attained to anything like widespread popularity, but in the preceding centuries all productions addressed to the taste of the masses, whether in poetry, art, or drama, took this symbolical or representative form. Unadorned human nature was considered too mean and common a thing to occupy the attention of author or public; the stage was filled by impersonal abstractions who discoursed in dialogue as insipid as it was edifying; poets personified nature instead of describing her; painters were not satisfied to portray a woman without symbolising a virtue; Folly was held up to derision, and Wisdom spoke her trite moral, amid the mummeries of carnival masquerade; and the skeleton grinning from the wall reiterated in still more emphatic language the preacher's lesson of the vanity and brevity of life.

But the irrepressible human element thus studiously excluded from the higher realms of art was apt to assert itself in the most unforeseen directions, and the secondary episodes in which it was admitted, as it were on sufferance, developed an astonishing tendency to growth and expansion quite out of proportion to the humble place assigned to them. Gods and Goddesses, Vices and Virtues, and all the exalted though shadowy train of abstractions and personifications found themselves unexpectedly eclipsed by some unworthy intruder on their Olympic society; and the occasional touches of broad caricature, or interludes of comic buffoonery, introduced by the appearance on the scene of clowns and ostlers, tavern-keepers and assassins, proved more interesting to the public than the heroic platitudes they interrupted.

The famous satire of Sebastian Brant no doubt owed its universal and unprecedented popularity to the happy inconsistency of its author, who, while adopting for it the form of an allegory, out of deference to the prevailing fashion of the age, immediately cast aside the restrictions imposed by symbolical composition, and set himself in downright earnest and straightforward simplicity to stigmatise the vices of his contemporaries. The Ship of Fools appears, indeed, in the frontispiece with disordered rigging and motley crew all jabbering and gesticulating, but

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we do not follow the incidents of her voyage, or learn how those on board comported themselves on the high-seas, passing instead to a descriptive catalogue of the various classes of men whose departure from the ways of wisdom might entitle them to wear the cap and bells, distinctive of her passengers. We may be sure that it is the failings prevalent among the poet's fellow-citizens that are here enumerated, and that the good burghers of Basle and Strasburg easily recognised the errors of their neighbours in pages where they never detected any allusion to their own.

Brant, thus outraging the prescriptions of high art as understood in the fifteenth century, wrote a poem which made an epoch in German literature, marking the transition from the formal conventionalities of mysticism to the free interpretation of homely nature. Its publication created an immense sensation not only in Germany, where it ran through several editions, but all over Europe. It was translated into Latin, French, English, and Dutch, was published in various adaptations and followed by innumerable imitations, was used as a text by preachers and a theme by moralists, being looked on almost in the light of a new religious revelation, and won for its author the enthusiastic admiration of Erasmus, whose most famous work, the treatise entitled "The Praise of Folly," it is believed to have suggested.

Sebastian Brant led a prosperous and active life, and made a conspicuous figure of that homely burgher type which comprised all that was best in mediæval Germany. He was born at Strasburg in 1457 (or 1458), the son of Diebolt Brant, a well-to-do citizen, and went in 1475 to study philosophy at the University of Basle, then only fifteen years established. Here he was plunged into that atmosphere of theological controversy which the famous council had bequeathed as a legacy to the scene of its discussions. Party feeling in society still ran high on the points debated by the fathers, and the University was divided into two sects, the Realists, headed by Johannes a Lapide, and the Nominalists, a more advanced school of thinkers, who advocated philosophical progress and ecclesiastical reform. Our young student became an ardent disciple of the former, or more conservative, party, and was all his life a zealous upholder of divinely constituted authority in Church and State.

Like Dante, his dream of an ideal society was based on the dazzling conception of a restored and perfected Roman Empire, and he dedicated a number of works both in prose and verse to the service of the hero of his Utopia, Maximilian, King of the Romans, under whom he hoped to see his scheme for the reunion of Christendom carried into effect. Thus imbued with the political passions of his day, he early abandoned the abstractions of philosophy for the more practical study of jurisprudence, and taking his degree in canon law in 1484, married in the following year Elizabeth Burg, and established himself in Basle for the practice of his profession. He was an active publicist as well as author, for he edited many works of eminent writers on civil and ecclesiastical law,

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and had a share in preparing the celebrated edition of the Bible, in six folios, with the commentary of Nicholas a Lyro.

His political dreams and aspirations were shattered by the battle of Dornach in 1498, when his hero Maximilian was defeated by the Swiss; and as Basle then ceased to form a portion of the empire, he left it in disgust, and removed with his family to his native town of Strasburg. He soon took a prominent part in its affairs, becoming in 1501 syndic and public advocate, and, two years later, Stadtschreiber, or city notary. He calls himself by the more dignified title of chancéllor, and held indeed an office of considerable importance, as he was charged with the keeping of the archives, the record, in the shape of protocols, of the sittings of the civic council, and the maintenance of its correspondence with foreign states. Amid these avocations he found time to compile from ancient documents the annals of the town, which were kept in the public library, and destroyed, with other valuable records, by the great fire produced by the Prussian bombardment in 1870.

The Emperor Maximilian recognised Brant's services by creating him a Councillor of the Empire. Nor was the title a mere illusory one, as he was more than once summoned to the imperial camp while the Concordat with the Holy See was being negotiated, that he might take part in the deliberations on it. Unlike most of the poets of his age, he received a larger share of appreciation from his contemporaries than from posterity; and the celebrated Erasmus, among other critics, paid a public tribute to his genius when, during his visit to Strasburg in 1514, he repeatedly expressed to the assembled citizens his admiration of "the incomparable Brant."

His popularity was probably due in some degree to his personal qualities, as the portraits of him prefixed to the various editions of his works are not without a certain fascination. We see him there in furred cap and civic robes, with a type of face more Italian than German, and suggesting aristocratic lineage rather than the respectable third estate from which he sprang. The nose is long but delicately cut, and on the slight mobile lips hovers an incipient smile, in which a touch of sarcastic humour is tempered by sweetness and geniality.

The "Narrenschiff" was first published in Basle, in 1494, and quickly attained a European celebrity. It is divided into 110 chapters, each describing a separate type of human folly, and each illustrated by a woodcut, of which the poet is supposed to have suggested the design to the artist. In the execution of these illustrations critics believe they can detect the work of five several hands, representing as many different degrees of skill, and some are attributed to Martin Schön of Colmar. They are full of spirit and vigour, and the action in them is conveyed with such dramatic efficiency that they have the interest of a series of scenes in a comedy of manners. They represent the humorous side of the satire much more strongly than does the text; where the author's earnestness in enforcing his moral overpowers the comic view of the

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subject in his mind, and makes him rather a censor than satirist. The composition doubtless owed its popularity as much to its pictorial as to its poetical merits, and we may safely presume that the mere literary work would long since have passed into oblivion had it been separated from its artistic embellishments. In asking the reader then to follow us in turning over its pages, we shall direct his attention principally to these, as the more entertaining portion of the subject, giving only a few short extracts as a sample of the poem.

The frontispiece represents the "Narrenschiff" as a top-heavy galley, with high poop and prow, about to start on her voyage "Ad Narragoniam," as the motto declares, with an obvious pun on *Narr*, a fool. Streamers are fluttering from masts and rigging, and the crew, all wearing the livery of Folly, the hood with jangling bells and projecting horns in the shape of asses' ears, are vociferating "Gaudeamus omnes" with exaggerated gestures of hilarity. One standing on the prow beckons, meantime, to a smaller boat, whose crew, with outstretched hands, are imploring the ship to wait, *har noch. Zu schyff, zu schyff, brüder; ess gat, ess gat!* (On board, on board, brothers; it goes, it goes!) are the words put into the mouth of the spokesman of the larger vessel, to hurry their arrival. In the upper half of the page a cart is seen conveying another company of fools by land to the same destination. In the text, sledges and wheeled vehicles are classed with boats and galleys, as equally coming under the definition ship.

This confusion of terms, and other hints in the poem, have given German commentators the idea that the Ship of Fools was not altogether a creation of the author's imagination, but had an actual existence as part of the popular shows and mummeries at carnival-tide. They trace the institution as far back as the ancient Teutonic worship of Isis as the spring goddess, whose car or ship, borne along the rivers or into the mountains, was supposed to carry peace and fruitfulness in its train. The image of the goddess, those of other divinities, and the priests consecrated to her service, were at first the sole occupants of her mystic car, but later it was invaded by the people, and doubtless originated some forms of Shrovetide revelry. Somewhat far-fetched, however, seems the suggested derivation of carnival from *car navale*, notwithstanding the coincidence that the Greeks and Romans were accustomed to offer a ship to Isis on March 5.

A monkish chronicle records a strange procession as having taken place in the year 1133, seemingly showing that the memory of the elder worship still lingered in the popular mind through the Middle Ages. On the occasion in question, a ship was built in a forest in the district of Aix-la-Chapelle, placed on wheels, and drawn through the country escorted by singing and dancing crowds of both sexes. At Maestricht it was provided with a mast and sail, and so continued its way by water, received with acclamation and rejoicing by the inhabitants of each town it passed, and by them forwarded the next stage in its pro-

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gress. The monk who chronicles this singular celebration speaks of it in terms of the strongest reprobation as an act of pagan worship, while a line in Brant's poem, saying that the "Narrenschiff" was to be found in the neighbourhood of Aix, seems to indicate the survival of a similar custom down to his own days, and its embodiment in the framework of his allegory.

The framework only, or rather the introduction, for all nautical symbolism is dropped after the first page, and the subsequent illustrations of the various types of folly are not in any way wrought into the original design. The action portrayed in the woodcuts is, on the other hand, generally figurative or emblematic in independent fashion, so that we follow, in point of fact, a series of pictorial allegories, with explanatory texts. Some of these are conceived in a highly poetic and imaginative spirit, like that which personifies the presumptuous and reckless fool as a man looking idly out of an upper window, while his roof is smitten by the thunderbolts of heaven. The way in which the calamity shattering his dwelling is made visible, in the shape of a hammer wielded by a gigantic hand stretching from the clouds, is not without a certain rude force of expression, while its effects are shown in the flames bursting from doors and windows on the ground floor. In contrast to this type of overweening carelessness we have in the next page the picture of the meddlesome and officious fool, who is seen in the attitude of Atlas, bowed down by the self-imposed burden of the universe, the circle of the sphere resting on his shoulders, framing like a vignette a panorama of trees, towns, estuaries, and mountains.

In the illustration prefixed to the chapter on worldly ambition, Fortune's wheel is seen, guided in its revolution by a hand extended from the sky, while three asses, decked with Folly's cap and bells, represent, in their different positions, the various stages of a human career. One is being borne rapidly upwards, the second is triumphantly but insecurely perched on the temporary summit, grasping in his forepaws the orb of sovereignty, and the third is whirled downwards in precipitate descent. There is both humour and vigorous design in the variety of attitudes and expression assigned to the aspiring quadrupeds, and the moral is pointed by a skull and grave-stone in the foreground, suggesting the common end of all Fortune's changes. It is worthy of remark that this design is almost a facsimile, with the substitution only of asses for apes and dogs, of the Wheel of Fortune as represented on the old *tarots*, or emblematical playing cards, although they are not supposed to have been much used in Germany.

The lesson of remaining uninfluenced by empty and foolish talking is enforced by a singular image: a bell standing on the ground, mouth upwards, has a fox's brush in the place of a clapper, to signify at once the impotence and malignity of evil speakers; while the hopelessness of attempting to stop their mouths by kindness is indicated by a man taking flour with both hands out of a sack. The figure holding a

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balance in his hand, the heavier scale containing a turreted feudal castle, the lighter the celestial sphere, emblazoned with sun, moon, and stars, is emblematical of the folly which consists in preferring temporal to eternal happiness.

In another woodcut a fool is seen riding on a cray-fish, his hand pierced by a reed he has leant on, his mouth gaping for a dove flying towards him ready roasted; and the text explains this allegory as signifying those who expect rewards they have not earned either in this world or the next. The figure who appears complacently playing the bagpipes, while a harp and lute lie neglected at his feet, is, we find, intended for those empty-minded prattlers who prefer their own frivolous babble to anything better or more improving. Samson, shorn by Dalilah, is, as we see at a glance, a type of that numerous class who cannot keep their own counsels; while the group round a table with cards and dice, the vain fool contemplating himself in a mirror, and the officious one who runs to put out the fire in his neighbour's house, leaving his own in flames, point equally obvious morals. One of the most striking illustrations is that prefixed to the section on those who withhold the truth from human respect, and this failing is symbolised with considerable dramatic force by a monk in the pulpit who holds his finger to his lips with a sanctimonious expression, while some of the congregation threaten him with swords and sticks, and others sleep in various attitudes on benches, and on the steps of the pulpit.

The only illustration in which the actual Ship, the titular subject of the allegory, reappears, is a sufficiently striking one. In this it is seen capsized in a tempestuous sea, with the gigantic figure of Antichrist seated on its reversed keel; he holds a scourge in one hand, a sack of gold in the other, and a monstrous flying fiend blows into his ear with a bellows. The fools are struggling in the waves, or seeking refuge in a crazy boat, while another, freighted with a pious crew in various attitudes of devotion, and labelled as the bark of Peter, is drawn to the shore by the saint himself, his key serving very opportunely as a boat-hook. The sea is strewn with books, and the text refers to the abuse of the printing-press in spreading heretical doctrines.

If there were any attempt at logical arrangement in the poem, this catastrophe would naturally bring it to a conclusion, instead of occurring, as it does, at a comparatively early stage. The same absence of constructive skill is manifest throughout, and the various vices and failings stigmatised by the author are jumbled indiscriminately together, without any pretence at classification or general plan, while some of the chapters are so nearly repetitions of subjects already dealt with, that the same woodcut does duty a second time. This failure in artistic symmetry is, however, counterbalanced by lively vigour of language, fluent versification, and inexhaustible fertility of imagery and illustration; the moral of each chapter being pointed by a string of instances, biblical, classical, and legendary, grouped together with naïve unconsciousness of

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incongruity. The poem, which was written in the Swabian dialect, contains, in many parts, antiquated and obsolete turns of speech, but the modernised version, published at Berlin in 1872, offers no difficulty of language, while it preserves the racy terseness of the original.

Each chapter begins with a sort of motto in a rhyming triplet, generally explanatory of the accompanying woodcut; as, for instance, the lines on men who are foolishly suspicious and watchful of their wives, which open thus:—

'Twere wiser grasshoppers to count,
Or pour fresh water in the fount,
Than over women guard to mount.
He finds much pain and little pleasure,
Who keeps his wife like hidden treasure:
If good, she wants no guide nor pastor
If bad, will cheat both man and master.

The illustration represents a man carefully tending a flock of grasshoppers, and another energetically pouring a jug of water down a well; while a woman, looking out of an upper window, watches their futile labours, with a slyly sarcastic expression of countenance.

The prologue describes the work as evoked by the genera insensibility of the public to other teaching, and after setting forth the author's aim to be a reformer of morals, dilates on the universal applicability of the satire.

We well may call it Folly's Mirror,
Since every fool there sees his error.
His proper worth would each man know,
The Glass of Fools the truth will show.
Who meets his image on the page,
May learn to deem himself no sage.
Nor shrink his nothingness to see,
Since naught that lives from fault is free,
And who in conscience dare be sworn,
That cap and bells he ne'er hath worn.
He who his foolishness descries
Alone deserves to rank as wise,
While who doth wisdom's airs rehearse
May stand godfather to my verse.

The same facile versification and fluent sententious cadence run through page after page, and chapter after chapter, nor does the metre ever vary from its pithy brevity. It resembles that of "Hudibras"; but Brant falls far short of the point and polish of language achieved by Butler. The following lines, however, taken also from the prologue, have something of his ringing cadence:—

For jest and earnest, use and sport,
Here fools abound of every sort.
The sage may here find Wisdom's rules,
And Folly learn the ways of fools,
Dolts rich and poor my verse doth strike,
The bad find badness, like finds like.

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A cap on many a one I fit,
Who fain to wear it would omit,
Were I to mention him by name,
"I know you not," he would exclaim.

The "Narrenschiff" is full of indications of the manners of the day, and the woodcuts are a curious study of its costumes. In one a fashionably dressed lady is coming out of church, and is met in the courtyard by a knight about to enter, his falcon perched on the wrist, his dogs yelping and snarling at his heels. Thus attended, the gallant sportsman's devotions are likely to be a greater source of distraction to his neighbours than of profit to himself, and accordingly the text rebukes this disrespectful fashion of assisting at service. The long peaked shoes which were the prevailing fashion of the time figure universally in the illustrations, and in the chapter on the desecration of feast days by servile labour, having the toes of these "Schnabelschuhe" stuffed with cotton so as to make them wearable, is enumerated as one of the unnecessary tasks frequently imposed on servants.

The fifteenth century would seem to have been no whit behindhand in the tricks of trade—a special section is devoted to their reprobation; and false weights, short measure, light money, copper gilt to pass as gold, inferior furs dyed in imitation of real, lame horses fitted with padded shoes to appear sound, are enumerated among the forms of deceit in vogue. Nor is the adulteration of food a modern invention, for in the woodcut we have the wine merchant introducing all manner of foreign substances, "saltpetre, sulphur, bones, mustard, and ashes," into the barrel, while the alchymist, busy with retorts and crucibles, is seen carrying on another form of imposture, now happily exploded.

The long chapter which reprehends over-indulgence in the pleasures of the table gives a curious view of the social customs of the time, and the author's naïve hints on good manners imply a considerable lack of them among his contemporaries. Some, he says, are too nice to help themselves to salt with their fingers, but he for his part would prefer seeing a clean hand thrust into the salt-cellar to a knife, which, for aught he knows, may have last been used in skinning a cat. The nice point of etiquette thus raised seems to imply that the simple expedient of a common salt-spoon had not yet been hit upon, while we also infer from the context that each guest brought his own table battery, consisting probably of a large clasp knife. The poet also condemns as a breach of politeness the device of blowing into a glass to clear away any particles fallen in, as well as the introduction of a knife, or even of a piece of bread to remove them, though the latter passed for the more genteel solution of the difficulty. Among gentlefolk he evidently thinks the correct thing would be to call for a fresh glass, though he considerately remarks that from a poor man such a costly piece of refinement would be too much to expect, and he would apparently give him a dispensation

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for some slight deviation from the strict laws of good breeding. The carver who in helping his neighbours selects the worse portions for them, reserving the better for himself, he who turns the dish round when it is set before him in order to take a leisurely survey and choose the most inviting morsels, the man who eats too fast, speaks too loud, or monopolises the general conversation, all come in for their share of reprobation; and these trifling instances show how narrowly the satirist scanned human nature, and how keenly he ridiculed its smallest failings and weaknesses.

This minuteness of detail characterises the poem throughout, and, while it adds to its interest as an antiquarian relic, undoubtedly detracts from its literary merit. The sense of proportion seems to have been wanting in the author's mind, and he allots no greater space to the denunciation of wickedness than to the analysis of mere social selfishness. Yet this very condescension to trifles which militated against him as an artist, doubtless increased his usefulness as a preacher; for while actual vice is almost impregnable to satire, the enforcement of the minor moralities comes fairly within its scope. Thus if Sebastian Brant's sententious wisdom helped nothing to the observance of the Decalogue, it might at least hinder breaches of the social code; and if gamesters, cheats, and drunkards were impervious to his ridicule, the man who inconvenienced his neighbours at dinner might fear to find its shafts borrowed by their tongues, in revenge for his greediness or garrulity. At any rate our author did his best to deprive wickedness of its prestige by classing it with folly, and so far deserved well of his generation.

The English version of the "Narrenschiff," published in 1509, attained to nearly as great a celebrity as the German text. It is rather an adaptation than a translation, and ranks almost as an original poem, but its prolixity of style and tedious versification give no idea of the pithy terseness which gives point and incisiveness to Brant's satire. Its author, Alexander Barclay, was a Dominican monk or Black Friar, whose conscience in matters of doctrine was evidently as elastic as that of the Vicar of Bray in politics, since he acquiesced calmly in the Reformation, and received preferment under Edward VI. Having travelled on the continent in his youth, he was familiar with foreign tongues, and was a man of considerable attainments. Besides his translation of Brant, he is best known as the author of a series of Eclogues, which held a good place in the literature of the time. Barclay's "Ship of Fools" is chiefly interesting as a study of language, being the only important work in English verse produced in the interval between Chaucer and Spenser. It is written in strong idiomatic vernacular, and embodies many popular proverbial phrases still in use, and here found for the first time in literature, as the earliest collection of English proverbs—that of Heywood—was not published till 1546. Thus we read in its pages, "When the stede is stolyn to shyt the stable door." "Better is a frend in courte than a peny in purse." "A crowe to pull." "Better haue one birde sure within

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thy wall, or fast in a cage than twenty score without," while the Eclogues are still more rich in the homely wit of the popular idiom.

Barclay's poem furnished Sir Edward Coke's caustic wit with a metaphor for a sneer at his great rival. The first edition of the "Novum Organum" had on its title-page a woodcut of a ship passing the Straits of Hercules, to signify the new realms about to be explored by philosophy; and on the presentation copy given to Coke the following doggrel rhyme was inscribed in his handwriting, above the proud device of the author:—

> It deserveth not to be read in schools,
> But to be freighted in the Ship of Fools.

In modern English literature the "Ship of Fools" is more rarely introduced, and probably the latest allusion to it occurs in a now nearly forgotten novel called "Crotchet Castle," by Thomas Love Peacock, a writer of the last generation. The principal characters of the work are discussing a projected pleasure voyage up the Thames and by the head waters of the Severn into the Ellesmere Canal, when Lord Bossnowl, the butt of the party, expresses a hope that if he's to be one of the company the ship is not to be the ship of fools, thereby, of course, raising a universal laugh against himself.

This imaginary expedition had actually been made by Peacock, who here describes it, in company with the poet Shelley, the explorers following the windings of the Thames until, as the former graphically puts it in a letter, its entire volume had dwindled to so narrow a thread as to be turned aside by a cow lying placidly recumbent across its course. It was during this excursion that Shelley visited Lechdale in Gloucestershire, the scene commemorated by the beautiful lines on "A Summer Evening Churchyard," beginning—

> The wind has swept from the wide atmosphere
> Each vapour that obscured the sunset's ray;
> And pallid evening twines its beaming hair
> In duskier braids around the languid eyes of day;
> Silence and twilight, unbeloved of men,
> Creep hand in hand from yon obscurest glen.

It would seem that an additional wave of Lethe has rolled over the work of Brant and Barclay in the generation intervening between Shelley's time and our own, for a passing reference like the above would scarcely be understood by the novel-reading public of the present day. The famous satire is at last forgotten, amid the multitude of ephemeral novelties that burden the library shelves, and few care to explore its antiquated pages. Yet the picture parables and homely truisms in verse with which their author seeks to illustrate and enforce his plain old-world morality might be found more entertaining than the stereotyped conventionalities of many a modern volume.

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The Carver and the Caliph.

(We lay our story in the East.
Because 'tis Eastern? Not the least.
We place it there because we fear
To bring its parable too near,
And touch with an unguarded hand
Our dear, confiding native land.)

A certain Caliph, in the days
The race affected vagrant ways,
And prowled at eve for good or bad
In lanes and alleys of BAGDAD,
Once found, at edge of the bazaar,
E'en where the poorest workers are,
A Carver.

Fair his work and fine
With mysteries of inlaced design,
And shapes of shut significance
To aught but an anointed glance,—
The dreams and visions that grow plain
In darkened chambers of the brain.

But all day busily he wrought
From dawn to eve, and no one bought;—
Save when some Jew with look askant,
Or keen-eyed Greek from the Levant,
Would pause awhile,—depreciate,—
Then buy a month's work by the weight,
Bearing it swiftly over seas
To garnish rich men's treasuries.

And now for long none bought at all,
So lay he sullen in his stall.
Him thus withdrawn the Caliph found,
And smote his staff upon the ground—

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"Ho, there, within! Hast wares to sell?
Or slumber'st, having dined too well?"
"'Dined,'" quoth the man, with angry eyes,
"How should I dine when no one buys?"
"Nay," said the other, answering low,—
"Nay, I but jested. Is it so?
Take then this coin, but take beside
A counsel, friend, thou hast not tried.
This craft of thine, the mart to suit,
Is too refined,—remote,—minute;
These small conceptions can but fail;
'Twere best to work on larger scale,
And rather choose such themes as wear
More of the earth and less of air.
The fisherman that hauls his net,—
The merchants in the market set,—
The couriers posting in the street,—
The gossips as they pass and greet,—
These things are plain to all men's eyes,
Therefore with these they sympathise.
Further (neglect not this advice!)
Be sure to ask three times the price."

The Carver sadly shook his head;
He knew 'twas truth the Caliph said.
From that day forth his work was planned
So that the world might understand.
He carved it deeper, and more plain;
He carved it thrice as large again;
He sold it, too, for thrice the cost;
—Ah, but the Artist that was lost!

AUSTIN DOBSON.

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"THANK YOU VERY MUCH. I HAVE ENJOYED THE WHOLE THING TREMENDOUSLY."

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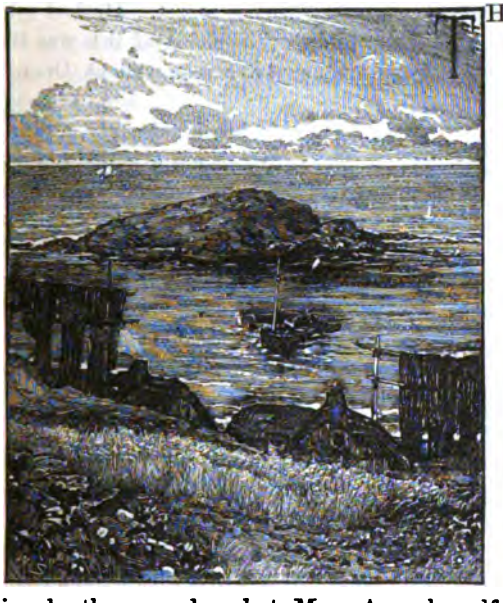
White Wings: A Yachting Romance.

CHAPTER XLI.

Backward Thoughts.



THAT was a beautiful morning on which we got up at an unearthly hour to see the Youth depart—all of us, that is to say, except Mary Avon. And yet she was not usually late. The Laird could not understand it. He kept walking from one room to another, or hovering about the hall; and when the breakfast gong sounded, he refused to come in and take his place without his accustomed companion. But just at this moment whom should he behold entering by the open door but Mary Avon herself—laden with her artistic impedimenta. He pounced on her at once, and seized the canvas.

"Bless me, lassie, what have ye been about? Have ye done all this this morning? Ye must have got up in the middle of the night!"

It was but a rough sketch, after all—or the beginnings of a sketch, rather—of the wide, beautiful sea and mountain view from the garden of Castle Osprey.

"I thought, sir," said she, in a somewhat hesitating way, "that you might perhaps be so kind as to accept from me those sketches I have made on board the *White Dove*—and—and if they were at Denny-mains, I should like to have the series complete—and—and it would naturally begin with a sketch from the garden here——"

He looked at her for a moment, with a grave, perhaps wistful, kindness in his face.

"My lass, I would rather have seen you at Denny-mains."

That was the very last word he ever uttered concerning the dream

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that had just been disturbed. And it was only about this time, I think, that we began to recognise the simple, large, noble nature of this man. We had been too much inclined to regard the mere husks and externals of his character—to laugh at his assumption of parochial importance, his solemn discussions of the Semple case, his idiotic stories about Homesh. And it was not a mere freak of generosity that revealed to us something of the finer nature of this old Scotchman. People as rich as he have often paid bigger sums than 10,300*l.* for the furtherance of a hobby. But it was to put away his hobby—it was to destroy for ever the "dream of his old age"—that he had been thus munificent towards this girl. And there was no complaint or regret. He had told us it was time for him to put away childish things. And this was the last word said—"My lass, I would rather have seen you at Dennymains."

The Laird was exceedingly facetious at this breakfast-party, and his nephew had a bad time of it. There were mysterious questions about Messrs. Hughes, Barnes, and Barnes; as to whether consultations were best held in stubble or in turnips; or whether No. 5 shot was the best for bringing down briefs; and so forth.

"Never mind, uncle," said the Youth good-naturedly. "I will send you some partridges for the larder of the yacht."

"You need not do anything of the kind," said the Laird; "before you are in Bedfordshire the *White Dove* will be many a mile away from the course of luggage steamers."

"Oh, are you ready to start, then, sir?" said his hostess.

"This very meenute, if it pleases you," said he.

She looked rather alarmed, but said nothing. In the meantime the waggonette had come to the door.

By-and-by there was a small party assembled on the steps to see the Youth drive off. And now the time had come for him to make that speech of thanks which his uncle had pointed out was distinctly due from him. The Laird, indeed, regarded his departure with a critical air; and no doubt waited to see how his nephew would acquit himself.

Perhaps the Youth had forgotten. At all events, having bidden good-bye to the others, he shook hands last of all with his hostess, and said lightly—

"Thank you very much. I have enjoyed the whole thing tremendously."

Then he jumped into the waggonette, and took off his cap as a parting salute; and away he went. The Laird frowned. When he was a young man that was not the way in which hospitality was acknowledged.

Then Mary Avon turned from regarding the departing waggonette.

"Are we to get ready to start?" said she.

"What do you say, sir?" asks the hostess of the Laird.

"I am at your service," he replies.

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And so it appeared to be arranged. But still Queen Titania looked irresolute and uneasy. She did not at once set the whole house in an uproar; or send down for the men; or begin herself to harry the garden. She kept loitering about the door; pretending to look at the signs of the weather. At last Mary said—

"Well, in any case, you will be more than an hour in having the things carried down; so I will do a little bit more to that sketch in the meantime."

The moment she was gone, her hostess says in a hurried whisper to the Laird—

"Will you come into the Library, sir, for a moment?"

He obediently followed her; and she shut the door.

"Are we to start without Angus Sutherland?" she asked, without circumlocution.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," said the wily Laird.

Then she was forced to explain, which she did in a somewhat nervous manner.

"Mary has told me, sir, of your very, very great generosity to her. I hope you will let me thank you, too."

"There is not another word to be said about it," he said simply. "I found a small matter wrong in the world that I thought I could put right; and I did it; and now we start fresh and straight again. That is all."

"But about Angus Sutherland," said she still more timidly. "You were quite right in your conjectures—at least, I imagine so—indeed, I am sure of it. And now, don't you think we should send for him?"

"The other day, ma'am," said he slowly, "I informed ye that when I considered my part done I would leave the matter in your hands entirely. I had to ask some questions of the lass, no doubt, to make sure of my ground; though I felt it was not a business fit for an old bachelor like me to intermeddle wi'. I am now of opinion that it would be better, as I say, to leave the matter in your hands entirely."

The woman looked rather bewildered.

"But what am I to do?" said she. "Mary will never allow me to send for him—and I have not his address in any case——"

The Laird took a telegram from his breast-pocket.

"There it is," said he, "until the end of this week, at all events."

She looked at it hesitatingly; it was from the office of the magazine that Angus Sutherland edited; and was in reply to a question of the Laird's. Then she lifted her eyes.

"Do you think I might ask Mary herself?"

"That is for a woman to decide," said he; and again she was thrown back on her own resources.

Well, this midge of a woman has some courage, too. She began to reflect on what the Laird had adventured, and done, for the sake of this girl; and was she not prepared to risk something also? After all, if

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these two had been fostering a vain delusion, it would be better to have it destroyed at once.

And so she went out into the garden, where she found Miss Avon again seated at her easel. She went gently over to her; she had the telegram in her hand. For a second or two she stood irresolute; then she boldly walked across the lawn, and put her hand on the girl's shoulder. With the other hand she held the telegram before Mary Avon's eyes.

"Mary," said she, in a very low and gentle voice. "Will you write to him now and ask him to come back?"

The girl dropped the brush she had been holding on to the grass, and her face got very pale.

"Oh, how could I do that?" said she, in an equally low—and frightened—voice.

"You sent him away."

There was no answer. The elder woman waited; she only saw that Mary Avon's fingers were working nervously with the edge of the palette.

"Mary," said she at length, "am I right in imagining the cause of your sending him away? May I write and explain, if you will not?"

"Oh, how can you explain?" the girl said, almost piteously. "It is better as it is. Did you not hear what the kindest friend I ever found in the world had to say of me yesterday, about young people who were too prudent, and were mercenary; and how he had no respect for young people who thought too much about money——"

"Mary, Mary!" the other said, "he was not speaking about you. You mercenary! He was speaking about a young man who would throw over his sweetheart for the sake of money. You mercenary! Well, let me appeal to Angus! When I explain to him, and ask him what he thinks of you, I will abide by his answer."

"Well, I did not think of myself; it was for his sake I did it," said the girl, in a somewhat broken voice; and tears began to steal down her cheeks, and she held her head away.

"Well, then, I won't bother you any more, Mary," said the other, in her kindliest way. "I won't ask you to do anything, except to get ready to get down to the yacht."

"At once?" said the girl, instantly getting up, and drying her eyes. She seemed greatly relieved by this intimation of an immediate start.

"As soon as the men have the luggage taken down."

"Oh, that will be very pleasant," said she, immediately beginning to put away her colours. "What a fine breeze! I am sure I shall be ready in fifteen minutes."

Then the usual bustle began; messages flying up and down, and the gig and dingay racing each other to the shore and back again. By twelve o'clock everything had been got on board. Then the *White Dove* gently

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glided away from her moorings; we had started on our last and longest voyage.

It seemed innumerable ages since we had been in our sea-home. And that first glance round the saloon—as our absent friend the Doctor had remarked—called up a multitude of recollections, mostly converging to a general sense of snugness, and remoteness, and good fellowship. The Laird sank down into a corner of one of the couches, and said—

"Well, I think I could spend the rest of my days in this yacht. It seems as if I had lived in it for many, many years."

But Miss Avon would not let him remain below; it was a fine sailing day; and very soon we were all on deck. A familiar scene?—this expanse of blue sea, curling with white here and there; with a dark blue sky overhead, and all around the grand panorama of mountains in their rich September hues? The sea is never familiar. In its constant and moving change, its secret and slumbering power, its connection with the great unknown beyond the visible horizon, you never become familiar with the sea. We may recognise the well-known landmarks as we steal away to the north—the long promontory and white lighthouse of Lismore, the ruins of Duart, the woods of Scallasdale, the glimpse into Loch Aline—and we may use these things only to calculate our progress; but always around us is the strange life, and motion, and infinitude of the sea, which never becomes familiar.

We had started with a light favourable wind, of the sort that we had come to call a Mary-Avon-steering breeze; but after luncheon this died away, and we lay idly for a long time opposite the dark green woods of Fuinary. However, there was a wan and spectral look about the sunshine of this afternoon, and there were some long, ragged shreds of cloud in the southern heavens—just over the huge round shoulders of the Mull mountains—that told us we were not likely to be harassed by any protracted calms. And, in fact, occasional puffs and squalls came over from the south which, if they did not send us on much farther, at least kept everybody on the alert.

And at length we got it. The gloom over the mountains had deepened, and the streaks of sunlit sky that were visible here and there had a curious coppery tinge about them. Then we heard a hissing in towards the shore, and the darkening band on the sea spread rapidly out to us; then there was a violent shaking of blocks and spars, and, as the *White Dove* bent to the squall, a most frightful clatter was heard below, showing that some careless people had been about. Then away went the yacht like an arrow! We cared little for the gusts of rain that came whipping across from time to time. We would not even go down to see what damage had been done in the cabins. John of Skye, with his savage hatred of the long calms we had endured, refused to lower his gaff topsail. At last he was "letting her have it."

We spun along, with the water hissing away from our wake; but the squall had not had time to raise anything of a sea, so there was but

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little need for the women to duck their heads to the spray. Promontory after promontory, bay after bay was passed, until far ahead of us, through the driving mists of rain, we could make out the white shaft of Ru-na-Gaul lighthouse. But here another condition of affairs confronted us. When we turned her nose to the south, to beat in to Tobermory harbour, the squall was coming tearing out of that cup among the hills with an exceeding violence. When the spray sprang high at the bows, the flying shreds of it that reached us bore an uncommon resemblance to the thong of a whip. The topsail was got down, the mizen taken in, and then we proceeded to fight our way into the harbour in a series of tacks that seemed to last only a quarter of a second. What with the howling of the wind, that blew back his orders in his face; and what with the wet decks, that caused the men to stumble now and again; and what with the number of vessels in the bay, that cut short his tacks at every turn, Captain John of Skye had an exciting time of it. But we knew him of old. He "put on" an extra tack, when there was no need for it, and slipped through between a fishing-smack and a large schooner, merely for the sake of "showing off." And then the *White Dove* was allowed to go up to the wind, and slowly slackened her pace, and the anchor went out with a roar. We were probably within a yard of the precise spot where we had last anchored in the Tobbermorry bay.

It blew and rained hard all that evening, and we did not even think of going on deck after dinner. We were quite content as we were. Somehow a new and secret spirit of cheerfulness had got possession of certain members of this party, without any ostensible cause. There was no longer the depression that had prevailed about West Loch Tarbert. When Mary Avon played bézique with the Laird, it was to a scarcely audible accompaniment of "The Queen's Maries."

Nor did the evening pass without an incident worthy of some brief mention. There is, in the *White Dove*, a state-room which really acts as a passage, during the day, between the saloon and the forecastle; and, when this state-room is not in use, Master Fred is in the habit of converting it into a sort of pantry, seeing that it adjoins his galley. Now, on this evening, when our shifty Friedrich d'or came in with soda-water and such like things, he took occasion to say to the Rear-Admiral of the Fleet on board—

"I beg your pardon, mem, but there is no one now in this state-room, and will I use it for a pantry?"

"You will do nothing of the kind, Fred," said she quite sharply.

CHAPTER XLII.

A Toast.

"I am almost afraid of what I have done; but it is past recall now:" this is the mysterious sentence one hears on climbing up the companion next morning. It is Queen Titania and the Laird who are talking; but

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as soon as a third person appears they become consciously and guiltily silent. What does it matter? We have other work on hand than prying into twopenny-halfpenny secrets.

For we have resolved on starting away for the north in spite of this fractious weather. A more unpromising-looking morning indeed for setting out could not well be imagined—windy, and wet, and squally; the driven green sea outside springing white where it meets the line of the coast; Loch Sunart and its mountains hidden away altogether behind the mists of rain; wan flashes of sunlight here and there only serving to show how swiftly the clouds are flying. But the *White Dove* has been drying her wings all the summer; she can afford to face a shower now. And while the men are hoisting the sail and getting the anchor hove short, our two women-folk array themselves in tightly-shaped ulsters, with hoods drawn over their heads; and the Laird appears in a waterproof reaching to his heels; and even the skylights have their tarpaulins thrown over. Dirty weather or no, we mean to start.

There are two or three yachts in the bay, the last of the summer-fleet all hastening away to the south. There is no movement on the decks of any one of them. Here and there, however, in sheltered places—under a bit of awning, or standing by the doors of deck-saloons—we can make out huddled groups of people, who are regarding, with a pardonable curiosity, the operations of John of Skye and his merry men.

"They take us for maniacs," says Queen Titania from out of her hood, "to be setting out for the north in such weather."

And we were nearly affording those amiable spectators a pretty sight. The wind coming in variable gusts, the sails failed to fill at the proper moment, and the *White Dove* drifted right on to the bows of a great schooner, whose bowsprit loomed portentous overhead. There was a wild stampede for boathooks and oars; and then with arms, and feet, and poles—aided by the swarming crew of the schooner—we managed to clear her with nothing more serious than an ominous grating along the gig. And then the wind catching her, she gradually came under the control of Captain John; and away we went for the north, beating right in the teeth of the gusts that came tearing over from the mouth of Loch Sunart.

"It's a bad wind, mem, for getting up to Isle Ornsay," says John of Skye to the Admiral. "Ay, and the sea pretty coorse, too, when we get outside Ardnamurchan."

"Now, listen to me, John," she says severely, and with an air of authority—as much authority, that is to say, as can be assumed by a midge enclosed in an ulster. "I am not going to have any of that. I know you of old. As soon as you get out of Tobermory, you immediately discover that the wind is against our going north; and we turn round and run away down to Iona and the Bull-hole. I will not go to the Bull-hole. If I have to sail this yacht myself, night and day, I will go to Isle Ornsay."

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"If ye please, mem," says John of Skye, grinning with great delight over her facetiousness. "Oh, I will tek the yat to Isle Ornsay very well, if the leddies not afraid of a little coorse sea. And you will not need to sail the yat at all, mem. But I not afraid to let you sail the yat. You will know about the sailing now shist as much as Mr. Sutherland."

At the mention of this name, Queen Titania glanced at Mary Avon, perceived she was not listening, and went nearer to John of Skye, and said something to him in a lower voice. There was a quick look of surprise and pleasure on the handsome, brown-bearded face.

"Oh, I ferry glad of that, mem," said he.

"Hush, John! Not a word to anybody," said she.

By this time we had beat out of the harbour, and were now getting longer tacks; so that, when the sheets were properly coiled, it was possible for the Laird and Miss Avon to attempt a series of short promenades on the wet decks. It was an uncertain and unstable performance, to be sure; for the sea was tumultuous; but it served.

"Mutual help—that's the thing," said the Laird to his companion, as together they staggered along, or stood steady to confront a particularly fierce gust of wind. "We are independent of the world—this solitary vessel out in the waste of waters—but we are not independent of each other. It just reminds me of the small burghs outside Glasgow; we wish to be independent of the great ceety lying near us; we prefer to have a separate existence; but we can help each other for all that in a most unmistakeable way——"

Here the Laird was interrupted by the calling out of Captain John—"*Ready about!*"—and he and his companion had to get out of the way of the boom. Then they resumed their promenade, and he his discourse.

"Do ye think, for example," said this profound philosopher, "that any one burgh would have been competent to decide on a large question like the clauses of the Police Act that refer to cleansing and lighting?"

"I am not sure," Miss Avon admitted.

"No, no," said he confidently, "large questions should be considered in common council—with every opportunity of free discussion. I do not much like to speak about local matters, or of my own share in them, but I must take credit for this, that it was myself recommended to the Commissioners to summon a public meeting. It was so, and the meeting was quite unanimous. It was Provost McKendrick, ye must understand, who formally made the proposal that the consideration of those clauses should be remitted to the clerks of the various burghs, who were to report; but the suggestion was really mine—I make no scruple in claiming it. And then, see the result! When the six clerks were agreed, and sent in their report, look at the authority of such a document! Who but an ass would make freevolous objections?"

The Laird laughed aloud.

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"It was that crayture, Johnnie Guthrie," said he, "as usual! I am not sure that I have mentioned his name to ye before?"

"Oh, yes, I think so, sir," remarked Miss Avon.

"It was that crayture, Johnnie Guthrie—in the face of the unanimous report of the whole six clerks! Why, what could be more reasonable than that the lighting of closes and common stairs should fall on the landlords, but with power to recover from the tenants; while the cleansing of back courts—being a larger and more general measure—should be the work of the Commissioners and chargeable in the police rates? It is a great sanitary work that benefits every one; why should not all have a hand in paying for it?"

Miss Avon was understood to assent; but the fact was that the small portion of her face left uncovered by her hood had just then received an unexpected bath of salt water; and she had to halt for a moment to get out a handkerchief from some sub-ulsterian recess.

"Well," continued the Laird, as they resumed their walk, "what does this body Guthrie do but rise and propose that the landlords—mind ye, the landlords alone—should be rated for the expense of cleaning the back-courts! I declare there are some folk seem to think that a landlord is made of nothing but money, and that it is everybody's business to harry him, and worry him, and screw every farthing out of him. If Johnnie Guthrie had half a dozen lands of houses himself, what would he say about the back-courts then?"

This triumphant question settled the matter; and we hailed the Laird below for luncheon. Our last glance round showed us the Atlantic of a silvery grey, and looking particularly squally; with here and there a gleam of pale sunshine falling on the long headland of Ardnamurchan.

There was evidently some profound secret about.

"Well, ma'am, and where will we get to the night, do ye think?' said the Laird, cheerfully, as he proceeded to carve a cold fowl.

"It is of no consequence," said the other, with equal carelessness. "You know we must idle away a few days somewhere."

Idle away a few days?—and this *White Dove* bent on a voyage to the far north when the very last of the yachts were fleeing south?

"I mean," said she hastily, in order to retrieve her blunder, "that Captain John is not likely to go far away from the chance of a harbour until he sees whether this is the beginning of the equinoctials or not."

"The equinoctials!" said the Laird, anxiously.

"They sometimes begin as early as this; but not often. However, there will always be some place where we can run in to."

The equinoctials, indeed! When we went on deck again we found not only that those angry squalls had ceased, but that the wind had veered very considerably in our favour, and we were now running and plunging past Ardnamurchan Point. The rain had ceased, too; the clouds had gathered themselves up in heavy folds; and their reflected blackness lay over the dark and heaving Atlantic plain. Well was it

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for these two women that luncheon had been taken in time. What one of them had dubbed the Ardnamurchan Wobble—which she declared to be as good a name for a waltz as the Liverpool Lurch—had begun in good earnest; and the *White Dove* was dipping, and rolling, and springing in the most lively fashion. There was not much chance for the Laird and Mary Avon to resume their promenade; when one of the men came aft to relieve John of Skye at the wheel, he had to watch his chance, and come clambering along by holding on to the shrouds, the rail of the gig, and so forth. But Dr. Sutherland's prescription had its effect. Despite the Ardnamurchan Wobble and all its deeds, there was no ghostly and silent disappearance.

And so we ploughed on our way during the afternoon, the Atlantic appearing to grow darker and darker, as the clouds overhead seemed to get banked up more thickly. The only cheerful bit of light in this gloomy picture was a streak or two of sand at the foot of the sheer and rocky cliffs north of Ardnamurchan Light; and those we were rapidly leaving behind as the brisk breeze—with a kindness to which we were wholly strangers—kept steadily creeping round to the south.

The dark evening wore on, and we were getting well up towards Eigg, when a strange thing became visible along the western horizon. First the heavy purple clouds showed a tinge of crimson, and then a sort of yellow smoke appeared close down at the sea. This golden vapour widened, cleared, until there was a broad belt of lemon-coloured sky all along the edge of the world; and in this wonder of shining light appeared the island of Rum—to all appearance as transparent as a bit of the thinnest gelatine, and in colour a light purple rose. It was really a most extraordinary sight. The vast bulk of this mountainous island, including the sombre giants Haleval and Haskeval, seemed to have less than the consistency of a cathedral window; it resembled more a pale, rose-coloured cloud; and the splendour of it, and the glow of the golden sky beyond, were all the more bewildering by reason of the gloom of the overhanging clouds that lay across like a black bar.

"Well!" said the Laird, and here he paused, for the amazement in his face could not at once find fitting words. "That beats a'!"

And it was a cheerful and friendly light, too, that now came streaming over to us from beyond the horizon-line. It touched the sails and the varnished spars with a pleasant colour. It seemed to warm and dry the air, and tempted the women to put aside their ulsters. Then began a series of wild endeavours to achieve a walk on deck, interrupted every second or two by some one or other being thrown against the boom, or having to grasp at the shrouds in passing. But it resulted in exercise, at all events; and meanwhile we were still making our way northward, with the yellow star of Isle Ornsay lighthouse beginning to be visible in the dusk.

That evening at dinner the secret came out. There cannot be the slightest doubt that the disclosure of it had been carefully planned by

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these two conspirators; and that they considered themselves amazingly profound in giving to it a careless and improvised air.

"I never sit down to dinner now, ma'am," observed the Laird, in a light and graceful manner, "without a feeling that there is something wanting in the saloon. The table is not symmetrical. That should occur to Miss Mary's eye at once. One at the head, one my side, two yours; no, that is not as symmetrical as it used to be."

"Do you think I do not feel that, too?" says his hostess. "And that is not the only time at which I wish that Angus were back with us."

No one had a word to say for poor Howard Smith, who used to sit at the foot of the table, in a meek and helpful capacity. No one thought of summoning him back to make the arrangement symmetrical. Perhaps he was being consoled by Messrs. Hughes, Barnes, and Barnes.

"And the longer the nights are growing, I get to miss him more and more," she says, with a beautiful pathos in her look. "He was always so full of activity and cheerfulness—the way he enjoyed life on board the yacht was quite infectious, and then his constant plans and suggestions. And how he looked forward to this long trip! though, to be sure, he struggled hard against the temptation. I know the least thing would have turned the scale, Italy or no Italy."

"Why, ma'am," says the Laird, laughing prodigiously, "I should not wonder, if you sent him a message at this minute, to find him coming along post-haste and joining us, after all. What is Eetaly? I have been in Eetaly myself. Ye might live there a hundred years, and never see anything so fine in colour as that sunset we saw this very evening. And if it is business he is after, bless me! cannot a young man be a young man sometimes, and have the courage to do something imprudent? Come now, write to him at once! I will take the responsibility myself."

"To tell you the truth, sir," said the other timidly—but she pretends she is very anxious about the safety of a certain distant wine-glass—"I took a sudden notion into my head yesterday morning, and sent him a message."

"Dear me!" he cries. The hypocrite!

And Mary Avon all the while sits mute, dismayed, not daring to turn her face to the light. And the small white hand that holds the knife: why does it tremble so?

"The fact is," says Queen Titania carelessly, just as if she were reading a bit out of a newspaper, "I sent him a telegram, to save time. And I thought it would be more impressive if I made it a sort of round-robin, don't you know—as far as that can be done on a square telegraph-form—and I said that each and all of us demanded his instant return, and that we should wait about Isle Ornsay or Loch Hourn until he joined us. So you see, sir, we may have to try your patience for a day or two."

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"Ye may try it, but ye will not find it wanting," said the Laird, with serious courtesy. "I do not care how long I wait for the young man, so long as I am in such pleasant society. Ye forget, ma'am, what life one is obliged to live at Denny-mains, with public affairs worrying one from the morning till the night. Patience? I have plenty of patience. But all the same I would like to see the young man here. I have a great respect for him, though I consider that some of his views may not be quite sound—that will mend—that will mend; and now, my good friends, I will take leave to propose a toast to ye."

We knew the Laird's old-fashioned ways, and had grown to humour them. There was a pretence of solemnly filling glasses.

"I am going," said the Laird, in a formal manner, "to propose to ye the quick and safe return of a friend. May all good fortune attend him on his way, and may happiness await him at the end of his journey!"

There was no dissentient; but there was one small white hand somewhat unsteady, as the girl, abashed and trembling and silent, touched the glass with her lips.

CHAPTER XLIII.

EXPECTATIONS.

IT was a fine piece of acting. These two continued to talk about the coming of our young Doctor as if it were the most simple and ordinary affair possible. All its bearings were discussed openly, to give you to understand that Mary Avon had nothing in the world to do with it. It was entirely a practical arrangement for the saving of time. By running across to Paris he would jump over the interval between our leaving West Loch Turbert and this present setting-out for the north. Mary Avon was asked about this point and that point: there was no reason why she should not talk about Angus Sutherland just like any other.

And, indeed, there was little call for any pale apprehension on the face of the girl, or for any quick look round when a sudden sound was heard. It was not possible for Angus to be anywhere in our neighbourhood as yet. When we went on deck next morning, we found that we had been idly drifting about all night, and that we were now far away from any land. The morning sun was shining on the dark green woods of Armadale, and on the little white sharp point of Isle Ornsay lighthouse, and on the vast heather-purpled hills in the north; while over there the mountains above Loch Hourn were steeped in a soft mysterious shadow. And then, by-and-by, after breakfast, some light puffs of westerly wind began to ruffle the glassy surface of the sea; and the *White Dove* almost insensibly drew nearer and nearer to the entrance of that winding loch that disappeared away within the dusky

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shadows of those overhanging hills. Late on as it was in the autumn, the sun was hot on the sails and the deck; and these cool breezes were welcome in a double sense.

We saw nothing of the accustomed gloom of Loch Hourn. The sheer sides of the great mountains were mostly in shadow, it is true; but then the ridges and plateaus were burning in the sunlight; and the waters of the loch around us were blue, and lapping, and cheerful. We knew only that the place was vast, and still, and silent; we could make out scarcely any sign of habitation.

Then, as the *White Dove* still glided on her way, we opened out a little indentation of the land behind an island; and there, nestled at the foot of the hill, we descried a small fishing-village. The cottages, the nets drying on the poles, the tiny patches of cultivated ground behind, all seemed quite toy-like against the giant and overhanging bulk of the hills. But again we drew away from Camus Ban—that is, the White Bay—and got further and further into the solitudes of the mountains, and away from any traces of human life. When about mid-day we came to anchor, we found ourselves in a sort of cup within the hills, apparently shut off from all the outer world, and in a stillness so intense that the distant whistle of a curlew was quite startling. A breath of wind that blew over from the shore brought us a scent of honeysuckle.

At luncheon we found to our amazement that a fifth seat had been placed at table, and that plates, glasses, and what not had been laid for a guest. A guest in these wilds?—there was not much chance of such a thing, unless the King of the Seals or the Queen of the Mermaids were to come on board.

But when we had taken our seats, and were still regarding the vacant chair with some curiosity, the Laird's hostess was pleased to explain. She said to him, with a shy smile—

"I have not forgotten what you said; and I quite agree with you that it balances the table better."

"But not an empty chair," said the Laird severely; perhaps thinking it was an evil omen.

"You know the German song," said she, "and how the last remaining of the comrades filled the glasses with wine, and how the ghosts rattled the glasses. Would you kindly fill that glass, sir?"

She passed the decanter.

"I will not, begging your pardon," said the Laird sternly, for he did not approve of these superstitions. And forthwith he took the deck-chair and doubled it up, and threw it on the couch. "We want the young man Sutherland here, and not any ghost. I doubt not but that he has reached London by now."

After that a dead silence. Were there any calculations about time; or were we wondering whether, amid the roar and whirl and moving life of the great city, he was thinking of the small floating-home far away, amid the solitude of the seas and the hills? The deck-chair was

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put aside, it is true, for the Laird shrank from superstition; but the empty glass, and the plates and knives, and so forth, remained; and they seemed to say that our expected guest was drawing nearer and nearer.

"Well, John," said Queen Titania, getting on deck again, and looking round, "I think we have got into Fairyland at last."

John of Skye did not seem quite to understand, for his answer was—

"Oh, yes, mem, it is a fearful place for squahls."

"For squalls!" said she.

No wonder she was surprised. The sea around us was so smooth that the only motion visible on it was caused by an exhausted wasp that had fallen on the glassy surface and was making a series of small ripples in trying to get free again. And then could anything be more soft and beautiful than the scene around us—the great mountains clad to the summit with the light foliage of the birch; silver water-falls that made a vague murmur in the air; an island right ahead with picturesquely wooded rocks; an absolutely cloudless sky above—altogether a wonder of sunlight and fair colours? Squalls? The strange thing was, not that we had ventured into a region of unruly winds, but that we had got enough wind to bring us in at all. There was now not even enough to bring us the scent of honeysuckle from the shore.

In the afternoon we set out on an expedition, nominally after wild-duck, but in reality in exploration of the upper reaches of the loch. We found a narrow channel between the island and the mainland, and penetrated into the calm and silent waters of Loch Hourn Beg. And still less did this offshoot of the larger loch accord with that gloomy name—the Lake of Hell. Even where the mountains were bare and forbidding, the warm evening light touched the granite with a soft rose-grey; and reflections of this beautiful colour were here and there visible amid the clear blue of the water. We followed the windings of the narrow and tortuous loch; but found no wild-duck at all. Here and there a seal stared at us as we passed. Then we found a crofter's cottage, and landed, to the consternation of one or two handsome wild-eyed children. A purchase of eggs ensued, after much voluble Gaelic. We returned to the yacht.

That evening, as we sate on deck, watching the first stars beginning to tremble in the blue, some one called attention to a singular light that was beginning to appear along the summits of the mountains just over us—a silvery-grey light that showed us the soft foliage of the birches, while below the steep slopes grew more sombre as the night fell. And then we guessed that the moon was somewhere on the other side of the loch, as yet hidden from us by those black crags that pierced into the calm blue vault of the sky. This the Lake of Hell, indeed! By-and-by we saw the silver rim appear above the black line of the hills; and a pale glory was presently shining around us, particularly noticeable

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along the varnished spars. As the white moon sailed up, this solitary cup in the mountains was filled with the clear radiance, and the silence seemed to increase. We could hear more distinctly than ever the various waterfalls. The two women were walking up and down the deck; and each time that Mary Avon turned her profile to the light the dark eyebrows and dark eyelashes seemed darker than ever against the pale, sensitive, sweet face.

But after a while she gently disengaged herself from her friend, and came and sate down by the Laird: quite mutely, and waiting for him to speak. It is not to be supposed that she had been in any way more demonstrative towards him since his great act of kindness; or that there was any need for him to have purchased her affection. That was of older date. Perhaps, if the truth were told, she was rather less demonstrative now; for we had all discovered that the Laird had a nervous horror of anything that seemed to imply a recognition of what he had done. It was merely, he had told us, a certain wrong thing he had put right: there was no more to be said about it.

However, her coming and sitting down by him was no unusual circumstance; and she meekly left him his own choice, to speak to her or not as he pleased. And he did speak—after a time.

"I was thinking," said he, "what a strange feeling ye get in living on board a yacht in these wilds: it is just as if ye were the only craytures in the world. Would ye not think, now, that the moon there belonged to this circle of hills, and could not be seen by anyone outside it? It looks as if it were coming close to the topmast; how can ye believe that it is shining over Trafalgar Square in London?"

"It seems very close to us on so clear a night," says Mary Avon.

"And in a short time now," continued the Laird, "this little world of ours—I mean the little company on board the yacht—must be dashed into fragments, as it were; and ye will be away in London; and I will be at Denny-mains; and who knows whether we may ever see each other again? We must not grumble. It is the fate of the best friends. But there is one grand consolation—think what a consolation it must have been to many of the poor people who were driven away from these Highlands—to Canada, and Australia, and elsewhere—that after all the partings and sorrows of this world there is the great meeting-place at last. I would just ask this favour frae ye, my lass, that when ye go back to London, ye would get a book of our old Scotch psalm-tunes, and learn the tune that is called *Comfort*. It begins 'Take comfort, Christians, when your friends.' It is a grand tune that: I would like ye to learn it."

"Oh, certainly I will," said the girl.

"And I have been thinking," continued the Laird, "that I would get Tom Galbraith to make ye a bit sketch of Denny-mains, that ye might hang up in London, if ye were so minded. It would show ye what the place was like; and after some years ye might begin to believe

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that ye really had been there, and that ye were familiar with it, as the home of an old friend o' yours."

"But I hope to see Denny-mains for myself, sir," said she, with some surprise.

A quick, strange look appeared for a moment on the old Laird's face. But presently he said—

"No, no, lass, ye will have other interests and other duties. That is but proper and natural. How would the world get on at all if we were not to be dragged here and there by diverse occupations?"

Then the girl spoke, proudly and bravely—

"And if I have any duties in the word, I think I know to whom I owe them. And it is not a duty at all, but a great pleasure; and you promised me, sir, that I was to see Denny-mains; and I wish to pay you a long, long, long visit."

"A long, long, long visit?" said the Laird cheerfully. "No, no, lass. I just couldna be bothered with ye. Ye would be in my way. What interest could ye take in our parish meetings, and the church soirées, and the like? No, no. But if ye like to pay me a short, short, short visit—at your own convenience—at your own convenience, mind—I will get Tom Galbraith through from Edinburgh, and I will get out some of the younger Glasgow men; and if we do not, you and me, show them something in the way of landscape-sketching that will just frighten them out of their very wits, why then I will give ye leave to say that my name is not Mary Avon."

He rose then and took her hand, and began to walk with her up and down the moonlit deck. We heard something about the Haughs o' Cromdale. The Laird was obviously not ill-pleased that she had boldly claimed that promised visit to Denny-mains.

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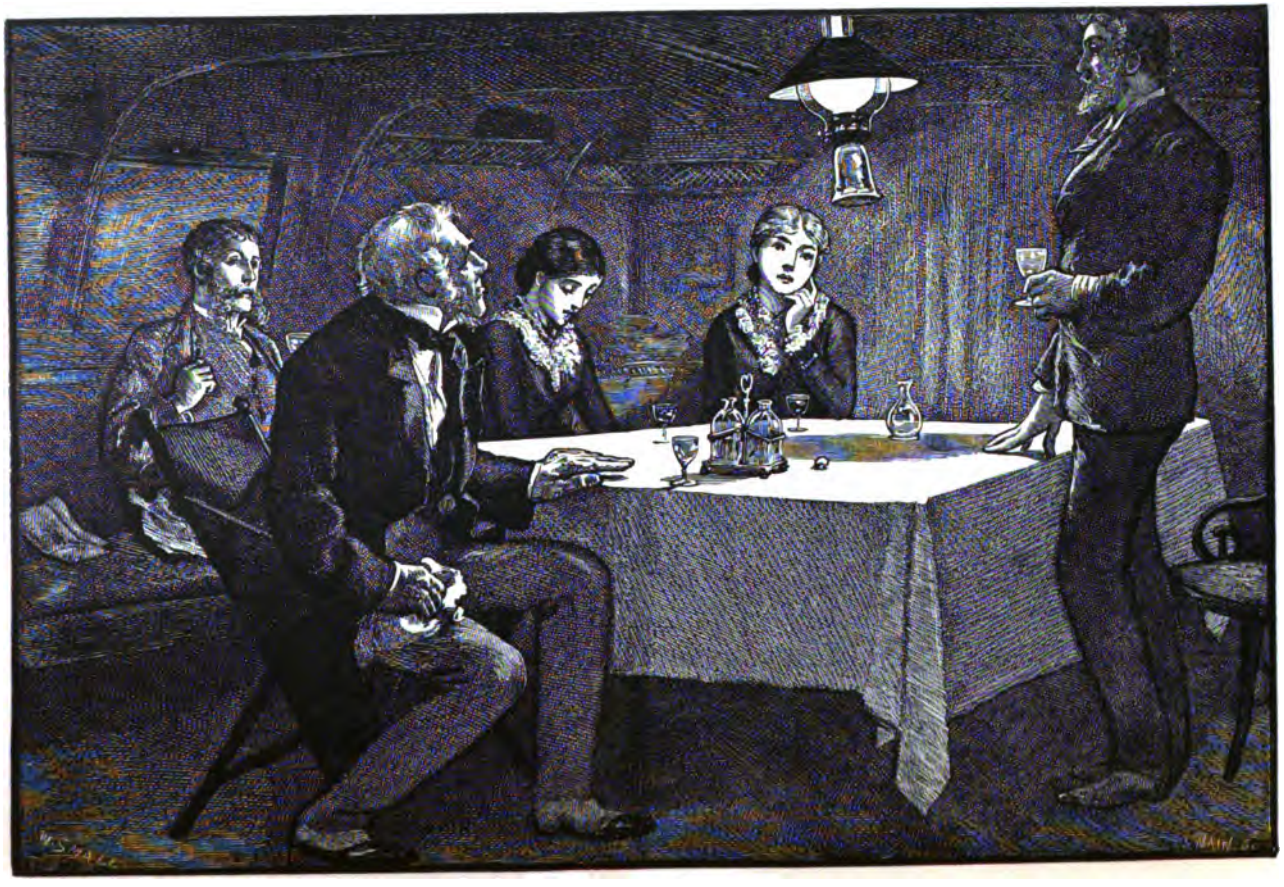

"Bless me!" cried the Laird.

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White Wings: A Yachting Romance.

CHAPTER XLIV.

"YE ARE WELCOME, GLENOGIE!"

WHEN, after nearly three months of glowing summer weather the heavens begin to look as if they meditated revenge; when, in a dead calm, a darkening gloom appears behind the further hills, and slight puffs of wind come down vertically, spreading themselves out on the glassy water; when the air is sultry, and an occasional low rumble is heard, and the sun looks white; then the reader of these pages may thank his stars that he is not in Loch Hourn. And yet it was not altogether our fault that we were nearly caught in this dangerous cup among the hills. We had lain in these silent and beautiful waters for two or three days, partly because of the exceeding loveliness of the place, partly

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because we had to allow Angus time to get up to Isle Ornsay, but chiefly because we had not the option of leaving. To get through the narrow and shallow channel by which we had entered, we wanted both wind and tide in our favour; and there was scarcely a breath of air during the long, peaceful, shining days. At length, when our sovereign mistress made sure that the young Doctor must be waiting for us at Isle Ornsay, she informed Captain John that he must get us out of this place somehow.

"'Deed, I not sorry at all," said John of Skye, who had never ceased to represent to us that, in the event of bad weather coming on, we should find ourselves in the lion's jaws.

Well, on the afternoon of the third day, it became very obvious that something serious was about to happen. Clouds began to bank up behind the mountains that overhung the upper reaches of the loch, and an intense purple gloom gradually spread along those sombre hills—all the more intense that the little island in front of us, crossing the loch, burned in the sunlight a vivid strip of green. Then little puffs of wind fell here and there on the blue water, and broadened out in a silvery grey. We noticed that all the men were on deck.

As the strange darkness of the loch increased, as these vast mountains overhanging the inner cup of the loch grew more and more awful in the gloom, we began to understand why the Celtic imagination had called this place the Lake of Hell. Captain John kept walking up and down somewhat anxiously, and occasionally looking at his watch. The question was, whether we should get enough wind to take us through the narrows before the tide turned. In the meantime mainsail and jib were set, and the anchor hove short.

At last the welcome flapping and creaking and rattling of blocks! What although this brisk breeze came dead in our teeth? John of Skye, as he called all hands to the windlass, gave us to understand that he would rather beat through the neck of a bottle than lie in Loch Hourn that night.

And it was an exciting piece of business when we got further down the loch, and approached this narrow passage. On the one side sharp and sheer rocks, on the other shallow banks that shone through the water; behind us the awful gloom of gathering thunder, ahead of us a breeze that came tearing down from the hills in the most puzzling and varying squalls. With a steady wind it would have been bad enough to beat through those narrows; but this wind kept shifting about anyhow. Sharp was the word indeed. It was a question of seconds as we sheered away from the rocks on the one side, or from the shoals on the other. And then, amidst it all, a sudden cry from the women—

"John, John!"

John of Skye knows his business too well to attend to the squealing of women.

"Ready about!" he roars; and all hands are at the sheets, and even

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Master Fred is leaning over the bows, to watch the shallowness of the water.

"John, John!" the women cry.

"Haul up the main tack, Hector! Ay, that'll do. Ready about, boys!"

But this starboard tack is a little bit longer, and John manages to cast an impatient glance behind him. The sailor's eye in an instant detects that distant object. What is it? Why, surely some one in the stern of a rowing-boat, standing up and violently waving a white handkerchief, and two men pulling like mad creatures.

"John, John! Don't you see it is Angus Sutherland!" cries the elder woman pitifully.

By this time we are going bang on to a sandbank; and the men, standing by the sheets, are amazed that the skipper does not put his helm down. Instead of that—and all this happens in an instant—he eases the helm up, the bows of the yacht fall away from the wind, and just clear the bank. Hector of Moidart jumps to the mainsheet and slacks it out, and then, behold! the *White Dove* is running free, and there is a sudden silence on board.

"Why, he must have come over from the Caledonian Canal!" says Queen Titania, in great excitement. "Oh, how glad I am!"

But John of Skye takes advantage of this breathing space to have another glance at his watch.

"We'll maybe beat the tide yet," he says confidently.

And who is this who comes joyously clambering up, and hauls his portmanteau after him, and throws a couple of half-crowns into the bottom of the black boat?

"Oh, Angus," his hostess cries to him, "you will shake hands with us all afterwards. We are in a dreadful strait. Never mind us—help John if you can."

Meanwhile Captain John has again put the nose of the *White Dove* at these perilous narrows; and the young Doctor—perhaps glad enough to escape embarrassment among all this clamour—has thrown his coat off to help; and the men have got plenty of anchor-chain on deck, to let go the anchor if necessary; and then again begins that manœuvring between the shallows and the rocks. What is this new sense of completeness—of added life—of briskness and gladness? Why do the men seem more alert? and why this cheeriness in Captain John's shouted commands? The women are no longer afraid of either banks or shoals; they rather enjoy the danger; when John seems determined to run the yacht through a mass of conglomerate they know that with the precision of clock-work she will be off on the other tack; and they are laughing at these narrow escapes. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that only one of them laughs. Mary Avon is somewhat silent, and she holds her friend's hand tight.

Tide or no tide, we get through the narrow channel at last; and every one breathes more freely when we are in the open. But we are

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still far from being out of Loch Hourn; and now the mountains in the south, too—one of them apparently an extinct volcano—have grown black as thunder; and the wind that comes down from them in jerks and squalls threatens to plunge our bulwarks under water. How the *White Dove* flees away from this gathering gloom! Once or twice we hear behind us a roar, and turning we can see a specially heavy squall tearing across the loch; but here with us the wind continues to keep a little more steady, and we go bowling along at a welcome pace. Angus Sutherland comes aft, puts on his coat, and makes his formal entry into our society.

"You have just got out in time," says he, laughing somewhat nervously, to his hostess. "There will be a wild night in Loch Hourn to-night."

"And the beautiful calm we have had in there!" she says. "We were beginning to think that Loch Hourn was Fairyland."

"Look!" he said.

And indeed the spectacle behind us was of a nature to make us thankful that we had slipped out of the lion's jaws. The waters of the loch were being torn into spindrift by the squalls; and the black clouds overhead were being dragged into shreds as if by invisible hands; and in the hollows below appeared a darkness as if night had come on prematurely. And still the *White Dove* flew and flew, as if she knew of the danger behind her; and by-and-by we were plunging and racing across the Sound of Sleat. We had seen the last of Loch Hourn.

The clear golden ray of Isle Ornsay lighthouse was shining through the dusk as we made in for the sheltered harbour. We had run the dozen miles or so in a little over the hour; and now dinner-time had arrived; and we were not sorry to be in comparatively smooth water. The men were sent ashore with some telegram—the sending off of which was the main object of our running in here; and then Master Fred's bell summoned us below from the wild and windy night.

How rich and warm and cheerful was this friendly glow of the candles, and how compact the table seemed now, with the vacant space filled at last! And every one appeared to be talking hard, in order to show that Angus Sutherland's return was a quite ordinary and familiar thing; and the Laird was making his jokes; and the young Doctor telling his hostess how he had been sending telegrams here and there until he had learned of the *White Dove* having been seen going into Loch Hourn. Even Miss Avon, though she said but little, shared in this general excitement and pleasure. We could hear her soft laughter from time to time. But her eyes were kept away from the corner where Angus Sutherland sate.

"Well, you *are* lucky people," said he. "If you had missed getting out of that hole by half an hour, you might have been shut up in it a fortnight. I believe a regular gale from the south has begun."

"It is you who have brought it then," said his hostess. "You are the stormy petrel. And you did your best to make us miss the tide."

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"I think we shall have some sailing now," said he, rubbing his hands in great delight—he pretends to be thinking only of the yacht. "John talks of going on to-night, so as to slip through the Kyle Rhea narrows with the first of the flood-tide in the morning."

"Going out to-night!" she exclaimed. "Is it you who have put that madness into his head? It must be pitch dark already. And a gale blowing!"

"Oh, no!" he said, laughing. "There is not much of a gale. And it cannot be very dark with the moon behind the clouds."

Here a noise above told us the men had come back from the small village. They brought a telegram, too; but it was of no consequence. Presently—in fact, as soon as he decently could—Angus left the dinner-table, and went on deck. He had scarcely dared to glance at the pale sensitive face opposite him.

By-and-by Queen Titania said, solemnly:

"Listen!"

There was no doubt about it; the men were weighing anchor.

"That madman," said she, "has persuaded Captain John to go to sea again—at this time of night!"

"It was Captain John's own wish. He wishes to catch the tide in the morning," observed Miss Avon, with her eyes cast down.

"That's right, my lass," said the Laird. "Speak up for them who are absent. But, indeed, I think I will go on deck myself now, to see what's going on."

We all went on deck, and there and then unanimously passed a vote of approval on Captain John's proceedings, for the wind had moderated very considerably; and there was a pale suffused light telling of the moon being somewhere behind the fleecy clouds in the south-east. With much content we perceived that the *White Dove* was already moving out of the dark little harbour. We heard the rush of the sea outside without much concern.

It was a pleasant sailing night after all. When we had stolen by the glare of the solitary lighthouse, and got into the open, we found there was no very heavy sea running, while there was a steady, serviceable breeze from the south. There was moonlight abroad too, though the moon was mostly invisible behind the thin drifting clouds. The women, wrapped up, sate hand-in-hand, and chatted to each other; the Doctor was at the tiller; the Laird was taking an occasional turn up and down, sometimes pausing to challenge general attention by some profound remark.

And very soon we began to perceive that Angus Sutherland had by some inscrutable means got into the Laird's good graces in a most marked degree. Denny-mains, on this particular night, as we sailed away northward, was quite complimentary about the march of modern science, and the service done to humanity by scientific men. He had not even an ill word for the *Vestiges of Creation*. He went the length of saying that he was not scholar enough to deny that there might be various ways of

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interpreting the terms of the Mosaic chronology; and expressed a great interest in the terribly remote people who must have lived in the lake-dwellings.

"Oh, don't you believe that," said our steersman good-naturedly. "The scientifics are only humbugging the public about those lake-dwellings. They were only the bath-houses and wash-houses of a comparatively modern and civilised race, just as you see them now on the Lake of a Thousand Islands, and at the mouths of the Amazon, and even on the Rhine. Surely you know the bath-houses built on piles on the Rhine?"

"Dear me!" said the Laird, "that is extremely interesting. It is a novel view—a most novel view. But then the remains—what of the remains? The earthen cups and platters: they must have belonged to a very preemitive race?"

"Not a bit," said the profound scientific authority, with a laugh. "They were the things the children amused themselves with, when their nurses took them down there to be out of the heat and the dust. They were a very advanced race indeed. Even the children could make earthen cups and saucers, while the children now-a-days can only make mud-pies."

"Don't believe him, sir," their hostess called out, "he is only making a fool of us all."

"Ay, but there's something in it—there's something in it," said the Laird seriously; and he took a step or two up and down the deck, in deep meditation. "There's something in it. It's plausible. If it is not sound, it is an argument. It would be a good stick to break over an ignorant man's head."

Suddenly the Laird began to laugh aloud.

"Bless me," said he, "if I could only inveigle Johnnie Guthrie into an argument about that! I would give it him! I would give it him!"

This was a shocking revelation. What had come over the Laird's conscience that he actually proposed to inveigle a poor man into a controversy and then to hit him over the head with a sophistical argument? We could not have believed it. And here he was laughing and chuckling to himself over that shameful scheme.

Our attention, however, was at this moment suddenly drawn away from moral questions. The rapidly-driving clouds just over the wild mountains of Loch Hourn parted, and the moon glared out on the tumbling waves. But what a curious moon it was!—pale and watery, with a white halo around it, and with another faintly-coloured halo outside that again whenever the slight and vapoury clouds crossed. John of Skye came aft.

"I not like the look of that moon," said John of Skye to the Doctor, but in an undertone so that the women should not hear.

"Nor I either," said the other, in an equally low voice. "Do you think we are going to have the equinoctials, John?"

"Oh, no, not yet. It not the time for the equinoctials yet."

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And as we crept on through the night, now and again, from amid the wild and stormy clouds above Loch Hourn, the wan moon still shone out; and then we saw something of the silent shores we were passing, and of the awful mountains overhead, stretching far into the darkness of the skies. Then preparations were made for coming to anchor; and by-and-by the *White Dove* was brought round to the wind. We were in a bay—if bay it could be called—just south of Kyle Rhea narrows. There was nothing visible along the pale moonlit shore.

"This is a very open place to anchor in, John," our young Doctor ventured to remark.

"But it is a good holding-ground; and we will be away early in the morning whatever."

And so, when the anchor was swung out, and quiet restored over the vessel, we proceeded to get below. There were a great many things to be handed down; and a careful search had to be made that nothing was forgotten—we did not want to find soaked shawls or books lying on the deck in the morning. But at length all this was settled too, and we were assembled once more in the saloon.

We were assembled—all but two.

"Where is Miss Mary?" said the Laird cheerfully: he was always the first to miss his companion.

"Perhaps she is in her cabin," said his hostess somewhat nervously.

"And your young Doctor—why does he not come down and have his glass of toddy like a man?" said the Laird, getting his own tumbler. "The young men now-a-days are just as frightened as children. What with their chemistry, and their tubes, and their percentages of alcohol: there was none of that nonsense when I was a young man. People took what they liked, so long as it agreed with them; and will anybody tell me there is any harm in a glass of good Scotch whiskey?"

She does not answer; she looks somewhat preoccupied and anxious.

"Ay, ay," continues the Laird, reaching over for the sugar; "if people would only stop there, there is nothing in the world makes such an excellent night-cap as a single glass of good Scotch whiskey. Now, ma'am, I will just beg you to try half a glass of my brewing."

She pays no attention to him. For first of all she now hears a light step on the companion-way, and then the door of the ladies' cabin is opened, and shut again. Then a heavy step on the companion-way, and Dr. Sutherland comes into the saloon. There is a strange look on his face—not of dejection; but he tries to be very reticent and modest, and is inordinately eager in handing a knife to the Laird for the cutting of a lemon.

"Where is Mary, Angus?" said his hostess, looking at him.

"She has gone into your cabin," said he, looking up with a sort of wistful appeal in his eyes. As plainly as possible they said, "Won't you go to her?"

The unspoken request was instantly answered; she got up and quietly left the saloon.

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"Come, lad," said the Laird. "Are ye afraid to try a glass of Scotch whiskey? You chemical men know too much: it is not wholesome; and you a Scotchman, too—take a glass, man!"

"Twelve, if you like," said the Doctor, laughing; "but one will do for my purpose. I'm going to follow your example, sir; I am going to propose a toast. It is a good old custom."

This was a proposal after the Laird's own heart. He insisted on the women being summoned; and they came. He took no notice that Mary Avon was rose-red, and downcast of face; and that the elder woman held her hand tightly, and had obviously been crying a little bit—not tears of sorrow. When they were seated, he handed each a glass. Then he called for silence, waiting to hear our Doctor make a proper and courtly speech about his hostess, or about the *White Dove*, or John of Skye, or anything.

But what must have been the Laird's surprise when he found that it was his own health that was being proposed! And that not in the manner of the formal oratory that the Laird admired, but in a very simple and straightforward speech, that had just a touch of personal and earnest feeling in it. For the young Doctor spoke of the long days and nights we had spent together, far away from human ken; and how intimately associated people became on board ship; and how thoroughly one could learn to know and love a particular character through being brought into such close relationship. And he said that friendships thus formed in a week or a month might last for a lifetime. And he could not say much, before the very face of the Laird, about all those qualities which had gained for him something more than our esteem—qualities especially valuable on board ship—good humour, patience, courtesy, light-heartedness——

"Bless me!" cried the Laird, interrupting the speaker in defiance of all the laws that govern public oratory, "I maun stop this—I maun stop this! Are ye all come together to make fun of me—eh? Have a care—have a care!"

He looked round threateningly; and his eye lighted with a darker warning on Mary Avon.

"That lass, too," said he; "and I thought her a friend of mine; and she has come to make a fool of me like the rest? And so ye want to make me the Homesh o' this boat? Well, I may be a foolish old man; but my eyes are open. I know what is going on. Come here, my lass, until I tell ye something."

Mary Avon went and took the seat next him; and he put his hand gently on her shoulder.

"Young people will have their laugh and their joke," said he.

"It was no joke at all!" said she warmly.

"Whisht, now. I say young people will have their laugh and their joke at a foolish old man; and who is to prevent them? Not me. But I'll tell ye what: ye may have your sport of me, on one condition."

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He patted her once or twice on the shoulder, just as if she was a child.

"And the condition is this, my lass—that ye have the wedding at Denny-mains."

CHAPTER XLV.

The Equinoctials at Last.

There was no dreaming of weddings at Denny-mains, or elsewhere, for some of us that night. It had been blowing pretty hard when we turned in; but towards two or three o'clock the wind increased to half a gale, while heavy showers kept rattling along the decks. Then there were other sounds. One of the men was heard to clamber up the iron ladder of the forecastle; and as soon he had put his head out, his contented exclamation was, "Oh, ferry well; go on!" Then he came below and roused his companions; presently there was a loud commotion on deck. This was enough for our Doctor. One could hear him rapidly dressing in his little state-room—then staggering through the saloon, for the wind was knocking about the *White Dove* considerably—then groping his way up the dark companion. For some time there was a fine turmoil going on above. Another anchor was thrown out. The gig and dingay were brought in on deck. All the skylights were fastened down, and the tarpaulins put over. Then a woman's voice,

"Angus! Angus!"

The Doctor came tumbling down the companion; by this time we had got a candle lit in the saloon.

"What is it?" was heard from the partly opened door of the ladies' cabin.

"Nothing at all. A bit of a breeze has sprung up."

"Mary says you must stay below. Never mind what it is. You are not to go on deck again."

"Very well."

He came into the saloon—all wet and dripping, but exceedingly pleased to have been thus thought of—and then he said in a tragic whisper:

"We are in for it at last."

"The equinoctials?"

"Yes."

So we turned in again, leaving the *White Dove* to haul and strain at her cables all through the night—swaying, pitching, groaning, creaking, as if she would throw herself free of her anchors altogether, and sweep away over to Glenelg.

Then, in the early morning, the gale had apparently increased. While the women-folk remained in their cabin, the others of us adventured up the companion-way, and had a look out. It was not a

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cheerful sight. All around the green sea was being torn along by the heavy wind; the white crests of the waves being whirled up in smoke; the surge springing high on the rocks over by Glenelg; the sky almost black overhead; the mountains that ought to have been quite near us invisible behind the flying mists of the rain. Then how the wind howled! Ordinarily the sound was a low, moaning bass—even lower than the sound of the waves; but then again it would increase and rise into a shrill whistle, mostly heard, one would have said, from about the standing rigging and the crosstrees. But our observation of these phenomena was brief, intermittent, and somewhat ignominious. We had to huddle in the companion-way like Jacks-in-the-box; for the incautiously protruded head was liable to be hit by a blast of rain that came along like a charge of No. 6 shot. Then we tumbled below for breakfast; and the scared women-folk made their appearance.

"The equinoctials, Angus?" said Queen Titania, with some solemnity of face.

"Oh, I suppose so," said he cheerfully.

"Well, I have been through them two or three times before," said she, "but never in an exposed place like this."

"We shall fight through it first-rate," said he—and you should have seen Mary Avon's eyes; she was clearly convinced that fifteen equinoctial gales could not do us the slightest harm so long as this young Doctor was on board. "It is a fine stroke of luck that the gale is from the south-west. If it had come on from the east we should have been in a bad way. As it is, there is not a rock between here and the opposite shore at Glenelg, and even if we drag our anchors we shall catch up somewhere at the other side."

"I hope we shall not have to trust to that," says Queen Titania, who in her time has seen something of the results of vessels dragging their anchors.

As the day wore on, the fury of the gale still increased: the wind moaning and whistling by turns, the yacht straining at her cables, and rolling and heaving about. Despite the tender entreaties of the women, Dr. Angus would go on deck again; for now Captain John had resolved on lowering the topmast, and also on getting the boom and mainsail from their crutch down on to the deck. Being above in this weather was far from pleasant. The showers occasionally took the form of hail; and so fiercely were the pellets driven by the wind that they stung where they hit the face. And the outlook around was dismal enough—the green sea and its whirling spindrift; the heavy waves breaking all along the Glenelg shores; the writhing of the gloomy sky. We had a companion, by the way, in this exposed place—a great black schooner that heavily rolled and pitched as she strained at her two anchors. The skipper of her did not leave her bows for a moment the whole day, watching for the first symptom of dragging.

Then that night. As the darkness came over, the wind increased in

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shrillness until it seemed to tear with a scream through the rigging; and though we were fortunately under the lee of the Skye hills, we could hear the water smashing on the bows of the yacht. As night fell that shrill whistling and those recurrent shocks grew in violence, until we began to wonder how long the cables would hold.

"And if our anchors give, I wonder where we shall go to," said Queen Titania, in rather a low voice.

"I don't care," said Miss Avon, quite contentedly.

She was seated at dinner; and had undertaken to cut up and mix some salad that Master Fred had got at Loch Hourn. She seemed wholly engrossed in that occupation. She offered some to the Laird, very prettily; and he would have taken it if it had been hemlock. But when she said she did not care where the *White Dove* might drift to, we knew very well what she meant. And some of us may have thought that a time would perhaps arrive when the young lady would not be able to have everything she cared for in the world within the compass of the saloon of a yacht.

Now it is perhaps not quite fair to tell tales out of school; but still the truth is the truth. The two women were on the whole very brave throughout this business; but on that particular night the storm grew more and more violent, and it occurred to them that they would escape the risk of being rolled out of their berths if they came along into the saloon and got some rugs laid on the floor. This they did; and the noise of the wind and the sea was so great that none of the occupants of the adjoining state-rooms heard them. But then it appeared that no sooner had they lain down on the floor—it is unnecessary to say that they were dressed and ready for any emergency—than they were mightily alarmed by the swishing of water below them.

"Mary! Mary!" said the one, "the sea is rushing into the hold."

The other, knowing less about yachts, said nothin ; but no doubt, with the admirable unselfishness of lovers, thought it was not of much consequence, since Angus Sutherland and she would be drowned together.

But what was to be done? The only way to the forecastle was through the Doctor's state-room. There was no help for it; they first knocked at his door, and called to him that the sea was rushing into the hold; and then he bawled into the forecastle until Master Fred, the first to awake, made his appearance, rubbing his knuckles into his eyes and saying, "Very well, sir; is it hot water or cold water ye want?" and then there was a general commotion of the men getting on deck to try the pumps. And all this brave uproar for nothing. There was scarcely a gallon of water in the hold; but the women, by putting their heads close to the floor of the saloon, had imagined that the sea was rushing in on them. Such is the story of this night's adventures as it was subsequently—and with some shamefacedness—related to the writer of these pages. There are some people who, when they go to sleep, sleep, and refuse to pay heed to twopenny-halfpenny tumults.

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Next morning the state of affairs was no better; but there was this point in our favour, that the *White Dove*, having held on so long, was not now likely to drag her anchors and precipitate us on the Glenelg shore. Again we had to pass the day below, with the running accompaniment of pitching and groaning on the part of the boat, and of the shrill clamour of the wind, and the rattling of heavy showers. But as we sat at luncheon, a strange thing occurred. A burst of sunlight suddenly came through the skylight and filled the saloon, moving backwards and forwards on the blue cushions as the yacht swayed, and delighting everybody with the unexpected glory of colour. You may suppose that there was little more thought of luncheon. There was an instant stampede for waterproofs and a clambering up the companion-way. Did not this brief burst of sunlight portend the passing over of the gale? Alas! alas! when we got on deck, we found the scene around us as wild and stormy as ever, with even a heavier sea now racing up the Sound and thundering along Glenelg. Hopelessly we went below again. The only cheerful feature of our imprisonment was the obvious content of those two young people. They seemed perfectly satisfied with being shut up in this saloon; and were always quite surprised when Master Fred's summons interrupted their draughts or bézique.

On the third day the wind came in intermittent squalls, which was something; and occasionally there was a glorious burst of sunshine that went flying across the grey-green driven sea. But for the most part it rained heavily; and the Ferdinand and Miranda business was continued with much content. The Laird had lost himself in "Municipal London." Our Admiral-in-chief was writing voluminous letters to two youths at school in Surrey, which were to be posted if ever we reached land again.

That night about ten o'clock a cheering incident occurred. We heard the booming of a steam-whistle. Getting up on deck, we could make out the lights of a steamer creeping along by the Glenelg shore. That was the *Clydesdale* going north. Would she have faced Ardnamurchan if the equinoctials had not moderated somewhat? These were friendly lights.

Then on the fourth day it became quite certain that the gale was moderating. The bursts of sunshine became more frequent; patches of brilliant blue appeared in the sky; a rainbow from time to time appeared between us and the black clouds in the east. With what an intoxication of joy we got out at last from our long imprisonment, and felt the warm sunlight around us, and watched the men get ready to lower the gig so as to establish once more our communications with the land. Mary Avon would boldly have adventured into that tumbling and rocking thing—she implored to be allowed to go—if the Doctor were going to pull stroke, why should she not be allowed to steer? But she was forcibly restrained. Then away went the shapely boat through the plunging waters—showers of spray sweeping her from stem to stern—until it disappeared into the little bight of Kyle Rhea.

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The news brought back from the shore of the destruction wrought by this gale—the worst that had visited these coasts for three-and-twenty years—was terrible enough; and it was coupled with the most earnest warnings that we should not set out. But the sunlight had got into the brain of these long imprisoned people, and sent them mad. They implored the doubting John of Skye to get ready to start. They promised that if only he would run up to Kyle Akin, they would not ask him to go further, unless the weather was quite fine. To move—to move—that was their only desire and cry.

John of Skye shook his head; but so far humoured them as to weigh one of the anchors. By-and-by, too, he had the topmast hoisted again: all this looked more promising. Then, as the afternoon came on, and the tide would soon be turning, they renewed their entreaties. John, still doubting, at length yielded.

Then the joyful uproar! All hands were summoned to the halyards, for the mainsail, soaked through with the rain, was about as stiff as a sheet of iron. And the weighing of the second anchor—that was a cheerful sound indeed. We paid scarcely any heed to this white squall that was coming tearing along from the south. It brought both rain and sunlight with it; for a second or two we were enveloped in a sort of glorified mist—then the next minute we found a rainbow shining between us and the black hull of the smack; presently we were in glowing sunshine again. And then at last the anchor was got up, and the sails filled to the wind, and the main-sheet slackened out. The *White Dove*, released once more, was flying away to the northern seas!

CHAPTER XLVI.

"FLIEH! AUF! HINAUS!"

THIS splendid sense of life, and motion, and brisk excitement! We flew through the narrows like a bolt from a bow; we had scarcely time to regard the whirling eddies of the current. All hands were on the alert, too, for the wind came in gusts from the Skye hills, and this tortuous strait is not a pleasant place to be taken unawares in. But the watching and work were altogether delightful, after our long imprisonment. Even the grave John of Skye was whistling "Fhir a bhata" to himself—somewhat out of tune.

The wild and stormy sunset was shining all along the shores of Loch Alsh as we got out of the narrows and came in sight of Kyle Akin. And here were a number of vessels all storm-stayed, one of them, in the distance, with her sail set. We discovered afterwards that this schooner had dragged her anchors and run ashore at Balmacara; she was more fortunate than many others that suffered in this memorable gale, and was at the moment we passed returning to her former anchorage.

The sunlight and the delight of moving had certainly got into the

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heads of these people. Nothing would do for them but that John of Skye should go on sailing all night. Kyle Akin? they would not hear of Kyle Akin. And it was of no avail that Captain John told them what he had heard ashore—that the *Glencoe* had to put back with her bulwarks smashed; that here, there, and everywhere vessels were on the rocks; that Stornoway harbour was full of foreign craft, not one of which would put her nose out. They pointed to the sea, and the scene around them. It was a lovely sunset. Would not the moon be up by eleven?

"Well, mem," said John of Skye, with a humorous smile, "I think if we go on the night, there not mich chance of our rinning against anything."

And indeed he was not to be outbraved by a couple of women. When we got to Kyle Akin, the dusk beginning to creep over land and sea, he showed no signs of running in there for shelter. We pushed through the narrow straits, and came in view of the darkening plain of the Atlantic, opening away up there to the north, and as far as we could see there was not a single vessel but ourselves on all this world of water. The gloom deepened; in under the mountains of Skye there was a darkness as of midnight. But one could still make out ahead of us the line of the Scalpa shore, marked by the white breaking of the waves. Even when that grew invisible we had Rona light to steer by.

The stormy and unsettled look of the sunset had prepared us for something of a dirty night, and as we went on both wind and sea increased considerably. The south-westerly breeze that had brought us so far at a spanking rate began to veer round to the north, and came in violent squalls, while the long swell running down between Raasay and Scalpa and the mainland caused the *White Dove* to labour heavily. Moreover, the night got as black as pitch, the moon had not arisen, and it was lucky, in this laborious beating up against the northerly squalls, that we had the distant Rona light by which to judge of our whereabouts.

The two women were huddled together in the companion-way; it was the safest place for them; we could just make out the two dark figures in the ruddy glow coming up from the saloon.

"Isn't it splendid to be going like this," said Miss Avon, "after lying at anchor so long?"

Her friend did not answer. She had been chiefly instrumental in persuading Captain John to keep on during the night, and she did not quite like the look of things. For one thing, she had perceived that the men were all now clad from head to foot in oilskins, though as yet there was nothing but spray coming on board.

Our young Doctor came aft, and tried to get down the companion-way without disturbing the two women.

"I am going below for my waterproof and leggings," said he, with a slight laugh. "There will be some fun before this night is over."

The tone of the girl altered in a moment.

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"Oh, Angus," said she, grasping him by the arm. "Pray don't do that! Leave the men to work the boat. If there is any danger why don't they make away for the land somewhere?"

"There is no danger," said he, "but there will be a little water by-and-by."

The volume of the great waves was certainly increasing, and a beautiful sight it was to mark the red port-light shining on the rushing masses of foam as they swept by the side of the vessel. Our whereabouts by this time had become wholly a matter of conjecture with the amateurs, for the night was quite black; however, Rona light still did us good service.

When Angus Sutherland came on deck again, she was on the port tack, and the wind had moderated somewhat. But this proved to be a lull of evil omen. There was a low roar heard in the distance, and almost directly a violent squall from the east struck the yacht, sending the boom flying over before the skipper could get hold of the main sheet. Away flew the *White Dove* like an arrow, with the unseen masses of water smashing over her bows!

"In with the mizen, boys!" called out John of Skye, and there was a hurried clatter and stamping, and flapping of canvas.

But that was not enough, for this unexpected squall from the east showed permanence, and as we were making in for the Sound of Scalpa we were now running free before the wind.

"We'll tek the foresail off her, boys!" shouted John of Skye again, and presently there was another rattle down on the deck.

Onwards and onwards we flew, in absolute darkness but for that red light that made the sea shine like a foaming sea of blood. And the pressure of the wind behind increased until it seemed likely to tear the canvas off her spars.

"Down with the jib, then!" called out John of Skye; and we heard, but could not see, the men at work forward. And still the *White Dove* flew onwards through the night, and the wind howled and whistled through the rigging, and the boiling surges of foam swept away from her side. There was no more of Rona light to guide us now; we were tearing through the Sound of Scalpa; and still this hurricane seemed to increase in fury. As a last resource, John of Skye had the peak lowered. We had now nothing left but a mainsail about the size of a pocket-handkerchief.

As the night wore on, we got into more sheltered waters, being under the lee of Scalpa; and we crept away down between that island and Skye, seeking for a safe anchorage. It was a business that needed a sharp look-out, for the waters are shallow here, and we discovered one or two smacks at anchor, with no lights up. They did not expect any vessel to run in from the open on a night like this.

And at last we chose our place for the night, letting go both anchors. Then we went below, into the saloon.

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"And how do you like sailing in the equinoctials, Mary?" said our hostess.

"I am glad we are all round this table again, and alive," said the girl.

"I thought you said the other day you did not care whether the yacht went down or not?"

"Of the two," remarked Miss Avon shyly, "it is perhaps better that she should be afloat."

Angus was passing at the moment. He put his hand lightly on her shoulder, and said, in a kind way——

"It is better not to tempt the unknown, Mary. Remember what the French proverb says, 'Quand on est mort, c'est pour longtemps.' And you know you have not nearly completed that great series of *White Dove* sketches for the smoking-room at Denny-mains."

"The smoking-room!" exclaimed the Laird, indignantly. "There is not one of her sketches that will not have a place—an honoured place—in my dining-room: depend on that. Ye will see—both of ye—what I will do with them; and the sooner ye come to see the better."

We this evening resolved that if, by favour of the winds and the valour of John of Skye, we got up to Portree next day, we should at once telegraph to the island of Lewes (where we proposed to cease these summer wanderings) to inquire about the safety of certain friends of ours whom we meant to visit there, and who are much given to yachting; for the equinoctials must have blown heavily into Loch Roag, and the little harbour at Borva is somewhat exposed. However, it was not likely that they would allow themselves to be caught. They know something about the sea, and about boats, at Borva.

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The Growth of Sculpture.

ORDINARY conceptions of art are apt to be a good deal warped by the prevailing impression among artists and critics that the origin of all things is to be sought for in Italy and Hellas, or, at best, in Egypt and Assyria. Take up an average History of Sculpture, such as Lübke's, and you will find that the author imagines he has brought you face to face with the cradle of art when he introduces you to the polished granite statues of Thebes, or the lively alabaster bas-reliefs of Kouyunjik. From the point of view generally adopted by the æsthetic world, Egypt and Assyria are the absolute beginning of every earthly art or science. But with the rapid advance of anthropology and of what may be called pre-historic archæology during the last few years, a new school of æsthetics has become inevitable—a school which should judge of art-products not by the transcendental and often dogmatic principles of Lessing or Winckelmann, but by the sober light of actual evolution. So to judge, we must push back our search far beyond the days of Sennacherib and Rameses, to the nameless artists who carved the figures of animals upon bits of mammoth-tusks under the shade of pre-glacial caves. We must consider the Egyptian and Assyrian sculptures not as rudimentary works, but as advanced products of highly developed art. We must trace the long course of previous evolution by which the rude figures of primæval men were brought to the comparative technical perfection of Memphian or Ninevite monuments; a perfection which sometimes only just falls short of the Hellenic model by its want of the very latest and lightest touch—artistic grace and freedom. In short, we must allow that barbaric art is but a step below the civilised, while it is very many steps above the lowest savage.

In the present paper, however, it is not my intention to do more than sketch very briefly, and in a merely prefatory manner, the primitive stages of plastic art. I wish, rather, here to point out sundry influences which, as it seems to me, have conspired to give their peculiar characteristics to the very advanced sculpture of Egypt, Assyria, Greece, and India. But, as a preliminary to such an exposition, it will be well to touch lightly upon sundry prior and necessary stages of early imitative art.

When a child begins spontaneously to draw, its first attempt is generally a rough representation of the human form. It draws a man, and a man in the abstract only. He is "bilaterally symmetrical," as the naturalists say; a full-faced figure, with all the limbs and features

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displayed entire. He has a round face, two goggle eyes, a nose and mouth, a cylindrical body, two arms held out at a more or less acute angle, with five fingers on each, and two legs, also divergent, with a pair of terminal knobs to represent the feet. This is the very parent of art, a symbolical or mathematical man, a rough diagram of humanity, reduced to its simplest component elements. It still survives as the sole representation of a man amongst our own street boys and amongst many savage races. Moreover, it affords us a good clue to all the faults and errors, the partial successes and tentative improvements, of subsequent artists. An Egyptian or Assyrian pond always consists of a square diagram of some water, surrounded by diagrams of trees, pointing outward from it in every direction, so that some of them are placed sideways, and some of them upside down. So, too, if you ask any educated European who is ignorant of drawing, to sketch you the figure of a chair, you will find that he fails just where the street boy fails in representing the human face. He is too abstract and mathematical; he lets his intellectual appreciation of the chair as possessing four legs and a back and a seat, all at right angles and in certain determinate planes, carry away his judgment to the detriment of the visual chair, whose angles are all irregular, and whose planes interfere with one another in extraordinary ways. He turns you out a diagram, a section, or an elevation of a chair, not a picture in the true sense. That is the stumbling-block of all early painters and sculptors, the difficulty which they had slowly to overcome before they could arrive at the modern truthfulness of delineation.

In the technical language of painting, such truthfulness of delineation, such correct imitation of the visual object in its visible as opposed to its geometrical relations, is known as *drawing*. It includes perspective, foreshortening, and all the other devices by which we represent the visual field on a flat surface. But the term cannot, of course, be applied to sculpture, where something analogous nevertheless exists, especially in bas-relief. Accordingly, I propose in the present paper to employ the word Imitation in this general sense as including accuracy of representation in either art. And such accuracy of imitation we may take as the real and objective test of artistic evolution, at least so far as the imitative arts are concerned. I shall give examples hereafter which will illustrate the difference between the application of this test and of those shadowy and artificial standards so generally employed by the transcendental school.

So far as I know, the Polynesians and many other savages have not progressed beyond the full-face stage of human portraiture above described. Next in rank comes the drawing of a profile, as we find it among the Eskimos and the Bushmen. Our own children soon attain to this level, which is one degree higher than that of the full face, as it implies a special point of view, suppresses half the features, and is not diagrammatic or symbolical of all the separate parts. Negroes and

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North American Indians cannot understand profile: they ask what has become of the other eye. At this second degree may also be placed the representation of animals as the Eskimos represent them—a single side view, with the creature in what may be called an abstract position; that is to say, doing nothing particular. Third in rank we may put the rudimentary perspective stage, where limbs are represented in drawing or bas-relief as standing one behind another, and where one body or portion of a body is permitted to conceal another. Still, the various figures are seen all on one plane, and stand side by side, in a sort of processional order (like that of the Bayeux tapestry), with little composition and no background; nor have they yet much variety of attitude. Successively higher steps show us the figures in different positions, as walking, running, sitting, or lying down; then, again, as performing complicated actions; finally, as showing emotion, expression, and individuality in their faces. At the same time the processional order disappears; perspective begins to come into use, and the limbs betray some attention to rough anatomical proprieties. Thus, by slow degrees, the symbolical and mathematical drawing of savages evolves into the imitative painting and sculpture of civilised races.

I wish to catch this evolving and yet undifferentiated art at the point where it is still neither painting nor sculpture, and where it has just passed the fourth stage in the course of development here indicated. From this point I wish to observe the causes which made it assume its well-known national plastic forms in Egypt, Assyria, Hellas, and India respectively. To do so, it will be necessary shortly to recapitulate some facts in the history of its evolution, familiar to most æsthetic students, but less so, perhaps, to the mass of general readers. Painting and sculpture, then, in their western shape at least, started from a common origin in such processional pictures as those above described—pictures of whose primitive peculiarities the Egyptian wall paintings and Etruscan vases will give us a fair idea, though in a more developed form. Setting out from this original mode, sculpture first diverged by the addition of incised lines, marking the boundaries of the coloured figures standing out flat in very low relief. Then the edges being rounded and the details incised as well as painted, bas-relief proper comes into existence. Corner figures, like those of the Assyrian bulls and gods, give us the earliest hint of the statue. At first seated or erect, with arms placed directly down the side to the thighs, and legs united together, the primitive statues formed a single piece with the block of stone behind them. Becoming gradually higher and higher in relief, they at last stood out as almost separate figures, with a column at the back to support their weight. At last they assumed the wholly separate position. Side by side with these changes, the arms are cut away from the sides, and the legs are opened and placed one before the other. Gradually more action is thrown into the limbs, and more expression into the features; till, finally, the cat-faced Egyptian Pasht, with her legs firmly set together, and her hands laid flat upon her knees, gives

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place to the free Hellenic Discobolus, with every limb admirably moulded into exact imitation of an ideally beautiful human form, in a speaking attitude of graceful momentary activity.

Now if we look for a minute at a few of the criticisms already passed by æsthetic authorities upon works of national art, we shall see how far they differ from those which must be passed by the application of this objective imitative test. There are in the British Museum some Assyrian bas-reliefs from Kouyunjik, of the age of Asshur-bani-pal, or Sardanapalus, concerning which no less a writer than Sir A. H. Layard delivers himself after this fashion:—"In that which constitutes the highest quality of art, in variety of detail and ornament, in attempts at composition, in severity of style, and purity of outline, they are inferior to the earliest Assyrian monuments with which we are acquainted—those from the north-west palace at Nimroud. They bear, indeed, the same relation to them as the later Egyptian monuments do to the earlier." But the fact is that, if we accept imitation as our test, we must rank these very bas-reliefs as the highest products of Assyrian art. Any one who will look at the original works in the Museum can judge for himself. The animals in them are represented in very truthful and unsymmetrical attitudes, and often show considerable expression. A wounded lion seizing a chariot-wheel has its face and two paws given with a fidelity and an attention to perspective truly astonishing. The parts of bodies passing in front of one another are managed with high technical skill. A lion enclosed in a cage is seen through the bars in an admirable manner. And though conventionalism is allowed to reign for the most part in the human figure, especially in the sacred case of the king, yet the muscles are brought out with considerable anatomical correctness, and the inferior personages are often in really decent drawing, even when judged as Europeans now judge. All these points betoken advance upon the older works. To put it plainly, Sir A. H. Layard seems to have set up as a standard certain rather ideal characters of art, to have erected the archaic Assyrian type with which he was familiar into an absolute model, and then to have found fault with these particular bas-reliefs because they were less "severe" and "pure"—that is to say, more highly evolved—than his artificial standard of national excellence.

Similarly, I find Herr Lübke placing Indian sculpture far below that of Egypt and Assyria. For this singular judgment he gives merely fanciful and, as it seems to me, mystical reasons. "It might, indeed, be asserted," he says, "that a touch of *naïve* grace marks the best of these works, but this grace breathes no animation of mind nor power of thought or will; at the most it may be compared with the loveliness of the flowers of the field; there is nothing in it of moral consciousness." I confess I find it hard to discover traces of moral consciousness in the Memnon or the winged bulls; but any child can see that while Egyptian statues are stiff, unnatural, symmetrical, and absolutely devoid of anato-

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mical detail, many Indian statues are free in position, stand with arms and legs in natural and graceful attitudes, show in their faces individuality or even expression, and represent the limbs with anatomical correctness only idealised into a somewhat voluptuous smoothness and rotundity. Here, again, we must suppose that a preconceived transcendental idea has blinded the critic to obvious excellence of imitation.*

One word to prevent misapprehension. I do not mean to say that such a rough test as that here employed can be used to measure the respective value of the highest artistic work. It can merely be employed to weigh nation against nation. In our own days, when good imitation is almost universal, when drawing, and perspective, and anatomy, are taught systematically to all our artists, we necessarily judge of æsthetic products by higher and mainly emotional standards. Mr. Frith does not differ much from Mr. Burne Jones, or M. Legros, or Sir Frederic Leighton in mere technical ability to represent what he sees on a flat surface; but he differs greatly in sentiment and feeling. What we admire in one modern work of art, as compared with another, is its colouring, its composition, its beauty of thought and expression, its power of stirring the higher and finer chords of our emotional nature. What we dislike is vulgarity of subject or treatment, crude or discordant colouring, low or commonplace emotion, and all the other outward signs of poverty in intellectual and emotional endowment. These higher tests can sometimes be applied even where the technique is far from perfect, as amongst many mediæval Italian painters, whose drawing, especially of animals, is often ludicrously incorrect, while they nevertheless display a fine sense of colouring, deep feeling, and profound power of expression. But they cannot be applied to Egyptian or Assyrian handicraft, which thus falls short entirely of the specific fine-art quality as understood by modern

* In justice to Lübke I should like to add that he differs totally from Sir A. H. Layard as to the Kouyunjik sculptures, and agrees, on the whole, with my independently-formed opinion. To show how greatly our doctors disagree on such points, I venture to transcribe the whole of his remarks on this subject. "If the works at Khorsabad," he says, "mark the transition from the strict old style to one of greater freedom, the latter acquires its full sway in the palace of Kujjundschik. It is true, even here, the extent of subject-matter, the idea and its intellectual importance, remain unchanged. The Assyrian artists were compelled to restrict themselves, as their forefathers had done for centuries, to the glorification of the life and actions of their princes. But, while the ideas were limited to the old narrow circle, the observation of nature had increased so considerably in acuteness, extent, and delicacy, the representations had gained such ease, freshness, and variety, and the power of characterisation had become so enlarged by the study of individual life, that an advance proclaims itself everywhere. At the same time, the art had lost nothing of its earlier excellencies, except, perhaps, the powerful gloomy grandeur of the principal figures; this was exchanged for the softer but in nowise feeble grace of a more animated style, and for the wealth of an imagination that had thrown aside its fetters in various new ideas and pregnant subjects." Here Lübke's own transcendental canons do not mislead him, and he therefore avoids the fanciful error into which Layard's canons have led the great explorer.

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æsthetic critics. The total absence of feeling and expression reduces the art of Egypt and Assyria to the purely barbaric level. That of Hellas, on the contrary, rises to the first rank. The origin of this remarkable difference forms the subject of our present inquiry.

A cheap and easy mode of accounting for such peculiarities, much in vogue amongst critics, is to refer them to "the national character;" which is about as explanatory as to say that opium puts one to sleep because it possesses a soporific virtue. If we take a single individual, the absurdity becomes obvious—no one would account for the excellence of Shakspeare's plays by saying that he possessed a play-writing character—but when we talk of a whole nation, the trick of language imposes upon everybody. The real question, however, lurks behind all these shallow subterfuges, and it is this: Why is the national character artistic or inartistic, free or slavish, individual or conventional, as the case may be? The only possible answer lies in the physical condition and antecedents of each particular people. To put the concrete instance, Egyptian sculpture was what we know it to be, first, because the people were Egyptians, that is to say Negroids; secondly, because they lived in Egypt; and, thirdly, because they had no stone to work in but granite or porphyry. Conversely, Hellenic sculpture was what we know it to be, first, because the people were Hellenes, that is to say, Aryans; secondly, because they lived in Hellas; and, thirdly, because they worked mainly in white and fine-grained Parian marble.

The first element, that of heredity, was the one which poor dogmatic, puzzle-headed Buckle so stoutly refused to take into consideration. But it is undoubtedly one of prime importance, though I cannot here find room to lay much stress upon it. Of course heredity itself is ultimately explicable by the previous physical circumstances of each race; it means the persistent mental twist given to a nation by the long habits of its ancestors in their dealings with nature and surrounding peoples, which latter factor must in the last resort be accepted as a result of their geographical position. This mental twist is physically registered in the brain. Now the Negroid race (perhaps because it is cooped up in a large and compact continent, Africa, with no intersecting seas and little outlet for intercourse with surrounding peoples) has never displayed much plasticity of intelligence, and has only produced a civilised nation in its extreme north-eastern branch, where it spreads over the rich alluvial valley of the Nile, and borders most closely upon the Semitic and Aryan races. Somewhat similar is the position of the great Mongoloid family, which has developed a civilisation in China alone, among the fertile plains of the Hoang-Ho and the Yang-tse-Kiang. Both these races seem to represent an early checked development; their type of social organisation remains low and stereotyped (though in different degrees); their ancestors appear never to have been placed in favourable conditions for calling forth the latent adaptability, the susceptibility to culture and evolution, of the human species. If we look at China especially,

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we see that its monosyllabic language, its religion of ancestor-worship, its ideographic mode of writing, its social system, all belong to an early and strangely fossilised type. The Aryans, on the contrary (and we might perhaps add, the Semites), have passed ancestrally through some unknown circumstances which have rendered them hereditarily the most plastic, the most intelligent, the most æsthetic, and probably the most organically moral of all human races. Thus, at the point where history first discovers them, the great families of men are already unequal in potentialities and in actual culture. The Aryan starts in the race with five ounces more of brain than the negro. The Bushman starts with five ounces less. It is by no means a matter of indifference, therefore, to the philosophy of history whether Egypt was peopled by Negroids or Aryans, whether China was occupied by Turanians or Andamanese, and whether the first Hellenic colonists settled down in Central Africa or in the islands of the Ægean. Each race is what it is partly in virtue of the peculiar brain and the correlated individuality handed down to it by descent from its remotest human ancestors.

Here the second element, which I must also pass over rapidly, steps in to complicate the account. Given a certain relatively homogeneous mass of Aryans, Turanians, or Negroids, that mass, as it splits up into minor tribes or groups, will again be further differentiated by the special physical conditions which surround it in its separate life. While each will retain the chief Aryan or Turanian peculiarities, as compared with other non-Aryan or non-Turanian tribes, it will acquire certain new characteristics of its own in virtue of its new environment. The primitive Aryan nucleus, for example, divides into several hordes or colonies, each of which goes its own way from the common Central Asian home to find itself a new dwelling-place in some unknown land. A part threads its way through the passes of the Hindu Kush to the alluvial flats of the Indus and the Ganges; and there, settling down to a purely agricultural life, and mixing, in its lower castes at least, with the flat-faced Aborigines, produces the modern Indian people—from the pure light-brown Aryan Brahman, with his intellectual features and profound speculative brain, to the degraded, almost non-Aryan, Chumar, with his flat nose, thick lips, and dull material mind. Another colony strikes westward, and, making its home among the nearest islands and peninsulas of the Mediterranean, becomes the great civilised and commercial Helleno-Italic race, the true founder of our modern arts, our modern science, and our modern philosophy. A third branch lingers longer in the primitive home, and then ripens more slowly its intelligence among the forests of the Danube and the Rhine, till at length, borrowing a new civilisation from its intercourse with falling Rome, it blossoms finally forth as the conquering Teutonic stock, which now divides with the Keltic all the culture of Western Europe. To trace in detail for each case the endless interaction of land on people, and of people on surrounding tribes, would be a task for innumerable volumes and encyclopædic knowledge; but

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that to such interactions, however undiscoverable, the whole national character is due, no consistent evolutionist can reasonably doubt. While we allow that the Aryan blood of the Hellenes had much to do with the differences which mark them off from the Negroid Egyptians, must we not equally grant that Hellenic civilisation would have been very different if the settlers of Attica had happened rather to occupy the valley of the Nile; and that the Egyptians would have become a race of enterprising sailors and foreign merchants if they had chosen to make their homes on the shores of the Cyclades and the Corinthian Gulf? The factors of the problem, though never, perhaps, actually determined, are yet in the abstract potentially determinable.

In every evolution the question of time is all-important, for each fresh step depends upon the steps already taken. At the moment when our investigation begins, the main centre of civilisation lay around the eastern Mediterranean. The other isolated civilisations—India, China, Mexico, Peru—had some of them little, and others no, connection with the Egyptian, Assyrian, and Hellenic culture. Navigation needed to be nursed first in the Ægean and then in the wider Mediterranean before it could trust itself upon the vast Atlantic, and initiate that momentous revolution whereby the civilisation of the world has been transferred from the Nile, the Archipelago, and the Tiber to the Seine, the Thames, the Rhine, and the Hudson. This important element of time is a factor whose value we must never forget in the history of evolution.

Now, just as the Aryan individuality is antithetical to the Negroid, so are the physical circumstances of Hellas antithetical to those of Egypt. When an Aryan colony settled among the islands and peninsulas of the Ægean, it settled (as it seems to me) in the very place which was, *at that exact moment of time*, best fitted to develop the Aryan type to its highest existing potential culture. As granite is to marble, and as the raw negro is to the raw Hellene, such, I believe, was Egypt to Hellas.

The valley of the Nile, a long, narrow alluvial strip, lies between two enclosing granite or limestone ranges, which cut it naturally off from all surrounding homes of men. On either side stretches the desert. Between them runs the great river, whose mud fills the valley and forms the Delta, whose water annually inundates and fertilises the fields, and whose influence alone causes the difference between the belt of verdure, a few miles wide, and the dreary expanse of sand to right and left. This alluvial plain, like all other alluvial plains, was naturally predestined by its physical peculiarities to become the seat of an early agricultural community. As soon as evolving man had passed the stage of the mere hunter or shepherd, he necessarily made his first essays in tillage on the rich levels watered by the Indus, the Ganges, the Euphrates, the Hoang-Ho, and the Nile. As navigation must begin on rivers, lakes, and inland seas before it tempts the stormy ocean, so agriculture must begin on fertile and naturally irrigated lowland plains before it can drive its steam ploughs along the bleak hillsides of the Lothians or the rocky slopes of the Alleghanies.

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Now, Egypt was specially marked out, even among such alluvial plains, as the natural seat of a great empire. All alluvial countries lend themselves readily to despotism: it is easy to overrun them, hard to defend them, difficult to encourage the natural growth of small nationalities. In Egypt the ease of consolidation, the difficulty of separation, reaches a maximum. From the Cataracts to the sea the country is naturally (like the French Republic) one and indivisible. Hence the distinguishing mark of Egypt is that it was a primitive, despotic, homogeneous Negroid community, organised on an essentially military type, but comprising a mainly agricultural populace. Whatever else than this it has ever been has depended upon changes brought about by the time element; but this at bottom it has really always remained. The Egyptian cultivator was ever and is now a soulless clod, born to till the soil and pay the taxes.

Developing freely at first, apart from foreign interference, the Egyptian community produced its own social system and its own artistic school in accordance with its own genius and the genius of the place. The richness of the soil permitted the reaping of harvests far greater than sufficed for the cultivators' use; but those harvests, instead of being exported (as at later dates) to feed the masses of Rome or England, were used to support vast bodies of native workmen. Then, as now, the despotic ruler appropriated to his own enjoyment all the surplus wealth of the country; but while the Khedive employs it in buying English yachts and hiring French opera companies, Rameses or Usertesen employed it in building splendid tombs, gorgeous palaces, and magnificent temples to their deified ancestors by the hands of Egyptian workmen alone. Thus Egyptian painting, sculpture, and architecture became wholly subservient to the royal pleasure, and the two former arts grew up simply as accessories to the latter in the decoration of the vast royal buildings.

I am afraid the reader will have fancied, during this long digression, that I have forgotten my promise to discourse concerning the growth of sculpture altogether. But I have really been keeping it in view the whole time. We now arrive at the third element in the evolution of Egyptian plastic art—the material with which it had to deal. This, I believe, is one of the most important factors in the whole problem, and yet it is the one most persistently overlooked. The idealists who write so glibly about the national character of Egypt and of Greece forget that even an Athenian sculptor could have done little with the hard granite masses of Syene, while even Egyptians would in all probability have produced far more truthful and natural works if they had always dealt with the fine and plastic marble of Paros and Pentelicus. It is not too much to say that Egyptian sculpture has been profoundly modified by the abundance of granite, Assyrian sculpture by the abundance of alabaster, and Hellenic sculpture by the abundance of marble.

Practically speaking, there are only two plastic materials in Egypt. The one is the mud of Nile, from which bricks can be made; the other is the hard igneous rock—granite, syenite, or porphyry—of the boundary

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ranges. The geology of Egypt is as monotonous as its scenery. Marble or soft limestone nowhere occurs in any quantity. Granite, therefore, became the material from which the sculptured parts of temples, palaces, and tombs were constructed (though a soft durable sandstone was also employed for the ordinary building); and the national art, being all at bottom architectural, took its main impress from the artistic capabilities of this material. Even in our own times, granite makes an awkward statue; though by dint of long practice upon marble, and still more owing to the modern habit of modelling the original in clay, we are now able to turn out as good a figure as the rigid nature of the stone allows. But the Egyptians, so to speak, founded all their art on granite, and it accordingly coloured even their painting, as I hope hereafter to show. "A sitting statue," says Sir Gardner Wilkinson, "was represented with the hands placed upon the knees, or held across the breast; and, when standing, the arms were placed directly down the sides to the thighs, one foot being advanced before the other, as if in the attitude of walking, but without any attempt to separate the legs." "The parts between the legs," says Dr. Birch, "in statues made of stone are reserved or not cut away, said to be owing to the manner of working by stunning out the limbs." These peculiarities were almost necessitated by the nature of the stone itself, and they are familiar to all of us from the specimens in the courts of the Louvre and of the British Museum.*

I do not for a moment mean to deny that the national character, formed by the national circumstances, did much to determine the low grade of development in Egyptian plastic art; but I think it almost certain that the nature of the material also reacted upon the national character with considerable effect. In the first place, painting itself advanced in many ways beyond sculpture, and was probably retarded in its development by the fixity of its sister art. For instance, its choice of attitude was far more free and unrestricted; it represented arms and legs in positions which would have been impossible for granite statues. In the wall-paintings, figures *act*; in the sculptures, they passively *exist*. Then, again, as most of the highest architecture had also granite or sandstone for its "physical basis," the whole national art could never attain the plasticity of Hellenic genius—could never reach the grade of development which was naturally reached in the free and gracious marble temples of Ionia or Attica. But, above all, there are signs that Egyptian art did not always assume so rigid a form, and that in its earlier days it could sometimes attain far greater freedom and individuality, especially in connection with more plastic materials. There is a little terra-cotta group in the British Museum—a man and woman seated—attributed to the ninth dynasty (a comparatively early period), in which the pose of

* The Egyptians did very sparingly employ a native coarse black marble; but no quarries of this stone existed at all comparable to the great masses of *rosso antico* porphyry at Syene.

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the figures is so natural and unrestrained that one feels almost inclined at first to doubt their antiquity, and to suspect Hellenic influence. This group and a few like it used to puzzle me for many years, until I learned from late discoveries that the sculpture of the third and other early dynasties was decidedly more individualised and imitative than that of the great eighteenth and nineteenth dynasties, under which the ever increasing conventionalism of Egyptian art reached its highest development. Besides the reaction of the solid material, which naturally induced stiffness of conception, we must attribute this increasing rigidity of Egyptian sculpture to its *hieratic* character.

In all despotisms a certain sacredness invests the king. In despotisms of the Oriental model, military societies which have crystallised at an early stage of development, this sacredness affects everything that concerns the king. In Egypt especially the concentration of all the energies of the country around the descendant of the sun made the sacred character of royal art very apparent. "Rameses conquering a city," "Amenoph driving his enemies before him," "Thothmes receiving the tribute of the Ethiopians"—these form the subjects of half the bas-reliefs and wall-paintings on tombs or palaces. Art being mostly restricted to the adornment of royal buildings, a caste of royal artists grew up, who learned from one another the conventional principles of their art. For conventionalism means the continuous copying of a primitive and inaccurate attempt at imitation of nature. Hence both sculptors and painters worked by a hieratic canon, which prescribed the relative proportions of the body, and from which it would have been sacrilegious to diverge. Especially in dealing with the gods and the king, the fixed models alone could be permitted, and no variation even in posture or feature could be allowed. In mediæval Europe somewhat the same fixity prevailed in the representation of the Madonna and the saints, as it still prevails in the wooden pietàs and bambinos of Continental churches. A like fixity also existed, apparently, in pre-historic Hellas. But while in Italy a Cimabue, a Giotto, and a Lionardo could be found successively to break through the various conventional ideas of their age; while in Hellas a series of nameless sculptors could discard the cow-faced Herè and the owl-headed Athenè for ideal human figures, which grow into individuality under the hands of Dipœnus and Scyllis; in Egypt no single original plastic genius ever ventured to omit the panther features of Pasht or the ibis beak of Thoth, to sever the arms and legs of a Memnon, or to throw expression into the lifeless eyes of a Sesostris.

How could it be otherwise? Everywhere the total amount of originality is small, and the number of innovators is infinitesimal compared with the number of those who follow "the best models." The history of Greek sculpture or Italian painting shows us how each epoch-making artist only advanced a trifle upon the work of those who preceded him. Yet, to get even such slow improvement, the elements of

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progress must be at work throughout an entire nation, leavening the whole mass. These elements were as wholly wanting in ancient Egypt as they are in modern China. The Egyptian peasant or artisan lived in a monotonous and narrow plain, studded with little villages, each of which, like those of the Gangetic plateau in our own days, contained absolutely identical social factors—the cultivators, the potters, the weavers, the bakers, and the priests. Up and down the river, life was exactly the same. There was no intercourse with unlike communities, no foreign trade, no exchange with neighbouring villages, nothing to arouse thought, individuality, original effort. Each man learnt his craft from those who went before, and the sculptor or the painter learnt his like the rest. Thus there was no advance, no progress, no alteration almost. The whole of life crystallised naturally into a set conventional system, controlled from above by the king, in which spontaneous individuality would have seemed very like a disease. Yet it is noticeable that in art this fixed system, with its regular canons, affected most the high personages of the stereotyped governmental and religious hierarchy, while it left the lower ranks comparatively free. The stiffest and most invariable figures are those of the gods, where innovation is absolutely inadmissible. Next comes the sacred form of the king, always represented in certain conventional attitudes as performing certain ordinary official acts, but still allowing of some variation in detail. The priests and high functionaries may be permitted a certain relaxation from the absolutely formal attitudes; and when we reach the bas-reliefs or pictures which show us the people engaged in everyday work, we meet with comparative freedom of treatment. Lastly, animal shapes, the least common of all, and so the least liable to harden down into conventionality, are often represented with much technical skill, and occasionally even with something approaching to spirit.

When we turn to Assyria, we arrive at a sort of intermediate stage between Memphis and Athens. Judged by the imitative standard, the plastic art of Nineveh is decidedly in advance of that of Egypt. The human face and figure are far more naturally treated. A rude perspective is suggested, and sometimes realised with considerable skill. The muscles are represented with some approach to accuracy. In Egyptian art, figures walking always have the soles of *both* feet planted flat upon the ground; in Assyrian bas-reliefs, the toe alone of the hinder or retreating foot touches the earth. "Assyrian art," says Lübke justly, "is distinguished even in its earliest works from the Egyptian by greater power, fulness, and roundness in the reliefs, by a fresher conception of nature, and by a more energetic delineation of life; but it lacks on the other hand the more delicate sense of form, and the stricter architectural law that marked the other." I think, if we regard the question from the evolutionary standpoint, we shall admit that even the last-named points are really marks of freedom and progress. "This may be traced," continues the historian, with a rare outburst of common sense, "in the

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first place to a difference of character, of their relations to nature, and of their artistic taste; but it was induced also, undoubtedly, by the slighter connection with architecture, and by the more tractable material for work afforded by alabaster." There we get the whole solution of the problem summed up in a nutshell.

Moreover, Assyria differs also from Egypt in this, that from the earliest monuments at Kalah Sherghat to the latest at Kouyunjik we can trace a continuous and constant improvement. The despotism of Nineveh never became so conventionalised and crystallised as that of Thebes. Egypt was stationary or retrograde; Assyria was slowly progressive.

The valley of the Tigris, like that of the Nile, naturally gave rise at an early period to a great semi-civilised agricultural community. But the Assyrians were a Semitic people, and the difference of race counted for something in Mesopotamia, even as it has counted for something among the monotonous flats of Upper India. In addition to this primary differentiating cause, there was a second cause in the physical conditions. Assyria is not so wholly isolated as Egypt. Though an inland country, it is not utterly cut off by the desert from all mankind, and compelled to mature its own self-contained civilisation within its own limits like China or Peru. The great river formed a highway for communication with the kindred culture of Babylon, while lines of commerce connected the Assyrian capital with the Phœnician, Hellenic, and Hebrew worlds, as well as with the primitive Persian, Median, and Indian empires. Hence, while the type of organisation remains, as in Egypt, military and despotic, there is more individual thought and action amongst the people. It is true the existing remains of Assyrian art refer even more exclusively to the life and deeds of rulers than do those of Egypt; but then they are mere fragments from royal palaces, far less numerous and varied than the rich relics of Karnak or Beni-Hassan; and they display far greater originality and individuality on the part of the artists than any of the Egyptian remains.

"Strata of alabaster abound in Assyria." This geological fact gives us the one remaining point necessary to the comprehension of Ninevite work. Using limestone instead of granite in their purely architectural work, the Assyrians used alabaster for their strictly plastic compositions. Starting thus from the same primitive basis as the Egyptians—the incised bas-relief painting—it is easy to see how the nature of their material, combined with the greater freedom of their intellects, led them soon to higher flights. The archaic sculptures at Arban, wrought in a coarse limestone, show us the gradual attempt at emancipation on the part of the early artists. The features display a Negroid type, which, perhaps, points back to Egyptian models,* and the treatment is far more

* In like manner the earliest Greek sculpture gives Semitic or Assyrian features to its figures.

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angular than in later works. One of the lions—a corner statue, forming part of a slab flanking a doorway—has a curious peculiarity which marks transition from a still more ancient and conventional style to a comparatively free and modern treatment. It has five legs. Four of these are visible as you view the animal in profile, and they are placed one behind the other, as though the creature was advancing; but two are also visible in front, one being the foremost of the previous four, and the other an abnormal fifth leg, which gives it the appearance of standing still when viewed from this aspect. Evidently the sculptor could not reconcile his mind to giving up the proper complement of legs from any point of view, and so compromised the matter by running two contradictory conceptions into one. In the well-known winged bulls, this anomaly settles down into a regular conventional practice, owing to their architectural position. The sculpture of these colossal figures in their best day is, however, far more rounded, and the detail much more exquisitely carved, than would be possible in granite figures. But Assyrian statues seldom attain any great importance, because they have never wholly emancipated themselves from architectural trammels, and it is only in a few isolated figures that we get an idea of what the artists might have done. It is in the soft alabaster bas-reliefs, however, that the Assyrian genius finds its fullest development. Their delicacy of carving, frequent truth of delineation, and occasional glimpses of spirited treatment, place them second only to the archaic Greek sculptures.

Even in alabaster, however, the Assyrian hand was cramped by hieratic conventionality. The deities retain their eagle-heads or bulls' bodies. The sacred figure of the king and those of the attendant eunuchs never lose their primitive stiffness. In the monuments of Sardanapalus himself, only the huntsmen and other inferior personages show any approach to free treatment. "The human form maintains its old typical and conventional constraint, and, with all their genius, the artists of this last Assyrian period never succeeded in breaking through the ban which frustrated in the East the representation of free thoughtful human life. The animals of the late Assyrian art are far superior to the men in nobleness of structure, in power and grace of action, and even in depth of expression." But it was something if only to have attained to the ease and faithfulness of representation which we find in the well-known wounded lioness of Kouyunjik.

On the other hand, if we wish to measure the effect produced by so plastic a material as alabaster, we have but to look at the contemporary Assyrian "cylinders" in hard stones such as jasper, onyx, and agate. These, though cut with immense care, display a primitive and almost savage style of art which contrasts ludicrously with the finished sculpture of the bas-reliefs.

But no place could better illustrate the importance of material than Babylon. More commercial and probably more civilised than Nineveh, Babylon stood in the midst of a far wider alluvial plain, where no build-

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ing material except brick was procurable. Marble, alabaster, granite were all unknown. Building stone, Sir A. H. Layard tells us, could only be brought from a distance, and it consisted chiefly of black basalt from the Kurdish mountains, used for ornamental details alone. The city, as a whole, was built of brick and mud. Hence no plastic art ever developed in Babylon. Its ruins consist of mere shapeless mounds, enclosing coloured enamelled tiles, and other traces of varied æsthetic handicraft; but sculpture utterly failed for want of a "physical basis." No doubt pictorial and industrial arts took somewhat diverse developments from those which they would have taken had the architectural style been more similar to that of the Assyrian capital. Tapestry seems to have been to Babylon what sculpture was to Athens and painting to Florence.

Turning at last to Hellas, we have to deal with a very different people, a different country, a different material. The Aryan Hellenes took with them to their island homes the same primitive intellectual, philosophical, and subtle minds which the Brahmans took to India and the Kelts to Ireland. All we know of the Aryan race shows us that it could nowhere be content with such a purely external life as that of the Egyptians and Assyrians. Men of that race must reflect more and feel more, and their art must, therefore, mirror more of their internal life. But these universal Aryan qualities are not by themselves sufficient to account for the specific Hellenic art. We must look for that in the physical peculiarities of Hellas itself.

I say *Hellas* because I do not mean *Greece* in its modern geographical sense. Dr. Curtius has taught us that the true Hellas of the old Hellenes was not the peninsula, but the Ægean. It included Ephesus, Miletus, Mitylene, Rhodes, and the Cyclades: it did not include Ætolia, Acarnania, or the wild Epirote mountains. This true maritime Hellas—a labyrinth of landlocked bays, narrow straits, long headlands, grouped or scattered islets, and peninsular heights—was bound together everywhere by the interlacing sea. Argos, Corinth, Athens, Thebes, the Chalcidian and Thracian colonies, Delos, the Sporades, the Ionian bays, Crete, and Corcyra formed its natural boundaries. The water did duty as its highway, and ships as its beasts of burden. It was the true cradle of navigation for Phœnician and Hellene alike. Its outliers soon spread, always by sea, to Sicily and Campania, North Africa and the Rhone, the Euxine and the Bosphorus. Cyrene, Massalia, Sinope formed its advanced outposts. No land was ever better adapted to stimulate the intellect and the energies of its people, to foster originality and individual effort. Mountain ranges, shutting off each little basin from its neighbours, rendered impossible the rise of a great central despotism, such as those which spread so easily over the wide Asiatic plains. Only when military science had greatly advanced, and roads through mountain countries had become practicable, could a Philip overrun the free valleys of Attica and Bœotia. Xerxes wasted his

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enormous strength in vain on the narrow guts of the Euripus and the miniature passes of Thermopylæ. Thus each Hellenic city remained always a separate state. On the other hand, the merchants and sailors of the Hellenic people early acquired that wealth which makes subjects the practical equals of kings, that freedom of mind which comes from intercourse with many nations, that knowledge which naturally arose from constant commercial relations with the older culture of the Asiatic coast and interior. Hence the separate Greek states quickly threw off the regal form of government in favour of the oligarchic, and finally of the democratic, type. With it they threw off the monarchical organisation—an organisation always limited among the primitive Aryans by the council of freemen, but which the example of Persia and India shows us to be capable, even amongst Aryan nations, of easily assuming the purely despotic form under favourable conditions. Henceforth, their progress in all industrial or æsthetic arts was rapid and splendid. The Homeric poems show us the primitive Achæans in a stage of culture hardly superior to that of the common Aryan stock: the era of Pericles shows us the unexampled development of a wholly new and utterly unrivalled culture, containing elements quite unknown in the older civilisations of Egypt and Assyria.

Such I believe to be the true secret of the magnificent Hellenic nationality. It was an Aryan race, starting with all the advantage of the noble Aryan endowments; and it occupied the most favourable situation in the world for the development of navigation, commerce, and free institutions, at that particular stage of human evolution. At an earlier date, navigation would have been impossible: at a later, it must fix its centre in Italy (the focal point of the Mediterranean basin), in northern Europe (the focal point of the Atlantic basin), and, perhaps, hereafter in some unknown region of the Pacific. But just at that moment Hellas formed its natural home. It was the great emporium where met the tin of Cornwall, the gold of Iberia, the amber of the Baltic, the myrrh of Arabia, the silphium of Libya, the glass of Egypt, the pottery of Phœnicia, the lapis lazuli of Persia, and the ivory of Ethiopia or the East. The free and plastic Hellenic genius was formed by the action of a natural commercial focus, a maritime position, and an individual political life upon the free and plastic but less developed old Aryan subjectivity.

The material, however, which mainly contributed to the due æsthetic development of this free Hellenic genius was undoubtedly marble. Had the Greeks, with all their other circumstances left the same, possessed no stone to sculpture except the hard porphyry or syenite of Egypt, can we for a moment suppose that they could ever have produced the Aphrodite of Melos or the torsos of the Parthenon? Indeed, what little we know of their chryselephantine work leads us to suppose that even in this comparatively manageable material their plastic art fell decidedly short of their marble figures. But if the Hellenes had been entirely

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deprived of the pure and even-grained stone from which they constructed not only their statues but also their great architectural works, can we possibly believe that their whole æsthetic development would not have been something entirely different from that which we actually know it to have been? Amongst ourselves, the sculptor is a specially trained artist, who supplies a purely æsthetic want, felt only by a small fraction of our cultivated classes. But in Hellas, where noble marble temples continually rose on every side, and where the demand for images of the gods was a common demand of ordinary life, every craftsman in wood or stone grew naturally into an artist. The material upon which the stone-cutter worked gave free play to the native genius of the race. Those who seek to explain Athenian art by the Athenian character alone, forget to take into account this important physical factor given us in the white cliffs of Paros and Pentelicus.

Without going too deeply into the vexed question of the exact links —Phœnician, Hittite, Lydian, and Ionian—which are variously supposed to connect Oriental with Hellenic sculpture, we may recognise the fact that the earliest Greek art started from the same primitive form as the Egyptian and Assyrian. The most ancient Greek bas-reliefs, like those from the temple of Assos now in the Louvre (for the famous Lion Gate at Mycenæ may possibly be the relic of a still earlier race), are thoroughly Assyrian in type, but far inferior in execution and imitative skill to the Ninevite works. They show us figures in the same processional style, sculptured in coarse limestone, extremely disproportionate in size, and grotesquely angular in attitude. But, as the Italians after Cimabue altered and vivified the conventional Byzantine models which they imitated, so the Hellenes altered and vivified Assyrian sculpture. In the marble monument of Aristion at Athens, a bas-relief of the archaic type, we find a distinct advance. Though the hair and beard strikingly recall the stiff rows of Assyrian curls, the pose of the arms is natural and almost graceful. In the similar monument of Orchomenus, probably a trifle later, the limbs and the drapery display marked freedom and character, though the face is still, to a great extent, devoid of individuality or expression. The exquisite reliefs from Thasos, in the Louvre, attributed to the sixth century, finally show us almost perfect technical command over the presentation of the human figure—a command which becomes supreme a hundred years later in the frieze of the Parthenon. Such rapid advance bears the impress of the quick Hellenic originality; but it also marks the collateral value of so plastic a material as marble.

It was not in bas-relief, however, but in isolated statues, that the Hellenic genius and the quarries of Paros were to prove their united potentialities. The statue, I believe, has two separate origins. The one origin, from the bas-relief through the seated or supported figure, I have already traced, and its history is now a commonplace of æsthetic chronicles. But the true relations of the second have apparently been

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hitherto little noticed in connection with the first. All nations make themselves images of their gods in wood or clay, and where these materials are unattainable, in feathers, like the Hawaiians. Now the earliest Greek gods were in wood; and from these doll-like wooden gods, as has often been noticed, descended the chryselephantine statues of Phidias, overlaid with ivory to form the face and limbs, and with gold to represent the drapery. It is quite in accordance with the usual archaism of all religious usages that these essentially wooden statues continued to the last the representatives of the chief gods in the most important temples—the protecting Athenè of the Parthenon, and the Pan-Hellenic Zeus of Olympia. Nor is it a less striking fact that the chryselephantine statues seem always to have retained some traces of archaic conventionalism; that their drapery hung in folds which concealed the whole figure; and that the Zeus of Olympia himself, the most reverend god of universal Hellas, was represented, like most very ancient statues, in a sitting attitude. It is the glory of Hellenic sculpture that it ventured even in its gods to discard the sacred forms sanctified by antique usage: yet even in Hellas itself some traces of the conservatism natural to religion must inevitably be expected to exist.

But the marble statues—which form, after all, the real symbol of Hellas in all our minds—are the lineal descendants of the bas-reliefs, and so had a purely architectural origin. Whereas, however, in Egypt and Assyria the separate stone statue flanking a doorway or gate always remained more or less architectural in character and use, and never really took the place of the wooden image, in Greece the marble figure —owing no doubt in part to the plasticity of the material—became at last wholly individualised, separated itself on a pedestal from the architectural background, and practically superseded the wooden or chryselephantine figure for all but the most venerable purposes. The archaic marble colossi from Miletus in the British Museum represent Hellenic sculpture in an almost Egyptian stage, the stage in which Hellas received the rudiments of art from Assyria. The figures are seated in the attitude which we all know so well as that of Pasht. "They are stiff and motionless, the arms closely attached to the body, and the hands placed on the knees; the physical proportions are heavy and almost awkward, the execution is throughout architecturally massive, and the organic structure is but slightly indicated." The drapery wholly conceals the human form. There is not a touch in these ungainly figures which at all foreshadows the coming freedom of Greek art. They are simply conventional, and nothing more. But the ancient sitting statue of Athenè preserved in the Acropolis at Athens, though much mutilated, shows an immense advance. The attitude is unconventionalised; the foot, instead of being planted flat as in the Miletan colossi, is lightly poised upon the toes alone; the limbs are partially uncovered; and the undulating folds of the drapery are clearly prophetic of the later Athenian grace. The nude standing figure known as the Apollo of

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Tenea (in the Glyptothek at Munich) gives us in some respects a still further progress. The anatomy is excellent; and the attitude, though stiff, is surprisingly free for an unsupported and isolated figure of so early date. The arms still hang by the side; but they hang free in marble, instead of being welded to the body as in porphyry. Both soles are firmly planted, but one foot is in advance. Altogether we have here a statue caught in the very act of *becoming Greek*. It is, in fact, an accurate but awkward and ungraceful representation of a real man, standing in a possible but ugly attitude. Note, too, the important fact that this figure is *nude*. Most of the archaic Greek statues are fully draped, and the conventionality of religious art kept many of the greater gods draped to the last. The Zeus of Phidias wore vestments of gold, and, even in the freest days, no sculptor ever ventured to disrobe the wedded majesty of Herè, or the maiden majesty of Pallas. But there were two great gods whom even the antique conventionalism represented in the nude—Apollo, and perhaps Aphroditè; while, with Hermes and Eros, as well as in the lesser figures of Heracles, Theseus, and the heroes generally, individual imagination took freer flights. The bronze Apollo of Canachus, to judge from preserved copies, though still largely adhering to a conventional type, yields evidence of some feeling for beauty of nude form. Thenceforward Hellenic sculpture rapidly advanced, especially in its nude productions, towards the perfect grace of the Periclean period. The isolated nude statue is, in fact, the true ideal of plastic art: it represents the beauty of form in its purest organic type. The groups from the pediment of the temple at Ægina are admirable examples of the struggle between conventionalism and freedom in the developing Hellenic mind. In the very centre stands a fully draped Athenè, conventional in treatment and awkward in proportions, with a lifeless countenance, and graceless figure wholly concealed by the stiff folds of the robe. The great goddess still retains her archaic and time-honoured type. But at her feet lies a nude warrior of exquisite idealised proportions, in a natural and graceful posture, and carved with anatomical accuracy which would not have disgraced the glorious sculptor of the Parthenon himself. To trace the growth of the art from this point on to the age of Phidias would involve questions of that higher æsthetic criticism which I wish in the present paper to avoid. We have reached the point where Hellenic sculpture has attained to perfect imitation of the human figure: its further advance is toward the higher excellence of ideality, expression, deep feeling, and perfect appreciation for abstract beauty of form.

And now let us look for a moment at the part borne by Greek individuality, Greek freedom, and Greek democracy in this æsthetic evolution. While in Egypt, as we saw, the regal and hieratic influence caused the primitive free manner to crystallise into a fixed conventionalism; while in Assyria it checked the progress of art, and restricted all advance to a few animal traits; in Hellas, after the age of freedom,

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it became powerless before the popular instinct. While Egyptian and Assyrian gods always retained their semi-animal features, in Hellas the cow-face of Herè and the owl-head of Athenè fell so utterly into oblivion that later Hellenic commentators even misinterpreted the ancient descriptive epithets of the Achæan epic into *ox-eyed* and *grey-eyed*. Only in conservative Sparta did Apollo keep his four arms; only in half-barbarian and enslaved Ephesus did Artemis keep her hundred breasts. In European and insular Hellas, for the most part, the sculptors chose to represent the actual human form, and, in their later age, the nude human form by preference over all other shapes. In Egypt and Assyria the king in his conventional representation was the central figure of every work. But in Hellas, even in the archaic period, we find plastic art in the employment of private persons. The monument of Aristion represents a citizen, in the armour of an hoplite, sculptured on his own tomb; the Orchomenian monument similarly represents a Bœotian gentleman in civic dress. In the later Athenian period portrait busts of distinguished citizens seem to have been usual. But it was on the gods, as the common objects of devotion for the whole city, that the art of the republican Greek states mainly expended itself. And here again we see the value of Hellenic individuality. For while in Egypt a Pasht from Thebes was identical with a Pasht from Memphis, and while even in Hellas itself Zeus and Athenè and the other national gods tended to retain conventional types, yet in each city the special worship of the local heroes—Theseus and Cephisus, and Erechtheus and Heracles (rendered possible by the minute subdivisions of Hellenic states) —permitted the sculptor to individualise and originalise his work. From this combination of causes it happens that Greek sculpture is modelled from the life. Egyptian artists probably never worked from natural models; they worked apparently from their own imperfect recollections, or copied the imperfect recollections of their predecessors. The Greek sculptor worked from the human figure, familiarised to his eye in the contests of the palæstra, and we see the result in the frieze and metopes of the Parthenon. At length we get sculpture almost wholly divorced from religion in the Discobolus and the Narcissus, the Niobe and the Thorn-extractor. Hellenic art discovers its full freedom when it shakes off its religious trammels, and when its purpose becomes merely æsthetic in the service of the wealthy and cultivated Greek gentleman. The older school gives us gods and heroes alone; the later school gives us simply ideal figures and genre pieces. As the Renaissance emancipated Italian painting from the perpetual circle of Madonnas and St. Sebastians, so the Periclean awakening emancipated Athenian sculpture from the surviving conventionalism of Herès and Hestias.

Finally, we must remember that Hellenic art flourished most in the great commercial cities. It is not in Dorian Sparta, with its conservative, kingly, and military organisation, that we must look for the miracles of sculpture. As Thucydides predicted, Sparta has passed

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away and left nothing but the shadow of a great name. It is at Athens, Corinth, Rhodes, and the Ionian colonies that plastic art produces its masterpieces. And even the most careless thinker can hardly fail to remember that it was not in feudal Paris or London, but in the similarly mercantile cities of mediæval Italy and the Low Countries, that modern painting went through the chief stages of its early evolution.

I have thus, I hope, given their full value in each case to the original characteristics of race and to the subsequent reactions of the physical and social surroundings. But the point which I have especially endeavoured to bring out in this paper is the immense concomitant importance of a suitable material for the embodiment of the national feeling. Just as it seems to me that porcelain clay has coloured all the art-energies of China, and feathers all the art-energies of Polynesia, so does it seem to me that granite has directed the whole æsthetic handicraft of Egypt, and marble the whole æsthetic handicraft of Hellas. My text has been too large to expound otherwise than in a rapid sketch; but I trust the broad outlines, such as they are, will bear filling in from the memory and observation of the reader.

GRANT ALLEN.

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Game.

It has been easy to foresee for some time past that a change was at hand in the system by which game at present is preserved in the United Kingdom. The enormous quantity kept up by sportsmen of the new school, with its terrible consequences in the shape of frequent and sanguinary collisions * between poachers and gamekeepers, and serious injury inflicted on the farmers' crops, has long since brought about conditions demanding Parliamentary interference. As is usual, however, in such cases, the two extremes of opinion were strong enough for a long while to prevent any moderate course from being adopted; and perhaps, for some reasons, the result is not to be regretted, as it has given time for the question to run itself clear of numerous misconceptions and impertinences which had hitherto obscured its true character, and have, indeed, been a principal cause of the delay which has occurred in dealing with it. We propose, therefore, to offer to our readers on the First of September a brief survey of the progress of opinion on the subject since it first began to attract public notice, and of the origin of the abuses which have led to the demand for change.

When the game laws first began to excite hostile criticism, the poacher rather than the farmer was the object of popular sympathy. Political economy was as yet in the background, and the produce of the soil was not scanned as jealously as at present. Nor was game preserved to such an extent as to be seriously mischievous to the crops, even if it had been. Hares were kept principally for hunting, and for that purpose they ought not to be too thick upon the ground. The battue was unknown, and the pheasant one might almost say was as wild as the woodcock. Under these circumstances there was nothing either to injure the farmer or to lead to the formation of those regular poaching gangs which a few years afterwards became notorious. The consequence was that the poacher was regarded in those days much as in higher walks of life a young man is regarded who is euphemistically termed "a little wild," or as the schoolboy may be who climbs up his neighbour's apple-tree and brings off his pockets full of fruit. Disapproval of such courses is not unmingled with admiration of the culprit's spirit, and a secret notion that he may turn out all the better for it afterwards. Such feelings imply no disrespect for the received moralities, and neither did sympathy with the village poacher imply the slightest dissatisfaction with the game laws or the preservation of game. Joseph Rushbrook, in Captain Marryat's well-

* These indeed are nothing new. *Vide infra.*

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known tale, is an excellent type of the poacher as he was known, generally speaking, in those earlier and better days. Rushbrook is a man who lives by poaching. He is an honest, respectable, intelligent man, who goes to church regularly, and sends his children to school. His cottage on the outskirts of the village is a model of neatness and comfort. His wife is everything that a village matron ought to be. But he has this one weakness: every favourable night "in the season of the year" is devoted to inroads on the neighbouring covers, where, with the aid of a wonderful dog, and an equally wonderful child, he enjoys his sport for many years without detection, the game being disposed of to the pedlars, who, with the guards of coaches and the drivers of stage-waggons, were the principal medium of communication between the poacher and the dealer. Such a career was lawless—wrong, no doubt—still there was something adventurous and romantic about it, people thought. There was the same difference in public estimation between Joseph Rushbrook and the unwashed gangs of mechanics who plunder our preserves at present as between Claude Duval and Bill Sikes.

It was during the latter part of the last century that both poaching and game preserving seem first to have begun to assume those dimensions which are familiar to us at the present day. The growth of these were coincident with two other social changes in progress at the same period, of which no doubt they were to some extent also the consequences: we mean the decline in the condition of the peasantry, and the accumulation of large properties. Towards the end of the American war, owing to the rise in prices on the one hand, and the enclosure of commons on the other, the labourer's income was diminished while the cost of his living was increased; while, at the same time, partly owing to the pressure of taxation, and partly to other causes, the early part of the reign of George III. witnessed a large reduction in the number of the smaller landowners, who were bought out by nabobs, contractors, *et hoc genus omne*—the men so abhorred by Cobbett—or else by the neighbouring nobleman, who would not be outdone by them in the extent of his acres. It seems probable that this change may have led to the preservation of game, and also to the accumulation of it in particular localities, on a scale unknown to the smaller squires of an earlier period, when it was more evenly distributed over the whole surface of the country. Thus, at one and the same time, the pressure of poverty began to act upon the rural population, and the system of preserving to hold out increased temptation to them. The result was seen in the gradually-increasing ferocity and lawlessness of the poaching class, and in the increased severity of the laws which were enacted to restrain them. Then came in the practice, now almost forgotten, of setting man-traps and spring-guns, which were not declared to be illegal till towards the end of the reign of George IV., and which contributed largely to swell the outcry against the game laws. It was said at the time that they were as inefficient as inhuman, and that they caught or killed every one except the

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poacher. A celebrated hanging judge had a narrow escape on one occasion, and it may be that this was what led to the prohibition of them. Some traps made without teeth were used for the protection of gardens, but all alike are things of the past now. Only now and then, inside the old moss-grown park palings, one sees some tumbledown sign-post warning the public of spring-guns and man-traps to remind us that such things were.

By the time that Crabbe's *Tales* were published, the gang system was in full operation, and there is plenty of other evidence to show that night-poaching was carried on then, just as it has been since, by bodies of armed men prepared to resist force by force. Still the old sentimental idea of the poacher, fostered partly by individual "survivals," partly by the condition of the law, and still more by the aggravated distress of the peasantry which followed the peace of 1815, was the uppermost one in the public mind. Then arose the picture of the starving labourer transported or imprisoned with felons for snaring a rabbit to assuage the pangs of hunger; and the feeling thus created not unnaturally survived for a very long time the circumstances which had once given colour to it. But public sympathy never at any time took the form of a demand for the abolition of the game laws. What was asked was such a reform as should diminish the temptation to poaching among the rural population. How completely the remedy adopted defeated its own purpose, and indeed aggravated the very mischief which it was intended to remove, we shall see presently. In the meantime, let us remember that down to 1831 the two main objects with all game law reformers were, first, the abolition of the qualification * as an antiquated anomaly; and, secondly, the extinction of the poacher by destroying the market for his produce. The way to curb the poacher, said the *Edinburgh Review*, is to undersell him. And though the farmer's grievance was mentioned once or twice in the debates in the House of Commons on the subject, it had no hold upon the public mind, which was occupied exclusively with the two objects we have mentioned.

In spite of all that has been said, there can be little doubt that under the old system shooting and the preservation of game were in some respects on a more satisfactory footing than they have been since. Under the old *régime* comparatively few persons took the field, and there was game enough for all without the excessive quantity which it is now thought necessary to maintain. Preserving, consequently, was not carried on upon the same scale, nor was the gamekeeper the ubiquitous, and sometimes vexatious, personage which he has since become. On land where no keeper ever set his foot, and where almost any qualified person might shoot if he chose, it was possible then to have excellent partridge-

* Before 1831 nobody was allowed to kill game who was not possessed of an estate in land, freehold, copyhold, or leasehold, the amount varying in each case, or who was not the son of an esquire or person of a higher degree. Thus it will be seen that the qualification was one derived either from property in land or from birth. It was habitually disregarded.

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shooting in September. There were, comparatively speaking, so few guns out that the game was never killed down; and though poaching was so largely carried on that an innkeeper at Manchester is said to have had such a quantity of partridges in his possession one first of September that he was obliged to throw away 2,000, it does not seem to have been so fatal to wild game as the horde of petty gunners created by the Act of William IV. So that, what with fewer shooters on the one hand, and conditions of agriculture more favourable to partridge-breeding on the other, the sport of shooting was to be enjoyed with very little trouble, and with few or none of the heartburnings which it occasions now. The old-fashioned tenant-farmer of the first quarter of the present century never dreamed of shooting. It never occurred to him that it could be agreeable to the fitness of things that he should do so; that the game on land should be kept for the owner of the land seemed to him part of the order of nature, and, as long as the system of shooting and of preserving remained unchanged, he continued in this frame of mind. Nor, indeed, is it entirely a thing of the past even now. It lingered for a long time after the alteration of the law, and survives still to this extent that the tenant-farmer as a rule has no wish whatever to take the shooting from his landlord; but in those halcyon days not a cloud was on the sportsman's horizon: not a sulky or an angry look greeted him from morning till night. There was always cover enough for birds without the necessity of going into beans or clover; and a brace or two which he could not buy made the occupier of the land happy, and a staunch preserver for the rest of the year. Neither game nor gunner did harm to anything or anybody; encroached on no rights either real or fanciful; and the sportsman in consequence was welcome wherever he went, and as often as he chose to go.

"In those days and in days much later," says Lord Stanhope, "the return of the shooting season was hailed with pleasure, not by the landlord only, but by the farmer also. The young squire would cheerily step into the homestead for his midday meal; and sit down with a well-earned appetite to a dish of eggs and bacon, with a glass—or it might be two—of the honest homebrewed, instead of the luxurious luncheon baskets which according to the present fashion would be spread before him. He would point with some pride to 'the birds' which his morning's walk had gained him, and descant at some length on the sagacity and skill of his dogs; for at that time—before the time of 'driving'—these were deemed no small part of the enjoyment of the day. In return he would be most warmly greeted and made welcome, undisturbed by any little questions which would be reserved for another time—as of the mouldering floor in the barn, or the leaky roof in the 'beast houses;' and, when he again stepped forth, he would see his tenant at his side taking interest in his sport, and eager to point out to him the haunts of the nearest coveys. All was cheerfulness and sunshine between the two classes when they met not for business alone." And after contrasting

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this picture with the modern system, he says: "This was not so in the reign of Queen Anne, not even in the reign of George III.;" nor even in the reign of George IV., may be confidently added. What has led to the change is the next step in our inquiry?

It was generally believed fifty years ago that by throwing open both game and the right of killing it to the general public, poaching would be seriously discouraged, if not altogether suppressed, while at the same time an unpopular privilege belonging to the owners of land would be destroyed. The first object was to be gained by legalising the sale of game; the second by abolishing the property qualification required of all persons who desired to kill or take it. The legal traffic in game would soon swamp the illegal, and the abolition of the qualification in favour of a licence giving every one the right to shoot who chose to pay five pounds for the luxury would do away with all class jealousies. This was the view entertained by the most enlightened reformers of the period. But unluckily, like many other enlightened reformers, their practical knowledge of the subject was not equal to the task they undertook. We are thinking now rather of the Edinburgh Reviewers than of members of the House of Commons; yet it certainly is strange that men like Lord Althorp should have no misgivings as to the working of the Act which he succeeded in carrying through Parliament. Sir Robert Peel, himself an ardent lover of the gun, did venture to predict that legalising the sale of game would increase and not diminish poaching. But his was almost the only voice of any note which gave out the warning sound. Elsewhere the very system which is now so loudly condemned by contemporaries was recommended emphatically as the only one suited to the age, and consistent with liberal ideas. There was to be no more privilege; nothing feudal, or exclusive, or nonsensical about game and the game laws. They were to be placed on the basis of common sense. Let the gentry rear game as a business, and supply the market with it just as their tenants supplied it with mutton. Thus it would be a source of profit as well as of pleasure to them; and when they did not want to shoot it themselves they *might let the right to some one else*, and recoup themselves for the expense in that way. By these means it was contemplated that the poacher would be driven out of the field, and that the dealer in time would no more think of supplying his customers with stolen game than with stolen meat, eggs, or poultry. In these speculations we have of course the germ of the modern battue, of the cartloads of game packed off to the adjoining market town, of the wasted crops, of the "game landlord," and the sulky or indignant tenant. *Hoc fonte derivata clades.* The original supposition was not perhaps in the abstract unreasonable, for that the breeder and owner of game should be able to supply the public was no very extravagant assumption. But the theory overlooked two important difficulties, of which one no doubt would have disappeared in time, while the other had not yet suggested itself. After the Act of 1831 became law, a public opinion in conformity with it had still to

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be created; a public opinion which by recognising that hares and pheasants, whatever their technical status, were morally and equitably property, should make it as disgraceful for the poulterer to deal with the poacher as for the butcher to deal with the sheepstealer. This feeling was longer in making its appearance than the reformers had expected. But it probably would have done so in time, when it was met and turned backwards by a counter current of thought to which the men of 1831 were strangers. The farmer's grievance stepped upon the scene, and altered the whole complexion of affairs. The public were just beginning to recognise the absurdity of the protest against gentlemen selling their game, and to see that if they were to get game at all this was the most rational mode of obtaining it, when the question suddenly became complicated with two others: first of all, if gentlemen were to feed game for the public market, how did it affect the farmer on whose crops they fed; and secondly, how, if the farmer were satisfied, did it affect the great body of the people whose supply of food was thus diminished? It was, indeed, suggested by the Edinburgh Reviewers that the occupier should be taken into partnership with the owner in the business of game-breeding, and be permitted to shoot as well, on the understanding, of course, that he kept plenty for his landlord. But, when this suggestion was made, the experiment of abolishing the qualification had not been tried; nor was it foreseen, perhaps, that permission to the farmer to shoot would mean permission to him to take out half-a-dozen friends with him. And this, be it remembered, is the real difficulty at the present day. For farmers and landlords to exercise the sporting right concurrently would involve the necessity of perpetually giving each other notice of the days on which they wanted to shoot. Otherwise, of course, the farmer, on going out with his gun, would be always liable to discover that the ground had just been beaten by his landlord, and the landlord in turn, on making his way to some choice piece of turnips or mangold-wurzel, would be always exposed to the annoyance of seeing his tenant in the middle of it. With these two questions, the question, that is, of the farmer and of the general public, the reformers of fifty years ago had not been confronted; and, as they imported new troubles into the game-law question, so also did they tend to defeat the remedy for the old ones which was founded on the supposed unobjectionable nature of the traffic thus developed.

So far from being superseded by the legalisation of the sale of game, poaching was directly stimulated by it, as Sir Robert Peel had ventured to predict. The demand for game was quadrupled. A far larger quantity was preserved; and no public opinion, as we have said, had time to spring up teaching the honest tradesman to be ashamed of dealing with the poacher. It was not all at once either that gentlemen took to selling their game. But it soon became apparent that, even without reckoning for the poacher or the fishmonger, the vast increase in the number of shooters which was brought about by the change in the law had made it necessary to preserve more game for legitimate sport alone

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than had been necessary before, and also to collect it together more generally within limited areas, thus in turn offering increased facilities and temptations to the professional depredator. Hence we see the origin of two fresh evils—the gradual formation of a criminal class living entirely by poaching, which was almost unknown to our grandfathers; and also the growth of ill-feeling between country neighbours owing to the constant necessity of guarding against the crowd of certificated gunners who hover about the outskirts of preserved estates ready to pounce upon the first head of game which crosses the boundary. Hence all manner of precautions necessarily adopted by gamekeepers, which are the source of constant irritation to the smaller owners and occupiers in the neighbourhood, and which in many places robs partridge-shooting, at all events, of a great deal of its natural charm. One good effect, however, has resulted from the development of poaching: it has at last put an end to the delusion about the poacher. That interesting character, the starved peasant catering for his sick wife, has dropped out of the discussion now whenever the game laws are considered. The modern gang has extinguished at last all that spurious sympathy with law-breakers which both poaching and smuggling under other conditions, not unnaturally perhaps, attracted. The question is disentangled from that fiction at all events, and that is one reason why some satisfactory settlement of it should now be comparatively easy.

Thus we see that the Act of 1831, however well intended, has been in practice a decided failure. If it removed one class of grievances, it has created another. By legalising the sale of game it has only stimulated preservation to such an extent as to be highly detrimental to the farmer without at all discouraging the poacher; and by substituting the license for the qualification it has brought into the field a large class of small gunners who ought really not to shoot at all, and who get almost all their sport by judicious trespassing and prowling. Whether an increase in the cost of the certificate might not be a step in the right direction may be a matter for subsequent consideration. At the present moment, however, public opinion stands steadily at the farmer's grievance; and, having noted the stages by which it has been brought to this point, we may next consider the proposals which have been made for allaying it, bearing in mind all the time that the importance of game as part of the food supply of the country was insisted on if possible more strongly by the reformers of the law in 1831 than it has been even by the defenders of the law during the last ten years.

We may say, then, that the first condition of any such change in the law as shall be satisfactory to the nation at large is that it shall not be one leading to the extermination of hares and rabbits; and on this head the conflict of opinion as to the probable effect of the Bill * introduced by

* The main feature of the Bill is to give what is called "a concurrent inalienable right" to the occupier to kill hares and rabbits together with the owner, making invalid all agreements by which they are reserved in future.

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Government is exceedingly curious. Some say that within five years of the passage of such an Act the rabbit would be as scarce as the badger; others say that within the same period both hares and rabbits would be multiplied twentyfold. Our own opinion is that the Bill would make very little difference. The farmer would look on ground game with a more favourable eye when he was able to kill it himself, and the landlord with a less favourable eye when his tenant was able to kill it. We say this supposing this concurrent right to be exercised concurrently. Where it was not, the game would either be reserved to the landlord as it is now—and in the case of yearly tenancies the Bill would offer no impediment—or it would be given up entirely to the tenant. What the latter would do in such a case we know well enough from what he does now. Whenever the game is wholly at the disposal of the occupier, he either preserves it carefully for himself or he lets it to somebody else. He acts towards it, in fact, just exactly as his landlord would. The present writer is acquainted with several estates on which the game has been given to the tenantry; and what do these gentlemen do? Destroy the hares and rabbits? Not a bit of it. They club together, set up a gamekeeper, and have their grand days as if they were so many lords. Shooting over one of these farms a few years ago in company only with the keeper, I found from fifteen to twenty hares in a single piece of turnips not more than five or six acres in extent. Partridges, however, were not nearly so plentiful, nor, indeed, were rabbits; but this was only because the tenants had not much wood upon their farms. Elsewhere I have seen quantities of rabbits in woods preserved by tenant-farmers. They like, however—characteristically enough—the biggest things best. A hare or a pheasant is something worth having, they think, and it is these they would preserve most if left entirely to themselves. Without wishing for a moment to disparage the statements which have been made in regard to the damage done by game, we cannot help believing that it would assume very different proportions if the owners of the crops were also the owners of the hares. Men rail at dignities, at placemen, at authority: make such men peers, or ministers, or magistrates, and they change their tone. The farmer rails at hares and rabbits; but hand them over to himself and see how tenderly he would treat them! We have little fear, therefore, that the farmer would extirpate these creatures. There seems, indeed, to be quite as much ground for the contrary apprehension that they would preserve them too strictly. Farmers, it is said, would grow as fond of sport as their landlords, and would no more mind paying a little for it in the shape of damaged crops than the landlord minds paying for it in the shape of lower rents. We see no improbability in this prediction at all; and so far, to our mind, the measure which has been offered for the reform of the game system does fulfil the first condition we have mentioned. We do not believe it to be one which will effect the destruction of ground game.

With such mighty questions as "freedom of contract," and the com-

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parative value of game and the corn which they consume, from a public point of view, we are relieved from the necessity of dealing. These belong to political and economic writers, and form no part of that aspect of the subject which we desire to present to our readers. But at this season of the year we may appropriately consider the probable effects of such a measure on the sport of shooting. In the case of resident proprietors whose estates are not too large for them to be well known to every man upon the ground, and where the farms are held from year to year—a description which applies to at least one half of England—the sport of shooting will continue to be after the Bill passes exactly what it was before. If the occupier declines to reserve the ground game on reasonable terms, the owner will have the same remedy in his hands as he has now. On this class of cases, therefore, nothing further need be said. Where there are leases, or where the "game landlord" is in question, the matter is not quite so simple. The lease, however, only throws the question one step further back; for whether the law is made to apply to existing leases or not, they must all expire at last, when the landlord who wishes to preserve will naturally resort to the yearly system. The "game landlord" then remains as the sole personage about whose future there need be much anxiety; though in the eyes of many people he deserves neither sympathy nor solicitude. This we own we do not see, probably because we have been and hope to be again one of that class ourselves. We are a most respectable and, in many cases, a most hard-working and meritorious body of men, and we claim the consideration of the public for the case we are about to lay before them. We were let in by the Act of 1831, and I hope we shall not be cut out by the Act of 1880. But there is something to be said on both sides of the question.

There are game landlords and game landlords. There is the millionnaire who rents the abbey or the castle or the hall with the sporting right over the estate. He is one kind. And if he lives on the spot, and makes himself agreeable to his neighbours, and takes care that his gamekeepers shall not be greater swells than himself, he may contrive to propitiate the farmers, and find that they do him no harm. It is undeniable, however, that their first impulse will be in a contrary direction; and though, of course, the game landlord would have an appeal to the head landlord, he would find himself, in the circumstances I am supposing, in a very uncomfortable position. The landlord or his agent might, of course, say to the farmers that he expected them to treat the occupier of the Hall as they would the owner, and that he should consider interference with his sport the same thing as interference with his own. But remonstrances of this kind, even were they effective, would in many cases be found irksome, and the hirer of the shooting would discover, let him do what he would, that his ground game disappeared. The result would be a sensible diminution in the letting value of country houses, which would fall rather hardly on such owners as might wish to live for a time elsewhere without being obliged to sell the inheritance of their fathers.

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This is a hardship, however, for which we fear there is no remedy. It is so obviously just and natural that the tenant should have the refusal of the shooting when the landlord does not want it, that we fear no other consideration can be allowed to interfere. When the farmer, however, did not care about the game, and it was let to a third person in consequence, he would probably not be unreasonable about it. All farmers have a very strong dislike to seeing strangers on their land—men who come out for the shooting season and are absent all the rest of the year; but a game landlord who is an habitual resident for any number of years soon comes to take the place of the landlord proper, and to be on similar terms with his neighbours. I remember an amusing illustration of the former feeling among my own experiences soon after leaving college. I used to go home in September, and had some land to shoot over adjoining which were several small farmers who hardly knew me by sight, though, of course, they knew my name. Almost anybody that chose shot over their ground; but, as it happened, there were not many to come, and I used to have it pretty nearly to myself. I remember one day I had got some birds into a man's beans; they were a short, foul crop, where I could not do much harm, and in I went without misgiving. I had shot four or five times, and was congratulating myself on my good luck, when I suddenly became aware of a sturdy-looking man in his shirt-sleeves advancing under the hedgeside with a pitchfork in his hand. His face was very red, and he was evidently prepared for battle. After a few inquiries, more pointed than polite, about my business in his beans, I told him my name, which to some extent allayed his wrath; but still he was far from satisfied, and he laid great stress on the fact that I was an habitual absentee. "Yer come here," he said, "in September, and think yer may do as yer like, and we don't see nothing of yer at no other time." I subsequently became great friends with this man, who was certainly a rough diamond, but good-natured enough at bottom, with no objection to a gentleman shooting on his land who was willing to be civil and who belonged to the neighbourhood; but he did not like you to take French leave. I shot here for many years on payment of a hare "at the feast." Now this is the same feeling which actuates large farmers as well as small. If they "don't see nothing of you at no other time," they do not care to see you in September; and the game landlord who takes a place only for the autumn, fills his house for a week in September and for another week at Christmas, and is seen no more, would probably find the farmers, in their own phrase, rather "orkard customers" should this Bill ever become law.

But there is a humbler kind of game landlord whose interests also are at stake, and of him we would fain say something. Let me now again put my own case, and speak again in the first person. For many years running I used to stay every autumn with a friend in the south of England who was the incumbent of a good college living. I had his glebe to shoot over, and one farm besides, with some nice bits of copsewood scattered about it. On three sides it was bounded by what

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the country people called charity land; that is, land belonging to some almshouses in a distant part of the county, and let in farms of from eighty to two hundred acres. Now two of these farms—one of about ninety acres, the other a hundred and fifty—I was able to hire pretty cheaply, and this converted my three hundred acres into a really good beat, lying within a ring fence. Of course I had no keeper; for the soil was favourable to partridges, and there were always a few hares and pheasants, notwithstanding poachers. I used to shoot over it ten or a dozen times, perhaps, in September and October, usually getting altogether from fifty to sixty brace of birds. I always shot alone, and this was quite enough for amusement, and quite enough to necessitate good hard walking behind a good dog. The power of hiring shooting in this manner is one of the greatest possible boons to the hard-worked professional man, whether in town or country—the doctor, the lawyer, the merchant, the journalist, or even, may I say, the parson. It is not every one

> Who cares to walk
> With death and mourning on the silver horns,

or to spend his holidays at a watering-place. A month's partridge-shooting does him twice as much good as either, and why should such recreation be made impossible for him? This is one kind of "game landlord," who is perfectly innocent and innocuous, and surely does not deserve the hard words that have been said of such persons in general. But how, it may be asked, would such arrangements be interfered with by a Bill which gave the tenant an inalienable right to kill hares? It could not compel him to do so; and if he found it more convenient to let his shooting than to keep it, he would do nothing to diminish its value. This sounds very reasonable; but what has to be considered is the case of a cantankerous lessor who quarrelled with his lessee in the middle of the season. It would be very unjust that he should be able to kill down all the ground game, and yet recover the rent of the shooting all the same. Without saying positively that this would be the effect of such a Bill as the one recently introduced, it appears that it might be. For what right would the lessee have to withhold the rent, unless part of the consideration was that the ground game should be reserved? yet by the terms of the Bill it is made impossible for the occupier to reserve it. Of course where the shooting was taken for a term of years the danger would be all the greater. One cannot say precisely beforehand what effect such a measure might produce upon the class of lettings we have mentioned; but it would be a very unfortunate result if it should be to debar professional and commercial men, who do not possess land of their own, from a healthy and delightful recreation which they are able to enjoy now without giving offence to any one. In fact, if this did turn out to be the working of such a measure, we should find that with the best intentions Government had actually restored the monopoly abolished in 1831, and again confined the right of shooting to a single class in the community.

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We have seen the error into which the reformers of 1831 were betrayed in their anxiety to abolish poaching. It is possible that the reformers of to-day may fall into as great a one in their efforts to restrain excessive preservation. If the farmers are admitted to a kind of partnership in the game, they will become partners in the preservation of it; and if the apprehensions of one class of critics are realised, and the agriculturists become sportsmen and game preservers on a large scale, nothing will have been done to diminish the frequency of poaching. Then, perhaps, will be the time to try once more whether owners and occupiers combined cannot drive the poacher out of the field. When the farmer ceases to have the smallest sympathy with him, and the farmer's grievance no longer makes the public indifferent, we may see, perhaps, the growth of that sentiment which was anticipated half a century ago, but which was nipped in the bud as we have shown. It was intended of course, by the authors of the Act of William IV., that it should be rigorously carried out, and the law enforced against all poulterers and fishmongers who obtained their game in an illegal manner. But it never has been. Like the New Poor Law it has remained practically a dead letter. Public opinion has not really rebuked the violation of it; and I remember not many years ago that when a fishmonger in a Midland town took one of the county members into his back room, and, showing him a large quantity of pheasants, informed him with a cheerful smile that they all came from Hazelby, the member's own place, the laugh was all on the side of the fishmonger, who was thought to have displayed considerable native humour. While public opinion continues to wink at any offence in this manner, just as it does at intoxication, the law can do very little with it. But, perhaps, if farmers and landlords alike put their shoulders to the wheel, something might be done now to stamp out the poacher as an anachronism. To exterminate game in order to prevent poaching would be like destroying precious stones in order to prevent stealing. Nobody now, however, except a few dyspeptic zealots, goes to this length. For their beauty, if for no other reason, we should preserve these members of the British fauna; what they add to the life and interest of rural scenery can hardly be exaggerated in the eyes of every true lover of the country.

On a fine August afternoon, before the wheat is cut, I like to sit on a stile among the cornfields and plantations to see the partridge surrounded by her brood, and to watch the various furred and feathered creatures coming out to feed. The air is so still that you can hear the corn rustle as the hare gently steals through it, and the only sound you catch besides the voices of birds is the distant rumbling of the waggons where they have just begun to carry the oats. After you have sat for a while the rabbits begin to emerge again from the opening on your right, and you watch them over the hedge nibbling the sweet, dewy grass, and indulging in every kind of gambol. Presently, from among the tall stalks of wheat upon your left, a hare steals cautiously forth and sits in the middle of the foothpath listening and motionless. If, as is very probable, she

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does not see you, she will stay for some minutes within a few yards of your feet; then, suddenly becoming conscious of your proximity, she turns and scuttles down the path till, coming to the well-known "sluice," she darts into the hedge and disappears. In a few minutes you become conscious that you are again not alone. On the ditch bank, some twenty yards off, stands a stately cock pheasant, with that peculiar meditative air characteristic of the tribe, which seems to mean that he is considering which of three courses he had better adopt. If you make the slightest noise he will depart as silently as he came. If not, he will probably take little notice of you, and will presently step quietly into the wheat in quest of his evening meal, or having promised his mate and her young ones to meet her there about that time. What a fine fellow he is; what gorgeous colouring; what gleaming plumage! well worthy to be worn on the helmets of Indian kings, and to match the jewelled war belts. Again, you are startled by a commotion just behind you—a great screaming and whirring and piping—and you look round just in time to see a covey of small partridge, led by the old hen, fly quickly over the hedge to your left, and plump down into the standing corn. They have been disturbed by something in an adjoining field, and have taken refuge in their native cover. The old bird calls anxiously for a minute or two till she finds that all her chicks are safe, and then all is still. Then it is to be feared the murderous instinct awakes in you, and you exclaim mentally that they will be fine birds in another fortnight. All this time the placid August sunshine is mellowing the whole scene; a church spire points upwards in the blue distance; cottage roofs peep through the trees below the hill; and the rooks are circling and cawing round the tall elms which conceal the old manorial hall. Amid scenes like these you sigh for the old times referred to in the beginning of this article, when the pretty and interesting creatures which add so much to the charm of rural life were the source of no social bitterness or political controversies, and you ask yourself for the twentieth time whether nothing can be done to do away with or mitigate these, without depriving ourselves of the pleasure which we legitimately draw from those. That the matter could be arranged without difficulty if considered solely on its merits, and apart from the passions and the interests of political parties, we entertain no manner of doubt. But whether it ever will be so considered is far from being equally certain. We shall not depart by one hair's breadth from the limits we have imposed upon ourselves, or we might trace at some length the political history of the game question, and show how completely this has been allowed to distort its natural features. We are satisfied at present with having pointed out, we hope precisely, the origin of the difficulty in its modern form, the changes which public opinion has undergone in regard to it, and the stages by which legislation has reached the point at which it now stands.

T. E. K.

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The Pavilion on the Links.

(In Two Parts.)

PART I.

CHAPTER I.

Tells how I camped in Graden Sea-Wood, and beheld a Light in the Pavilion.

I believe it is now more than time, my dear and dutiful children, that I was setting my mémoires in order before I go hence. For six months I have been reminded day by day of human frailty; I must take the hint before it is too late, and leave you the story for which you have so often asked. This is a long-kept secret that I have now to disclose; and, to all but our own nearest people, I hope it will remain one for ever. It is told to you, my dear children, in confidence; you will see why this is so as you read; and, as I hope, that is not by many the only discovery you will make or lesson you will learn. For it should teach in our family a spirit of great charity to the unfortunate and all those who are externally dishonoured. For my part, it is with pleasure and sorrow that I set myself to tell you how I met the dear angel of my life. That will always be a touching event in my eyes; for if I am anything worth, or have been anything of a good father, it is due to the influence of your mother and the love and duty that I bore her, which were not only delightful to me in themselves, but strengthened and directed my conduct in other affairs. Many praise and regret their youth or their childhood, and recall the time of their courtship as if it were the beginning of the end; but my case is different, and I neither respected myself nor greatly cared for my existence until then. Yet, as you are to hear, this certainly was in itself a very stormy period, and your mother and I had many pressing and dreadful thoughts. Indeed the circumstances were so unusual in character that they have not often been surpassed, or, at least, not often in our age and country; and we began to love in the midst of continual alarms.

I was a great solitary when I was young. I made it my pride to keep aloof and suffice for my own entertainment; and I may say that I had neither friends nor acquaintances until I met that friend who became my wife and the mother of my children. With one man only was I on private terms; this was R. Northmour, Esquire, of Graden Easter, in Scotland. We had met at college; and though there was not much liking between us, nor even much intimacy, we were so nearly of

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a humour that we could associate with ease to both. Misanthropes, we believed ourselves to be; but I have thought since that we were only sulky fellows. It was scarcely a companionship, but a coexistence in unsociability. Northmour's exceptional violence of temper made it no easy affair for him to keep the peace with any one but me; and as he respected my silent ways, and let me come and go as I pleased, I could tolerate his presence without concern. I think we called each other friends.

When Northmour took his degree and I decided to leave the university without one, he invited me on a long visit to Graden Easter; and it was thus that I first became acquainted with the scene of my adventures. The mansion-house of Graden stood in a bleak stretch of country some three miles from the shore of the German Ocean. It was as large as a barrack; and as it had been built of a soft stone, liable to consume in the eager air of the sea-side, it was damp and draughty within and half ruinous without. It was impossible for two young men to lodge with comfort in such a dwelling. But there stood in the northern court of the estate, in a wilderness of links and blowing sand-hills, and between a plantation and the sea, a small Pavilion or Belvidera, of modern design, which was exactly suited to our wants; and in this hermitage, speaking little, reading much, and rarely associating except at meals, Northmour and I spent four tempestuous winter months. I might have stayed longer; but there sprang up a dispute between us, one March night, which rendered my departure necessary. Northmour spoke hotly, I remember, and I suppose I must have made some tart rejoinder. He leaped from his chair and grappled me; I had to fight, without exaggeration, for my life; and it was only with a great effort that I mastered him, for he was near as strong in body as myself, and seemed filled with the devil. The next morning, we met on our usual terms; but I judged it more delicate to withdraw; nor did he attempt to dissuade me.

It was nine years before I revisited the neighbourhood. I travelled at that time with a tilt cart, a tent, and a cooking-stove, tramping all day beside the waggon, and at night, whenever it was possible, gipsying in a cove of the hills, or by the side of a wood. I believe I visited in this manner most of the wild and desolate regions both in England and Scotland; and, as I had neither friends nor relations, I was troubled with no correspondence, and had nothing in the nature of head-quarters, unless it was the office of my solicitors, from whom I drew my income twice a year. It was a life in which I delighted; and I fully thought to have grown old upon the march, and at last died in a ditch. So I suppose I should, if I had not met your mother.

It was my whole business to find desolate corners, where I could camp without the fear of interruption; and hence, being in another part of the same shire, I bethought me suddenly of the Pavilion on the Links. No thoroughfare passed within three miles of it. The nearest town, and that was but a fisher village, was at a distance of six or seven. For ten

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miles of length, and from a depth varying from three miles to half a mile, this belt of barren country lay along the sea. The beach, which was the natural approach, was full of quicksands. Indeed I may say there is hardly a better place of concealment in the United Kingdom. I determined to pass a week in the Sea-Wood of Graden Easter, and, making a long stage, reached it about sundown on a wild September day.

The country, I have said, was mixed sand-hill and links; *links* being a Scottish name for sand which has ceased drifting and become more or less solidly covered with turf. The pavilion stood on an even space; a little behind it, the wood began in a hedge of elders huddled together by the wind; in front, a few tumbled sand-hills stood between it and the sea. An outcropping of rock had formed a bastion for the sand, so that there was here a promontory in the coast-line between two shallow bays; and just beyond the tides, the rock again cropped out and formed an islet of small dimensions but strikingly designed. The quicksands were of great extent at low water, and had an infamous reputation in the country. Close in shore, between the islet and the promontory, it was said they would swallow a man in four minutes and a half; but there may have been little ground for this precision. The district was alive with rabbits, and haunted by gulls which made a continual piping about the pavilion. On summer days the outlook was bright and even gladsome; but at sundown in September, with a high wind, and a heavy surf rolling in close along the links, the place told of nothing but dead mariners and sea disaster. A ship beating to windward on the horizon, and a huge truncheon of wreck half buried in the sands at my feet, completed the innuendo of the scene.

The pavilion—it had been built by the last proprietor, Northmour's uncle, a silly and prodigal virtuoso—presented little signs of age. It was two stories in height, Italian in design, surrounded by a patch of garden in which nothing had prospered but a few coarse flowers; and looked, with its shuttered windows, not like a house that had been deserted, but like one that had never been tenanted by man. Northmour was plainly from home; whether, as usual, sulking in the cabin of his yacht, or in one of his fitful and extravagant appearances in the world of society, I had, of course, no means of guessing. The place had an air of solitude that daunted even a solitary like myself; the wind cried in the chimneys with a strange and wailing note; and it was with a sense of escape, as if I were going indoors, that I turned away and, driving my cart before me, entered the skirts of the wood.

The Sea-Wood of Graden had been planted to shelter the cultivated fields behind, and check the encroachments of the blowing sand. As you advanced into it from coastward, elders were succeeded by other hardy shrubs; but the timber was all stunted and bushy; it led a life of conflict; the trees were accustomed to swing there all night long in fierce winter tempests; and even in early spring, the leaves were already flying, and autumn was beginning, in this exposed plantation. Inland the

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ground rose into a little hill, which, along the islet, served as a sailing mark for seamen. When the hill was open of the islet to the north, vessels must bear well to the eastward to clear Graden Ness and the Graden Bullers. In the lower ground, a streamlet ran among the trees, and, being dammed with dead leaves and clay of its own carrying, spread out every here and there, and lay in stagnant pools. One or two ruined cottages were dotted about the wood; and, according to Northmour, these were ecclesiastical foundations, and in their time had sheltered pious hermits.

I found a den, or small hollow, where there was a spring of pure water; and then, clearing away the brambles, I pitched the tent, and made a fire to cook my supper. My horse I picketed further in the wood where there was a patch of sward. The banks of the den not only concealed the light of my fire, but sheltered me from the wind, which was cold as well as high.

The life I was leading made me both hardy and frugal. I never drank but water, and rarely ate anything more costly than oatmeal; and I required so little sleep, that, although I rose with the peep of day, I would often lie long awake in the dark or starry watches of the night. Thus in Graden Sea-Wood, although I fell thankfully asleep by eight in the evening, I was awake again before eleven with a full possession of my faculties, and no sense of drowsiness or fatigue. I rose and sat by the fire, watching the trees and clouds tumultuously tossing and fleeing overhead, and harkening to the wind and the rollers along the shore; till at length, growing weary of inaction, I quitted the den, and strolled towards the borders of the wood. A young moon, buried in mist, gave a faint illumination to my steps; and the light grew brighter as I walked forth into the links. At the same moment, the wind, smelling salt of the open ocean and carrying particles of sand, struck me with its full force, so that I had to bow my head.

When I raised it again to look about me, I was aware of a light in the pavilion. It was not stationary; but passed from one window to another, as though some one were reviewing the different apartments with a lamp or candle. I watched it for some seconds in great surprise. When I had arrived in the afternoon the house had been plainly deserted; now it was as plainly occupied. It was my first idea that a gang of thieves might have broken in and be now ransacking Northmour's cupboards, which were many and not ill supplied. But what should bring thieves to Graden Easter? And, again, all the shutters had been thrown open, and it would have been more in the character of such gentry to close them. I dismissed the notion, and fell back upon another. Northmour himself must have arrived, and was now airing and inspecting the pavilion.

I have said that there was no real affection between this man and me; but, had I loved him like a brother, I was then so much more in love with solitude that I should none the less have shunned his company.

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As it was, I turned and ran for it; and it was with genuine satisfaction that I found myself safely back beside the fire. I had escaped an acquaintance; I should have one more night in comfort. In the morning, I might either slip away before Northmour was abroad, or pay him as short a visit as I chose.

But when morning came, I thought the situation so diverting that I forgot my shyness. Northmour was at my mercy; I arranged a good practical jest, though I knew well that my neighbour was not the man to jest with in security; and, chuckling beforehand over its success, took my place among the elders at the edge of the wood, whence I could command the door of the pavilion. The shutters were all once more closed, which I remember thinking odd; and the house, with its white walls and green venetians, looked spruce and habitable in the morning light. Hour after hour passed, and still no sign of Northmour. I knew him for a sluggard in the morning; but, as it drew on towards noon, I lost my patience. To say truth, I had promised myself to break my fast in the pavilion, and hunger began to prick me sharply. It was a pity to let the opportunity go by without some cause for mirth; but the grosser appetite prevailed, and I relinquished my jest with regret, and sallied from the wood.

The appearance of the house affected me, as I drew near, with disquietude. It seemed unchanged since last evening; and I had expected it, I scarce knew why, to wear some external signs of habitation. But no: the windows were all closely shuttered, the chimneys breathed no smoke, and the front door itself was closely padlocked. Northmour, therefore, had entered by the back; this was the natural and, indeed, the necessary conclusion; and you may judge of my surprise when, on turning the house, I found the back door similarly secured.

My mind at once reverted to the original theory of thieves; and I blamed myself sharply for my last night's inaction. I examined all the windows on the lower story, but none of them had been tampered with; I tried the padlocks, but they were both secure. It thus became a problem how the thieves, if thieves they were, had managed to enter the house. They must have got, I reasoned, upon the roof of the outhouse where Northmour used to keep his photographic battery; and from thence, either by the window of the study or that of my old bedroom, completed their burglarious entry.

I followed what I supposed was their example; and, getting on the roof, tried the shutters of each room. Both were secure; but I was not to be beaten; and, with a little force, one of them flew open, grazing, as it did so, the back of my hand. I remember, I put the wound to my mouth, and stood for perhaps half a minute licking it like a dog, and mechanically gazing behind me over the waste links and the sea; and, in that space of time, my eye made note of a large schooner yacht some miles to the north-east. Then I threw up the window and climbed in.

I went over the house, and nothing can express my mystification.

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There was no sign of disorder, but, on the contrary, the rooms were unusually clean and pleasant. I found fires laid, ready for lighting; three bedrooms prepared with a luxury quite foreign to Northmour's habits, and with water in the ewers and the beds turned down; a table set for three in the dining-room; and an ample supply of cold meats, game, and vegetables on the pantry shelves. There were guests expected, that was plain; but why guests, when Northmour hated society? And, above all, why was the house thus stealthily prepared at dead of night? and why were the shutters closed and the doors padlocked?

I effaced all traces of my visit, and came forth from the window feeling sobered and concerned.

The schooner yacht was still in the same place; and it flashed for a moment through my mind that this might be the *Red Earl* bringing the owner of the pavilion and his guests. But the vessel's head was set the other way.

CHAPTER II.

Tells of the Nocturnal Landing from the Yacht.

I returned to the den to cook myself a meal, of which I stood in great need, as well as to care for my horse, whom I had somewhat neglected in the morning. From time to time, I went down to the edge of the wood; but there was no change in the pavilion, and not a human creature was seen all day upon the links. The schooner in the offing was the one touch of life within my range of vision. She, apparently with no set object, stood off and on or lay to, hour after hour; but as the evening deepened, she drew steadily nearer. I became more convinced that she carried Northmour and his friends, and that they would probably come ashore after dark; not only because that was of a piece with the secrecy of the preparations, but because the tide would not have flowed sufficiently before eleven to cover Graden Floe and the other sea quays that fortified the shore against invaders.

All day the wind had been going down, and the sea along with it; but there was a return towards sunset of the heavy weather of the day before. The night set in pitch dark. The wind came off the sea in squalls, like the firing of a battery of cannon; now and then, there was a flow of rain, and the surf rolled heavier with the rising tide. I was down at my observatory among the elders, when a light was run up to the masthead of the schooner, and showed she was closer in than when I had last seen her by the dying daylight. I concluded that this must be a signal to Northmour's associates on shore; and, stepping forth into the links, looked around me for something in response.

A small footpath ran along the margin of the wood, and formed the most direct communication between the pavilion and the mansion-house; and, as I cast my eyes to that side, I saw a spark of light, not a quarter of a mile away, and rapidly approaching. From its uneven course it ap-

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peared to be the light of a lantern carried by a person who followed the windings of the path, and was often staggered and taken aback by the more violent squalls. I concealed myself once more among the elders, and waited eagerly for the new comer's advance. It proved to be a woman; and, as she passed within half a rod of my ambush, I was able to recognise the features. The deaf and silent old dame, who had nursed Northmour in his childhood, was his associate in this underhand affair.

I followed her at a little distance, taking advantage of the innumerable heights and hollows, concealed by the darkness, and favoured not only by the nurse's deafness, but by the uproar of the wind and surf. She entered the pavilion, and, going at once to the upper story, opened and set a light in one of the windows that looked towards the sea. Immediately afterwards the light at the schooner's masthead was run down and extinguished. Its purpose had been attained, and those on board were sure that they were expected. The old woman resumed her preparations; although the other shutters remained closed, I could see a glimmer going to and fro about the house; and a gush of sparks from one chimney after another soon told me that the fires were being kindled.

Northmour and his guests, I was now persuaded, would come ashore as soon as there was water on the floe. It was a wild night for boat service; and I felt some alarm mingle with my curiosity as I reflected on the danger of the landing. My old acquaintance, it was true, was the most eccentric of men; but the present eccentricity was both disquieting and lugubrious to consider. A variety of feelings thus led me towards the beach, where I lay flat on my face in a hollow within six feet of the track that led to the pavilion. Thence, I should have the satisfaction of recognising the arrivals, and, if they should prove to be acquaintances, greeting them as soon as they had landed.

Some time before eleven, while the tide was still dangerously low, a boat's lantern appeared close in shore; and, my attention being thus awakened, I could perceive another still far to seaward, violently tossed, and sometimes hidden by the billows. The weather, which was getting dirtier as the night went on, and the perilous situation of the yacht upon a lee-shore, had probably driven them to attempt a landing at the earliest possible moment.

A little afterwards, four yachtsmen carrying a very heavy chest, and guided by a fifth with a lantern, passed close in front of me as I lay, and were admitted to the pavilion by the nurse. They returned to the beach, and passed me a third time with another chest, larger but apparently not so heavy as the first. A third time they made the transit; and on this occasion one of the yachtsmen carried a leather portmanteau, and the others a lady's trunk, a reticule, and a pair of bandboxes. My curiosity was sharply excited. If a woman were among the guests of Northmour, it would show a change in his habits and an apostacy from his pet theories of life, well calculated to fill me with surprise. When he and I dwelt there together, the pavilion had been a temple of miso-

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gyny. And now, one of the detested sex was to be installed under its roof. I remembered one or two particulars, a few notes of daintiness and almost of coquetry which had struck me the day before as I surveyed the preparations in the house; their purpose was now clear, and I thought myself dull not to have perceived it from the first.

While I was thus reflecting, a second lantern drew near me from the beach. It was carried by a yachtsman whom I had not yet seen, and who was conducting two other persons to the pavilion. These two persons were unquestionably the guests for whom the house was made ready; and, straining eye and ear, I set myself to watch them as they passed. One was an unusually tall man, in a travelling hat slouched over his eyes, and a highland cape closely buttoned and turned up so as to conceal his face. You could make out no more of him than that he was, as I have said, unusually tall, and walked feebly with a heavy stoop. By his side, and either clinging to him or giving him support—I could not make out which—was a young, tall, and slender figure of a woman. She was extremely pale; but in the light of the lantern her face was so marred by strong and changing shadows, that she might equally well have been as ugly as sin or as beautiful as—well, my dear children, as I afterwards found her to be. For this, as you will already have divined, was no one but your dear mother in person.

When they were just abreast of me, the girl made some remark which was drowned by the noise of the wind.

"Hush!" said her companion; and there was something in the tone with which the word was uttered that thrilled and rather shook my spirits. It seemed to breathe from a bosom labouring under the deadliest terror; I have never heard another syllable so expressive; and I still hear it again when I am feverish at night, and my mind runs upon old times. The man turned towards the girl as he spoke; I had a glimpse of much red beard and a nose which seemed to have been broken in youth; and his light eyes seemed shining in his face with some strong and unpleasant emotion.

But these two passed on and were admitted in their turn to the pavilion.

One by one, or in groups, the seamen returned to the beach. The wind brought me the sound of a rough voice crying, "Shove off!" Then, after a pause, another lantern drew near. It was Northmour alone.

Your mother and I, a man and a woman, have often agreed to wonder how a person could be, at the same time, so handsome and so repulsive as Northmour. He had the appearance of a finished gentleman; his face bore every mark of intelligence and courage; but you had only to look at him, even in his most amiable moment, to see that he had the temper of a slaver captain. I never knew a character that was both explosive and revengeful to the same degree; he combined the vivacity of the south with the sustained and deadly hatreds of the north;

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and both traits were plainly written on his face, which was a sort of danger signal. In person, he was tall, strong, and active; his hair and complexion very dark; his features handsomely designed, but spoiled by a menacing expression.

At that moment he was somewhat paler than by nature; he wore a heavy frown; and his lips worked, and he looked sharply round him as he walked, like a man besieged with apprehensions. And yet I thought he had a look of triumph underlying all, as though he had already done much, and was near the end of an achievement.

Partly from a scruple of delicacy—which I dare say came too late—partly from the pleasure of startling an acquaintance, I desired to make my presence known to him without delay.

I got suddenly to my feet, and stepped forward.

"Northmour!" said I.

I have never had so shocking a surprise in all my days. He leaped on me without a word; something shone in his hand; and he struck for my heart with a dagger. At the same moment I knocked him head over heels. Whether it was my quickness, or his own uncertainty, I know not; but the blade only grazed my shoulder, while the hilt and his fist struck me violently on the mouth. I lost the eye-tooth on the left-hand side; for the one with which you are accustomed to see me is artificial, and was only put there, at your mother's request, after we had been man and wife for a few months.

I fled, but not far. I had often and often observed the capabilities of the sand-hills for protracted ambush or stealthy advances and retreats; and, not ten yards from the scene of the scuffle, plumped down again upon the grass. The lantern had fallen and gone out. But what was my astonishment to see Northmour slip at a bound into the pavilion, and hear him bar the door behind him with a clang of iron!

He had not pursued me. He had run away. Northmour, whom I knew for the most implacable and daring of men, had run away! I could scarce believe my reason; and yet in this strange business, where all was incredible, there was nothing to make a work about in an incredibility more or less. For why was the pavilion secretly prepared? Why had Northmour landed with his guests at dead of night, in half a gale of wind, and with the floe scarce covered? Why had he sought to kill me? Had he not recognised my voice? I wondered. And, above all, how had he come to have a dagger ready in his hand? A dagger, or even a sharp knife, seemed out of keeping with the age in which we lived; and a gentleman landing from his yacht on the shore of his own estate, even although it was night and with some mysterious circumstances, does not usually, as a matter of fact, walk thus prepared for deadly onslaught. The more I reflected, the further I felt at sea. I recapitulated the elements of mystery, counting them on my fingers: the pavilion secretly prepared for guests; the guests landed at the risk of their lives and to the imminent peril of the yacht; the guests, or at least

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one of them, in undisguised and seemingly causeless terror; Northmour with a naked weapon; Northmour stabbing his most intimate acquaintance at a word; last, and not least strange, Northmour fleeing from the man whom he had sought to murder, and barricading himself, like a hunted creature, behind the door of the pavilion. Here were at least six separate causes for extreme surprise; each part and parcel with the others, and forming all together one consistent story. I felt almost ashamed to believe my own senses.

As I thus stood, transfixed with wonder, I began to grow painfully conscious of the injuries I had received in the scuffle; skulked round among the sand-hills, and, by a devious path, regained the shelter of the wood. On the way, the old nurse passed again within several yards of me, still carrying her lantern, on the return journey to the mansion-house of Graden. This made a seventh suspicious feature in the case. Northmour and his guests, it appeared, were to cook and do the cleaning for themselves, while the old woman continued to inhabit the big empty barrack among the policies. There must surely be great cause for secrecy, when so many inconveniences were confronted to preserve it.

So thinking, I made my way to the den. For greater security, I trod out the embers of the fire, and lit my lantern to examine the wound upon my shoulder. It was a trifling hurt, although it bled somewhat freely, and I dressed it as well as I could (for its position made it difficult to reach) with some rag and cold water from the spring. While I was thus busied, I mentally declared war against Northmour and his mystery. I am not an angry man by nature, and I believe there was more curiosity than resentment in my heart. But war I certainly declared; and, by way of preparation, I got out my revolver, and, having drawn the charges, cleaned and reloaded it with scrupulous care. Next I became preoccupied about my horse. It might break loose, or fall to neighing, and so betray my camp in the Sea-Wood. I determined to rid myself of its neighbourhood; and long before dawn I was leading it over the links in the direction of the fisher village.

CHAPTER III.

TELLS HOW I BECAME ACQUAINTED WITH MY WIFE.

FOR two days I skulked round the pavilion, profiting by the uneven surface of the links. I became an adept in the necessary tactics. These low hillocks and shallow dells, running one into another, became a kind of cloak of darkness for my enthralling, but perhaps dishonourable, pursuit. Yet, in spite of this advantage, I could learn but little of Northmour or his guests.

Fresh provisions were brought under cover of darkness by the old woman from the mansion-house. Northmour and the young lady, some-

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times together, but more often singly, would walk for an hour or two at a time on the beach beside the quicksand. I could not but conclude that this promenade was chosen with an eye to secrecy; for the spot was open only to the seaward. But it suited me not less excellently; the highest and most accidented of the sand-hills immediately adjoined; and from these, lying flat in a hollow, I could overlook Northmour or the young lady as they walked.

The tall man seemed to have disappeared. Not only did he never cross the threshold, but he never so much as showed face at a window; or, at least, not so far as I could see; for I dared not creep forward beyond a certain distance in the day, since the upper floor commanded the bottoms of the links; and at night, when I could venture further, the lower windows were barricaded as if to stand a siege. Sometimes I thought the tall man must be confined to bed, for I remembered the feebleness of his gait; and sometimes I thought he must have gone clear away, and that Northmour and the young lady remained alone together in the pavilion. The idea, even then, displeased me.

Whether or not this pair were man and wife, I had seen abundant reason to doubt the friendliness of their relation. Although I could hear nothing of what they said, and rarely so much as glean a decided expression on the face of either, there was a distance, almost a stiffness, in their bearing which showed them to be either unfamiliar or at enmity. The girl walked faster when she was with Northmour than when she was alone; and I conceived that any inclination between a man and a woman would rather delay than accelerate the step. Moreover, she kept a good yard free of him, and trailed her umbrella, as if it were a barrier, on the side between them. Northmour kept sidling closer; and, as the girl retired from his advance, their course lay at a sort of diagonal across the beach, and would have landed them in the surf had it been long enough continued. But, when this was imminent, the girl would unostentatiously change sides and put Northmour between her and the sea. I watched these manœuvres, for my part, with high enjoyment and approval, and chuckled to myself at every move.

On the morning of the third day, she walked alone for some time, and I perceived, to my great concern, that she was more than once in tears. You will see, my dear children, that my heart was already interested in that lady. She had a firm yet airy motion of the body, and carried her head with unimaginable grace; every step was a thing to look at, and she seemed in my eyes to breathe sweetness and distinction.

The day was so agreeable, being calm and sunshiny, with a tranquil sea, and yet with a healthful piquancy and vigour in the air, that, contrary to custom, she was tempted forth a second time to walk. On this occasion she was accompanied by Northmour; and they had been but a short while on the beach, when I saw him take forcible possession of her hand. She struggled, and uttered a cry that was almost a scream. I

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sprang to my feet, unmindful of my strange position; but, ere I had taken a step, I saw Northmour bare-headed and bowing very low, as if to apologise; and dropped again at once into my ambush. A few words were interchanged; and then, with another bow, he left the beach to return to the pavilion. He paused not far from me, and I could see him, flushed and lowering, and cutting savagely with his cane among the grass. It was not without satisfaction that I recognised my own handiwork in a great cut under his right eye, and a considerable discoloration round the socket.

For some time your mother remained where he had left her, looking out past the islet and over the bright sea. Then with a start, as one who throws off preoccupation and puts energy again upon its mettle, she broke into a rapid and decisive walk. She also was much incensed by what had passed. She had forgotten where she was. And I beheld her walk straight into the borders of the quicksand where it is most abrupt and dangerous. Two or three steps further and her life would have have been in serious jeopardy, when I slid down the face of the sand-hill, which is there precipitous, and, running half-way forward, called to her to stop.

She did so, and turned round. There was not a tremor of fear in her behaviour, and she marched directly up to me like a queen. I was barefoot, and clad like a common sailor, save for an Egyptian scarf round my waist; and she probably took me at first for some one from the fisher village, straying after bait. As for her, when I thus saw her face to face, her eyes set steadily and imperiously upon mine, I was filled with admiration and astonishment, and thought her even more beautiful than I had looked to find her. Nor could I think enough of one who, acting with so much boldness, yet preserved a maidenly air that was both quaint and engaging; for your mother kept an old-fashioned precision of manner through all her admirable life—an excellent thing in woman, since it sets another value on her sweet familiarities. Little did I dream, as I stood before her on the beach, that this should be the mother of my children.

"What does this mean?" she asked.

"You were walking," I told her, "directly into Graden Floe."

"You do not belong to these parts," she said again. "You speak like an educated man."

"I believe I have right to that name," said I, "although in this disguise."

But her woman's eye had already detected the sash.

"Oh!" she said; "your sash betrays you."

"You have said the word *betray*," I resumed. "May I ask you not to betray me? I was obliged to disclose myself in your interest; but if Northmour learned my presence it might be worse than disagreeable for me."

"Do you know," she asked, "to whom you are speaking?"

"Not, I trust, to Mr. Northmour's wife?" was my reply.

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She shook her head. All this while she was studying my face with an embarrassing intentness. Then she broke out—

"You have an honest face. Be honest like your face, sir, and tell me what you want and what you are afraid of. Do you think I could hurt you? I believe you have far more power to injure me! And yet you do not look unkind. What do you mean—you, a gentleman—by skulking like a spy about this desolate place? Tell me," she said, "who is it you hate?"

"I hate no one," I answered; "and I fear no one face to face. My name is Cassilis—Frank Cassilis. I lead the life of a vagabond for my own good pleasure. I am one of Northmour's oldest friends; and three nights ago, when I addressed him on these links, he stabbed me in the shoulder with a knife."

"It was you!" she said between her teeth.

"Why he did so," I continued, disregarding the interruption, "is more than I can guess, and more than I care to know. I have not many friends, nor am I very susceptible to friendship; but no man shall drive me from a place by terror. I had camped in Graden Sea-Wood ere he came; I camp in it still. If you think I mean harm to you or yours, madam, the remedy is in your hand. Tell him that my camp is in the Hemlock Den, and to-night he can stab me in safety while I sleep."

With this I doffed my cap to her, and scrambled up once more among the sand-hills. I do not know why, but I felt a prodigious sense of injustice, and felt like a hero and a martyr; while, as a matter of fact, I had not a word to say in my defence, nor so much as one plausible reason to offer for my conduct. I had stayed at Graden out of a curiosity natural enough, but undignified; and though there was another motive growing in along with the first, it was not one which I could properly have explained, at that period, to the mother of my children.

Certainly, that night, I thought of no one else; and, though her whole conduct and position seemed suspicious, I could not find it in my heart to entertain a doubt of your mother. I could have staked my life that she was clear of blame, and, though all was dark at the present, that the explanation of the mystery would show her part in these events to be both right and needful. It was true, let me cudgel my imagination as I pleased, that I could invent no theory of her relations to Northmour; but I felt none the less sure of my conclusion because it was founded on instinct in place of reason, and, as I may say, went to sleep that night with the thought of her under my pillow.

Next day she came out about the same hour alone, and, as soon as the sand-hills concealed her from the pavilion, drew nearer to the edge, and called me by name in guarded tones. I was astonished to observe that she was deadly pale, and seemingly under the influence of strong emotion.

"Mr. Cassilis!" she cried; "Mr. Cassilis!"

I appeared at once, and leaped down upon the beach. A remarkable air of relief overspread her countenance as soon as she saw me.

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"Oh!" she cried, with a hoarse sound, like one whose bosom has been lightened of a weight. And then, "Thank God you are still safe!" she added; "I knew, if you were, you would be here." (Was not this strange, my children? So swiftly and wisely does Nature prepare our hearts for these great life-long intimacies, that both your mother and I had been given a presentiment on this the second day of our acquaintance. I had even then hoped that she would seek me; she had felt sure that she would find me.) "Do not," she went on swiftly, "do not stay in this place. Promise me that you will sleep no longer in that wood. You do not know how I suffer; all last night I could not sleep for thinking of your peril."

"Peril?" I repeated. "Peril from whom? From Northmour?"

"Not so," she said. "Did you think I would tell him after what you said?"

"Not from Northmour?" I repeated. "Then how? From whom? I see none to be afraid of."

"You must not ask me," was her reply, "for I am not free to tell you. Only believe me, and go hence—believe me, and go away quickly, quickly, for your life!"

An appeal to his alarm is never a good plan to rid oneself of a spirited young man. My obstinacy was but increased by what she said, and I made it a point of honour to remain. And her solicitude for my safety still more confirmed me in the resolve.

"You must not think me inquisitive, madam," I replied; "but, if Graden is so dangerous a place, you yourself perhaps remain here at some risk."

She only looked at me reproachfully.

"You and your father——" I resumed; but she interrupted me almost with a gasp.

"My father! How do you know that?" she cried.

"I saw you together when you landed," was my answer; and I do not know why, but it seemed satisfactory to both of us, as indeed it was the truth. "But," I continued, "you need have no fear from me. I see you have some reason to be secret, and, you may believe me, your secret is as safe with me as if I were in Graden Floe. I have scarce spoken to any one for years; my horse is my only companion, and even he, poor beast, is not beside me. You see, then, you may count on me for silence. So tell me the truth, my dear young lady, are you not in danger?"

"Mr. Northmour says you are an honourable man," she returned, "and I believe it when I see you. I will tell you so much; you are right; we are in dreadful, dreadful danger, and you share it by remaining where you are."

"Ah!" said I; "you have heard of me from Northmour? And he gives me a good character?

"I asked him about you last night," was her reply. "I pretended,"

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she hesitated, "I pretended to have met you long ago, and spoken to you of him. It was not true; but I could not help myself without betraying you, and you had put me in a difficulty. He praised you highly."

"And—you may permit me one question—does this danger come from Northmour?" I asked.

"From Mr. Northmour?" she cried. "Oh, no; he stays with us to share it."

"While you propose that I should run away?" I said. "You do not rate me very high."

"Why should you stay?" she asked. "You are no friend of ours."

I know not what came over me, my children, for I had not been conscious of a similar weakness since I was a child, but I was so mortified by this retort that my eyes pricked and filled with tears, as I continued to gaze upon your mother.

"No, no," she said, in a changed voice; "I did not mean the words unkindly."

"It was I who offended," I said; and I held out my hand with a look of appeal that somehow touched her, for she gave me hers at once, and even eagerly. I held it for awhile in mine, and gazed into her eyes. It was she who first tore her hand away, and, forgetting all about her request and the promise she had sought to extort, ran at the top of her speed, and without turning, till she was out of sight. Then, O my children, I knew that I loved your mother, and thought in my glad heart that she—she herself—was not indifferent to my suit. Many a time she has denied it in after days, but it was with a smiling and not a serious denial. For my part, I am sure our hands would not have lain so closely in each other if she had not begun to melt to me already. And, when all is said, it is no great contention, since, by her own avowal, she began to love me on the morrow.

And yet on the morrow very little took place. She came and called me down as on the day before, upbraided me for lingering at Graden, and, when she found I was still obdurate, began to ask me more particularly as to my arrival. I told her by what series of accidents I had come to witness their disembarkation, and how I had determined to remain, partly from the interest which had been wakened in me by Northmour's guests, and partly because of his own murderous attack. As to the former, I fear I was disingenuous, and led her to regard herself as having been an attraction to me from the first moment that I saw her on the links. It relieves my heart to make this confession even now, when your mother is with God, and already knows all things, and the honesty of my purpose even in this; for while she lived, although it often pricked my conscience, I had never the hardihood to undeceive her. Even a little secret, in such a married life as ours, is like the rose-leaf which kept the Princess from her sleep.

From this the talk branched into other subjects, and I told her much about my lonely and wandering existence; she, for her part, giving ear,

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and saying little. Although we spoke very naturally, and latterly on topics that might seem indifferent, we were both sweetly agitated. Too soon it was time for her to go; and we separated, as if by mutual consent, without shaking hands, for both knew that, between us, it was no idle ceremony.

The next, and that was the fourth day of our acquaintance, we met in the same spot, but early in the morning, with much familiarity and yet much timidity on either side. When she had once more spoken about my danger—and that, I understood, was her excuse for coming—I, who had prepared a great deal of talk during the night, began to tell her how highly I valued her kind interest, and how no one had ever cared to hear about my life, nor had I ever cared to relate it, before yesterday. Suddenly she interrupted me, saying with vehemence—

"And yet, if you knew who I was, you would not so much as speak to me!"

I told her such a thought was madness, and, little as we had met, I counted her already a dear friend; but my protestations seemed only to make her more desperate.

"My father is in hiding!" she cried.

"My dear," I said, forgetting for the first time to add "young lady," "what do I care? If he were in hiding twenty times over, would it make one thought of change in you?"

"Ah, but the cause!" she cried, "the cause! It is——" she faltered for a second—"it is disgraceful to us!"

CHAPTER IV.

Tells in what a startling Manner I learned I was not alone in Graden Sea-Wood.

This, my dear children, was your mother's story, as I drew it from her among tears and sobs. Her name was Clara Huddlestone: it sounded very beautiful in my ears; but not so beautiful as that other name of Clara Cassilis, which she wore during the longer and, I thank God, the happier portion of her life. Her father, Bernard Huddlestone, had been a private banker in a very large way of business. Many years before, his affairs becoming disordered, he had been led to try dangerous, and at last criminal, expedients to retrieve himself from ruin. All was in vain; he became more and more cruelly involved, and found his honour lost at the same moment with his fortune. About this period, Northmour had been courting your mother with great assiduity, though with small encouragement; and to him, knowing him thus disposed in his favour, Bernard Huddlestone turned for help in his extremity. It was not merely ruin and dishonour, nor merely a legal condemnation, that the unhappy man had brought upon his head. It seems he could have gone to prison with a light heart. What he feared, what kept him awake at

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night or recalled him from slumber into frenzy, was some secret, sudden, and unlawful attempt upon his life. Hence, he desired to bury his existence and escape to one of the islands in the South Pacific, and it was in Northmour's yacht, the *Red Earl*, that he designed to go. The yacht picked them up clandestinely upon the coast of Wales, and had once more deposited them at Graden, till she could be refitted and provisioned for the longer voyage. Nor could your mother doubt that her hand had been stipulated as the price of passage. For, although Northmour was neither unkind nor even discourteous, he had shown himself in several instances somewhat overbold in speech and manner.

I listened, I need not say, with fixed attention, and put many questions as to the more mysterious part. It was in vain. Your mother had no clear idea of what the blow was, nor of how it was expected to fall. Her father's alarm was unfeigned and physically prostrating, and he had thought more than once of making an unconditional surrender to the police. But the scheme was finally abandoned, for he was convinced that not even the strength of our English prisons could shelter him from his pursuers. He had had many affairs with Italy, and with Italians resident in London, in the later years of his business; and these last, your mother fancied, were somehow connected with the doom that threatened him. He had shown great terror at the presence of an Italian seaman on board the *Red Earl*, and had bitterly and repeatedly accused Northmour in consequence. The latter had protested that Beppo (that was the seaman's name) was a capital fellow, and could be trusted to the death; but Mr. Huddlestone had continued ever since to declare that all was lost, that it was only a question of days, and that Beppo would be the ruin of him yet.

I regarded the whole story as the hallucination of a mind shaken by calamity. He had suffered heavy loss by his Italian transactions; and hence the sight of an Italian was hateful to him, and the principal part in his nightmares would naturally enough be played by one of that nation.

"What your father wants," I said, "is a good doctor and some calming medicine."

"But Mr. Northmour?" objected your mother. "He is untroubled by losses, and yet he shares in this terror."

I could not help laughing at what I considered her simplicity.

"My dear," said I, "you have told me yourself what reward he has to look for. All is fair in love, you must remember; and if Northmour foments your father's terrors, it is not at all because he is afraid of any Italian man, but simply because he is infatuated with a charming English woman."

She reminded me of his attack upon myself on the night of the disembarkation, and this I was unable to explain. In short, and from one thing to another, it was agreed between us, that I should set out at once for the fisher village, Graden Wester, as it was called, look up all

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the newspapers I could find, and see for myself if there seemed any basis of fact for these continued alarms. The next morning, at the same hour and place, I was to make my report to your mother. She said no more on that occasion about my departure; nor, indeed, did she make it a secret that she clung to the thought of my proximity as something helpful and pleasant; and, for my part, I could not have left her, if she had gone upon her knees to ask it.

I reached Graden Wester before ten in the forenoon; for in those days I was an excellent pedestrian, and the distance, as I think I have said, was little over seven miles; fine walking all the way upon the springy turf. The village is one of the bleakest on that coast, which is saying much: there is a church in a hollow; a miserable haven in the rocks, where many boats have been lost as they returned from fishing; two or three score of store-houses arranged along the beach and in two streets, one leading from the harbour, and another striking out from it at right angles; and, at the corner of these two, a very dark and cheerless tavern, by way of principal hotel.

I had dressed myself somewhat more suitably to my station in life, and at once called upon the minister in his little manse beside the graveyard. He knew me, although it was more than nine years since we had met; and when I told him that I had been long upon a walking tour, and was behind with the news, readily lent me an armful of newspapers, dating from a month back to the day before. With these I sought the tavern, and, ordering some breakfast, sat down to study the "Huddlestone Failure."

It had been, it appeared, a very flagrant case. Thousands of persons were reduced to poverty; and one in particular had blown out his brains as soon as payment was suspended. It was strange to myself that, while I read these details, I continued rather to sympathise with Mr. Huddlestone than with his victims; so complete already was the empire of my love for your mother. A price was naturally set upon the banker's head; and, as the case was inexcusable and the public indignation thoroughly aroused, the unusual figure of 750*l.* was offered for his capture. He was reported to have large sums of money in his possession. One day, he had been heard of in Spain; the next, there was sure intelligence that he was still lurking between Manchester and Liverpool, or along the border of Wales; and the day after, a telegram would announce his arrival in Cuba or Yucatan. But in all this there was no word of an Italian, nor any sign of mystery.

In the very last paper, however, there was one item not so clear. The accountants who were charged to verify the failure had, it seemed, come upon the traces of a very large number of thousands, which figured for some time in the transactions of the house of Huddlestone; but which came from nowhere, and disappeared in the same mysterious fashion. It was only once referred to by name, and then under the initials "X. X.;" but it had plainly been floated for the first time into the business at a

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period of great depression some six years ago. The name of a distinguished Royal personage had been mentioned by rumour in connection with this sum. "The cowardly desperado"—such, I remember, was the editorial expression—was supposed to have escaped with a large part of this mysterious fund still in his possession.

I was still brooding over the fact, and trying to torture it into some connection with Mr. Huddlestone's danger, when a man entered the tavern and asked for some bread and cheese with a decided foreign accent.

"*Siete Italiano?*" said I.

"*Si, signor,*" was his reply.

I said it was unusually far north to find one of his compatriots; at which he shrugged his shoulders, and replied that a man would go anywhere to find work. What work he could hope to find at Graden Wester, I was totally unable to conceive; and the incident struck so unpleasantly upon my mind, that I asked the landlord, while he was counting me some change, whether he had ever before seen an Italian in the village. He said he had once seen some Norwegians, who had been shipwrecked on the other side of Graden Ness and rescued by the life-boat from Cauld-haven.

"No!" said I; "but an Italian, like the man who has just had bread and cheese."

"What?" cried he, "yon black-a-vised fellow wi' the teeth? Was he an I-talian? Weel, yon's the first that ever I saw, an' I dare say he's like to be the last."

Even as he was speaking, I raised my eyes, and, casting a glance into the street, beheld three men in earnest conversation together, and not thirty yards away. One of them was my recent companion in the tavern parlour; the other two, by their handsome, sallow features and soft hats, should evidently belong to the same race. A crowd of village children stood around them, gesticulating and talking gibberish in imitation. The two looked singularly foreign to the bleak dirty street in which they were standing, and the dark gray heaven that overspread them; and I confess my incredulity received at that moment a shock from which it never recovered. I might reason with myself as I pleased, but I could not argue down the effect of what I had seen, and I began to share in the Italian terror.

It was already drawing towards the close of the day before I had returned the newspapers at the manse, and got well forward on to the links on my way home. I shall never forget that walk. It grew very cold and boisterous; the wind sang in the short grass about my feet; thin rain showers came running on the gusts; and an immense mountain range of clouds began to arise out of the bosom of the sea. It would be hard to imagine a more dismal evening; and whether it was from these external influences, or because my nerves were already affected by what I had heard and seen, my thoughts were as gloomy as the weather.

The upper windows of the pavilion commanded a considerable spread

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of links in the direction of Graden Easter. To avoid observation, it was necessary to hug the beach until I had gained cover from the higher sand-hills on the little headland, when I might strike across, through the hollows, from the margin of the wood. The sun was about setting; the tide was low, and all the quicksands uncovered; and I was moving along, lost in unpleasant thought, when I was suddenly thunderstruck to perceive the prints of human feet. They ran parallel to my own course, but low down upon the beach instead of along the border of the turf; and, when I examined them, I saw at once, by the size and coarseness of the impression, that it was a stranger to me and to those in the pavilion who had recently passed that way. Not only so; but from the recklessness of the course which he had followed, steering near to the most formidable portions of the sand, he was as evidently a stranger to the country and to the ill-repute of Graden beach.

Step by step, I followed the prints; until, a quarter of a mile further, I beheld them die away into the south-eastern boundary of Graden Floe. There, whoever he was, the miserable man had perished. The sun had broken through the clouds by a last effort, and coloured the wide level of quicksands with a dusky purple; one or two gulls, who had, perhaps, seen him disappear, wheeled over his sepulchre with their usual melancholy piping. I stood for some time gazing at the spot, chilled and disheartened by my own reflections, and with a strong and commanding consciousness of death. I remember wondering how long the tragedy had taken, and whether his screams had been audible at the pavilion. And then, making a strong resolution, I was about to tear myself away, when a gust fiercer than usual fell upon this quarter of the beach, and I saw now, whirling high in air, now skimming lightly across the surface of the sands, a soft, black, felt hat, somewhat conical in shape, such as I had remarked already on the heads of the Italians.

I believe, but I am not sure, that I uttered a cry. The wind was driving the hat shoreward, and I ran round the border of the floe to be ready against its arrival. The gust fell, dropping the hat for a while upon the quicksand, and then, once more freshening, landed it a few yards from where I stood. I took possession with the interest you may imagine. It had seen some service; indeed, it was rustier than either of those I had seen that day upon the street. The lining was red, stamped with the name of the maker, which I have forgotten, and that of the place of manufacture, *Venedig*. This, my dear children, was the name given by the Austrians to the beautiful city of Venice, then, and for long after, a part of their dominions.

The shock was complete. I saw imaginary Italians upon every side; and for the first, and, I may say, for the last time in my experience, became overpowered by what is called a panic terror. I knew nothing, that is, to be afraid of, and yet I admit that I was heartily afraid; and it was with a sensible reluctance that I returned to my exposed and solitary camp in the Sea-Wood.

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There I ate some cold porridge which had been left over from the night before, for I was disinclined to make a fire; and, feeling strengthened and reassured, dismissed all these fanciful terrors from my mind, and lay down to sleep with composure.

How long I may have slept it is impossible for me to guess; but I was wakened at last by a sudden, blinding flash of light into my face. It woke me like a blow. In an instant I was upon my knees. But the light had gone as suddenly as it came. The darkness was intense. And, as it was blowing great guns from the sea and pouring with rain, the noises of the storm effectually concealed all others.

It was, I dare say, half a minute before I regained my self-possession. But for two circumstances, I should have thought I had been awakened by some new and vivid form of nightmare. First, the flap of my tent, which I had shut carefully when I retired, was now unfastened; and, second, I could still perceive, with a sharpness that excluded any theory of hallucination, the smell of hot metal and of burning oil. The conclusion was obvious. I had been wakened by some one flashing a bull's-eye lantern in my face. It had been but a flash, and away. He had seen my face, and then gone. I asked myself the object of so strange a proceeding, and the answer came pat. The man, whoever he was, had thought to recognise me, and he had not. There was yet another question unresolved; and to this, I may say, I feared to give an answer; if he had recognised me, what would he have done?

My fears were immediately diverted from myself, for I saw that I had been visited in a mistake; and I became persuaded that some dreadful danger threatened the pavilion. It required some nerve to issue forth into the black and intricate thicket which surrounded and overhung the den; but I groped my way to the links, drenched with rain, beaten upon and deafened by the gusts, and fearing at every step to lay my hand upon some lurking adversary. The darkness was so complete that I might have been surrounded by an army and yet none the wiser, and the uproar of the gale so loud that my hearing was as useless as my sight.

For the rest of that night, which seemed interminably long, I patrolled the vicinity of the pavilion, without seeing a living creature or hearing any noise but the concert of the wind, the sea, and the rain. A light in the upper story filtered through a cranny of the shutter, and kept me company till the approach of dawn.

R. L. S.

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A Gossip about Madeira: The Desertas and Teneriffe.

In the month of December 1879 I was told that unless I would consent to pass the winter and early spring in a warmer climate than that of England I should gradually sink into a state of health threatening serious consequences. As I detest going abroad I fought hard against this medical advice; but the first edict was reinforced by other edicts, and I found that I was fighting in vain. Biarritz was the place originally selected by my doctor, but Biarritz immediately afterwards was recorded in the *Times* newspaper as having been on the preceding day absolutely the coldest place in France. "Now," said I to my medical friend, "just look at that paragraph; you want me to go into a warm climate; my desire is to stay quietly at home; but as that cannot be permitted, I will at least winter in some spot where warmth is a certainty. I know well what the Bise is, and what the Mistral; I know how cold those half-and-half places often are, and how little protection you have against the cold whenever it does come; if I must leave England, I shall leave it for Madeira." Accordingly I left Southampton in a dense frost-fog on the 29th of January, and six days afterwards found myself in a land of flowers and sunshine, with an atmosphere like that of a fine English June, only that the sun was rather hotter. (I must add that, owing, as we were told, to some peculiarity of the present season, though I have had nothing to complain of, and only once wished for a fire, neither March nor April, nor even the first days of May, quite equalled this February weather.)

The six days at sea, I am bound to confess, were extremely trying; I had fancied myself a better sailor than I am, and, besides this, my berth on board the *Teuton* fitted me as tightly as a coffin; I could not move one half-inch to the right or one half-inch to the left. Neither in the boat which took me to Teneriffe, nor in the boat which brought me away was I subjected to the same inconvenience; and I trust that the Union Company will not think me impertinent if I venture to suggest that though a coffin may be an admirable receptacle for a dead body, it is extremely uncomfortable to a living one. However, by trusting to time and patience I slowly got better, and landed with all my powers of enjoyment ready for use. Owing to an inveterate head-wind, our passage was a long one; hence, unfortunately, we ran down the north side of Madeira during the night-time, missing thereby all view of the highest mountains from the sea. Of these mountains none, it is true, much exceed 6,000 feet, but they are wonderfully bold and picturesque in form and character, and not to have seen them from the deck of the steamer

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was undoubtedly a mischance. These higher eminences are not visible from Funchal, though the hills which surround it are supposed to reach 4,000 feet or thereabouts above the level of the sea. They shelter the town, moreover, completely from all northerly winds, so that this side of the island in winter and the beginning of spring is supposed to be warmer than the other by eight or ten degrees of Fahrenheit on the average. The lowest winter temperature ever recorded in Funchal was a fraction above 46 degrees; as you mount higher up, the atmosphere becomes more chilly as a matter of course, and snow, though it never lies long, is now and then to be seen upon the peaks within sight of the town,* that is to say, from 3,000 to 4,000 feet up, according to the calculation of the inhabitants. Funchal from the roadstead, or indeed from any other point of vantage, is a picturesque assemblage of white houses, interspersed with gardens, vineyards, sugar-cane fields, and the like. It covers a wide expanse of ground, as the city proper gradually passes into a series of villa residences on the mountain slopes, to which the wealthier inhabitants betake themselves in summer. The streets of the town itself are narrow and dirty; they are also difficult to walk upon, owing to the hardness of the slippery basaltic pebbles, their only form of pavement; still, wherever there is a garden wall among the houses, you come upon a profusion of lovely creepers, particularly great masses of purple Bougainvillea, mixed up with double scarlet geraniums. This combination, glowing under the brilliant sunshine of Madeira, gave me, who am fond of colour, quite a new sensation of pleasure the first time that I saw it. Otherwise, though the upper gorges are picturesque, particularly under the play of the morning and evening sunlights, the manner in which the ground is cut up into terraces for the sake of cultivation, with the total absence of large timber, gives this south side of the island a somewhat prim and formal appearance. There are plenty of palms indeed, and a palm in the open air is a novelty to our northern eyes; but when the novelty has worn off, a palm, here at least, can hardly be considered a fine tree. The true palm climate, we are told, is an annual mean of 77 deg. Fahrenheit or thereabouts. This, of course, is much higher than the average temperature of Madeira. Whether, therefore, on the banks of the Amazon or elsewhere in the tropics magnificent growth and luxuriant foliage raise the kind of tree we are speaking of into the first rank, I cannot say; looking at their grain and texture and general style of growth, I still incline to the opinion that palms and all such endogens, if compared with the real aristocrats of the forest, are but plebeian vegetables after all.

The native woods from which, as we are told, the name of Madeira was originally derived, have been cut down with a ruthless hand, and though still to be found in the interior of the island, and on its northern coasts, have shrunk into comparatively small dimensions. The indigenous cedar with which the cathedral, an otherwise ugly and uninteresting building,

* On the 3rd of May it was quite visible, and much lower down than usual; but the present May has been exceptionally cool, I believe.

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is roofed, has entirely, or all but entirely, disappeared; and though four varieties of laurel (found more abundantly in the Canaries) still survive, they are not what they once were, either with regard to the extent of ground they cover, or to the dignity of single trees among them.

One of the principal drawbacks to Madeira is the difficulty of getting about; there are no carriage-roads, and the horse-tracks are steep pitches up and down; they are also, as I have said, almost invariably paved with hard pebbles. This renders it impossible to ride anywhere, except at a foot's-pace, so that the time consumed in going a few miles is very great, and the mode of progression very tiresome; on the other hand, the island ponies, shod in a peculiar manner to encounter the aforesaid roads, are usually sure-footed and good walkers, so that within a certain distance of Funchal pleasant expeditions are to be made, if you can find the time and the strength. Thus the fine mountain scenery of the Grand Corral—a gloomy gorge into which you look down some 2,000 feet or so from the mountains overhanging it—the Ribiero Frio, and other landscapes beautiful of their kind, can on well-chosen days be visited without much difficulty. To get further afield is not so easy; there are but few tolerable hotels in the country districts, and you never can be sure that you will not find the higher levels wrapped in mist or drenched with rain, even whilst fine weather is prevailing below. I am speaking, of course, of the winter months; anybody who happened to pass a summer in Madeira could, no doubt, visit all parts of the island readily enough; he might camp out at night, if necessary, and carry his own provisions with him from the town.

Another matter which diminishes the interest of a residence in Madeira is the almost total absence of animal life; one of our party was a sportsman, and wandered over various districts with a disconsolate rifle and a dejected fowling-piece, finding nothing to kill; one large hawk, indeed, he shot on the wing with a rifle bullet, and this put him in better spirits for a day or two, but he did little more. Along the coast, in a boat, you may get an occasional shot at a small rock-pigeon, very dark in plumage; but as the cliffs are bold and high, and as these doves, in the exercise of a sound discretion, keep close to the top, it is difficult to do more than frighten them. One, however, less cautious than his brethren, got struck, and fell dead in a cleft of the rock; our youngest boatman undertook to bring him down: he scaled the crag with great agility, and got possession of the bird. When, however, he turned to come down, I observed that he crossed himself first; he then descended as actively and as resolutely as he had climbed up. There was something very touching in this act of instinctive piety, and I could only hope that a young English fisherman in a similar position, though the manner of his reverence might differ a little, would have committed himself to the care of Providence with something of the same reverential spirit. With these exceptions, a bird, large or small, is a rarity; there are no rabbits to speak of, no hares, no deer, no squirrels—nothing in

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any plenty, but lizards, and lizards pall upon you after a time. One of us, as I have said, was a sportsman; I am an amateur entomologist, and I was full of hope that I should find in Madeira, and still more in Teneriffe, moths and butterflies, if not of a special, at least of a foreign, type. We all of us must remember how much is added to the charm of Alpine travelling by the multitude of swallow-tails, fritillaries, Apollos, Camberwell beauties, and other brilliant insects—we know how they float about the mountains, each with its own peculiar grace of flight, so as to keep the air alive with the beauty of motion. Here, however, in spite of the mass of blossoms, the exuberance of vegetation, and the almost constant fine weather, I do not think I have seen twenty butterflies in three months, and those which have put in an appearance, luckily for themselves were not worth catching. A red admiral or two, some gatekeepers, a few painted ladies, a clouded yellow, perhaps, and the irrepressible small cabbage, make up all the varieties which have presented themselves as yet; for two semi-tropical islands, a shabby show of Lepidoptera indeed. There was, I admit, one swift and powerful dragon-fly darting about now and then; he was of a deep violet colour, and made a splendid appearance on the wing; he seemed, as far as I could judge, nearly as long as our largest English libellula, with a body somewhat thicker, but he was not inclined to let me come near enough to examine him minutely. There were also rumours of a fine large butterfly in Teneriffe called the Emperor of Morocco, golden yellow in colour with black spots; he does not, however, make his appearance till late in the summer, so that I had no hope of encountering him; altogether I should suppose that an implacable entomologist who gave up a whole year to his pursuit might probably obtain in these islands a certain number of insects worth collecting, but that they are too scarce to be noticed in passing by a chance amateur like myself.

This general absence of life gives, as I have said, a certain dulness to the landscapes both of Madeira and Teneriffe, and makes one turn for compensation to the rich colouring and attractive changes of a sea that is seldom exactly in the same mood for two days together. I have said that there are few comfortable inns out of Funchal, but this remark does not apply to Santa Cruz (Santa Cruz in Madeira, I mean). The hotel there belongs to a Senhor Gonzalez, but is mainly upheld by the untiring exertions of a worthy woman called Maria. She is a Portuguese by birth, but speaks English quite well, knows the requirements of Englishmen, and is indefatigable in her efforts to please. This quiet inn is a pleasant change from the hot table-d'hôtes at Funchal, the village may be perhaps somewhat cooler, and is said to possess a lighter and finer air: it is also well situated as a place to make excursions from. A mile or two beyond it lies the well-known Machico Bay, where, according to tradition, Madeira was first landed upon by the Englishman Machin. The story is that this Machin, an English esquire, incurred the resentment of a powerful family by gaining the affections of the daughter of its chief.

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He was thrown into prison, but escaped, and then persuaded the lady to elope with him to France. A violent tempest drove their vessel for thirteen days in a south-westerly direction, and at last they found themselves in a small brig on the shores of an unknown island. Here they landed, but the fatigues of the voyage had exhausted the strength of Machin's companion, Anna D'Arfet—she died there, and was there buried. The fragments of a cross erected over her grave are still shown by the Machico villagers. Her lover did not long survive her, and his companions, in their attempt to sail away home, fell into the hands of the Moors. During their captivity, they spoke of this island to an old Portuguese pilot, who, on being ransomed and returning to his own country, suggested and accompanied the first expedition to Madeira, which thus became a dependency of Portugal. Scepticism of course has been at work upon this old national tale, but there seems no reason for rejecting the legend, except that it is a legend, and that the fashionable wisdom of the hour pronounces, as usual, anything which has long been a matter of popular belief to be of necessity incredible; otherwise the narrative hangs perfectly well together in all its parts, and moreover furnishes a reason why the Portuguese Government sent out their expedition a little later to discover the island so reported to them—a reason which otherwise would be wanting. Beyond this bay you can proceed in a boat, along another range of rugged and lofty cliffs, to the supposed fossil-beds at the extremity of the island—these fossils are apparently concretions of lime, which have put on the appearance of branches or roots, as the case may be. An ignorant person would believe that they had formed themselves round real pieces of wood, and that these have decayed, leaving their form to the encompassing stone; but geologists, I fancy, put this opinion aside and look upon them as being what they are, merely in obedience to some caprice of nature; they are not, according to them, fossils at all, but merely a good imitation of fossils. Beyond these so-called fossil-beds you find a sandy down, covered mostly with short grass. After walking across this down for about half a mile you find yourself on the north coast of Madeira. From hence the expeditionist, if I may coin such a word for the nonce, looks down upon a double sea—

Et in mediis audit duo littora campis.

This north coast, moreover, is well worth visiting in all its parts, as it is even finer and bolder than the one on the Funchal side. The boatmen, besides being excellent oars, are very civil obliging fellows; they carry your luncheon-basket, and show you everything worth looking at wherever you land. Madre D'Agua is another spot well worth visiting from Santa Cruz. After a long ascent you reach a sort of platform among bold rough hills; from thence you look down and up through gorges, along which is conducted in a series of cascades to the deep glen underneath you one of those levadas or regulated watercourses upon which the fertility of Madeira depends. But perhaps the most beautiful landscape

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in the island is the prospect from the little village of Lamaçeres. You climb the usual hill-track to a place called Antonio di Serra, after which you diverge into a path more like an English lane, with trees and flowers on each side, than the usual Madeira road. You proceed along this path till you come to some hills of moderate height, which are covered with natural wood, Spanish chestnuts, varieties of laurels, pines, and other trees. The far-spreading purple Atlantic is on your right, whilst apparently close at hand, though in reality a long way off, plunges down beneath you into the sea the magnificent cliff known as Penna D'Equia, or the Eagle's Wing, and on your left in front lies a gorge with hills on the other side; then a second valley intervenes. Beyond this tower rise, to close the prospect, all the highest mountains of the island. It is true that, as I have said before, none of these mountains much exceed 6,000 feet by mere measurement, but still their forms are wonderfully bold and picturesque; so that as we watched the white semi-translucent clouds floating from one peak to another, about 1,000 feet below summits upon which snow was still glittering against a semi-tropical sun, it seemed difficult to imagine anything more beautiful in its own way than this combination of sea and light and cloud, with the cliffs, mountains, and forests on all sides of us.

The highest of the above mountains is Pico Ruivo, the red peak. In one direction it is sufficiently accessible, and accordingly the ascent was made. Leaving Santa Anna, a little hamlet of the north, in the morning you pass by a series of climbings, through plantations of the *Pinus maritima*. On getting beyond there you pass into the region of the tree heather—a plant much used in Madeira for firewood. It grows, however, much more luxuriantly in Teneriffe, and therefore I shall keep what I have to say about it. After labouring up for some time, you come to what may be called the false top; this eminence is scarcely lower than the true peak, but it is separated from it by a wide gap, so that you have to descend again for nearly an hour, with the same tree heather growing round about you, till the bottom of the dip is reached. From thence you proceed to master the summit of the hill. The walk is steep, with but little vegetation, and ends in a very narrow point, which can only be got at by a rough scramble. When there, you have a splendid view of the northern sea, with the Penna D'Aquia, of which I have already spoken, on your flank, whilst the neighbouring heights, particularly the strangely contorted pinnacles of the Canaria Peak, lift themselves grandly around. The view on the land side is also, I believe, worthy of all admiration, but though the sun was intensely hot where we stood, at a certain distance beneath a thick cloud interposed itself between us and the lower ground, so that we saw nothing. Among the guides there was the suggestion of a rabbit, which awakened intense excitement; by us, however, rabbits had been seen elsewhere; hence we remained comparatively impassive, and turned our thoughts towards luncheon. Here, however, a slight difficulty arose.

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The promised fountain did not turn up, and but for the snow still lingering about the rifts and crevices of the hills we should have had nothing to drink but strong Madeira—not a very refreshing beverage after a long walk under a broiling sun. However, with time and under a warm temperature Madeira and snow became Madeira and water, and the difficulty was solved. On going down, the sea of mist into which we were about to plunge contrasted in a striking manner with the extraordinarily brilliant sunshine overhead; but there was no help for it, in we had to go, and to crawl for about half an hour through a gloom impenetrable to the eye except for a foot or two in front. Out of this we emerged into a grey sort of day, which accompanied us for the remainder of our descent, and the party found itself at Santa Anna by seven o'clock, with a good appetite for dinner. The dinner itself, however (like the poetry of Kingsley's friend —which he criticised with his usual impetuosity to the author's face, who had rashly submitted it to him in the hopes of a favourable opinion), was "*not* good—*but* bad."

This is but an imperfect account of a very beautiful island, but it was not possible for me, whilst staying there, to explore it more completely, so that my descriptions must be taken for what they are worth.

The Desertas.

The Desertas are three small islets, about 24 miles from Madeira, towards the south-east. They are not entirely unlike Herm, Sark, &c., in the neighbourhood of Guernsey, though somewhat farther off from the Lilliputian continent round which they take rank as belongings. They wear a purple aspect, as seen from the windows of the Santa Clara Hotel, and together with Porto Santo, I suppose, helped to give the name of the Purple Islands to the whole Madeira group; for so, we are told, is the group described in a letter from Juba, King of Mauritania, to the Emperor Augustus. It is possible, however, that the orchil weed, which yields a purple dye of some value, and is still found among these rocks (being, in fact, the one thing connecting them with the general life and commerce of the world), may have been gathered from Madeira and Porto Santo as well, in the days of Augustus, and that their title to be called the Purple Islands rested upon that. The most beautiful thing connected with these craggy islets is the manner in which the February sun, after rising behind them, turns the spot of sea between the two larger ones into an expanse of liquid gold, reminding us of the heavenly pavement admired by Mammon so pertinaciously, as Milton tells us, before his fall into Hades. Later on in the year, either the rising sun shifts his place a little, or else the effect produced itself before I was awake, as in March and April I could see nothing of the kind. This is about all that Madeira residents in general have to do with the dependencies in question. They are seldom visited, being somewhat difficult to land on, and offering few temptations to an explorer. However, a statement that they

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were tenanted by numerous wild goats induced us to go over in a boat. We saw no wild goats, but were told on our return that it was useless to try for them in that manner; that, unless certain strategical operations are undertaken by a large party, stationing themselves at certain well-known points, whilst the rest of the island is hunted over and turned upside down by an army of beaters, no goat will ever suffer himself to be seen. This certainly was true, as far as we were concerned, though we examined with good field-glasses every nook and cranny for several hours. We should have been glad, no doubt, to have received this intelligence before, and not after, an expedition; still, the larger island is a very curious place. We also brought back a number of rabbits—differing, it was suggested, in some respects from the common type. We were asked to save, for a scientific friend, some of the skins under that impression, with a hint of Darwin in the distance. The request, however, was made too late, all the skins having been unfortunately sold or thrown away by the hotel cook. Besides the rabbits, we started, though without securing, a guinea-hen, which, if wild, as seemed to be the case, must have drifted from the coast of Africa, or perhaps from one of the smaller Canary Islands. They used, I believe, a certain number of years ago, to abound in Teneriffe and the Grand Canary, though I could hear nothing of them there now. On landing, you have to climb up some 800 or 1,000 feet, till you reach the top of the cliff, when you find that the rocks suddenly open out, forming all down the centre of the island a deep wedge-like valley, the sloping sides of which are clothed with rough grass. The theory of the neighbouring fishermen is that this hollow was the mould in which the second-sized island, a mere cluster of jagged rocks, was originally formed —that at some unknown period it was raised from its place by volcanic fires underneath and cast upon the neighbouring sea, leaving its original birth-home as we now find it. (The great Caldera or Cauldron in the island of Palma, a gulf of enormous depth, has the same theory applied to it on a larger scale by the Spanish fishermen of the Canaries; no less a potentate than the Peak of Teneriffe having been flung, as they tell us, out of that abyss into its present position.)

Through the middle of this dell a stream runs in the rainy season, but at the end of April there were only stones and gravel to mark its course. This island contains, in the way of vegetation, a patch or two of stunted pines (the *Pinus maritima* mentioned above), a certain quantity of gorse, a good deal of coarse grass, and a few oats. In the way of animal life, there are plenty of rabbits—differing perhaps, as I have said, in some respects from the common English rabbit—which are visible, and a problematical herd of goats, which are quite invisible to the naked eye, or even to the eye reinforced by a telescope. A zealous entomologist, or arachnologist, if he prefers that title, may also go over, in the hope of encountering a gigantic spider, whose bite is said to be sometimes fatal; indeed, if he be a real enthusiast in his vocation, he is bound to undertake the trip, as there is no chance of his getting bitten by the creature

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anywhere else. The shepherds or goat-herds or orchil-gatherers who establish themselves in this out-of-the-way place from time to time, if they wish to communicate quickly with Madeira have no other means of doing so than by lighting explanatory fires—one, I believe, if they want water, two for an illness, three for a death, and so on. I do not know that I have anything further to say about the Desertas, except that the expedition takes at least the whole of a long day, and that as the sea breaks roughly on their outlying points, you are not unlikely to get a ducking either when you land or as you depart.

On April 9 we started at night in a boat called the *Coanza* for Teneriffe. Our starting there was unlucky in two respects. First, we had to pass a couple of nights on board. The captain foresaw that he must, anyhow, arrive too late in the evening to have his vessel cleared at once; hence he grew economical over his coals, and kept the vessel at half-speed; we were, therefore, thirty-six hours on our passage instead of twenty-four. We also missed seeing the Peak of Teneriffe rise gradually out of the sea, as it was dark before we got near the island. The situation of Santa Cruz, the principal town, is striking, but ugly; as you come into the bay, or roadstead rather, a long range of hills stretches seawards on your right. These hills, which may be from 1,500 to 1,800 feet in height, are grim volcanic ridges, tortured into all sorts of uncomfortable shapes by the subterranean fire which has lifted them up. They are, as I have said, thoroughly ugly, barren as death, and wearing a malignant scowl, as if they were meditating some mischief in secret; nor, indeed, is this unlikely, as experienced geologists expect the next Teneriffe eruption, whenever it happens, to break forth in these quarters. On the left the shore is flat, with a range of mountains nearly parallel to it, some distance inland. Far away to the east the heights of Gran Canaria are occasionally visible, but this depends entirely on the state of the atmosphere. We saw them only once (though they were then perfectly distinct) during our stay at Santa Cruz. This town of Santa Cruz, though less populous, is cleaner and altogether a better kind of city than Funchal; the streets are more level, wider, and better paved, so that you can walk about it without being entangled in unsavoury lanes, or slipping upon greasy basaltic pebbles. There is also an excellent carriage-road, and carriages are easy to hire. Hence you do not feel cooped up or cabined in as is the case in Madeira. The country round Santa Cruz is arid, with hardly any vegetation. The one thing that strikes you at first is the assemblage of cochineal cactuses, all dressed in linen greatcoats; this practice, which gives the plants a most peculiar appearance, is resorted to in order to prevent the insects, when they reach maturity, from tumbling about and getting lost. Some years ago this cochineal trade was a very prosperous one, but of late years so many new dyes and chemical processes have been discovered that it has experienced a check; these dyes are much cheaper than the one produced from the cactus, and to a great extent have driven it out of the

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market. The Teneriffe vines have also suffered, like those of Madeira, from the onset of the *Phylloxera vastatrix*, so that there is at present, I understand, much distress in the country. The land is cultivated on the system of half-profits, the farmer finding the seed, &c., and sharing the produce with the owner of the estate. This tenure, I believe, is a common one throughout the southern countries of Europe, and answers, I dare say, as well as most others. On leaving Santa Cruz, the first orthodox expedition is through Laguna, the old capital of Teneriffe, to Orotava. Orotava (there are two towns in the district so called, the upper town, or *vila*, and the port) is the most fertile and beautiful part of Teneriffe. The vale of Orotava, as they call it—though it is rather a long slope from the Peak of Teneriffe and its adjoining mountains than a real vale—is very rich in corn, and abounds in fruit-trees of various descriptions, particularly a fine species of plum. But rich and fruitful as the valley is, it is hardly equal in beauty to many parts of Madeira, so that, more than once, we rather regretted having taken the trouble to steam over. The Peak of Teneriffe itself is somewhat disappointing: it is not exceptionally lofty, as is Mont Blanc; it is not sublime like the Matterhorn, or beautiful with the beauty of the Jungfrau. At the same time it has, I acknowledge, certain merits of its own; in the first place, as you look upwards at it from the coast, it shows for its full height, which is not a common merit in high mountains; secondly, being at the time of our visit heavily coated with snow, it contrasted very effectively with the long rollers of the Atlantic, glittering in the sunshine as they broke tumultuously along the rough beach of Orotava, under the influence of a keen northerly gale; and, thirdly, though not of extraordinary height, absolutely considered, it is still so much higher than any of the adjacent ridges that it does assert for itself a kind of kingly pre-eminence over the vassal hills that surround it; they are all unquestionably mere feudatories of their legitimate sovereign the Peak. Talking of the Atlantic rollers, we observed here a very beautiful and unusual effect of colour among them; the wind, as I have said, blew strongly on shore, so that the sea kept pouring in huge purple masses, to break with great violence upon the Orotava rocks. Always, however, as each wave was in the act of turning over, and just before it was beaten into foam, the sunlight caught it sideways, and changed the lower half from purple into a lovely emerald green. This happened over and over again, as a matter of course, and we stood there watching the effect with very great delight, till the spray, dashing over the pier with the incoming tide, gave us broad hints to be off.

Orotava was, I need hardly say, the place where the famous dragon-tree of Teneriffe flourished through so many centuries. Its age has been differently estimated by different botanists, but by none, I believe, at less than six thousand years. Humboldt, I fancy, when he saw it at the beginning of the century, some fifty years before its final destruction, assigned to it an existence even longer than that. He considered it, at

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any rate, as probably the oldest tree, the oldest form of organic life, we may say, to be found in any part of the globe. It was blown down on January 3, 1862, in a tremendous hurricane, which lasted for several days, and a mad peasant woman set fire to the trunk after it had been prostrated, so that, in Scripture phrase, "the place thereof knoweth it no more." As this tree has been imaginatively identified on grounds that are really not unplausible with the legend of Hercules—of the golden apples—and of the islands of the blest, it must, on the lowest computation, have reached a green old age before the son of Alcmena, some three thousand years ago, sat down under its hideous branches (there are few things more hideous than a dragon-tree) and sucked the first oranges recorded in history. All the facts connected with Hercules tend to prove that he was of a tough and rugged constitution, which was lucky for him; had he been a thin-skinned hero like the divine Achilles, he would certainly, after killing the dragon of Teneriffe, have run away from its mosquitoes (for they bite most venomously), in which case the Canaries would hardly have taken rank as the islands of the blest. One observation of the great German savant strikes me as a very funny one. He finds a tree in Teneriffe which, according to him, is the oldest tree in the world; "but," says he, "it is not *a native* of the island;" and, therefore, in prehistoric times, the Guanches, or original inhabitants, must have had some connection with India. It does not, of course, follow that the oldest tree was also the first tree in the world; but still, in the absence of an older, one would suppose it to belong to the place where it grew, and I must opine that if the man's name had been O'Humboldt instead of Humboldt, and he had come from Mayo instead of Berlin, his remark would have been treated as a bull.

Another interesting sight to be seen in Orotava is its famous botanical garden. This garden was established in the beginning of the century, a few years before Humboldt visited the place; it was established, in the first instance, with the following object. An ingenious native of the island discovered that Teneriffe was so happily situated in point of latitude, and so happily endowed in point of climate, that most known plants would grow in it somewhere or other. This gentleman, therefore, conceived the idea of making his native country a kind of half-way house between the Tropics and Europe; he sought, accordingly, to collect in his gardens the most valuable trees and shrubs from all parts, to teach them to bear an increase or diminution of heat, and then to introduce them northwards or southwards, as the case might be, thus enriching the world at large. Nature, however, will not be dictated to; she requires to be coaxed, and the experiment failed. The garden, however, remains, and is full of flourishing trees and shrubs from every quarter. The sandal-tree, with its fragrant golden blossoms, the *Ficus imperialis*, with its strange fruit growing directly out of the trunk, and fine varieties of palm, are among the choicest productions of the domain; after all, however, these exotics must yield the post of honour to a

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native pine, the "*Pinus Canariensis*." This pine is now, I believe, somewhat rare in Teneriffe, but it still grows abundantly on the Palma Hills, and also, I am told, on those of the Grand Canary. It is a slow-growing tree, I admit, but offers to the planter one of the most valuable woods to be found anywhere—a wood which I should much like to see introduced into some of our colonies. Monsieur Villepred, the intelligent and obliging curator of the gardens, spoke of it with the utmost enthusiasm; and, indeed, in all the old churches and all the old houses round about the wood was there to speak for itself. It is of a fine texture, deep yellow in colour, very hard and heavy, and, so to speak, absolutely indestructible, seeing that it remains as fresh and firm as the day it was first laid down in buildings four or five hundred years old, the masonry of which had crumbled, or was rapidly crumbling, into ruins. It also possesses, according to Monsieur Villepred, the rare faculty of growing up anew from the root after having been cut down. This tree might, one would think, improve St. Helena, which is on the road between Teneriffe and Africa; and if the replanting of Cyprus (I beg pardon for using a word so calculated to excite angry passions) be judged desirable, Cyprus is a mountainous country like Teneriffe, Cyprus has a hot and dry climate like Teneriffe, and might be more congenial to the tree I speak of than the moist and relaxing air of Madeira, which has not been supposed to suit it. At any rate, if I were Jungle-vizier, as some Oriental once called the First Commissioner of Woods and Forests, I would hunt high and low for proper places till I found a home for the *Pinus Canariensis* in our dominions.

The only other landscape in Teneriffe to which I shall refer is the laurel forest of Laguna. These evergreen laurel forests (and they, too, as tending to create and sustain permanent springs of water, might be made useful in Cyprus or elsewhere) covered at one time much larger spaces in Teneriffe and the Canaries than they do now. Still, however, they are scarcely to be seen elsewhere, and are beautiful in themselves. The hills behind Laguna spread out in a sort of semicircle for several miles, rising perhaps 1,500 feet above the level of the town, which is itself some 2,000 feet higher than Santa Cruz. This semicircle is entirely filled, from top to bottom, with forest, and the forest is mainly composed of laurels. These laurels are of four different kinds, the *Laurus Canariensis*, the *Laurus Til*, the *Laurus Indica*, and the *Lrurus Barbusana*. Naturally they have all something of the same aspect and character; still there is a sufficient difference in their leaves and manner of growth to make a grateful variety; and if that were not enough, they are intermixed with myrtles, and also with an abundant growth of the tree-heather, a fine shrub about the size of a tall holly. This tree-heather is covered in due season with white and purple blossoms, but was naturally bare of them in April. The wood is also full of attractive ferns, nor were cinerarias and ranunculuses wanting at our feet to add to the charm of the place, so that we spent some pleasant hours there, obtaining at the same

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time the finest view of the Peak we had yet seen. To my short-sighted eyes (and for certain remote effects, such as those of a starry night, of a Gothic interior in the twilight, or of a distant range of mountains, I am not sure that short-sight is a disadvantage) the flood of mist encircling the lower half of the mountain, fringed as it was with a white edging of more definite cloud, looked like a real sea, and the snow-topped conical hill above it gave one the idea of a solitary volcano rising sheer out of waves which were breaking in foam round its base. After this we saw nothing in Teneriffe worth recording, and were glad to return to Madeira by the *Corisco*. Our passage was not a comfortable one; nor was it improved by our having to take in tow a vessel belonging to the well-known firm of Lamport and Holt. She had broken her screw, and been drifting about for ten days before she fell in with us. It was well that she did so, as when we found her she was perfectly helpless. I wish I could add that this comparatively harmless accident was the only mishap which has taken place of late in those seas, but the loss of the *American*, and the arrival of some of the wrecked passengers in a state of temporary destitution, immediately followed our return to Madeira, and since then the *Senegal*, with other passengers from the same ship, picked up by her in the open Atlantic, has had to be run ashore at Palma, leaving two boats of the *American* still, as I write, unaccounted for. God grant that they may have been fallen in with by some ship that has not yet been able to communicate with England.

I have attached to this paper a list of trees and shrubs belonging to Madeira, written out for me by Dr. Grabham. It will, I am sure, interest many of your readers. To Dr. Grabham, Mr. Addison, the resident chaplain at Madeira, Mr. and Mrs. Dundas, of Teneriffe, and others who welcomed me with the utmost kindness and did their best to make my enforced absence from England as agreeable as possible, I can only return my warmest thanks.

The more Prominent Indigenous Plants of Madeira.

The Til (Laurus fœtens), gigantic tree, black, beautifully grained wood; growing equally well on the mountains and at sea level.

The Laurel (Laurus Canariensis), found everywhere, filling whole valleys, fragrant like *L. nobilis*, constituting mainly the Madeira forests.

Barbusana (Laurus Barbusana). Large trees found scattered amongst the former.

Vinhatico (Persea Indica). Magnificent tree with spreading foliage, red in autumn; yields an excellent mahogany, like Honduras m., but wavy and close-grained.

The above are the lauraceous plants; but amongst them are:—

An Ilex (*Ilex Perado*), a beautiful holly with grand berries, and a still commoner ilex.

Here and there, chiefly in gardens, the dragon-tree and a beautiful juniper, *Juniperus oxycedrus*, formerly attaining great size. The last-

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named and the yew, *Taxus baccata*, are the only indigenous Conifers. Occasionally, in dense forests, the Portugal so-called laurel *Cerasus Lusitanica*, not less in stature than our loftiest English elms, covered in June with unspeakable profusion of flowers.

Also now and then a native Pittosporum, *P. coriaceum*, with creamy white, most fragrant flowers.

Then whole districts of bilberry, only slightly different from the European form.

Amongst all the foregoing one or two heaths, *Erica arborea*, especially remarkable for the large tree it becomes in damp places.

One of the loveliest native trees is *Clethra arborea*, the Portuguese Folhado, an ericaceous plant of laurel-like growth; singularly but completely absent from the other Atlantic islands, and peculiar to Madeira—though sometimes cultivated in England as the *lily of the valley tree*—with masses of fragrant blossom.

Another ericaceous plant, the arbutus of our English gardens, is common in Madeira.

Also to be mentioned, as found on edges of almost all cliffs, a peculiar Madeira stock, a myrtle, a dwarf jasmine, *J. odoratissimum*, Echium fastuosum, with large blue spikes of flowers.

Persea gratissima is the alligator pear, equally at home with *P. Indica*, and spreading fast.

Likewise the custard apple, yielding abundant fruit, is becoming exceedingly common.

Coffee grows freely, though much damaged by *Lecanium hesperidum*.

Magnolias of gigantic size in almost every garden.

The magnoliaceous tulip-tree, *Liriodendron tulipifera*, a huge tree in Dr. Grabham's garden, said to have been planted by Captain Cook.

Cape silver-tree, *Leucodendron*, with remarkable foliage, here and there in mountain districts.

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Two Beggars.

(A SKETCH FROM LIFE.)

I USED at one time to live in a quiet London street and in a corner house, the windows of which exactly faced a tolerably well-frequented crossing. It is amusing to look out from a first-floor window and watch a crossing and the people who pass over it. There is a good deal of what it is the fashion to call human comedy always going forward there, and a man may look on quite as safe from observation as if he were a spectator at a real play in the stage box of a theatre. The crossers look up the street and down for coming carriages, or to the ground to pick their way between the two little swept-up walls of mud on each side of them; or they hurry on to pass the sweeper without a tip, while he keeps just in front of them, executing a rapid pantomimic re-sweeping of the already well-swept path. The sweeper at my crossing is a very good one as sweepers go. He is not a fair-weather worker, and sticks to his post even in rain and snow. He happens to be an old friend of mine, and was, as I well remember, the smartest trooper in my company. Since then, things have altered for the worse with both of us. He lost a leg in action, and retired on a pension. I retired, too, with both legs, but with gout badly in one of them. His face has got terribly weather-beaten, and his hair grey. Mine has not yet whitened permanently, but my complexion is warmer than it used to be, and my tailor pads my coats and waistcoats without any express orders from me.

I don't like to see an old soldier on the streets and doing what is little better than begging his bread—touching his hat all the day long to all comers, and getting coppers half in charity from morning till night. It is derogatory.

"Phil," I said to him one day, "a soldier who has followed the Queen's colours into action might do better than this."

"Jineral!" he replied, "I like my freedom, and the trade is a good trade."

I could have got him entered in the Corps of Commissionaires, or tried for a porter's place for him somewhere, for the man is sober and honest; but he preferred his own work and his own way.

My outlook upon Phil Kegan's crossing was the occasion of my once seeing out a little bit of that same human comedy I was talking about. It hardly amounts to a story, but it made me laugh at the time. I have never mentioned the thing till this moment.

When I left my old regiment I left in it a young fellow who had just

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joined, and who had brought good introductions to me. I did not see my way to do more for him than give him plenty of good advice, all of which he required, and none of which he profited by. I told him that if he kept four hunters on 500*l.* a year and his pay he must inevitably come to grief. That guinea pool with better players than himself, heavy books on a dozen sporting events in the twelve months, and some three or four other pleasant vices, would help rapidly to the same result. He thanked me, went his own way, and very soon came to the grief I had anticipated. He was sold up, after a military career of only four or five years. A good-humoured fellow, and every one was sorry for him. He had never done anything approaching to shady, but met the onslaught of his justly exasperated creditors like a man—not running under bare poles for Boulogne harbour, as so many gentlemen in distress do, but making complete shipwreck of his fortunes like an honest man. He never left the country at all, but added one more to that legion of extraordinary beings who have nothing to do, who pass ten months of the year in London, and who live well, dress well, and look happy on absolutely nothing at all. He waited for something to turn up, and he waited in vain. I don't think there was a prison governorship, or the post of chief constable anywhere, or an inspectorship of almost any kind vacant during ten years that Frank Boldero did not apply for. He always made good running, too, and never, as he used to tell us, lost by more than a neck; but he did lose, and remained a highly ornamental member of the aforesaid legion of the unemployed and the penniless.

Boldero and I have always been good friends. I still give him good advice; he still smokes my cigars. He is the only man I know who ventures to walk up to a particular drawer, open a particular box, and take out a Cabana of a particular brand without leave. There is a placid impertinence about the proceeding and about Boldero generally which rather takes me, though I am supposed to be rather a short-tempered man.

"Confound your impertinence, sir," I say, when I have watched him through this performance.

Boldero half smokes through his cigar sometimes, before he answers me, after a good look at the white ash, and waving the cigar slowly under his nose to catch the aroma, "General, don't run out of this brand; I like it."

One sees at once the sort of man Boldero is—a lazy, imperturbable kind of fellow, who takes all that comes to him as his right; never did a day's work at anything since he was at school, and lectures every one all round on their duties. That is the most trying thing about Boldero. He never does a thing himself, and wonders why his neighbours work no harder. "Hang the fellow! Why doesn't he stick to his work?" I have heard him say of some barrister or literary man with his hands as full of business as they can hold.

If I did not know Boldero personally, and any one described him to

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me exactly as he is—told me what his life had been and how he had wasted it; how he had had good chances and thrown them away; a fair fortune and lost that; and now how he went on coolly laying down the law for other people—I should be indignant at the thought that such an idle, good-for-nothing impostor should cumber the earth. But the truth is, it is rather difficult not to like the man. His manner is on his side; he has a queer way of keeping up a pleasant smile on his face while he talks, while he is uttering some signal impertinence probably, and it makes it quite impossible to be offended with him, or to take him up as he deserves to be.

"Why did you retire, General," he said to me one day. "Eh?"

"Because I chose," I growl out.

But Boldero is not to be snubbed.

"But you had no business to choose. Your *duty* was to stay. Who is to lead us if we have to fight the Russians?"—All this with a sweet smile.

I groan.

"You should have heard what a lot of us were saying yesterday at the Club. All the fellows agreed that you were the right man."

"Confound them all for a set of asses."

He shakes his head, and his smile still lingers on his face. Never in my life have I come across such a mixture of amiability and impertinence.

One rainy day in November, Boldero and I were looking out of the window together. He was waiting to keep one of his numerous appointments with ministers and other people high in office. There was an inspectorship vacant, and he was looking after it. Phil Kegan was working double tides that day in the cold sleet and drizzle, running backwards and forwards with every well-dressed foot passenger, touching his hat innumerable times, escorting old ladies and children, waving back cabs and carriages from his charges—sweeping, talking, bowing, all at once.

"Look at that poor devil," said Boldero, "begging for his bread,—it's an infernal life, eh?"

"It's his own choice after all."

"Some fellows *won't* do an honest hard day's work if you pay them for it."

"Hang it all! The work's hard enough and honest enough."

"Well, I don't know about hard, but it's begging."

"I tell you what, Boldero," I say, a little out of patience with him, "it may be begging; but that fellow, Phil, has done more real work in the ten minutes we have looked at him than you have since I knew you."

Boldero smiled and shook his head. He never takes in this sort of personal argument; and presently he borrowed an umbrella and walked off to keep his appointment.

I watched him over the crossing. I saw him stop in the rain (with my umbrella over his head) and talk to Phil Kegan as he very often did,

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for the man had been his servant in the regiment; but he did not, as he generally did, tip him. On the contrary, he buttoned up his great coat rather ostentatiously, shaking his head the while. I guessed that poor Phil was getting a lecture on his duties.

In about two hours Boldero came back. He had told me he would look in to say how he got on. I never saw him so "down" before. He slided into an arm-chair in a very limp attitude without a word, and his hat slided, too, in a dejected way to the back of his head.

"Well?" I asked.

"Lost by a head again; and the very place I wanted—comfortable, fair pay, a house, coals and candles, very little work—none to speak of. Damn it all! Isn't it enough to make a man swear?"

There was no smiling about Boldero this time. Then he told me how it had happened.

"The old fellow, you know, is sort of uncle by marriage, so I could speak pretty freely to him. I told him this made about the fifth inspectorship I had asked him or his predecessor for. 'Pon my soul,' I said to him, 'it's too bad;' but he didn't seem to see it. What claims had I got, he wanted to know, more than that I was always asking, and my friends were always asking for me. 'Well,' I said, 'what more do you want? Doesn't Lord Button ask it as a special favour? The Button influence is good influence, surely?' But he talked about my being an untried man. I might be fit; I might not be. Then there was Chub in the lists among others. Chub had worked all his life in that line. How could he refuse Chub? Chub knew all about the work. There was no doubt about Chub's fitness. If he refused Chub there would be an outcry."

"Look here, Frank, old man," I said, interrupting him, "this won't do, you know. They don't mean to give you anything. Why should they? What's the good of talking about the Button influence? Things are not managed that way now. Lord Button doesn't carry half-a-dozen boroughs about in his pocket as his grandfather did. I know a bigger man than Lord Button, who tried at everything for his favourite nephew, a goodish man, too, and had to fall back upon a club secretaryship for him at last. If you want to turn an honest penny, Frank, you must work for it, and work hard."

Boldero groaned, and collapsed still further into his chair. "You make my blood run cold," he said.

"It's no good praying and begging for a good place and nothing to do. You won't get it, and you'll only feel mean. There's the press on the watch, and public opinion. Jobbery and nepotism and all that are gone things in these days."

"You bet they're not!" said Boldero, rousing up a little.

"Frank, my boy, there's just one chance for you—emigration. Scrape together what you have left, go to New Zealand, and join your brother there. They tell me he is making his pile."

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Boldero only shook his head. I was really sorry for him. He seemed so completely knocked over.

"Got any of those bitters left?" he asked, when I had finished my lecture. "I think I want a pick-up."

I rang for a glass of sherry bitters. Boldero rose from his chair, and sauntered half-mechanically towards the drawer with the box of particular Cabanas, took one, lit it, and walked listlessly towards the window. We looked out together. The rain had stopped; the wind had got up. It was a cheerless day. Phil Kegan had turned up his collar, and looked miserable. Still he worked on with a will.

"Poor devil!" said Boldero; "but he doesn't know what it is to have nothing to do and nothing to look to. It's a nasty feeling that, General."

Wayfarers were getting scarcer. We watched an old lady with a pug come over the crossing; a stout old gentleman with a gold-headed cane; a fishmonger's man with a tray of whitings; a telegraph boy who rang at my door.

My servant presently came in with the bitters and a telegram on a tray. The telegram was for Boldero.

"Boy came on from your club, sir," the man said, as he handed Boldero the telegram and wineglass together.

He took the glass first and drank slowly and critically.

"What bitters are those, General, eh?"

"Chiretta."

"I thought so. It's the best tonic going. Take a glass three times a day before meals. It'll wind you up like a clock. I shall try it myself, I think. I am just one peg low."

"Try quinine," I suggested.

He put his glass down, and took up the yellow telegram envelope.

"Some lie from the stables," he said, opening it contemptuously. "If it is a good thing, what's the use when a man can't swim to it?"

"Halloo! I say, General, what's this? '*Chub*'—I say, by Jove! Look here,—'*Chub has declined. I offer the post to you.*'"

We simply looked at each other and laughed. Why do men always laugh in this inane way, I wonder, when they are pleased? I was uncommonly glad, I must say, and Boldero looked happy. It seemed to pick him up a good deal more than the bitters. I shook hands with him, and hit him on the back as one does on these occasions. He did not say much, but I could see that a vision of the good house, the easy work, the coal and candles, was passing pleasantly through his mind.

"It suits me, you know," he said presently, with great seriousness. "By Jove, sir, it suits me *down to the ground*."

Presently Boldero went off, but he came back before he got to the bottom of the stairs.

"I say, General, will you lend me a *sov.*?"

I gave him a sovereign. It made either the twenty-sixth or the twenty-seventh.

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"I say, you haven't got an old great coat for Phil Kegan, have you? He must be frightfully cold out there, you know."

"No, I give all my things to my own man."

"Good-bye, old fellow," and he disappeared.

I had the curiosity to watch him as he left. I saw him slip my sovereign into Phil Kegan's hand. I know it was not a shilling, for I saw the colour of the gold.

Certainly there is a rudimentary conscience about Frank Boldero, and he is not half a bad fellow at heart.

JOHN DANGERFIELD.

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The Seamy Side of Letters.

To Jerome Cardan, the celebrated physician, mathematician and astrologer, posterity is indebted for one remark at least in which he appears to have sacrificed a familiar truth to an ambition of epigrammatic exactitude. In his Treatise on Wisdom the Milan doctor tells us that the wise man is happy, and the happy man wise. Both parts of this apophthegm seem equally open to exception. The former indeed is contradicted not only by scriptural authority, but by his own example. Solomon, or the Alexandrian Jew, or whoever wrote the Book of Ecclesiastes, found much wisdom to be much grief, and laid it down as a general proposition that he who increases knowledge increases sorrow. The most cursory examination of Cardan's biography will show this first of astrologers to have been himself the victim, mainly in consequence of his learned labour, of slander and conspiracy, of poverty and imprisonment, of insult and exile. Surely at last must he have learnt of the familiar demon, by whom the enlightened public of his time supposed him ever attended, that erudition is a thing not to be desired by him who has it not, while he who has it should regard it as a jewel purchased at a great price, and only to be preserved with constant care and danger.

From the time of Homer, if we may believe in his existence, to that of Chatterton—from the days of the old vagrant, blind, and a beggar, to those of the indigent and afflicted poet who poisoned himself before he was eighteen with a dose of arsenic, history has never been at a loss for examples of the calamities of a learned life. Numerous as the leaves in Vallombrosa's plain are the names of the men who have found much study something more than a weariness of the flesh. Are they not written in the books of the Chronicles of Valerian and Cornelius Tollius, of Gabriel Naudé and Isaac Disraeli? Ancients and moderns, poets, philosophers, orators and historians, over and over again their weeping ghosts are summoned to warn us of the evils attached to a literary life. We learn that Pythagoras was burnt or starved, that Empedocles cast himself into Ætna, or was taken up into heaven like Enoch, or translated alive like Elijah without any warning; that Euripides was torn to pieces by dogs or women set on him by the envy of his rivals; that Aristotle, *il maestro di color che sanno*, drowned himself in the Euripus, owing to his inability to explain the causes of its currents; that Demosthenes drank poison in order to escape slavery; that Lucretius was maddened by a love potion of Hippomanes administered by a too devoted wife; that Tully had his head cut off; that Seneca and Lucan died from excessive self-inflicted phlebotomy, and that Terence when a young man

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pined away from grief at a loss by sea of his Translations of Menander. Such men as these are the coryphæi of old, the moons of literature; how many of the lesser lights have untimely died, blown out by the rude gusts of circumstance! What a fry of literary folk has perished by fire or famine, poison or the sword, whose meaner names are all too numerous to be enrolled in Libitina's records of the famous dead! Nor are modern writers a whit more lucky. The ordeal of flame, the mighty purifier of books and men in the middle ages, has burnt more than Savonarola and Urban Grandier; suicide seduced more than Carey and Creech; madness befooled more than Collins and Cowper; imprisonment fettered more than Davenant and De Foe. The innumerous victims of poverty and her family in every age among the herd of learned moderns, those who have fought with famine and wrestled with disease, and contended with insult, show, whatever Dryden may have supposed to the contrary, that it has never been enough for any one age to have "neglected its Mr. Cowley and starved its Mr. Butler." He who runs may read of the leanness of Edmund Castell, and of the rats that battened on his Polyglot Bible; of Robert Greene, who was only saved by a chance charity from starvation in the public street; of Simon Ockley, dating his letters from Cambridge Castle, where he was confined for debt; and of Sale, the well-known translator of the Kuran, borrowing alternately a shilling and a shirt. Many more than Toland have found philosophy an unprofitable study; many more than Churchyard poetry barren of reward. Toland, the English Lope in fertility of production, and a greater than Lope in variety of talent, died, we are told, in the utmost distress in a room he rented of a poor carpenter at Putney. Tom Churchyard, Spenser's Palæmon, singing until he grew hoarse while alive, made little money by it, but when dead pointed an excellent moral in the following ragged rhyme which composed his epitaph—

> Poverty and poetry his tomb doth enclose;
> Wherefore, good neighbours, be merry in prose.

Those afflicted with poverty among the learned are not so scarce that Dr. Johnson need have coupled, in his two instances in the *Vanity of Human Wishes*, Lydiat with Galileo. Lydiat was a man so little known that the printers seem to have substituted Lydia, and we read in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of a correspondent asking for information about Lydia's life. The allusion to this learned scholar was, according to Disraeli, a matter of mystery to Boswell himself. Poverty is, indeed, so common a colour in the patchwork of woes which is often the only coat of the wise for themselves not wise, that it may be considered the rule rather than the exception of their lives, and has been, therefore, not incongruously called Learning's Sister.

Besides the greater evils of suicide and exile, poverty and imprisonment, sorrows worthy of the tragic buskin, we read of the exposition of authors to the minor miseries of injustice, mockery, and contempt. Thei-

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works are admired, but they themselves are dishonoured. When they ask for bread, they are presented after some little indignant delay with a stone. Mellow fruits are offered to their manes, but they themselves dine on bitter herbs. An ungrateful public, careless as the revellers of ancient Egypt, worships the gods, while the gaunt god-makers are spurned from their marble thresholds. To these unhappy ones fortune behaves, we are told, like a terrible stepmother, and when not engaged in preparing for them a potion of lurid aconite, assiduously persecutes them with the arrows of calumny and abuse. Such are a few of the misfortunes of the learned which books record. But in these things, as in all others, how difficult it is to ascertain the truth! There is disagreement even in books. Aristotle, for instance, according to some of these, so far from committing suicide in despair of ascertaining the cause of the currents of the Euripus, died of a chronic disorder in his stomach; and our tears are scarcely dried from off our faces after reading in one volume how the hungry Otway choked himself with the first bite of a penny roll—a circumstance which, for some reason, as mysterious as his ultimate employment of orange peel, Dr. Johnson was unwilling to mention—when we read in another, on the authority of Dr. Doran, that he was killed by a cup of cold water, injudiciously drunk by him when overheated. Pope says the poet died of a fever occasioned by his exertions in the pursuit of a thief. And yet another version of the story declares, with at least equal likelihood of unequal politeness, that Otway was not the pursuer but the pursued.

The deaths of literary men have often met with a poetical treatment, in which such discordant accounts are given by various artists as remind the perplexed reader of the series of contradictory circumstances represented as attendant upon the funeral of Dryden. To take a single instance. French and Italian histories of men of letters owe no trifling debt to Goldsmith for some information about authors of their respective nations of which they appear to have been grossly ignorant. In his *Citizen of the World* he informs his readers that Vaugelas was surnamed the Owl from his being obliged to keep in all day and daring to venture out only at night, through fear of his creditors, and that he was exceptionally honest enough to order his body to be sold for their benefit. He is represented as saying, "If I could not while living, at least when dead I may be useful." Not a word of all this appears in the best French Biographies. Equally oblivious have Italian editors been of Bentivoglio's ultimate mishap. "Bentivoglio, poor Bentivoglio!" so mourns the man of whom, says Macaulay, strict veracity was never one of the virtues, chiefly demands our pity. The author whose comedies, we are informed, will last with the Italian language, dissipated, according to honest Goldsmith, whom Boswell loved to hear talking away carelessly, a noble fortune in acts of charity and benevolence; but, falling into misery in his old age, was refused admittance into a hospital which he himself had erected.

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What, however, Goldsmith says concerning the circumstances of the death of François Cassandre, the translator of Aristotle's *Rhetoric*, seems to be generally supported. Cassandre was Boileau's Damon, the great author who amused for so long both town and country, but at last, tired of losing in rhyming both his labour and his means of living, of borrowing everywhere and earning nought, without clothes, money, or resources, made his exit overwhelmed with misery. The deathbed scenes of such men as Voltaire and Payne are not invariably drawn in the same way. The philosophic version represents them passing quietly in contemplative repose; in the religious tract they utter wild cries for a clergyman, and end their infidel existence in raging convulsions of unutterable horror and remorse. Many a literary sceptic has been stuck up in the garden of the true believer as a theological scarecrow or Aunt Sally who died, it may be, with more placidity than the most pious and orthodox of Christians. There are those who believe that the Earl of Rochester did not use his last breath in denouncing Hobbes' philosophy. Even the expiring exclamation of Pitt is considered a fable by Macaulay. The affecting "O my country!" is relegated by that historian to the region of Grub-street elegies and after-dinner speeches, prize declamations and Academic poems. The lives no less than the deaths of men of letters have been embroidered by the hand of the artist. Their fame has brought into bold relief such evils as are to no class of men exclusively peculiar. The motes of dust which are universal are seen most distinctly in the sunbeam.

"Toil, envy, want, the patron and the gaol," including the "garret," for which the "patron" was substituted by Johnson as a delicate compliment to Chesterfield, assail other lives than that of the scholar. These ills are unhappily not confined to men of letters. They are of the thousand shocks to which all human flesh is heir. They are the common calamities to which the universal race of man is born. It is not the author alone who is subject to defamation. Other labourers than those in the field of letters, as worthy or worthier, are defrauded of their hire. Disease and despair are the lot of fools as well as of philosophers. There is no reason, because a man has written a book, that he should be exempt any more than the peer and the peasant, the king and the cobbler, from ache, penury, imprisonment, and other whips and scorns of time, or be released from the unalterable conditions of suffering humanity. In the enumeration of the sorrows of a literary man as opposed to other men only those should enter which naturally arise from the profession of letters and are beyond his own control. Not of this kind are his most frequent assailants—the blindness of pride, the infection of envy, the sting of ambition, the sickness of evil-speaking, the weight of avarice, and the deformity of strife.

Particular trades have certain well-defined injurious tendencies, arising from the absorption into the artisan's system of mineral, vegetable or animal molecules, from constrained posture, from insufficient exercise of the body, or too great use of any portion of it. The plumber's colic is

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traceable to the action of the white lead with which he works; the painter's cough, the grinder's rot, the chimney-sweep's cancer or soot-wart, originate in nothing but their respective professions. The amaurosis of the founder and the watchmaker's myopia are the result in ninety-nine cases in a hundred of the flaming forge and the magnifying lens. The chief ills which appear necessarily to result from a constant devotion to literature may be reduced ultimately to a want of exercise or of fresh air, to a confined position of the body, or a too ardent exercise of the brain. But the three first of these inconveniences are also common to the tailor and the cobbler, and the whole of them to the city clerk. There are not then any ills exclusively proper to the literary man. No sole right has he in any bodily or mental suffering. The calamities of the man of letters are those of the individual, not of the occupation. It is scarcely fair to attribute Prynne's cropped ears to his numerous citations on the unloveliness of lovelocks. Toland's *Pantheisticon* and his *Tetradymus*, with all his other numerous publications, cannot be convicted of bringing him to his death in the poor carpenter's room at Putney, if, indeed, it was the carpenter's, for there are who say the whole house was his own. The spirit which promoted his very first work, *Christianity not Mysterious*, might have brought him to equal or greater grief had he never written a line. It was desistance from study, according to Dr. Johnson, that led to the madness of Swift. Was Steele's distress the result of his *Christian Hero*, or his *Conscious Lovers*, rather than the natural consequence of his speculative scheming, and careless generosity? The morbid tone and dissipated habits of Collins, and not the composition of the *Ode to the Passions*, or the *Dirge in Cymbeline*, conducted him to his sad state of mental imbecility. Henry Carey, whether or no he had written the ballad of *Sally in our Alley*, which was praised by Addison, and the music of *God Save the Queen*, which excited the admiration of Gemminiani, would probably have been unable to procure for the day its daily bread. If he had been neither dramatist, poet, nor musician, his head would have been still houseless. It were a sleeveless tale to say that the drama of *Chrononhotontologos* caused him to cast forth his hated life by hanging himself in his house at Coldbath Fields.

Minerva, said an able etymologist, is so called, *quia minuat nervos*. Excess of study is of course, like any other excess, prejudicial to the system. The pursuit of letters, if carried beyond a certain point, is, like other pursuits, attended by physical inconveniences. These, which have been greatly magnified, ultimately result, as has been already said, from one of two causes—too much exercise of the mind, or too little exercise of the body. Insanity or indigestion, a disordered head or a disordered stomach, are the avenging Erinnyes of the lucubrations of literary libertinism. But the belly suffers far more often than the brain. How many men sit before their books day after day, immovable as the unhappy Indian Fakirs before their gods, deranging their animal economy without any advantage to themselves or society! How many of these

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sedentary victims lose their appetite without increasing their intelligence! How many, without improving their discernment, destroy their digestion! These are they whom Melancholy follows like a shadow, having marked them for her own. No need for them to drink the bloodless cumin. The least intemperate of them from excessive sensibility serves as a living barometer, and is purged of bile at much less seldom intervals than Horace. The most intemperate is a martyr, if we may believe physicians, to sleeplessness and somnambulism, to convulsions and catalepsy. These men have been known to sink, in a comparative short period, from a voluminous constitution to nonagenarian caducity. Nay, they will even die away like a lamp, from wasting their light of life solely in the service of an ungrateful public. From time to time learned receipts have been given regarding a scholar's diet. But these bookworms will have none of them. They will not even follow the example of Aristotle, and bear about constantly on their belly, in order to assist digestion, a bladder of aromatic oil. They will not confine their food to milk and rice, eggs and oysters, fruit and farina. Illustrious examples are theirs, if they would but follow them. Anacreon is said, during his latter years, to have lived on a regimen of raisins; Newton on bread and water, with wine and boiled chicken on some infrequent opportunity of festal cheer. But at least let the student beware of bacon, and cream, and cider. Nor are sheep's trotters ordinarily adapted to his digestive powers. Tea is little likely to lengthen literary days; and a sucking-pig, especially with mustard and pepper, is a very Pandora's box of ills, in which not even Hope remains behind.

Wealth is not the exclusive appanage of fools, nor want only to be found among the wise. Nor is the latter altogether that night without a dawn. The *res angusta domi* has not seldom been an occasion of wide reputation abroad. Riches, we know on good authority, rather slacken virtue than urge it to do aught may merit praise. They certainly abate the edge of intelligent endeavour, and wisdom is more often the result of poverty, than poverty the result of wisdom. But for poverty, the handmaiden of philosophy, the midwife of genius, the founder of all arts, as of the Roman empire, Horace had probably lived like the summer fly. What had the world known of his Songs and his Satires, had he not been compelled, as he himself avers, to make verses in consequence of the loss of his hereditary estate after the battle of Pharsalia? He whose purse is full of cobwebs will be ready to sing before a robber—or publisher, if, as Byron is recorded to have done in his presentation copy of the Bible, we may substitute the one for the other. The vast cloud of those who have followed Horace's example cannot all be expected to attain success. Some few there must certainly be who, like Mævius, for all their moiling, merit rather the birch than the bags. Some few there must be to whom the animadversion of the fox in Phædrus may be well applied: *O quanta species cerebrum non habet.* To insert these as examples of the indigence resulting from the profession of literature

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seems as inconsiderate as the insertion of such a man as Xylander, one particular star in the milky way of unfortunate men of letters, whose light has lately for a while shone with less feeble lustre.

William Holtzmann, who, following the fashion of his time, chose to call himself Xylander, the Greek equivalent of his name, was a professor of that language at Heidelberg, in the middle of the sixteenth century. Schoolboys should hold him in especial veneration, for he was the first to adorn the mathematical amenities of Euclid with a modern tongue. Of the number, indeed, of his translations from the Greek, as of those of Marolles, there appears no end. He translated Plutarch and Polybius. He translated Dion Cassius and Strabo. It is difficult to understand what moved him to this wholesale metamorphosis. He does not seem to have been driven to it by any absence of substantial nourishment. He was poor, but by no means destitute. Certainly he was in the condition of Sir Slingsby Bethel in Dryden's *Absalom and Achitophel*, "Cold was his kitchen, but his brains were hot," yet there was nothing to prevent his having a fire in it had he so chosen. It can only be said that he was infected with the itch of writing. He wearied others with every revolving year, himself he could not weary. But he died at a comparatively early age. Much sympathy has folded him about like a garment. He was far from a total abstainer. He was a learned man, says the elder Scaliger, but how often he got drunk! His death was hastened apparently in equal proportions by ardent labour and ardent liquors. He left, it is almost needless to add, nothing behind him but his reputation, and to his widow and children, if he had either, the payment of his debts. Such a man as this seems scarcely a suitable example to be quoted in the calamities of authors. Even granting that the love for literature was the primary cause of his poverty, though there is no reason to suppose he would have become rich in any other profession, yet undoubtedly his straitened circumstances were made still more strait by his love of strong drink, just as the painter or grinder increases the inflammation of the disease to which his trade subjects him by his own individual intemperance.

The reader of the Iliad of sorrows which are supposed to be attendant on learning, after rejecting idle gossip, and discriminating between coincidence and cause and effect, should remember that nothing is on every side blessed, and that the seasons of sunshine in literary as in other life, though less noticed, are not perhaps more infrequent than those of storm. If Camoens died on a vetchy bed in a hospital, and Tasso languished in a loathly dungeon, Voltaire, on the other hand, passed a happy time of it with his niece at Ferney, and Goethe was the pet of the Court at Weimar. Against the list of ungenerous patrons may be set in opposition the names of Mecænas and Pollio, of Leo and the Medici at Florence, of Louis XIV. in France, of Halifax, the protector of the Whigs, and Oxford, of the Tories, in England. If Spenser died for lack of bread, as was asserted by Ben Jonson, Chaucer had his annuity from the royal

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exchequer, besides his pitcher of wine; and he who reads of Butler's death being a greater scandal than his poem on the age in which he wrote, may also read of Nat. Lee being supported in Bedlam by the bounty of James II. If the greatest philologist of his age earned his livelihood by the lowest literary drudgery in the time of Pitt, Crabbe profited by the liberality of Burke, and Scott by that of his political enemy, Lord Grey. If the son of Chatham left Cowper to starve, Burns gauged ale firkins at 70*l.* a year, owing to the munificence of Dundas. If Tonson gave the sum we wot of to Dryden for his 10,000 verses, Andrew Millar, on the other hand, was the Mecænas of literature; if Rare Ben Jonson received only 20*l.* for all his works, what was the sum received by Miss Dash for her last new novel? if Douglas Jerrold got only 10*l.* for *Black-Eyed Susan*, the brilliant farces of the present fetch more than forty times that amount; if the *Paradise Lost* of John Milton was sold for 5*l.*, was not Mrs. Rundell's *Domestic Cookery* sold for 2,000*l.*? Nor, indeed, is the price paid by the publisher for a work invariably all that the author gets by it. Many have baited their hook for subscribers, before and after Dr. Johnson's edition of Shakespeare, and having taken their friends' cash, gone their several ways without issuing the object of their subscription. A Churchill is not always at hand to perform the Cæsarian operation, with the knife of upbraiding satire. Once upon a time, too, dedications were, it is well known, sold openly. Panegyric was purveyed by the pound. Spenser has no less than seventeen prefatory sonnets to his *Faery Queen*, addressed to various "renowmned and valiant" lords, "virtuous and beautiful" ladies, and "noble and valorous" knights, for every one of which he verily received his reward. Dryden, to make the most of his translation of Virgil, dedicated the *Pastorals* to one Lord Clifford, Baron of Chudleigh, in whom courage, humanity, and probity were inherent, besides a mastery of the Latin language; the *Georgics* to Philip, Earl of Chesterfield, one of the least of whose excellences appears to have been the comprehension of all things which are within the compass of human understanding; and the *Æneid* to John, Marquis of Normanby, Earl of Mulgrave, &c., to whom Dryden hesitates not to say such things as make us agree with the sentiment of Walpole, that nothing can exceed the flattery of a genealogist but that of a dedicator. How much the poet, "embrowned with native bronze," as Pope said of Orator Henley, obtained for his trumpeting is not clear. Doubtless, however, a sufficient sum to compensate for Tonson's meagre pay for his fables. This economy of flattery, Dr. Johnson tells us, at once lavish and discreet, did not pass even at that time without observation. Seven out of nine *Night Thoughts* were dedicated to persons of position by a poet who, possessing such just conceptions of this world's vanity, pined for preferment all his life, and after declaring his world was dead, became Clerk of the Closet to the Princess Dowager of Wales at fourscore.

Much has been said about the abnormal sensibility of literary men. But this is scarcely the necessary or a natural result of study. A great

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portion of the passion predicated of the *genus irritabile* of poets is common to all mankind. The votarist of controversial theology would possibly have been equally pugnacious in any other vocation. Others than great geniuses are found unsuited to domestic life. Prosaic household labour is beneath the dignity of others than poets. A writer of history cannot be shown in consequence of his business more sensitive than a seller of horses, nor is it self-evident that the mind of a man who composes poetry is more delicate than that of a pastrycook. The melancholy Cowley wisely went only so far from the bustle of life as that he might easily find his way back, and Prior's propensity to sordid converse is well known. But allowing the greater sensibility of men of letters, they do not therefore necessarily fare, on the whole, the worse. If they have higher pains, they have also higher pleasures. If the poet, as Isaac Disraeli tells us, it is doubtful on what authority, feels neglect as an ordinary man would feel the sensation of being let down into a sepulchre and buried alive, he obtains as much dreamy delight from multiplying his future fame as the Barber's Fifth Brother Alnaschar from the imagined increase of his inheritance of a hundred drachms of silver. For the ordinary literary man is only sensitive inasmuch as he is vain.

The literary constitution seems by nature surcharged with black bile. For one fellow of infinite jest, you shall find more than fourscore men of sorrows—in their books. But we know by experience that the printed versions of their own wretchedness are not always true. Some of their Complaints, their Epicedia, their In Memoriams, their Elegies, their mournful rhymes would go near to break our hearts for very sympathy's sake, were it not for nature's suggestion that there can be but little suffering in so loud a symphony, and the recollection that our rhymers, like the old shepherd in the ballad, must sometimes feign themselves wretched to show they have wit. When Young, from whom had he been made a bishop the world would probably have had no *Complaint*, on the occasion of a family bereavement common to human kind, observed that midnight was sunshine compared to the colour of his fate, the exaggeration of his expression casts a doubt on the sincerity of his sentiment. We look upon it as a mere stratagem of speech, and we are inclined to estimate nine-tenths of the wailing burden of his song at little more value than the chattering of a swallow on a barn. Young, however, was able to suffer in silence. He wrote an epitaph for his footman, describing him as a person of perfect piety, and lamb-like patience, but we have from him no obituary evidence of the virtues of his wife. Poets have, of all literary personages, probably suffered the most, which is indeed only natural, as they are least wanted by a world which professes to honour them so highly. But if it is their vanity which makes the sentence of public opinion press hot and heavy upon them, like a tailor's goose, it is also their vanity which prevents that iron instrument uncurling a single hair of their self-satisfaction. A little more of censure, which another might easily ford, would indeed drown them, were they not sustained by

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an airy opinion of their own merits. Herrick was doubtless made miserable by the slow sale of his *Hesperides*, and mourned the meagre revenue of his rhymes; but, on the other hand, he consoled himself with his vast superiority to his fellow-citizens of Devonshire, boors, rocky, currish, and churlish as their seas. What a crowd of indignant versifiers, who have supplied fuel for many a kitchen fire, have refreshed themselves with reflections on the gross stupidity of their age!

Curious schemes have been devised to ameliorate the condition of literary men. Some kind people would feed their vanity, others fill their purses, others build for them a sort of literary Refuge or Scholastic Home.

Thus a proposition was made in Parliament, about forty years ago, that authors of merit should have assigned to them a blue riband of distinction, as the recognition by a grateful country of their literary service. The proposition was opposed by Sir Robert Peel. It is by no means clear that it would have conduced to the general advantage. Probably some disturbance would attend the distribution of the reward. "For myself," said Southey, "if we had a Guelphic order, I should prefer to remain a Ghibelline." Goldsmith would have regarded it as a solemn presentation of a pair of lace ruffles to a man without a shirt. Since then the idea of a kind of Victoria Cross order of literary merit has been, from time to time, revived by sanguine enthusiasts. It were indeed a pretty sight to see Goethe or Cervantes, Tasso or Camoens, Milton or Voltaire, decorated with a bit of coloured ribbon and a metal disc, like some master of the ceremonies at a ball, or a parish beadle.

Kind-hearted folk have gone so far as to propose the erection in our metropolis of a hospital for invalided men of letters, an asylum for incurables, after the fashion of that Attic Bee, Urban VIII. Surely these have not considered that the Christian charity of a generous public has already nobly testified its sense of the eminent services and valuable works of scholars, distinguished in any branch of art or science, by the munificent sum of, it is said, at least 1,000*l*., to be divided among three or four dozen recipients. Men who, by a scorn of delights and a life of days of labour, have contributed to the renown and prosperity of their country, are not, at all events in England, without their reward. But the difficulty lies in inducing men of genius to avail themselves of any monetary emolument. The very idea of it distorts their faces like the Sardinian herb. You will not divert them from their one pursuit of human good by a golden apple. In their thirst for others' welfare, drops of wisdom are to them of more value than seas of wealth. They have taken learning not as a mistress for delight, not as a slave for profit, but as a wife for generation. Each of these citizens of an ideal republic has already found, or seems to himself to have found, the pearl of great price, and cares not a rotten nut for lesser treasure. But though the great heir of fame will not stretch forth his hand to receive our paltry pittance, yet is our recognition of literary desert none the less commendable. Nor is it a

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new thing among us. Erudition was not always without its reward in the old time before us. The celebrated antiquary Stowe lived in the reign of James I. He spent his life and means in a learned compilation of the chronicles of his country. In grateful remembrance of his deserts he was actually permitted, by letters patent of our most literary monarch, to collect, at the age of eighty, alms for himself. Nor was the nation slow to answer the appeal allowed by the kindness of its sovereign. One parish alone contributed *7s.* 6*d.* in the course of a single year. Such excellent cause had this patriotic tailor to thank God he was born an Englishman. This happened in a time when, owing to a want of reflection rather than of good nature in the British public, the present literary fund for the relief of impecunious authors had not been provided. Will it be believed that to such institutions objections have been raised? The younger Pitt expressed his opinion that they were a mistake. He considered that literature and the fine arts ought to be left to find their own price in the market, like sago or loaf-sugar. He doubted whether the public money could be employed worse than in bribing potentially good haberdashers to become bad historians, or in seducing a citizen, who served the State well as an excellent pork-butcher, to withdraw his services to his country by sinking into an execrable poet. Macaulay also has placed upon record his judgment that such asylums are fatal to literary integrity and independence. There might be some force in this objection if authors were, as a rule, a venal class of men. But it is well known that only the lowest sort of them is animated by the desire of lucre. The scorn with which Isaac Disraeli speaks of the professional author is shared by all those good men who, being unable to procure a price for their own work, see others prostituting the Muses, making a market of their meditations, and lowering the dignity of literature by selling it at so much a line. The nobler writers of every age and country have written for nothing. They have made books only for the pleasures of authorship, and the humane desire of benefiting their race. For them literature, like virtue in this ignorant and vicious world, was its own reward. They turned not their faces to the sight of gold, as the sunflower turns (in poetry) to the sun. They have not debased their genius by exposing it for hire, nor diluted the benefits they confer on a foolish generation by the degrading motive of the hope of profit.

The chief glory of every people arises from its authors, said Dr. Johnson, in the preface to his *Dictionary*. In a private conversation with Boswell, the same great authority expressed it as his opinion that the man who writes except for money is a fool. The nobler writers are quite prepared to endorse the former, but are far from being willing to accept the latter remark. It is but a poor mercenary soul at the best, they tell us, which will condescend to work for gold. That is not their promised land. It may be the low sordid aim and ambition of the cold calculating natures of the hewers of wood and drawers of water. It may

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requite the services of the statesman, the lawyer, the soldier, and the priest. But the literary genius of the best kind is content only with immortality. In the fever of the desire of fame that genius feels no famine, nay, it holds itself blessed by the accompaniment of worldly tribulation, and, in the words of Madame de Staël, *n'en veut qu'à la gloire*. Let the gross and unapprehensive dullard fall foul of fame as a foolish fire, and rail at reputation as an airy bubble, it is after these only that your men of genuine literary genius gape. And if this fruit of their labours is forbidden them by the barbarous indifference or yet baser detraction of their age; if, in their case, as in that of the unlucky author of the *Polyalbion*, the devil has drawn a cloud over the world's judgment of their works, they console themselves with the consciousness of their own merit, and piously regard the utter neglect of their unselfish efforts for the world's improvement as one of those mysteries of Providence which no man can understand. Nay, they still steadfastly believe, with the strength of a lively and sincere faith, that though during their earthly course toil and loss have been their only portion, yet after death their talents will be esteemed and their assiduity admired by posterity. Then will their names be where they should be, engraven on the northern walls of the Temple of Fame, with those of the ingenious and the enlightened, the wise and the good. Then at last, when all envy has passed away, and things may be seen as they really are, will the high-souled, though hitherto unappreciated, epic poet, shine out at once in effulgent splendour like an April sun from behind a dark bank of cloud, and the modest lyrist will incontinently burst the bonds of long and cold neglect as the humble violet breaks first out of winter's frost into purple blossom. If any good-natured friend remind them that this possibility of posthumous repute will at the best endure but a little while, they become deaf as adders to his address. They reck not that of the far greater majority of the literary heroes in Hallam's History of Europe's Literature, not a dozen of the present generation have ever read a line. They look over the index of Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, and chance upon such unfamiliar, but once famous, names as Duke and Pomfret, Broome and Sprat, Stepney and Golden, but never dream their names too can ever be forgotten and out of mind like these. The few lines in the Biographical Dictionary, becoming fewer with every new edition and greater press of matter, may serve for others, but not for them. Theirs are not the fast-fading inscriptions on the tombstones in the intellectual churchyard. Their monuments will never be removed for those of others, will never lean on one side, will never become illegible. They will remain constant as the Polar Star in the firmament, and not like comets, moving in hyperbolic orbits, glitter only for a season and then fade away into distant space for ever.

The very sight of pens and ink fills some men immediately with a peculiar rapture. They will, for their own amusement or at the request of friends as well known as the "Old Soldier" was in charity lists, transcribe

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what has been too often already transcribed. They will translate what no man wishes translated, flattering themselves, after a cruel murder, that they have struck out the true sense, as indeed too often they have; they will copy what no man cares for; they will edit, with or without an introduction, what no man understands. Their malady tends to make others miserable, but they themselves are happy. They are ready and willing to write on any subject under the sun. They pay little regard to the advice of Horace touching a nine years' delay, or the example of Boileau. They know not, neither do they care, whether their shoulders are suited to the burden. Their ardour of composition far outshines their discretion. They have the hundred hands of Briareus, but less than the ordinary allotment of eyes. They will trust themselves to air before examining whether their wings are of wax. They love their works, however wearisome, as a fond mother loves her baby, however hideous. The writing of their books begets more pleasure than the reading; but, on the other hand, the sleep which they themselves lost lies hid for others beneath their leaves.

A man of this sort never reflects how serious a matter it is to put a writing into another man's hands, nor does he consider whether, after the publication of so many volumes, the exigencies of Church or State or the general public are likely to ask for one more composed by himself. His application is unwearied in cooking, in his own, or more frequently other men's caldrons, such food as it is given to few to devour and to none to digest. The immensity of his voluminous folios, littered in an evil hour, tires the most active imagination. He longs to set his babes by the columns of the Sosii, to see them advertised for sale in Paternoster Row. But such a man is one of whom it behoves the boldest of the tribe of booksellers and publishers to beware. His assiduity will send them to the almshouse. He is not of those of whom it is said, They enriched others—meaning the booksellers—themselves they cannot enrich. Let the wary tradesman hesitate before he buys his wares. There is a tale told of Drayton's stationer, who published eighteen books of his herculean labour known as the *Polyolbion*, a work imperfectly appreciated, that the poor man refused from sheer want of resources to print the nineteenth. Mark the action of the aggrieved poet! He not only abused his own bookseller, but anathematised the race. He was not content to dwell in decencies. "They are," quoth he, "a company of base knaves, whom I scorn and kick at." Their chief offence appears to have been accepting works of other authors which would sell, works which the good Drayton alluded to as beastly and abominable trash. *Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?*

The victims of literary cacoethes will continue to write, though what they write be nought. They vomit emptiness, and feel—to borrow the expression of the great Lexicographer—the convulsions of eructation without its plenitude. In prolific creation, at least, such literary spiders remind us of Thomas Aquinas with his seventeen folios, which have

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now, perhaps, scarce seventeen readers; of Voltaire, and Sir Walter Scott; of Jeremy Taylor, and Richard Baxter; but, unfortunately, the quality of their work is in inverse ratio to its quantity. They may be ridiculed for the vanity of their labours, but they will wear public scorn as a garland. They will not, as Anne Bullen did, think it better to dwell with humble livers in content than to be perked up in a glistening grief and wear a golden sorrow. You shall find those who will pride themselves on such novels as recall the *Clélie*, in ten volumes, of Madelène du Scudéri, or her *Grand Cyrus*, in twelve. Their publisher will duly admonish them that their works, if put into boards, will be spoilt for waste paper, and not be suitable even for the street which sells odours and incense; they care not. If they obtain no reputation, they wish for none; or, if they do wish for it, why then the desire is better than the fruition. As Uncle Toby in the construction of his mimic fortifications, his banquets, and several parapets in his bowling-green, conceived he was answering the great end of his creation, so these, in their scribbling, think they are answering theirs. In this happy delusion they live; in this happy delusion they die, and, dying, leave no line they wish to blot.

In the categories of calamitous authors the names of such as these occupy a prominent place. They certainly suffer many things. The critics review their works unfavourably, or never review them at all; their souls see the extremities of time and fortune, but they cannot despair; they dedicate their books, in lurid irony, "to any that will read them," but no power of men can stop their writing them. It were all one to attempt to make rivers flow upward or flames descend. Surely nothing but an extreme delight can lend them such persistence in their labour. The satisfaction, too, is theirs of leaving the perverse generation that appreciates them not to the curses of posterity. Poor Michael Drayton drank deeply of the waters of this fountain of consolation. In the thirtieth song of his *Chorographical Description* he speaks of nine-tenths of the public of his time as a bestial rout, a boorish rabblement, stony dull, and with brains of slime, a fry of hell defiled in their own filth.

The wolf attacks with his tooth, the bull with his horn, and the man of letters with his pen. Examples are not rare. Dryden, being much disturbed in mind by the success of Settle's *Empress of Morocco*, characterised some part of that performance as "hodge-podge, Dutch grout, giblet porridge;" while of another part, in which he thought he had detected some confusion of language, he elegantly observed that Settle "writ these lines, surely, aboard some smack in a storm, and being sea-sick spewed up a good lump of clotted nonsense at once." Warburton spoke of Zachary Grey's notes to *Hudibras* in much the same style. He had himself contributed to them, but afterwards quarrelled with Grey; so he "hardly thinks there ever appeared so execrable a heap of nonsense under the name of Commentaries." Tom Nash, having taken umbrage at Gabriel Harvey, the Hobinol of Spenser, compared that gentleman's com-

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plexion to reasty bacon, or a dried skate; he spoke of his father, a respectable manufacturer of ropes, as a halter-maker. He also made a mock of Gabriel's meat, which seems to have been altogether of a rude and inexpensive character. He fed, says the facetious Nash, on trotters, sheep's porknells, and buttered roots, in an hexameter meditation. The generous disposition of the delicate-worded Smollett disdained not to satirise Akenside in his description of the dinner after the ancients in *Peregrine Pickle*. Some amiable critic—the poet-priest Milman, or Southey, or Barrow—cut up Keats in the *Quarterly*. The results were untoward, if Shelley was not mistaken in this matter. If, however, with Byron, we think

> 'Tis strange the mind, that very fiery particle,
> Should let itself be snuffed out by an article,

and attribute the death of the author of *Endymion* to consumption rather than criticism, we may yet regard the Review as contributing in no very great degree to his comfort. Pope, who placed Theobald at the head of his *Dunciad* for the sole crime of having revised Shakspeare more happily than himself, when attacked in his turn by Cibber, used to say, "These things are my diversion." But we all remember how Richardson one day, observing Pope's features writhing with anguish on the perusal of a sarcastic pamphlet of his antagonist, devoutly prayed to be preserved from such diversion as had been on that occasion the lot of Pope.

The flaying of the Phrygian piper Marsyas by Apollo is perhaps but a figure to represent the scathing effects of the scorn of the superior player on the nervous sensibility of Marsyas, overcome, in open day, in sight of all the Dryad maids of Nysa. But this is the action, not only of literary, but of human nature. The potter is not remarkable for his goodwill to his brother-potter, nor the carpenter to his brother-carpenter: as little the scribe to his brother-scribe. Men of letters, as in other professions, reciprocally make—willingly on the one side, unwillingly on the other—each other's misery. Sometimes one writer of a little reputation introduces, with many kind and complimentary observations, another of less to an editor or publisher of discernment. In the course of time the introduced, by his superior sagacity, outshines the introducer. The introducer does not thereupon always embrace the introduced with the congratulations of sincere delight upon his well-merited success; he is not invariably pleased with the praises of his friend and *protégé*. The unhappy introduced having written a good book, and justified the kind observations of the introducer, innocently supposes that the links of their amity will become stronger. This is far from being the usual result. Cases have been known in which such a work has turned the milk of friendship into gall, changed the amiable intercourse of affectionate letters into libels teeming with virulent invective, and made out of a boon companion an enemy for life. The writer, solely on account of his success, is surprised to find the man of his own house—his own familiar friend—lifting up his heel against him. The smell of his good fame drives that

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other to distraction, as a cat, according to Plutarch, is driven mad by the smell of ointments. He is accused by his former benefactor of the basest ingratitude. He might have broken the aged neck of his benefactor's father, and welcome, but his present offence is unpardonable. His meat is seasoned with the reproaches of his associate. He bears it all, for a while, in silence; but even the literary worm will turn at last. For a time he takes no notice, till the nipping taunts of his famous work—like currents of cold air, or the tedious buzzings of an idle gnat—have grown into personal calumny, touching himself or his blameless ancestors; then he turns. Then a mighty contest commences—such a fight as was once fought between Dryden and Elkanah Settle, or between Theobald and Pope, or between Addison and Dennis—fights, formerly fashionable, which have long been relegated by literary men as productive of dishonour both to their profession and themselves. Then it little avails either party to have learnt faithfully the ingenuous arts. They become ferocious, and their manners are the reverse of soft. The amiable Milton calls his antagonist Salmasius many hard names, such as runagate and superlative fool, hare-brained blunderbuss and senseless bawler, cuckoo and dunghill cock. Salmasius, with equal urbanity, speaks of Milton as a homuncule, a fanatical robber, and an impure beast; holds his continued existence as a direct fraud on the hangman, and deems his execrable life ought to have ended long ago in boiling oil or burning pitch.

The controversy on "Free Will" has been the occasion of no little free speech. Erasmus wrote some bitter things about Luther in his *Hyperaspistes, or Defender of Free Will.* Luther thereon felt himself necessitated to say that Erasmus, of Rotterdam, was the vilest miscreant that ever disgraced the earth; "whatever I pray," he says in the *Table Talk*, "I pray for a curse upon Erasmus." Neither his holy life nor doctrine could protect Athanasius from being accused, by Arius, as a traitor and a poisoner, a sorcerer and a homicide. The early Christian writers concur in abusing each other like a pack of thieves. Pretty samples of ecclesiastical snarling may be collected from the works of Calvin. The quarrels of Jonson and Decker, Hobbes and Wallis, Swift and Steele, Warburton and Edwards, have been carefully collated by the industry of Isaac Disraeli. Pope said that Bentley made Horace dull and humbled Milton, and Bentley called Pope a portentous cub. Of such a nature were the amenities of language between the living; nor has the leonine tooth of literary censure been idle with regard to the dead. The learned crow is not without supreme difficulty detached from his selected carcase. That he never spared asperity of reproach or brutality of insolence is not the worst thing said of Milton by Dr. Johnson, and the being whom Boswell regarded with awful reverence becomes little of a hero to Macaulay, while Walpole represents him as an odious and mean character, with a nature arrogant and overbearing, and with manners sordid, supercilious, and brutal!

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Washington Square.*

XIX.

It was for reasons connected with this determination that on the morrow he sought a few words of private conversation with Mrs. Penniman. He sent for her to the library, and he there informed her that he hoped very much that, as regarded this affair of Catherine's, she would mind her *p*'s and *q*'s.

"I don't know what you mean by such an expression," said his sister. "You speak as if I were learning the alphabet."

"The alphabet of common sense is something you will never learn," the Doctor permitted himself to respond.

"Have you called me here to insult me?" Mrs. Penniman inquired.

"Not at all. Simply to advise you. You have taken up young Townsend; that's your own affair. I have nothing to do with your sentiments, your fancies, your affections, your delusions; but what I request of you is that you will keep these things to yourself. I have explained my views to Catherine; she understands them perfectly, and anything that she does further in the way of encouraging Mr. Townsend's attentions will be in deliberate opposition to my wishes. Anything that you should do in the way of giving her aid and comfort will be—permit me the expression—distinctly treasonable. You know high treason is a capital offence; take care how you incur the penalty."

Mrs. Penniman threw back her head, with a certain expansion of the eye which she occasionally practised. "It seems to me that you talk like a great autocrat."

"I talk like my daughter's father."

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"MY DEAR GOOD GIRL!" HE EXCLAIMED, AND THEN LOOKED UP RATHER VAGUELY.

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"Not like your sister's brother!" cried Lavinia.

"My dear Lavinia," said the Doctor, "I sometimes wonder whether I am your brother; we are so extremely different. In spite of differences, however, we can, at a pinch, understand each other; and that is the essential thing just now. Walk straight with regard to Mr. Townsend; that's all I ask. It is highly probable you have been corresponding with him for the last three weeks—perhaps even seeing him. I don't ask you—you needn't tell me." He had a moral conviction that she would contrive to tell a fib about the matter, which it would disgust him to listen to. "Whatever you have done, stop doing it; that's all I wish."

"Don't you wish also by chance to murder your child?" Mrs. Penniman inquired.

"On the contrary, I wish to make her live and be happy."

"You will kill her; she passed a dreadful night."

"She won't die of one dreadful night, nor of a dozen. Remember that I am a distinguished physician."

Mrs. Penniman hesitated a moment; then she risked her retort. "Your being a distinguished physician has not prevented you from already losing *two members* of your family!"

She had risked it, but her brother gave her such a terribly incisive look—a look so like a surgeon's lancet—that she was frightened at her courage. And he answered her in words that corresponded to the look: "It may not prevent me, either, from losing the society of still another!"

Mrs. Penniman took herself off, with whatever air of depreciated merit was at her command, and repaired to Catherine's room, where the poor girl was closeted. She knew all about her dreadful night, for the two had met again, the evening before, after Catherine left her father. Mrs. Penniman was on the landing of the second floor when her niece came upstairs; it was not remarkable that a person of so much subtlety should have discovered that Catherine had been shut up with the Doctor. It was still less remarkable that she should have felt an extreme curiosity to learn the result of this interview, and that this sentiment, combined with her great amiability and generosity, should have prompted her to regret the sharp words lately exchanged between her niece and herself. As the unhappy girl came into sight, in the dusky corridor, she made a lively demonstration of sympathy. Catherine's bursting heart was equally oblivious; she only knew that her aunt was taking her into her arms. Mrs. Penniman drew her into Catherine's own room, and the two women sat there together, far into the small hours; the younger one with her head on the other's lap, sobbing and sobbing at first in a soundless, stifled manner, and then at last perfectly still. It gratified Mrs. Penniman to be able to feel conscientiously that this scene virtually removed the interdict which Catherine had placed upon her indulging in further communion with Morris Townsend. She

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was not gratified, however, when, in coming back to her niece's room before breakfast, she found that Catherine had risen and was preparing herself for this meal.

"You should not go to breakfast," she said; "you are not well enough, after your fearful night."

"Yes, I am very well, and I am only afraid of being late."

"I can't understand you!" Mrs. Penniman cried. "You should stay in bed for three days."

"Oh, I could never do that!" said Catherine, to whom this idea presented no attractions.

Mrs. Penniman was in despair, and she noted, with extreme annoyance, that the trace of the night's tears had completely vanished from Catherine's eyes. She had a most impracticable *physique*. "What effect do you expect to have upon your father," her aunt demanded, "if you come plumping down, without a vestige of any sort of feeling, as if nothing in the world had happened?"

"He would not like me to lie in bed," said Catherine, simply.

"All the more reason for your doing it. How else do you expect to move him?"

Catherine thought a little. "I don't know how; but not in that way. I wish to be just as usual." And she finished dressing, and, according to her aunt's expression, went plumping down into the paternal presence. She was really too modest for consistent pathos.

And yet it was perfectly true that she had had a dreadful night. Even after Mrs. Penniman left her, she had had no sleep; she lay staring at the uncomforting gloom, with her eyes and ears filled with the movement with which her father had turned her out of his room, and of the words in which he had told her that she was a heartless daughter. Her heart was breaking; she had heart enough for that. At moments it seemed to her that she believed him, and that to do what she was doing, a girl must indeed be bad. She *was* bad; but she couldn't help it. She would try to appear good, even if her heart were perverted; and from time to time she had a fancy that she might accomplish something by ingenious concessions to form, though she should persist in caring for Morris. Catherine's ingenuities were indefinite, and we are not called upon to expose their hollowness. The best of them perhaps showed itself in that freshness of aspect which was so discouraging to Mrs. Penniman, who was amazed at the absence of haggardness in a young woman who for a whole night had lain quivering beneath a father's curse. Poor Catherine was conscious of her freshness; it gave her a feeling about the future which rather added to the weight upon her mind. It seemed a proof that she was strong and solid and dense, and would live to a great age—longer than might be generally convenient; and this idea was depressing, for it appeared to saddle her with a pretension the more, just when the cultivation of any pretension was inconsistent with her doing right. She wrote that day to Morris

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Townsend, requesting him to come and see her on the morrow; using very few words, and explaining nothing. She would explain everything face to face.

XX.

On the morrow, in the afternoon, she heard his voice at the door, and his step in the hall. She received him in the big, bright front-parlour, and she instructed the servant that if any one should call she was particularly engaged. She was not afraid of her father's coming in, for at that hour he was always driving about town. When Morris stood there before her, the first thing that she was conscious of was that he was even more beautiful to look at than fond recollection had painted him; the next was that he had pressed her in his arms. When she was free again it appeared to her that she had now indeed thrown herself into the gulf of defiance, and even, for an instant, that she had been married to him.

He told her that she had been very cruel, and had made him very unhappy; and Catherine felt acutely the difficulty of her destiny, which forced her to give pain in such opposite quarters. But she wished that, instead of reproaches, however tender, he would give her help; he was certainly wise enough, and clever enough, to invent some issue from their troubles. She expressed this belief, and Morris received the assurance as if he thought it natural; but he interrogated, at first—as was natural too—rather than committed himself to marking out a course.

"You should not have made me wait so long," he said. "I don't know how I have been living; every hour seemed like years. You should have decided sooner."

"Decided?" Catherine asked.

"Decided whether you would keep me or give me up."

"Oh, Morris," she cried, with a long tender murmur, "I never thought of giving you up!"

"What, then, were you waiting for?" The young man was ardently logical.

"I thought my father might—might——" and she hesitated.

"Might see how unhappy you were?"

"Oh, no! But that he might look at it differently."

"And now you have sent for me to tell me that at last he does so. Is that it?"

This hypothetical optimism gave the poor girl a pang. "No, Morris," she said solemnly, "he looks at it still in the same way."

"Then why have you sent for me?"

"Because I wanted to see you!" cried Catherine, piteously.

"That's an excellent reason, surely. But did you want to look at me only? Have you nothing to tell me?"

His beautiful persuasive eyes were fixed upon her face, and she wondered what answer would be noble enough to make to such a gaze as that. For a moment her own eyes took it in, and then—"I *did* want

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to look at you!" she said, gently. But after this speech, most inconsistently, she hid her face.

Morris watched her for a moment, attentively. "Will you marry me to-morrow?" he asked suddenly.

"To-morrow?"

"Next week, then. Any time within a month."

"Isn't it better to wait?" said Catherine.

"To wait for what?"

She hardly knew for what; but this tremendous leap alarmed her. "Till we have thought about it a little more."

He shook his head, sadly and reproachfully. "I thought you had been thinking about it these three weeks. Do you want to turn it over in your mind for five years? You have given me more than time enough. My poor girl," he added in a moment, "you are not sincere!"

Catherine coloured from brow to chin, and her eyes filled with tears. "Oh, how can you say that?" she murmured.

"Why, you must take me or leave me," said Morris, very reasonably. "You can't please your father and me both; you must choose between us."

"I have chosen you!" she said, passionately.

"Then marry me next week."

She stood gazing at him. "Isn't there any other way?"

"None that I know of for arriving at the same result. If there is, I should be happy to hear of it."

Catherine could think of nothing of the kind, and Morris's luminosity seemed almost pitiless. The only thing she could think of was that her father might after all come round, and she articulated, with an awkward sense of her helplessness in doing so, a wish that this miracle might happen.

"Do you think it is in the least degree likely?" Morris asked.

"It would be, if he could only know you!"

"He can know me if he will. What is to prevent it?"

"His ideas, his reasons," said Catherine. "They are so—so terribly strong." She trembled with the recollection of them yet.

"Strong?" cried Morris. "I would rather you should think them weak."

"Oh, nothing about my father is weak!" said the girl.

Morris turned away, walking to the window, where he stood looking out. "You are terribly afraid of him!" he remarked at last.

She felt no impulse to deny it, because she had no shame in it; for if it was no honour to herself, at least it was an honour to him. "I suppose I must be," she said, simply.

"Then you don't love me—not as I love you. If you fear your father more than you love me, then your love is not what I hoped it was."

"Ah, my friend!" she said, going to him.

"Do *I* fear anything?" he demanded, turning round on her. "For your sake what am I not ready to face?"

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"You are noble—you are brave!" she answered, stopping short at a distance that was almost respectful.

"Small good it does me, if you are so timid."

"I don't think I am—*really*," said Catherine.

"I don't know what you mean by 'really.' It is really enough to make us miserable."

"I should be strong enough to wait—to wait a long time."

"And suppose after a long time your father should hate me worse than ever?"

"He wouldn't—he couldn't!"

"He would be touched by my fidelity? Is that what you mean? If he is so easily touched, then why should you be afraid of him?"

This was much to the point, and Catherine was struck by it. "I will try not to be," she said. And she stood there, submissively, the image, in advance, of a dutiful and responsible wife. This image could not fail to recommend itself to Morris Townsend, and he continued to give proof of the high estimation in which he held her. It could only have been at the prompting of such a sentiment that he presently mentioned to her that the course recommended by Mrs. Penniman was an immediate union, regardless of consequences.

"Yes, Aunt Penniman would like that," Catherine said, simply—and yet with a certain shrewdness. It must, however, have been in pure simplicity, and from motives quite untouched by sarcasm, that, a few moments after, she went on to say to Morris that her father had given her a message for him. It was quite on her conscience to deliver this message, and had the mission been ten times more painful she would have as scrupulously performed it. "He told me to tell you—to tell you very distinctly, and directly from himself, that if I marry without his consent, I shall not inherit a penny of his fortune. He made a great point of this. He seemed to think—he seemed to think——"

Morris flushed, as any young man of spirit might have flushed at an imputation of baseness.

"What did he seem to think?"

"That it would make a difference."

"It *will* make a difference—in many things. We shall be by many thousands of dollars the poorer; and that is a great difference. But it will make none in my affection."

"We shall not want the money," said Catherine; "for you know I have a good deal myself."

"Yes, my dear girl, I know you have something. And he can't touch that!"

"He would never," said Catherine. "My mother left it to me."

Morris was silent awhile. "He was very positive about this, was he?" he asked at last. "He thought such a message would annoy me terribly, and make me throw off the mask, eh?"

"I don't know what he thought," said Catherine, sadly.

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"Please tell him that I care for his message as much as for that!" And Morris snapped his fingers sonorously.

"I don't think I could tell him that."

"Do you know you sometimes disappoint me?" said Morris.

"I should think I might. I disappoint every one—father and Aunt Penniman."

"Well, it doesn't matter with me, because I am fonder of you than they are."

"Yes, Morris," said the girl, with her imagination—what there was of it—swimming in this happy truth, which seemed, after all, invidious to no one.

"Is it your belief that he will stick to it—stick to it for ever, to this idea of disinheriting you?—that your goodness and patience will never wear out his cruelty?"

"The trouble is that if I marry you, he will think I am not good. He will think that a proof."

"Ah, then, he will never forgive you!"

This idea, sharply expressed by Morris's handsome lips, renewed for a moment, to the poor girl's temporarily pacified conscience, all its dreadful vividness. "Oh, you must love me very much!" she cried.

"There is no doubt of that, my dear!" her lover rejoined. "You don't like that word 'disinherited,'" he added in a moment.

"It isn't the money; it is that he should—that he should feel so."

"I suppose it seems to you a kind of curse," said Morris. "It must be very dismal. But don't you think," he went on presently, "that if you were to try to be very clever, and to set rightly about it, you might in the end conjure it away? Don't you think," he continued further, in a tone of sympathetic speculation, "that a really clever woman, in your place, might bring him round at last? Don't you think——"

Here, suddenly, Morris was interrupted; these ingenious inquiries had not reached Catherine's ears. The terrible word "disinheritance," with all its impressive moral reprobation, was still ringing there; seemed indeed to gather force as it lingered. The mortal chill of her situation struck more deeply into her child-like heart, and she was overwhelmed by a feeling of loneliness and danger. But her refuge was there, close to her, and she put out her hands to grasp it. "Ah, Morris," she said, with a shudder, "I will marry you as soon as you please!" And she surrendered herself, leaning her head on his shoulder.

"My dear good girl!" he exclaimed, looking down at his prize. And then he looked up again, rather vaguely, with parted lips and lifted eyebrows.

XXI.

Doctor Sloper very soon imparted his conviction to Mrs. Almond, in the same terms in which he had announced it to himself. "She's going to stick, by Jove! she's going to stick."

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"Do you mean that she is going to marry him?" Mrs. Almond inquired.

"I don't know that; but she is not going to break down. She is going to drag out the engagement, in the hope of making me relent."

"And shall you not relent?"

"Shall a geometrical proposition relent? I am not so superficial."

"Doesn't geometry treat of surfaces?" asked Mrs. Almond, who, as we know, was clever, smiling.

"Yes; but it treats of them profoundly. Catherine and her young man are my surfaces; I have taken their measure."

"You speak as if it surprised you."

"It is immense; there will be a great deal to observe."

"You are shockingly cold-blooded!" said Mrs. Almond.

"I need to be, with all this hot blood about me. Young Townsend indeed is cool; I must allow him that merit."

"I can't judge him," Mrs. Almond answered; "but I am not at all surprised at Catherine."

"I confess I am a little; she must have been so deucedly divided and bothered."

"Say it amuses you outright! I don't see why it should be such a joke that your daughter adores you."

"It is the point where the adoration stops that I find it interesting to fix."

"It stops where the other sentiment begins."

"Not at all—that would be simple enough. The two things are extremely mixed up, and the mixture is extremely odd. It will produce some third element, and that's what I am waiting to see. I wait with suspense—with positive excitement; and that is a sort of emotion that I didn't suppose Catherine would ever provide for me. I am really very much obliged to her."

"She will cling," said Mrs. Almond; "she will certainly cling."

"Yes; as I say, she will stick."

"Cling is prettier. That's what those very simple natures always do, and nothing could be simpler than Catherine. She doesn't take many impressions; but when she takes one she keeps it. She is like a copper kettle that receives a dent; you may polish up the kettle, but you can't efface the mark."

"We must try and polish up Catherine," said the Doctor. "I will take her to Europe."

"She won't forget him in Europe."

"He will forget her, then."

Mrs. Almond looked grave. "Should you really like that?"

"Extremely!" said the Doctor.

Mrs. Penniman, meanwhile, lost little time in putting herself again in communication with Morris Townsend. She requested him to favour her with another interview, but she did not on this occasion select an

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oyster-saloon as the scene of their meeting. She proposed that he should join her at the door of a certain church, after service on Sunday afternoon, and she was careful not to appoint the place of worship which she usually visited, and where, as she said, the congregation would have spied upon her. She picked out a less elegant resort, and on issuing from its portal at the hour she had fixed she saw the young man standing apart. She offered him no recognition till she had crossed the street and he had followed her to some distance. Here, with a smile—"Excuse my apparent want of cordiality," she said. "You know what to believe about that. Prudence before everything." And on his asking her in what direction they should walk, "Where we shall be least observed," she murmured.

Morris was not in high good-humour, and his response to this speech was not particularly gallant. "I don't flatter myself we shall be much observed anywhere." Then he turned recklessly toward the centre of the town. "I hope you have come to tell me that he has knocked under," he went on.

"I am afraid I am not altogether a harbinger of good; and yet, too, I am to a certain extent a messenger of peace. I have been thinking a great deal, Mr. Townsend," said Mrs. Penniman.

"You think too much."

"I suppose I do; but I can't help it, my mind is so terribly active. When I give myself, I give myself. I pay the penalty in my headaches, my famous headaches—a perfect circlet of pain! But I carry it as a queen carries her crown. Would you believe that I have one now? I wouldn't, however, have missed our rendezvous for anything. I have something very important to tell you."

"Well, let's have it," said Morris.

"I was perhaps a little headlong the other day in advising you to marry immediately. I have been thinking it over, and now I see it just a little differently."

"You seem to have a great many different ways of seeing the same object."

"Their number is infinite!" said Mrs. Penniman, in a tone which seemed to suggest that this convenient faculty was one of her brightest attributes.

"I recommend you to take one way and stick to it," Morris replied.

"Ah! but it isn't easy to choose. My imagination is never quiet, never satisfied. It makes me a bad adviser, perhaps; but it makes me a capital friend!"

"A capital friend who gives bad advice!" said Morris.

"Not intentionally—and who hurries off, at every risk, to make the most humble excuses!"

"Well, what do you advise me now?"

"To be very patient; to watch and wait."

"And is that bad advice or good?"

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"That s not for me to say," Mrs. Penniman rejoined, with some dignity. "I only claim it is sincere."

"And will you come to me next week and recommend something different and equally sincere?"

"I may come to you next week and tell you that I am in the streets!"

"In the streets?"

"I have had a terrible scene with my brother, and he threatens, if anything happens, to turn me out of the house. You know I am a poor woman."

Morris had a speculative idea that she had a little property; but he naturally did not press this.

"I should be very sorry to see you suffer martyrdom for me," he said. "But you make your brother out a regular Turk."

Mrs. Penniman hesitated a little.

"I certainly do not regard Austin as an orthodox Christian."

"And am I to wait till he is converted?"

"Wait at any rate till he is less violent. Bide your time, Mr. Townsend; remember the prize is great!"

Morris walked along some time in silence, tapping the railings and gateposts very sharply with his stick.

"You certainly are devilish inconsistent!" he broke out at last. "I have already got Catherine to consent to a private marriage."

Mrs. Penniman was indeed inconsistent, for at this news she gave a little jump of gratification.

"Oh! when and where?" she cried. And then she stopped short.

Morris was a little vague about this.

"That isn't fixed; but she consents. It's deuced awkward, now, to back out."

Mrs. Penniman, as I say, had stopped short; and she stood there with her eyes fixed, brilliantly, on her companion.

"Mr. Townsend," she proceeded, "shall I tell you something? Catherine loves you so much that you may do anything."

This declaration was slightly ambiguous, and Morris opened his eyes.

"I am happy to hear it! But what do you mean by 'anything'?"

"You may postpone—you may change about; she won't think the worse of you."

Morris stood there still, with his raised eyebrows; then he said simply and rather dryly—"Ah!" After this he remarked to Mrs. Penniman that if she walked so slowly she would attract notice, and he succeeded, after a fashion, in hurrying her back to the domicile of which her tenure had become so insecure.

XXII.

He had slightly misrepresented the matter in saying that Catherine had consented to take the great step. We left her just now declaring that

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she would burn her ships behind her; but Morris, after having elicited this declaration, had become conscious of good reasons for not taking it up. He avoided, gracefully enough, fixing a day, though he left her under the impression that he had his eye on one. Catherine may have had her difficulties; but those of her circumspect suitor are also worthy of consideration. The prize was certainly great; but it was only to be won by striking the happy mean between precipitancy and caution. It would be all very well to take one's jump and trust to Providence; Providence was more especially on the side of clever people, and clever people were known by an indisposition to risk their bones. The ultimate reward of a union with a young woman who was both unattractive and impoverished ought to be connected with immediate disadvantages by some very palpable chain. Between the fear of losing Catherine and her possible fortune altogether, and the fear of taking her too soon and finding this possible fortune as void of actuality as a collection of emptied bottles, it was not comfortable for Morris Townsend to choose; a fact that should be remembered by readers disposed to judge harshly of a young man who may have struck them as making but an indifferently successful use of fine natural parts. He had not forgotten that in any event Catherine had her own ten thousand a year; he had devoted an abundance of meditation to this circumstance. But with his fine parts he rated himself high, and he had a perfectly definite appreciation of his value, which seemed to him inadequately represented by the sum I have mentioned. At the same time he reminded himself that this sum was considerable, that everything is relative, and that if a modest income is less desirable than a large one, the complete absence of revenue is nowhere accounted an advantage. These reflections gave him plenty of occupation, and made it necessary that he should trim his sail. Dr. Sloper's opposition was the unknown quantity in the problem he had to work out. The natural way to work it out was by marrying Catherine; but in mathematics there are many short cuts, and Morris was not without a hope that he should yet discover one. When Catherine took him at his word and consented to renounce the attempt to mollify her father, he drew back skilfully enough, as I have said, and kept the wedding-day still an open question. Her faith in his sincerity was so complete that she was incapable of suspecting that he was playing with her; her trouble just now was of another kind. The poor girl had an admirable sense of honour; and from the moment she had brought herself to the point of violating her father's wish, it seemed to her that she had no right to enjoy his protection. It was on her conscience that she ought not to live under his roof only so long as she conformed to his wisdom. There was a great deal of glory in such a position, but poor Catherine felt that she had forfeited her claim to it. She had cast her lot with a young man against whom he had solemnly warned her, and broken the contract under which he provided her with a happy home. She could not give up the young man, so she must leave the home; and the sooner the

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object of her preference offered her another, the sooner her situation would lose its awkward twist. This was close reasoning; but it was commingled with an infinite amount of merely instinctive penitence. Catherine's days, at this time, were dismal, and the weight of some of her hours was almost more than she could bear. Her father never looked at her, never spoke to her. He knew perfectly what he was about, and this was part of a plan. She looked at him as much as she dared (for she was afraid of seeming to offer herself to his observation), and she pitied him for the sorrow she had brought upon him. She held up her head and busied her hands, and went about her daily occupations; and when the state of things in Washington Square seemed intolerable, she closed her eyes and indulged herself with an intellectual vision of the man for whose sake she had broken a sacred law. Mrs. Penniman, of the three persons in Washington Square, had much the most of the manner that belongs to a great crisis. If Catherine was quiet, she was quietly quiet, as I may say, and her pathetic effects, which there was no one to notice, were entirely unstudied and unintended. If the Doctor was stiff and dry and absolutely indifferent to the presence of his companions, it was so lightly, neatly, easily done, that you would have had to know him well to discover that on the whole he rather enjoyed having to be so disagreeable. But Mrs. Penniman was elaborately reserved and significantly silent; there was a richer rustle in the very deliberate movements to which she confined herself, and when she occasionally spoke, in connection with some very trivial event, she had the air of meaning something deeper than what she said. Between Catherine and her father nothing had passed since the evening she went to speak to him in his study. She had something to say to him—it seemed to her she ought to say it; but she kept it back, for fear of irritating him. He also had something to say to her; but he was determined not to speak first. He was interested, as we know, in seeing how, if she were left to herself, she would "stick." At last she told him she had seen Morris Townsend again, and that their relations remained quite the same.

"I think we shall marry—before very long. And probably, meanwhile, I shall see him rather often; about once a week—not more."

The Doctor looked at her coldly from head to foot, as if she had been a stranger. It was the first time his eyes had rested on her for a week, which was fortunate, if that was to be their expression. "Why not three times a day?" he asked. "What prevents your meeting as often as you choose?"

She turned away a moment; there were tears in her eyes. Then she said, "It is better once a week."

"I don't see how it is better. It is as bad as it can be. If you flatter yourself that I care for little modifications of that sort, you are very much mistaken. It is as wrong of you to see him once a week as it would be to see him all day long. Not that it matters to me, however."

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Catherine tried to follow these words, but they seemed to lead towards a vague horror from which she recoiled. "I think we shall marry pretty soon," she repeated at last.

Her father gave her his dreadful look again, as if she were some one else. "Why do you tell me that? It's no concern of mine."

"Oh, father!" she broke out, "don't you care, even if you do feel so?"

"Not a button. Once you marry, it's quite the same to me when or where or why you do it; and if you think to compound for your folly by hoisting your flag in this way, you may spare yourself the trouble."

With this he turned away. But the next day he spoke to her of his own accord, and his manner was somewhat changed. "Shall you be married within the next four or five months?" he asked.

"I don't know, father," said Catherine. "It is not very easy for us to make up our minds."

"Put it off, then, for six months, and in the meantime I will take you to Europe. I should like you very much to go."

It gave her such delight, after his words of the day before, to hear that he should "like" her to do something, and that he still had in his heart any of the tenderness of preference, that she gave a little exclamation of joy. But then she became conscious that Morris was not included in this proposal, and that—as regards really going—she would greatly prefer to remain at home with him. But she blushed, none the less, more comfortably than she had done of late. "It would be delightful to go to Europe," she remarked, with a sense that the idea was not original, and that her tone was not all it might be.

"Very well, then, we will go. Pack up your clothes."

"I had better tell Mr. Townsend," said Catherine.

Her father fixed his cold eyes upon her. "If you mean that you had better ask his leave, all that remains to me is to hope he will give it."

The girl was sharply touched by the pathetic ring of the words; it was the most calculated, the most dramatic little speech the Doctor had ever uttered. She felt that it was a great thing for her, under the circumstances, to have this fine opportunity of showing him her respect; and yet there was something else that she felt as well, and that she presently expressed. "I sometimes think that if I do what you dislike so much, I ought not to stay with you."

"To stay with me?"

"If I live with you, I ought to obey you."

"If that's your theory, it's certainly mine," said the Doctor, with a dry laugh.

"But if I don't obey you, I ought not to live with you—to enjoy your kindness and protection."

This striking argument gave the Doctor a sudden sense of having underestimated his daughter; it seemed even more than worthy of a young woman who had revealed the quality of unaggressive obstinacy.

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But it displeased him—displeased him deeply, and he signified as much "That idea is in very bad taste," he said. "Did you get it from Mr. Townsend?"

"Oh, no; it's my own!" said Catherine eagerly.

"Keep it to yourself, then," her father answered, more than ever determined she should go to Europe.

XXIII.

If Morris Townsend was not to be included in this journey, no more was Mrs. Penniman, who would have been thankful for an invitation, but who (to do her justice) bore her disappointment in a perfectly ladylike manner. "I should enjoy seeing the works of Raphael and the ruins—the ruins of the Pantheon," she said to Mrs. Almond; "but, on the other hand, I shall not be sorry to be alone and at peace for the next few months in Washington Square. I want rest; I have been through so much in the last four months." Mrs. Almond thought it rather cruel that her brother should not take poor Lavinia abroad; but she easily understood that, if the purpose of his expedition was to make Catherine forget her lover, it was not in his interest to give his daughter this young man's best friend as a companion. "If Lavinia had not been so foolish, she might visit the ruins of the Pantheon," she said to herself; and she continued to regret her sister's folly, even though the latter assured her that she had often heard the relics in question most satisfactorily described by Mr. Penniman. Mrs. Penniman was perfectly aware that her brother's motive in undertaking a foreign tour was to lay a trap for Catherine's constancy; and she imparted this conviction very frankly to her niece.

"He thinks it will make you forget Morris," she said (she always called the young man "Morris" now); "out of sight, out of mind, you know. He thinks that all the things you will see over there will drive him out of your thoughts."

Catherine looked greatly alarmed. "If he thinks that, I ought to tell him beforehand."

Mrs. Penniman shook her head. "Tell him afterwards, my dear! After he has had all the trouble and the expense! That's the way to serve him." And she added, in a softer key, that it must be delightful to think of those who love us among the ruins of the Pantheon.

Her father's displeasure had cost the girl, as we know, a great deal of deep-welling sorrow—sorrow of the purest and most generous kind, without a touch of resentment or rancour; but for the first time, after he had dismissed with such contemptuous brevity her apology for being a charge upon him, there was a spark of anger in her grief. She had felt his contempt; it had scorched her; that speech about her bad taste made her ears burn for three days. During this period she was less considerate; she had an idea—a rather vague one, but it was agreeable

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to her sense of injury—that now she was absolved from penance and might do what she chose. She chose to write to Morris Townsend to meet her in the Square and take her to walk about the town. If she were going to Europe out of respect to her father she might at least give herself this satisfaction. She felt in every way at present more free and more resolute; there was a force that urged her. Now at last, completely and unreservedly, her passion possessed her.

Morris met her at last, and they took a long walk. She told him immediately what had happened—that her father wished to take her away. It would be for six months, to Europe; she would do absolutely what Morris should think best. She hoped inexpressibly that he would think it best she should stay at home. It was some time before he said what he thought; he asked, as they walked along, a great many questions. There was one that especially struck her; it seemed so incongruous.

"Should you like to see all those celebrated things over there?"

"Oh, no, Morris!" said Catherine, quite deprecatingly.

"Gracious Heaven, what a dull woman!" Morris exclaimed to himself.

"He thinks I will forget you," said Catherine; "that all these things will drive you out of my mind."

"Well, my dear, perhaps they will!"

"Please don't say that," Catherine answered gently, as they walked along. "Poor father will be disappointed."

Morris gave a little laugh. "Yes, I verily believe that your poor father will be disappointed! But you will have seen Europe," he added humorously. "What a take-in!"

"I don't care for seeing Europe," Catherine said.

"You ought to care, my dear. And it may mollify your father."

Catherine, conscious of her obstinacy, expected little of this, and could not rid herself of the idea that in going abroad and yet remaining firm, she should play her father a trick. "Don't you think it would be a kind of deception?" she asked.

"Doesn't he want to deceive you?" cried Morris. "It will serve him right! I really think you had better go."

"And not be married for so long?"

"Be married when you come back. You can buy your wedding-clothes in Paris." And then Morris, with great kindness of tone, explained his view of the matter. It would be a good thing that she should go; it would put them completely in the right. It would show they were reasonable, and willing to wait. Once they were so sure of each other, they could afford to wait—what had they to fear? If there was a particle of chance that her father would be favourably affected by her going, that ought to settle it; for, after all, Morris was very unwilling to be the cause of her being disinherited. It was not for himself, it was for her and for her children. He was willing to wait for her; it would be hard, but he could do it. And over there, among beautiful scenes and noble monu-

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ments, perhaps the old gentleman would be softened; such things were supposed to exert a humanising influence. He might be touched by her gentleness, her patience, her willingness to make any sacrifice but *that* one; and if she should appeal to him some day, in some celebrated spot—in Italy, say, in the evening; in Venice, in a gondola, by moonlight—if she should be a little clever about it and touch the right chord, perhaps he would fold her in his arms and tell her that he forgave her. Catherine was immensely struck with this conception of the affair, which seemed eminently worthy of her lover's brilliant intellect; though she viewed it askance in so far as it depended upon her own powers of execution. The idea of being "clever" in a gondola by moonlight appeared to her to involve elements of which her grasp was not active. But it was settled between them that she should tell her father that she was ready to follow him obediently anywhere, making the mental reservation that she loved Morris Townsend more than ever.

She informed the Doctor she was ready to embark, and he made rapid arrangements for this event. Catherine had many farewells to make, but with only two of them are we actively concerned. Mrs. Penniman took a discriminating view of her niece's journey; it seemed to her very proper that Mr. Townsend's destined bride should wish to embellish her mind by a foreign tour.

"You leave him in good hands," she said, pressing her lips to Catherine's forehead. (She was very fond of kissing people's foreheads; it was an involuntary expression of sympathy with the intellectual part.) "I shall see him often; I shall feel like one of the vestals of old, tending the sacred flame."

"You behave beautifully about not going with us," Catherine answered, not presuming to examine this analogy.

"It is my pride that keeps me up," said Mrs. Penniman, tapping the body of her dress, which always gave forth a sort of metallic ring.

Catherine's parting with her lover was short, and few words were exchanged.

"Shall I find you just the same when I come back?" she asked; though the question was not the fruit of scepticism.

"The same—only more so!" said Morris, smiling.

It does not enter into our scheme to narrate in detail Dr. Sloper's proceedings in the Eastern hemisphere. He made the grand tour of Europe, travelled in considerable splendour, and (as was to have been expected in a man of his high cultivation) found so much in art and antiquity to interest him, that he remained abroad, not for six months, but for twelve. Mrs. Penniman, in Washington Square, accommodated herself to his absence. She enjoyed her uncontested dominion in the empty house, and flattered herself that she made it more attractive to their friends than when her brother was at home. To Morris Townsend, at least, it would have appeared that she made it singularly attractive. He was altogether her most frequent visitor, and Mrs. Penniman was very

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fond of asking him to tea. He had his chair—a very easy one—at the fireside in the back-parlour (when the great mahogany sliding-doors, with silver knobs and hinges, which divided this apartment from its more formal neighbour, were closed), and he used to smoke cigars in the Doctor's study, where he often spent an hour in turning over the curious collections of its absent proprietor. He thought Mrs. Penniman a goose, as we know; but he was no goose himself, and, as a young man of luxurious tastes and scanty resources, he found the house a perfect castle of indolence. It became for him a club with a single member. Mrs. Penniman saw much less of her sister than while the Doctor was at home; for Mrs. Almond had felt moved to tell her that she disapproved of her relations with Mr. Townsend. She had no business to be so friendly to a young man of whom their brother thought so meanly, and Mrs. Almond was surprised at her levity in foisting a most deplorable engagement upon Catherine.

"Deplorable?" cried Lavinia. "He will make her a lovely husband!"

"I don't believe in lovely husbands," said Mrs. Almond; "I only believe in good ones. If he marries her, and she comes into Austin's money, they may get on. He will be an idle, amiable, selfish, and doubtless tolerably good-natured fellow. But if she doesn't get the money and he finds himself tied to her, Heaven have mercy on her! He will have none. He will hate her for his disappointment, and take his revenge; he will be pitiless and cruel. Woe betide poor Catherine! I recommend you to talk a little with his sister; it's a pity Catherine can't marry *her*!"

Mrs. Penniman had no appetite whatever for conversation with Mrs. Montgomery, whose acquaintance she made no trouble to cultivate; and the effect of this alarming forecast of her niece's destiny was to make her think it indeed a thousand pities that Mr. Townsend's generous nature should be embittered. Bright enjoyment was his natural element, and how could he be comfortable if there should prove to be nothing to enjoy? It became a fixed idea with Mrs. Penniman that he should yet enjoy her brother's fortune, on which she had acuteness enough to perceive that her own claim was small.

"If he doesn't leave it to Catherine, it certainly won't be to leave it to me," she said.

XXIV.

The Doctor, during the first six months he was abroad, never spoke to his daughter of their little difference; partly on system, and partly because he had a great many other things to think about. It was idle to attempt to ascertain the state of her affections without direct inquiry, because, if she had not had an expressive manner among the familiar influences of home, she failed to gather animation from the mountains of Switzerland or the monuments of Italy. She was always her father's docile and reasonable associate—going through their sight-seeing in de-

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ferential silence, never complaining of fatigue, always ready to start at the hour he had appointed over-night, making no foolish criticisms and indulging in no refinements of appreciation. "She is about as intelligent as the bundle of shawls," the Doctor said; her main superiority being that while the bundle of shawls sometimes got lost, or tumbled out of the carriage, Catherine was always at her post, and had a firm and ample seat. But her father had expected this, and he was not constrained to set down her intellectual limitations as a tourist to sentimental depression; she had completely divested herself of the characteristics of a victim, and during the whole time that they were abroad she never uttered an audible sigh. He supposed she was in correspondence with Morris Townsend; but he held his peace about it, for he never saw the young man's letters, and Catherine's own missives were always given to the courier to post. She heard from her lover with considerable regularity, but his letters came enclosed in Mrs. Penniman's; so that whenever the Doctor handed her a packet addressed in his sister's hand, he was an involuntary instrument of the passion he condemned. Catherine made this reflection, and six months earlier she would have felt bound to give him warning; but now she deemed herself absolved. There was a sore spot in her heart that his own words had made when once she spoke to him as she thought honour prompted; she would try and please him as far as she could, but she would never speak that way again. She read her lover's letters in secret.

One day, at the end of the summer, the two travellers found themselves in a lonely valley of the Alps. They were crossing one of the passes, and on the long ascent they had got out of the carriage and had wandered much in advance. After a while the Doctor descried a footpath which, leading through a transverse valley, would bring them out, as he justly supposed, at a much higher point of the ascent. They followed this devious way and finally lost the path; the valley proved very wild and rough, and their walk became rather a scramble. They were good walkers, however, and they took their adventure easily; from time to time they stopped, that Catherine might rest; and then she sat upon a stone and looked about her at the hard-featured rocks and the glowing sky. It was late in the afternoon, in the last of August; night was coming on, and, as they had reached a great elevation, the air was cold and sharp. In the west there was a great suffusion of cold, red light, which made the sides of the little valley look only the more rugged and dusky. During one of their pauses, her father left her and wandered away to some high place, at a distance, to get a view. He was out of sight; she sat there alone, in the stillness, which was just touched by the vague murmur, somewhere, of a mountain brook. She thought of Morris Townsend, and the place was so desolate and lonely that he seemed very far away. Her father remained absent a long time; she began to wonder what had become of him. But at last he reappeared, coming towards her in the clear twilight, and she got up, to go on. He made no motion

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to proceed, however, but came close to her, as if he had something to say. He stopped in front of her and stood looking at her, with eyes that had kept the light of the flushing snow-summits on which they had just been fixed. Then, abruptly, in a low tone, he asked her an unexpected question—

"Have you given him up?"

The question was unexpected, but Catherine was only superficially unprepared.

"No, father!" she answered.

He looked at her again, for some moments, without speaking.

"Does he write to you?" he asked.

"Yes—about twice a month."

The Doctor looked up and down the valley, swinging his stick; then he said to her, in the same low tone—

"I am very angry."

She wondered what he meant—whether he wished to frighten her. If he did, the place was well chosen; this hard, melancholy dell, abandoned by the summer light, made her feel her loneliness. She looked around her, and her heart grew cold; for a moment her fear was great. But she could think of nothing to say, save to murmur gently, "I am sorry."

"You try my patience," her father went on, "and you ought to know what I am. I am not a very good man. Though I am very smooth externally, at bottom I am very passionate; and I assure you I can be very hard."

She could not think why he told her these things. Had he brought her there on purpose, and was it part of a plan? What was the plan? Catherine asked herself. Was it to startle her suddenly into a retractation—to take an advantage of her by dread? Dread of what? The place was ugly and lonely, but the place could do her no harm. There was a kind of still intensity about her father which made him dangerous, but Catherine hardly went so far as to say to herself that it might be part of his plan to fasten his hand—the neat, fine, supple hand of a distinguished physician—in her throat. Nevertheless, she receded a step. "I am sure you can be anything you please," she said. And it was her simple belief.

"I am very angry," he replied, more sharply.

"Why has it taken you so suddenly?"

"It has not taken me suddenly. I have been raging inwardly for the last six months. But just now this seemed a good place to flare out. It's so quiet, and we are alone."

"Yes, it's very quiet," said Catherine, vaguely, looking about her. "Won't you come back to the carriage?"

"In a moment. Do you mean that in all this time you have not yielded an inch?"

"I would if I could, father; but I can't."

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The Doctor looked round him too. "Should you like to be left in such a place as this, to starve?"

"What do you mean?" cried the girl.

"That will be your fate—that's how he will leave you."

He would not touch her, but he had touched Morris. The warmth came back to her heart. "That is not true, father," she broke out, "and you ought not to say it! It is not right, and it's not true!"

He shook his head slowly. "No, it's not right, because you won't believe it. But it *is* true. Come back to the carriage."

He turned away, and she followed him; he went faster, and was presently much in advance. But from time to time he stopped, without turning round, to let her keep up with him, and she made her way forward with difficulty, her heart beating with the excitement of having for the first time spoken to him in violence. By this time it had grown almost dark, and she ended by losing sight of him. But she kept her course, and after a little, the valley making a sudden turn, she gained the road, where the carriage stood waiting. In it sat her father, rigid and silent; in silence, too, she took her place beside him.

It seemed to her, later, in looking back upon all this, that for days afterwards not a word had been exchanged between them. The scene had been a strange one, but it had not permanently affected her feeling towards her father, for it was natural, after all, that he should occasionally make a scene of some kind, and he had let her alone for six months. The strangest part of it was that he had said he was not a good man; Catherine wondered a good deal what he had meant by that. The statement failed to appeal to her credence, and it was not grateful to any resentment that she entertained. Even in the utmost bitterness that she might feel, it would give her no satisfaction to think him less complete. Such a saying as that was a part of his great subtlety—men so clever as he might say anything and mean anything. And as to his being hard, that surely, in a man, was a virtue.

He let her alone for six months more—six months during which she accommodated herself without a protest to the extension of their tour. But he spoke again at the end of this time; it was at the very last, the night before they embarked for New York, in the hotel at Liverpool. They had been dining together in a great dim, musty sitting-room; and then the cloth had been removed, and the Doctor walked slowly up and down. Catherine at last took her candle to go to bed, but her father motioned her to stay.

"What do you mean to do when you get home?" he asked, while she stood there with her candle in her hand.

"Do you mean about Mr. Townsend?"

"About Mr. Townsend."

"We shall probably marry."

The Doctor took several turns again while she waited. "Do you hear from him as much as ever?"

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"Yes; twice a month," said Catherine, promptly.

"And does he always talk about marriage?"

"Oh, yes! That is, he talks about other things, too, but he always says something about that."

"I am glad to hear he varies his subjects; his letters might otherwise be monotonous."

"He writes beautifully," said Catherine, who was very glad of a chance to say it.

"They always write beautifully. However, in a given case that doesn't diminish the merit. So, as soon as you arrive, you are going off with him?"

This seemed a rather gross way of putting it, and something that there was of dignity in Catherine resented it. "I cannot tell you till we arrive," she said.

"That's reasonable enough," her father answered. "That's all I ask of you—that you *do* tell me, that you give me definite notice. When a poor man is to lose his only child, he likes to have an inkling of it beforehand."

"Oh, father, you will not lose me!" Catherine said, spilling her candle-wax.

"Three days before will do," he went on, "if you are in a position to be positive then. He ought to be very thankful to me, do you know. I have done a mighty good thing for him in taking you abroad; your value is twice as great, with all the knowledge and taste that you have acquired. A year ago, you were perhaps a little limited—a little rustic; but now you have seen everything, and appreciated everything, and you will be a most entertaining companion. We have fattened the sheep for him before he kills it!" Catherine turned away, and stood staring at the blank door. "Go to bed," said her father; "and, as we don't go aboard till noon, you may sleep late. We shall probably have a most uncomfortable voyage."

HENRY JAMES, JR.

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"I SHALL REGARD IT ONLY AS A LOAN," SHE SAID.

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THE

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Washington Square.*

XXV.

HE voyage was indeed uncomfortable, and Catherine, on arriving in New York, had not the compensation of "going off," in her father's phrase, with Morris Townsend. She saw him, however, the day after she landed; and, in the meantime, he formed a natural subject of conversation between our heroine and her Aunt Lavinia, with whom, the night she disembarked, the girl was closeted for a long time before either lady retired to rest.

"I have seen a great deal of him," said Mrs. Penniman. "He is not very easy to know. I suppose you think you know him; but you

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don't, my dear. You will some day; but it will only be after you have lived with him. I may almost say *I* have lived with him," Mrs. Penniman proceeded, while Catherine stared. "I think I know him now; I have had such remarkable opportunities. You will have the same—or rather, you will have better!" and Aunt Lavinia smiled. "Then you will see what I mean. It's a wonderful character, full of passion and energy, and just as true!"

Catherine listened with a mixture of interest and apprehension. Aunt Lavinia was intensely sympathetic, and Catherine, for the past year, while she wandered through foreign galleries and churches, and rolled over the smoothness of posting roads, nursing the thoughts that never passed her lips, had often longed for the company of some intelligent person of her own sex. To tell her story to some kind woman—at moments it seemed to her that this would give her comfort, and she had more than once been on the point of taking the landlady, or the nice young person from the dressmaker's, into her confidence. If a woman had been near her she would on certain occasions have treated such a companion to a fit of weeping; and she had an apprehension that, on her return, this would form her response to Aunt Lavinia's first embrace. In fact, however, the two ladies had met, in Washington Square, without tears, and when they found themselves alone together a certain dryness fell upon the girl's emotion. It came over her with a greater force that Mrs. Penniman had enjoyed a whole year of her lover's society, and it was not a pleasure to her to hear her aunt explain and interpret the young man, speaking of him as if her own knowledge of him were supreme. It was not that Catherine was jealous; but her sense of Mrs. Penniman's innocent falsity, which had lain dormant, began to haunt her again, and she was glad that she was safely at home. With this, however, it was a blessing to be able to talk of Morris, to sound his name, to be with a person who was not unjust to him.

"You have been very kind to him," said Catherine. "He has written me that, often. I shall never forget that, Aunt Lavinia."

"I have done what I could; it has been very little. To let him come and talk to me, and give him his cup of tea—that was all. Your Aunt Almond thought it was too much, and used to scold me terribly; but she promised me, at least, not to betray me."

"To betray you?"

"Not to tell your father. He used to sit in your father's study!" said Mrs. Penniman, with a little laugh.

Catherine was silent a moment. This idea was disagreeable to her, and she was reminded again, with pain, of her aunt's secretive habits. Morris, the reader may be informed, had had the tact not to tell her that he sat in her father's study. He had known her but for a few months, and her aunt had known her for fifteen years; and yet he would not have made the mistake of thinking that Catherine would see the joke of the thing. "I am sorry you made him go into father's room," she said, after a while.

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"I didn't send him; he went himself. He liked to look at the books, and at all those things in the glass cases. He knows all about them; he knows all about everything."

Catherine was silent again; then, "I wish he had found some employment," she said.

"He has found some employment! It's beautiful news, and he told me to tell you as soon as you arrived. He has gone into partnership with a commission-merchant. It was all settled, quite suddenly, a week ago."

This seemed to Catherine indeed beautiful news; it had a fine prosperous air. "Oh, I'm so glad!" she said; and now, for a moment, she was disposed to throw herself on Aunt Lavinia's neck.

"It's much better than being under some one; and he has never been used to that," Mrs. Penniman went on. "He is just as good as his partner—they are perfectly equal! You see how right he was to wait. I should like to know what your father can say now! They have got an office in Duane Street, and little printed cards; he brought me one to show me. I have got it in my room, and you shall see it to-morrow. That's what he said to me the last time he was here—'You see how right I was to wait!' He has got other people under him, instead of being a subordinate. He could never be a subordinate; I have often told him I could never think of him in that way."

Catherine assented to this proposition, and was very happy to know that Morris was his own master; but she was deprived of the satisfaction of thinking that she might communicate this news in triumph to her father. Her father would care equally little whether Morris were established in business or transported for life. Her trunks had been brought into her room, and further reference to her lover was for a short time suspended, while she opened them and displayed to her aunt some of the spoils of foreign travel. These were rich and abundant; and Catherine had brought home a present to every one—to every one save Morris, to whom she had brought simply her undiverted heart. To Mrs. Penniman she had been lavishly generous, and Aunt Lavinia spent half an hour in unfolding and folding again, with little ejaculations of gratitude and taste. She marched about for some time in a splendid cashmere shawl, which Catherine had begged her to accept, settling it on her shoulders, and twisting down her head to see how low the point descended behind.

"I shall regard it only as a loan," she said. "I will leave it to you again when I die; or rather," she added, kissing her niece again, "I will leave it to your first-born little girl!" And draped in her shawl, she stood there smiling.

"You had better wait till she comes," said Catherine.

"I don't like the way you say that," Mrs. Penniman rejoined, in a moment. "Catherine, are you changed?"

"No; I am the same."

"You have not swerved a line?"

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"I am exactly the same," Catherine repeated, wishing her aunt were a little less sympathetic.

"Well, I am glad!" and Mrs. Penniman surveyed her cashmere in the glass. Then, "How is your father?" she asked in a moment, with her eyes on her niece. "Your letters were so meagre—I could never tell!"

"Father is very well."

"Ah, you know what I mean," said Mrs. Penniman, with a dignity to which the cashmere gave a richer effect. "Is he still implacable?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Quite unchanged?"

"He is, if possible, more firm."

Mrs. Penniman took off her great shawl, and slowly folded it up. "That is very bad. You had no success with your little project?"

"What little project?"

"Morris told me all about it. The idea of turning the tables on him, in Europe; of watching him, when he was agreeably impressed by some celebrated sight—he pretends to be so artistic, you know—and then just pleading with him and bringing him round."

"I never tried it. It was Morris's idea; but if he had been with us, in Europe, he would have seen that father was never impressed in that way. He *is* artistic—tremendously artistic; but the more celebrated places we visited, and the more he admired them, the less use it would have been to plead with him. They seemed only to make him more determined—more terrible," said poor Catherine. "I shall never bring him round, and I expect nothing now."

"Well, I must say," Mrs. Penniman answered, "I never supposed you were going to give it up."

"I have given it up. I don't care now."

"You have grown very brave," said Mrs. Penniman, with a short laugh. "I didn't advise you to sacrifice your property."

"Yes, I am braver than I was. You asked me if I had changed; I have changed in that way. Oh," the girl went on, "I have changed very much. And it isn't my property. If *he* doesn't care for it, why should I?"

Mrs. Penniman hesitated. "Perhaps he does care for it."

"He cares for it for my sake, because he doesn't want to injure me. But he will know—he knows already—how little he need be afraid about that. Besides," said Catherine, "I have got plenty of money of my own. We shall be very well off; and now hasn't he got his business? I am delighted about that business." She went on talking, showing a good deal of excitement as she proceeded. Her aunt had never seen her with just this manner, and Mrs. Penniman, observing her, set it down to foreign travel, which had made her more positive, more mature. She thought also that Catherine had improved in appearance; she looked rather handsome. Mrs. Penniman wondered whether Morris

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Townsend would be struck with that. While she was engaged in this speculation, Catherine broke out, with a certain sharpness, "Why are you so contradictory, Aunt Penniman? You seem to think one thing at one time, and another at another. A year ago, before I went away, you wished me not to mind about displeasing father; and now you seem to recommend me to take another line. You change about so."

This attack was unexpected, for Mrs. Penniman was not used, in any discussion, to seeing the war carried into her own country—possibly because the enemy generally had doubts of finding subsistence there. To her own consciousness, the flowery fields of her reason had rarely been ravaged by a hostile force. It was perhaps on this account that in defending them she was majestic rather than agile.

"I don't know what you accuse me of, save of being too deeply interested in your happiness. It is the first time I have been told I am capricious. That fault is not what I am usually reproached with."

"You were angry last year that I wouldn't marry immediately, and now you talk about my winning my father over. You told me it would serve him right if he should take me to Europe for nothing. Well, he has taken me for nothing, and you ought to be satisfied. Nothing is changed—nothing but my feeling about father. I don't mind nearly so much now. I have been as good as I could, but he doesn't care. Now I don't care either. I don't know whether I have grown bad; perhaps I have. But I don't care for that. I have come home to be married—that's all I know. That ought to please you, unless you have taken up some new idea; you are so strange. You may do as you please; but you must never speak to me again about pleading with father. I shall never plead with him for anything; that is all over. He has put me off. I am come home to be married."

This was a more authoritative speech than she had ever heard on her niece's lips, and Mrs. Penniman was proportionately startled. She was indeed a little awe-struck, and the force of the girl's emotion and resolution left her nothing to reply. She was easily frightened, and she always carried off her discomfiture by a concession; a concession which was often accompanied, as in the present case, by a little nervous laugh.

XXVI.

If she had disturbed her niece's temper—she began from this moment forward to talk a good deal about Catherine's temper, an article which up to that time had never been mentioned in connection with our heroine—Catherine had opportunity, on the morrow, to recover her serenity. Mrs. Penniman had given her a message from Morris Townsend, to the effect that he would come and welcome her home on the day after her arrival. He came in the afternoon; but, as may be imagined, he was not on this occasion made free of Dr. Sloper's study. He had been coming and going, for the past year, so comfortably and irrespon-

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sibly, that he had a certain sense of being wronged by finding himself reminded that he must now limit his horizon to the front parlour, which was Catherine's particular province.

"I am very glad you have come back," he said; "it makes me very happy to see you again." And he looked at her, smiling, from head to foot; though it did not appear, afterwards, that he agreed with Mrs. Penniman (who, womanlike, went more into details) in thinking her embellished.

To Catherine he appeared resplendent; it was some time before she could believe again that this beautiful young man was her own exclusive property. They had a great deal of characteristic lovers' talk—a soft exchange of inquiries and assurances. In these matters Morris had an excellent grace, which flung a picturesque interest even over the account of his début in the commission-business—a subject as to which his companion earnestly questioned him. From time to time he got up from the sofa where they sat together, and walked about the room; after which he came back, smiling and passing his hand through his hair. He was unquiet, as was natural in a young man who has just been re-united to a long-absent mistress, and Catherine made the reflection that she had never seen him so excited. It gave her pleasure, somehow, to note this fact. He asked her questions about her travels, to some of which she was unable to reply, for she had forgotten the names of places and the order of her father's journey. But for the moment she was so happy, so lifted up by the belief that her troubles at last were over, that she forgot to be ashamed of her meagre answers. It seemed to her now that she could marry him without the remnant of a scruple or a single tremor save those that belonged to joy. Without waiting for him to ask, she told him that her father had come back in exactly the same state of mind—that he had not yielded an inch.

"We must not expect it now," she said, "and we must do without it."

Morris sat looking and smiling. "My poor dear girl!" he exclaimed.

"You mustn't pity me," said Catherine; "I don't mind it now—I am used to it."

Morris continued to smile, and then he got up and walked about again. "You had better let me try him!"

"Try to bring him over? You would only make him worse," Catherine answered, resolutely.

"You say that because I managed it so badly before. But I should manage it differently now. I am much wiser; I have had a year to think of it. I have more tact."

"Is that what you have been thinking of for a year?"

"Much of the time. You see, the idea sticks in my crop. I don't like to be beaten."

"How are you beaten if we marry?"

"Of course, I am not beaten on the main issue; but I am, don't you

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see, on all the rest of it—on the question of my reputation, of my relations with your father, of my relations with my own children, if we should have any."

"We shall have enough for our children—we shall have enough for everything. Don't you expect to succeed in business?"

"Brilliantly, and we shall certainly be very comfortable. But it isn't of the mere material comfort I speak; it is of the moral comfort," said Morris—"of the intellectual satisfaction!"

"I have great moral comfort now," Catherine declared, very simply.

"Of course you have. But with me it is different. I have staked my pride on proving to your father that he is wrong; and now that I am at the head of a flourishing business, I can deal with him as an equal. I have a capital plan—do let me go at him!"

He stood before her with his bright face, his jaunty air, his hands in his pockets; and she got up, with her eyes resting on his own. "Please don't, Morris; please don't," she said; and there was a certain mild, sad firmness in her tone which he heard for the first time. "We must ask no favours of him—we must ask nothing more. He won't relent, and nothing good will come of it. I know it now—I have a very good reason."

"And pray what is your reason?"

She hesitated to bring it out, but at last it came. "He is not very fond of me!"

"Oh, bother!" cried Morris, angrily.

"I wouldn't say such a thing without being sure. I saw it, I felt it, in England, just before he came away. He talked to me one night—the last night; and then it came over me. You can tell when a person feels that way. I wouldn't accuse him if he hadn't made me feel that way. I don't accuse him; I just tell you that that's how it is. He can't help it; we can't govern our affections. Do I govern mine? mightn't he say that to me? It's because he is so fond of my mother, whom we lost so long ago. She was beautiful, and very, very brilliant; he is always thinking of her. I am not at all like her; Aunt Penniman has told me that. Of course it isn't my fault; but neither is it his fault. All I mean is, it's true; and it's a stronger reason for his never being reconciled than simply his dislike for you."

"'Simply'?" cried Morris, with a laugh. "I am much obliged for that!"

"I don't mind about his disliking you now; I mind everything less. I feel differently; I feel separated from my father."

"Upon my word," said Morris, "you are a queer family!"

"Don't say that—don't say anything unkind," the girl entreated. "You must be very kind to me now, because, Morris—because," and she hesitated a moment—"because I have done a great deal for you."

"Oh, I know that, my dear!"

She had spoken up to this moment without vehemence or outward sign of emotion, gently, reasoningly, only trying to explain. But her

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emotion had been ineffectually smothered, and it betrayed itself at last in the trembling of her voice. "It is a great thing to be separated like that from your father, when you have worshipped him before. It has made me very unhappy; or it would have made me so if I didn't love you. You can tell when a person speaks to you as if—as if—"

"As if what?"

"As if they despised you!" said Catherine, passionately. "He spoke that way the night before we sailed. It wasn't much, but it was enough, and I thought of it on the voyage, all the time. Then I made up my mind. I will never ask him for anything again, or expect anything from him. It would not be natural now. We must be very happy together, and we must not seem to depend upon his forgiveness. And Morris, Morris, you must never despise me!"

This was an easy promise to make, and Morris made it with fine effect. But for the moment he undertook nothing more onerous.

XXVII.

The Doctor, of course, on his return, had a good deal of talk with his sisters. He was at no great pains to narrate his travels or to communicate his impressions of distant lands to Mrs. Penniman, upon whom he contented himself with bestowing a memento of his enviable experience, in the shape of a velvet gown. But he conversed with her at some length about matters nearer home, and lost no time in assuring her that he was still an inflexible father.

"I have no doubt you have seen a great deal of Mr. Townsend, and done your best to console him for Catherine's absence," he said. "I don't ask you, and you needn't deny it. I wouldn't put the question to you for the world, and expose you to the inconvenience of having to—a—excogitate an answer. No one has betrayed you, and there has been no spy upon your proceedings. Elizabeth has told no tales, and has never mentioned you except to praise your good looks and good spirits. The thing is simply an inference of my own—an induction, as the philosophers say. It seems to me likely that you would have offered an asylum to an interesting sufferer. Mr. Townsend has been a good deal in the house; there is something in the house that tells me so. We doctors, you know, end by acquiring fine perceptions, and it is impressed upon my sensorium that he has sat in these chairs, in a very easy attitude, and warmed himself at that fire. I don't grudge him the comfort of it; it is the only one he will ever enjoy at my expense. It seems likely, indeed, that I shall be able to economise at his own. I don't know what you may have said to him, or what you may say hereafter; but I should like you to know that if you have encouraged him to believe that he will gain anything by hanging on, or that I have budged a hair's breadth from the position I took up a year ago, you have played him a trick for which he may exact reparation. I'm not sure that he may not bring a

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suit against you. Of course you have done it conscientiously; you have made yourself believe that I can be tired out. This is the most baseless hallucination that ever visited the brain of a genial optimist. I am not in the least tired; I am as fresh as when I started; I am good for fifty years yet. Catherine appears not to have budged an inch either; she is equally fresh; so we are about where we were before. This, however, you know as well as I. What I wish is simply to give you notice of my own state of mind! Take it to heart, dear Lavinia. Beware of the just resentment of a deluded fortune-hunter!"

"I can't say I expected it," said Mrs. Penniman. "And I had a sort of foolish hope that you would come home without that odious ironical tone with which you treat the most sacred subjects."

"Don't undervalue irony, it is often of great use. It is not, however, always necessary, and I will show you how gracefully I can lay it aside. I should like to know whether you think Morris Townsend will hang on."

"I will answer you with your own weapons," said Mrs. Penniman. "You had better wait and see!"

"Do you call such a speech as that one of my own weapons? I never said anything so rough."

"He will hang on long enough to make you very uncomfortable, then."

"My dear Lavinia," exclaimed the Doctor, "do you call that irony? I call it pugilism."

Mrs. Penniman, however, in spite of her pugilism, was a good deal frightened, and she took counsel of her fears. Her brother meanwhile took counsel, with many reservations, of Mrs. Almond, to whom he was no less generous than to Lavinia, and a good deal more communicative.

"I suppose she has had him there all the while," he said. "I must look into the state of my wine! You needn't mind telling me now; I have already said all I mean to say to her on the subject."

"I believe he was in the house a good deal," Mrs. Almond answered. "But you must admit that your leaving Lavinia quite alone was a great change for her, and that it was natural she should want some society."

"I do admit that, and that is why I shall make no row about the wine; I shall set it down as compensation to Lavinia. She is capable of telling me that she drank it all herself. Think of the inconceivable bad taste, in the circumstances, of that fellow making free with the house —or coming there at all! If that doesn't describe him, he is indescribable."

"His plan is to get what he can. Lavinia will have supported him for a year," said Mrs. Almond. "It's so much gained."

"She will have to support him for the rest of his life, then!" cried the Doctor. "But without wine, as they say at the *tables d'hôte*."

"Catherine tells me he has set up a business, and is making a great deal of money."

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The Doctor stared. "She has not told me that—and Lavinia didn't deign. Ah!" he cried, "Catherine has given me up. Not that it matters, for all that the business amounts to."

"She has not given up Mr. Townsend," said Mrs. Almond. "I saw that in the first half-minute. She has come home exactly the same."

"Exactly the same; not a grain more intelligent. She didn't notice a stick or a stone all the while we were away—not a picture nor a view, not a statue nor a cathedral."

"How could she notice? She had other things to think of; they are never for an instant out of her mind. She touches me very much."

"She would touch me if she didn't irritate me. That's the effect she has upon me now. I have tried everything upon her; I really have been quite merciless. But it is of no use whatever; she is absolutely *glued*. I have passed, in consequence, into the exasperated stage. At first I had a good deal of a certain genial curiosity about it; I wanted to see if she really would stick. But, good Lord, one's curiosity is satisfied! I see she is capable of it, and now she can let go."

"She will never let go," said Mrs. Almond.

"Take care, or you will exasperate me too. If she doesn't let go, she will be shaken off—sent tumbling into the dust! That's a nice position for my daughter. She can't see that if you are going to be pushed you had better jump. And then she will complain of her bruises."

"She will never complain," said Mrs. Almond.

"That I shall object to even more. But the deuce will be that I can't prevent anything."

"If she is to have a fall," said Mrs. Almond, with a gentle laugh, "we must spread as many carpets as we can." And she carried out this idea by showing a great deal of motherly kindness to the girl.

Mrs. Penniman immediately wrote to Morris Townsend. The intimacy between these two was by this time consummate, but I must content myself with noting but a few of its features. Mrs. Penniman's own share in it was a singular sentiment, which might have been misinterpreted, but which in itself was not discreditable to the poor lady. It was a romantic interest in this attractive and unfortunate young man, and yet it was not such an interest as Catherine might have been jealous of. Mrs. Penniman had not a particle of jealousy of her niece. For herself, she felt as if she were Morris's mother or sister—a mother or sister of an emotional temperament—and she had an absorbing desire to make him comfortable and happy. She had striven to do so during the year that her brother left her an open field, and her efforts had been attended with the success that has been pointed out. She had never had a child of her own, and Catherine, whom she had done her best to invest with the importance that would naturally belong to a youthful Penniman, had only partly rewarded her zeal. Catherine, as an object of affection and solicitude, had never had that picturesque charm which (as it seemed

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to her) would have been a natural attribute of her own progeny. Even the maternal passion in Mrs. Penniman would have been romantic and factitious, and Catherine was not constituted to inspire a romantic passion. Mrs. Penniman was as fond of her as ever, but she had grown to feel that with Catherine she lacked opportunity. Sentimentally speaking, therefore, she had (though she had not disinherited her niece) adopted Morris Townsend, who gave her opportunity in abundance. She would have been very happy to have a handsome and tyrannical son, and would have taken an extreme interest in his love-affairs. This was the light in which she had come to regard Morris, who had conciliated her at first, and made his impression by his delicate and calculated deference—a sort of exhibition to which Mrs. Penniman was particularly sensitive. He had largely abated his deference afterwards, for he economised his resources, but the impression was made, and the young man's very brutality came to have a sort of filial value. If Mrs. Penniman had had a son, she would probably have been afraid of him, and at this stage of our narrative she was certainly afraid of Morris Townsend. This was one of the results of his domestication in Washington Square. He took his ease with her—as, for that matter, he would certainly have done with his own mother.

XXVIII.

The letter was a word of warning; it informed him that the Doctor had come home more impracticable than ever. She might have reflected that Catherine would supply him with all the information he needed on this point; but we know that Mrs. Penniman's reflections were rarely just; and, moreover, she felt that it was not for her to depend on what Catherine might do. She was to do her duty, quite irrespective of Catherine. I have said that her young friend took his ease with her, and it is an illustration of the fact that he made no answer to her letter. He took note of it, amply; but he lighted his cigar with it, and he waited, in tranquil confidence that he should receive another. "His state of mind really freezes my blood," Mrs. Penniman had written, alluding to her brother; and it would have seemed that upon this statement she could hardly improve. Nevertheless, she wrote again, expressing herself with the aid of a different figure. "His hatred of you burns with a lurid flame—the flame that never dies," she wrote. "But it doesn't light up the darkness of your future. If my affection could do so, all the years of your life would be an eternal sunshine. I can extract nothing from C.; she is so terribly secretive, like her father. She seems to expect to be married very soon, and has evidently made preparations in Europe—quantities of clothing, ten pairs of shoes, &c. My dear friend, you cannot set up in married life simply with a few pairs of shoes, can you? Tell me what you think of this. I am intensely anxious to see you; I have so much to say. I miss you dreadfully; the

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house seems so empty without you. What is the news down town? Is the business extending? That dear little business—I think it's so brave of you! Couldn't I come to your office?—just for three minutes? I might pass for a customer—is that what you call them? I might come in to buy something—some shares or some railroad things. *Tell me what you think of this plan.* I would carry a little reticule, like a woman of the people."

In spite of the suggestion about the reticule, Morris appeared to think poorly of the plan, for he gave Mrs. Penniman no encouragement whatever to visit his office, which he had already represented to her as a place peculiarly and unnaturally difficult to find. But as she persisted in desiring an interview—up to the last, after months of intimate colloquy, she called these meetings "interviews"—he agreed that they should take a walk together, and was even kind enough to leave his office for this purpose, during the hours at which business might have been supposed to be liveliest. It was no surprise to him, when they met at a street-corner, in a region of empty lots and undeveloped pavements (Mrs. Penniman being attired as much as possible like a "woman of the people"), to find that, in spite of her urgency, what she chiefly had to convey to him was the assurance of her sympathy. Of such assurances, however, he had already a voluminous collection, and it would not have been worth his while to forsake a fruitful avocation merely to hear Mrs. Penniman say, for the thousandth time, that she had made his cause her own. Morris had something of his own to say. It was not an easy thing to bring out, and while he turned it over the difficulty made him acrimonious.

"Oh yes, I know perfectly that he combines the properties of a lump of ice and a red-hot coal," he observed. "Catherine has made it thoroughly clear, and you have told me so till I am sick of it. You needn't tell me again; I am perfectly satisfied. He will never give us a penny; I regard that as mathematically proved."

Mrs. Penniman at this point had an inspiration.

"Couldn't you bring a lawsuit against him?" She wondered that this simple expedient had never occurred to her before.

"I will bring a lawsuit against *you*," said Morris, "if you ask me any more such aggravating questions. A man should know when he is beaten," he added, in a moment. "I must give her up!"

Mrs. Penniman received this declaration in silence, though it made her heart beat a little. It found her by no means unprepared, for she had accustomed herself to the thought that, if Morris should decidedly not be able to get her brother's money, it would not do for him to marry Catherine without it. "It would not do" was a vague way of putting the thing; but Mrs. Penniman's natural affection completed the idea, which, though it had not as yet been so crudely expressed between them as in the form that Morris had just given it, had nevertheless been implied so often, in certain easy intervals of talk, as he sat stretching his

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legs in the Doctor's well-stuffed arm-chairs, that she had grown first to regard it with an emotion which she flattered herself was philosophic, and then to have a secret tenderness for it. The fact that she kept her tenderness secret proves of course that she was ashamed of it; but she managed to blink her shame by reminding herself that she was, after all, the official protector of her niece's marriage. Her logic would scarcely have passed muster with the Doctor. In the first place, Morris *must* get the money, and she would help him to it. In the second, it was plain it would never come to him, and it would be a grievous pity he should marry without it—a young man who might so easily find something better. After her brother had delivered himself, on his return from Europe, of that incisive little address that has been quoted, Morris's cause seemed so hopeless that Mrs. Penniman fixed her attention exclusively upon the latter branch of her argument. If Morris had been her son, she would certainly have sacrificed Catherine to a superior conception of his future; and to be ready to do so as the case stood was therefore even a finer degree of devotion. Nevertheless, it checked her breath a little to have the sacrificial knife, as it were, suddenly thrust into her hand.

Morris walked along a moment, and then he repeated, harshly—

"I must give her up!"

"I think I understand you," said Mrs. Penniman, gently.

"I certainly say it distinctly enough—brutally and vulgarly enough."

He was ashamed of himself, and his shame was uncomfortable; and as he was extremely intolerant of discomfort, he felt vicious and cruel. He wanted to abuse somebody, and he began, cautiously—for he was always cautious—with himself.

"Couldn't you take her down a little?" he asked.

"Take her down?"

"Prepare her—try and ease me off."

Mrs. Penniman stopped, looking at him very solemnly.

"My poor Morris, do you know how much she loves you?"

"No, I don't. I don't want to know. I have always tried to keep from knowing. It would be too painful."

"She will suffer much," said Mrs. Penniman.

"You must console her. If you are as good a friend to me as you pretend to be, you will manage it."

Mrs. Penniman shook her head, sadly.

"You talk of my 'pretending' to like you; but I can't pretend to hate you. I can only tell her I think very highly of you; and how will that console her for losing you?"

"The Doctor will help you. He will be delighted at the thing being broken off, and, as he is a knowing fellow, he will invent something to comfort her."

"He will invent a new torture!" cried Mrs. Penniman. "Heaven deliver her from her father's comfort! It will consist of his crowing over her and saying, 'I always told you so!'"

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Morris coloured a most uncomfortable red.

"If you don't console her any better than you console me, you certainly won't be of much use! It's a damned disagreeable necessity; I feel it extremely, and you ought to make it easy for me."

"I will be your friend for life!" Mrs. Penniman declared.

"Be my friend *now*!" And Morris walked on.

She went with him; she was almost trembling.

"Should you like me to tell her?" she asked.

"You mustn't tell her, but you can—you can——" And he hesitated, trying to think what Mrs. Penniman could do. "You can explain to her why it is. It's because I can't bring myself to step in between her and her father—to give him the pretext he grasps at so eagerly (it's a hideous sight!) for depriving her of her rights."

Mrs. Penniman felt with remarkable promptitude the charm of this formula.

"That's so like you," she said; "it's so finely felt."

Morris gave his stick an angry swing.

"Oh damnation!" he exclaimed, perversely.

Mrs. Penniman, however, was not discouraged.

"It may turn out better than you think. Catherine is, after all, so very peculiar." And she thought she might take it upon herself to assure him that, whatever happened, the girl would be very quiet—she wouldn't make a noise. They extended their walk, and, while they proceeded, Mrs. Penniman took upon herself other things besides, and ended by having assumed a considerable burden; Morris being ready enough, as may be imagined, to put everything off upon her. But he was not for a single instant the dupe of her blundering alacrity; he knew that of what she promised she was competent to perform but an insignificant fraction, and the more she professed her willingness to serve him, the greater fool he thought her.

"What will you do if you don't marry her?" she ventured to inquire in the course of this conversation.

"Something brilliant," said Morris. "Shouldn't you like me to do something brilliant?"

The idea gave Mrs. Penniman exceeding pleasure.

"I shall feel sadly taken in if you don't."

"I shall have to, to make up for this. This isn't at all brilliant, you know."

Mrs. Penniman mused a little, as if there might be some way of making out that it was; but she had to give up the attempt, and, to carry off the awkwardness of failure, she risked a new inquiry.

"Do you mean—do you mean another marriage?"

Morris greeted this question with a reflection which was hardly the less impudent from being inaudible. "Surely, women are more crude than men!" And then he answered audibly—

"Never in the world!"

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Mrs. Penniman felt disappointed and snubbed, and she relieved herself in a little vaguely sarcastic cry. He was certainly perverse.

"I give her up not for another woman, but for a wider career!' Morris announced.

This was very grand; but still Mrs. Penniman, who felt that she had exposed herself, was faintly rancorous.

"Do you mean never to come to see her again?" she asked, with some sharpness.

"Oh no, I shall come again; but what is the use of dragging it out? I have been four times since she came back, and it's terribly awkward work. I can't keep it up indefinitely; she oughtn't to expect that, you know. A woman should never keep a man dangling!" he added, finely.

"Ah, but you must have your last parting!" urged his companion, in whose imagination the idea of last partings occupied a place inferior in dignity only to that of first meetings.

XXIX.

He came again, without managing the last parting; and again and again, without finding that Mrs. Penniman had as yet done much to pave the path of retreat with flowers. It was devilish awkward, as he said, and he felt a lively animosity for Catherine's aunt, who, as he had now quite formed the habit of saying to himself, had dragged him into the mess and was bound in common charity to get him out of it. Mrs. Penniman, to tell the truth, had, in the seclusion of her own apartment—and, I may add, amid the suggestiveness of Catherine's, which wore in those days the appearance of that of a young lady laying out her *trousseau*—Mrs. Penniman had measured her responsibilities, and taken fright at their magnitude. The task of preparing Catherine and easing off Morris presented difficulties which increased in the execution, and even led the impulsive Lavinia to ask herself whether the modification of the young man's original project had been conceived in a happy spirit. A brilliant future, a wider career, a conscience exempt from the reproach of interference between a young lady and her natural rights—these excellent things might be too troublesomely purchased. From Catherine herself Mrs. Penniman received no assistance whatever; the poor girl was apparently without suspicion of her danger. She looked at her lover with eyes of undiminished trust, and though she had less confidence in her aunt than in a young man with whom she had exchanged so many tender vows, she gave her no handle for explaining or confessing. Mrs. Penniman, faltering and wavering, declared Catherine was very stupid, put off the great scene, as she would have called it, from day to day, and wandered about, very uncomfortably, with her unexploded bomb in her hands. Morris's own scenes were very small ones just now; but even these were beyond his strength. He made his visits as brief as

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possible, and, while he sat with his mistress, found terribly little to talk about. She was waiting for him, in vulgar parlance, to name the day; and so long as he was unprepared to be explicit on this point, it seemed a mockery to pretend to talk about matters more abstract. She had no airs and no arts; she never attempted to disguise her expectancy. She was waiting on his good pleasure, and would wait modestly and patiently; his hanging back at this supreme time might appear strange, but of course he must have a good reason for it. Catherine would have made a wife of the gentle old-fashioned pattern—regarding reasons as favours and windfalls, but no more expecting one every day than she would have expected a bouquet of camellias. During the period of her engagement, however, a young lady even of the most slender pretensions counts upon more bouquets than at other times; and there was a want of perfume in the air at this moment which at last excited the girl's alarm.

"Are you sick?" she asked of Morris. "You seem so restless, and you look pale."

"I am not at all well," said Morris; and it occurred to him that, if he could only make her pity him enough, he might get off.

"I am afraid you are overworked; you oughtn't to work so much."

"I must do that." And then he added, with a sort of calculated brutality, "I don't want to owe you everything!"

"Ah, how can you say that?"

"I am too proud," said Morris.

"Yes—you are too proud!"

"Well, you must take me as I am," he went on. "You can never change me."

"I don't want to change you," she said, gently. "I will take you as you are!" And she stood looking at him.

"You know people talk tremendously about a man's marrying a rich girl," Morris remarked. "It's excessively disagreeable."

"But I am not rich!" said Catherine.

"You are rich enough to make me talked about!"

"Of course you are talked about. It's an honour!"

"It's an honour I could easily dispense with."

She was on the point of asking him whether it was not a compensation for this annoyance that the poor girl who had the misfortune to bring it upon him, loved him so dearly and believed in him so truly; but she hesitated, thinking that this would perhaps seem an exacting speech, and while she hesitated, he suddenly left her.

The next time he came, however, she brought it out, and she told him again that he was too proud. He repeated that he couldn't change, and this time she felt the impulse to say that with a little effort he might change.

Sometimes he thought that if he could only make a quarrel with her it might help him; but the question was how to quarrel with a young woman who had such treasures of concession. "I suppose you think the

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effort is all on your side!" he broke out. "Don't you believe that I have my own effort to make?"

"It's all yours now," she said. "My effort is finished and done with!"

"Well, mine is not."

"We must bear things together," said Catherine. "That's what we ought to do."

Morris attempted a natural smile. "There are some things which we can't very well bear together—for instance, separation."

"Why do you speak of separation?"

"Ah! you don't like it; I knew you wouldn't!"

"Where are you going, Morris?" she suddenly asked.

He fixed his eye on her a moment, and for a part of that moment she was afraid of it. "Will you promise not to make a scene?"

"A scene!—do I make scenes?"

"All women do!" said Morris, with the tone of large experience.

"I don't. Where are you going?"

"If I should say I was going away on business, should you think it very strange?"

She wondered a moment, gazing at him. "Yes—no. Not if you will take me with you."

"Take you with me—on business?"

"What is your business? Your business is to be with me."

"I don't earn my living with you," said Morris. "Or rather," he cried with a sudden inspiration, "that's just what I do—or what the world says I do!"

This ought perhaps to have been a great stroke, but it miscarried. "Where are you going?" Catherine simply repeated.

"To New Orleans. About buying some cotton."

"I am perfectly willing to go to New Orleans," Catherine said.

"Do you suppose I would take you to a nest of yellow fever?" cried Morris. "Do you suppose I would expose you at such a time as this?"

"If there is yellow fever, why should you go? Morris, you must not go!"

"It is to make six thousand dollars," said Morris. "Do you grudge me that satisfaction?"

"We have no need of six thousand dollars. You think too much about money!"

"You can afford to say that! This is a great chance; we heard of it last night." And he explained to her in what the chance consisted; and told her a long story, going over more than once several of the details, about the remarkable stroke of business which he and his partner had planned between them.

But Catherine's imagination, for reasons best known to herself, absolutely refused to be fired. "If you can go to New Orleans, I can go," she said. "Why shouldn't you catch yellow fever quite as easily as I?

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I am every bit as strong as you, and not in the least afraid of any fever. When we were in Europe, we were in very unhealthy places; my father used to make me take some pills. I never caught anything, and I never was nervous. What will be the use of six thousand dollars if you die of a fever? When persons are going to be married, they oughtn't to think so much about business. You shouldn't think about cotton, you should think about me. You can go to New Orleans some other time—there will always be plenty of cotton. It isn't the moment to choose—we have waited too long already." She spoke more forcibly and volubly than he had ever heard her, and she held his arm in her two hands.

"You said you wouldn't make a scene!" cried Morris. "I call this a scene."

"It's you that are making it! I have never asked you anything before. We have waited too long already." And it was a comfort to her to think that she had hitherto asked so little; it seemed to make her right to insist the greater now.

Morris bethought himself a little. "Very well, then; we won't talk about it any more. I will transact my business by letter." And he began to smooth his hat, as if to take leave.

"You won't go?" And she stood looking up at him.

He could not give up his idea of provoking a quarrel; it was so much the simplest way! He bent his eyes on her upturned face, with the darkest frown he could achieve. "You are not discreet. You mustn't bully me!"

But, as usual, she conceded everything. "No, I am not discreet; I know I am too pressing. But isn't it natural? It is only for a moment."

"In a moment you may do a great deal of harm. Try and be calmer the next time I come."

"When will you come?"

"Do you want to make conditions?" Morris asked. "I will come next Saturday."

"Come to-morrow," Catherine begged; "I want you to come to-morrow. I will be very quiet," she added; and her agitation had by this time become so great that the assurance was not unbecoming. A sudden fear had come over her; it was like the solid conjunction of a dozen disembodied doubts, and her imagination, at a single bound, had traversed an enormous distance. All her being, for the moment, was centred in the wish to keep him in the room.

Morris bent his head and kissed her forehead. "When you are quiet, you are perfection," he said; "but when you are violent, you are not in character."

It was Catherine's wish that there should be no violence about her save the beating of her heart, which she could not help; and she went on, as gently as possible, "Will you promise to come to-morrow?"

"I said Saturday!" Morris answered smiling. He tried a frown at one moment, a smile at another; he was at his wit's end.

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"Yes, Saturday too," she answered, trying to smile. "But to-morrow first." He was going to the door, and she went with him, quickly. She leaned her shoulder against it; it seemed to her that she would do anything to keep him."

"If I am prevented from coming to-morrow, you will say I have deceived you!" he said.

"How can you be prevented? You can come if you will."

"I am a busy man—I am not a dangler!" cried Morris, sternly.

His voice was so hard and unnatural that, with a helpless look at him, she turned away; and then he quickly laid his hand on the door-knob. He felt as if he were absolutely running away from her. But in an instant she was close to him again, and murmuring in a tone none the less penetrating for being low, "Morris, you are going to leave me!"

"Yes, for a little while."

"For how long?"

"Till you are reasonable again."

"I shall never be reasonable, in that way!" And she tried to keep him longer; it was almost a struggle. "Think of what I have done!" she broke out. "Morris, I have given up everything!"

"You shall have everything back!"

"You wouldn't say that if you didn't mean something. What is it?—what has happened?—what have I done?—what has changed you?"

"I will write to you—that is better," Morris stammered.

"Ah, you won't come back!" she cried, bursting into tears.

"Dear Catherine," he said, "don't believe that! I promise you that you shall see me again!" And he managed to get away and to close the door behind him.

HENRY JAMES, Jr.

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Notes on Water-Colour Art.

I.

The Early Masters.

Probably the greatest difference which would strike an ordinary observer between the works of the founders of the water-colour school and the present workers in that medium would be the comparative absence of bright colour from the earlier work. This was due to two chief causes, both of which it is necessary to bear in mind. The first was the previous use which had been made in art of the medium in question. This use had been wholly subsidiary to the practice of oil-painting. Artists had been accustomed to tint with washes of sepia or Indian ink the rough memoranda made by them either of landscape or figure compositions, both for the sake of preserving the outline and for giving the main effect of light and shade. As time went on, a little more colour gradually crept into these memoranda; but they were still in principle tinted outlines, more akin to diagrams than pictures, aiming at no effects of solidity and relief, or at strict attention to details of colour. Indeed, previous to our English masters, the art of water-colour painting bore a strong resemblance to the practice of Japanese artists, and, with the exception that it did not ignore anatomical accuracy and the rules of perspective, stood practically upon the same level. Up to the very time of Girtin, water-colour painting could scarcely be considered to represent Nature otherwise than as a map: it was nothing but an outline, more or less accurate, filled in with tints—almost entirely laid on in flat washes—which approximated to Nature in a conventional manner. The step which had been made from the earliest practice was that the light portions of the composition were expressed in colour, and not only left bare as in the earlier days, when the wash was only used for tinting the shadow portions.

It need not be pointed out how an art which had begun in this way, by confining itself to the expression of light and shade, to the exclusion of local tint, would necessarily have to undergo a long apprenticeship before arriving at a thorough comprehensive proficiency in the rendering of the truths of colour, and how likely it would be to exaggerate, at all events for some time, the importance of the facts which it was first engaged in rendering.

The second cause which made water-colour paintings so dull in hue,

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at first, was the poorness of the materials employed. It was not only that the colours were unskilfully and ignorantly prepared, but the paper also was execrable in quality and hue, and could not be depended upon to absorb equally the tints laid upon it. It was not till Messrs. Newman and Whatman devoted themselves respectively to the manufacture of pure colours and paper, that the water-colour artist had a fair chance of giving to his work any beauty of bright colour, and, looking at the pictures executed in this earlier time, it is always necessary to bear in mind the above fact. All this is an old story now. We look at De Wint's picture, and notice where his blues and the fugitive Indian red (employed by this artist in making his greys) have disappeared, leaving the sky frequently almost a blank; we turn to Turner, and find trees whose foliage retains no trace of its former hue, and rivers (as, for instance, in the beautiful drawing of the meeting of the Greta and the Tees) whose waters have wholly disappeared; we see whole drawings from which all the colder colours have vanished, leaving a pale buff tint over the whole composition, and we take all these things as a matter of course; but hardly, I think, appreciate the enormous difficulties which must have been encountered by men working with such imperfect and fleeting materials. Those who noticed the early drawings of Turner exhibited by Mr. Ruskin at the Fine Art Society's rooms last year, will remember how sternly limited they were in colour to tints of buff and pale browns, blues, and greens. Those first drawings carry us back to the old theory of water-colours, which restricted them to the simplest suggestion of natural colours, and show us very plainly how hard a matter it was even for a great colourist like Turner to escape from the traditional restrictions laid upon his art. How he did escape, and work his way upwards till he attained his whole colour strength, we must not stay to notice here; but it should be remembered that the great improvement in colours and paper came just in time to be useful to him.

The main influence of Turner's work upon later water-colour art has been rather that of a liberator than a lawgiver; and it is necessary to dwell strongly upon the assertion that, great as this painter was—with a greatness indeed, which, like that of Shakespeare, makes all words of praise seem little better than an impertinence—yet he has founded no school—has had, on the whole, no followers. His services to English art have been tremendous, but rather of the kind which uproots tradition, than that which founds a school; and I doubt whether any considerable section of English artists are at the present day working upon the same lines as our greatest landscape-painter. The truth is, that while Turner, in one sense, stands at the head of modern art, he, in an almost truer sense, comes at the tail of ancient art; he closes an epoch almost more than he inaugurates one.

Let me try if I can make this plain in a few words. Between modern landscape-painting, depending, as it does in the main, on its truth to nature, and ancient landscape-painting, which depended upon the dignity

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of its composition, Turner's work stands alone, belonging to both schools and yet ruled by neither. If we are to seek for dignity of composition, sublimity of conception, and power of execution, it is impossible to find them in a higher degree than in many of Turner's great pictures. If our ideal as a landscape-painter was found before Turner came, in Claude, can we deny that, even in the same way—in classical grace and feeling, in dignity of conception and composition—the painter of the "Hesperides" and the "Bay of Baiæ" is greater than the model on whom he formed himself? But if, on the other hand, we find our ideal landscape in truth to Nature, in detail of rock, tree, flower, and cloud—where shall we find, even now, a painter who gives us more of what we want than Turner when he draws "The Frosty Morning," or "Crossing the Brook"? The point I wish to insist on in this connection, is that the one style was apparently as natural to him as the other. He could not paint even the most classical of his compositions without introducing an amount of natural fact which, when we come to study the work, positively bewilders us by its variety and quantity; nor could he paint the simplest subject of English rural life without touching it with some of the classical grace which Claude had taught him. Now, it was a genius of this double-sidedness—at least, so we think we can see now—that was wanted to complete the emancipation of landscape-painting from the old classic ideal. Had Turner been simply a realist, in the way that many landscape-painters are nowadays, the adherents of the older style would have pooh-poohed his pictures as wanting in the "grand style;" had he been simply great in the styles of Claude and Poussin, surrendering almost without an effort many truths of nature as incompatible with the dignity of a great school of landscape, he would simply have retarded the development, instead of hastening it. But as it was, he succeeded in showing, as it were side by side, the two styles, and proving, by the similarity no less than the contrast, where the faults of the elder school lay; and, though no one then could come to much decision as to whether it were possible that Claude's style, of ideal merit, as it had been considered for centuries, was not after all the finest conceivable method of landscape painting, they were forced to acknowledge that here was a painter who did not hesitate to challenge Claude on his own ground, and nevertheless gave in his adherence to a method, in comparison with which Claude's was artificial in the extreme, and produced by that method results which were as beautiful as they were original. I have dwelt thus long upon Turner's curious combination of classicalism and naturalism because it seems to me that he prepared by it, in the only way that was at the time possible, the ground for the reaction in favour of the study of Nature, which has been the most typical thing about the landscape of the last half-century. For it must be remembered that if Turner did, as I hold, exhibit the results of the classical and the natural styles of painting side by side, with much of the same grand impartiality with which Shakespeare exhibits the most diverse passions and characters, yet, when once these

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results were shown, artists and the public declared with no uncertain voice which it was that they preferred; and, in somewhat the same way as "Cervantes smiled the chivalry of Spain away," so did classical composition really fade out of men's sight in the glorious pictures of Carthage and Italy, by the side of which the artist did not scruple to hang such everyday subjects as the breaking-up of an old war-ship, or the passing of a railway-train through a storm of wind and rain.

It was a new light to people that commonplace things they had seen all their lives, had in them pictorial elements of pathos and interest such as they had never suspected, and that a painter who had shown himself fully capable of appreciating the glories of ancient landscape, should show himself also content to paint with equal fidelity and love the simplest subjects of English scenery. It was a new light in many ways that shone from his pictures, and men woke up gradually to its comprehension, though many well-meaning persons could not believe at first in a painter who declared that Margate sunsets were the finest in the world. The general artistic feeling of the country would, however, scarcely have taken (as it did take in the earlier years of this century) the direction of giving increased importance to the practice of water-colours, had it not been for another quality of Turner's work, and one which was in this instance shared by several artists less widely known. The pessimist notion of water-colour work which had steadily grown up under the fostering care of its restriction by artists to minor purposes, and by the little care and knowledge bestowed upon the manufacture of its material, required some striking disproof before its error could be generally acknowledged. It was necessary to show that there was no inherent incapacity in the medium to prevent works therein possessing all the force, dignity, and value, which were commonly supposed to be found alone in the schools of oil-painting, and, thanks to what was perhaps his greatest quality, this was shown by Turner and one or two of his *confrères*. If we review carefully Turner's water-colour work, we find in it one supreme characteristic, universally present, and that is the sense of enormous space, which is given apparently without effort, and certainly without straining, in every little sketch, no matter how small. Whether it be English meadows, French rivers, or Alpine ranges which occupy his pencil, however crowded or important be the foreground, however varied or intense the light of the picture, in all alike there opens out to our view, an almost infinite series of aërial planes so exquisitely right in their distance, that after the first glance it is literally true that in looking at a Turner the *size* of the work is almost an absolute matter of indifference—four inches square gives us the same effect in his work that twelve feet does. Now it should be remembered that of all Claude's merits this was the greatest. Truth to natural colour and detail he habitually sacrificed, truth to atmospheric effect, never. Whatever Mr. Ruskin or any one else may say, Claude, till Turner came, had never been approached in this respect, and when

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Turner did come it was in this respect only, to share his throne, not wrest his sceptre. Our English artist, however, showed that it was possible to do in water-colours on a square half-foot of paper, what the great Frenchman had done in oils on a ten-foot canvas. But there was a contemporary of Turner's who also possessed this sense of space and this power of expressing it on a small scale, and whose influence helped that of the greater master to change the aspect of water-colour art; this was David Cox, perhaps the most truly English as he was the greatest of all our water-colour landscape artists.

No subject in connection with the rise of water-colour art is more interesting, or has received less critical attention, than the relation of such men as Cox and De Wint, but especially Cox, to Turner. I cannot here do more than just glance at this connection, for though it is comparatively simple to trace the rise of Turner's genius through study of nature, imitation of great masters, study of nature again and again, and finally its almost complete surrender to the leading of the imaginative faculty, there is in Cox no such progress discernible; his genius seems to have taken from the very first an upward line, for which there can hardly be found any determining impulse; and truths of atmosphere and composition which were reached by Turner in what we may almost call a scientific manner, were grasped naturally by Cox without apparent knowledge, and yet with almost infallible accuracy. I have studied for more years than I care to remember Cox's work, having had the good fortune to live in the same house with a large collection of his drawings, and it is to this day a puzzle to me how the marvellous truth of his distant landscape was reached by the painter. That the power of composition was innate both in him and Turner, I do not doubt, though the latter indubitably studied it to a degree unimagined by the former, but the manner in which plane after plane of atmosphere is indicated by Cox, in work which appears to have been done with lightning speed, and in what I may call the most rough and ready manner, is more inexplicable to my understanding than the utmost marvels of delicacy attained by Turner. I remember especially two sketches, one of an open common under a storm of wind and rain, and the other a still slighter sketch of Putney Bridge on a dull rainy afternoon, both of which possess in the highest degree this quality of almost infinite variety of distance. Now, these rough sketches (for they are sketches untouched at home) are especially good illustrations, because in neither of them is there any object worth speaking of by which the eye is led to appreciate the distance—both have been executed in a great hurry on the spot; the former being done, as I was told by a gentleman who was with Cox at the time, in a very few minutes. (The painter suddenly stopped his companion in the middle of the shower, said, "I *must* have that effect," and sat down and did it.) There are some curious drawings of Cox's earlier years, showing how he fell under the influence first of De Wint and then of Turner; but they throw no special light upon the great

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merits of his work, and are, indeed, among the very worst drawings that he produced.

I must not, however, dwell upon this subject; suffice it to note that here, running as it were parallel to Turner, was an artist whose work possessed qualities of dignity and power comparable to those of the finest oil-painters, and yet one who had somehow arrived at his conclusions without copying the antique or studying the great schools of art, but had simply been taught them by Nature herself as he sat sketching on Mitcham Common, or under the oaks at Haddon Hall. It is necessary to note briefly the advance made by Cox upon the work, very beautiful work, too, in its way, of his immediate predecessor De Wint.

I was talking a few weeks ago to one of the most famous of our contemporary water-colour painters, who had just returned from a visit to Madrid, and while we were chatting incidentally about the enormous power of Velasquez as a colourist, my friend casually said, "There is only one Englishman who ever approached him in that way, and that's De Wint." I quote this remark as a somewhat exaggerated expression of a truth which we are at the present time somewhat likely to forget, namely, that a colourist by nature can work almost entirely without colour; this is so true, that amongst artists it would probably be not thought worthy of repetition; but it is habitually forgotten if not denied by the public in general. Now, De Wint was, if not a great colourist, certainly one of no mean order, and in his work was struck that note of relative truth which Cox afterwards followed out so successfully. The former artist had a dislike to bright skies, cheerful scenes, and merry incidents (very unlike Cox's habit of mind); he hated a windy day, or indeed anything that told of swift movement and lively action, and what he disliked he did not paint; but there never yet was a man who painted tired cattle, straggling home down a muddy lane, or standing idly about the farmyard under a heavy sky, as did De Wint; there has never been an English painter who has given us with equal truth the long flat marshes of Essex, or Cambridge, or who in fact has represented as truly that plain, undramatic, undisturbed, and somewhat stagnant life of rural England. Unemotional of nature, in as high a degree as he is truthful to the narrow truth he had power to see, his pictures are probably more out of tune with our present style of painting and our more restless manner of life than those of any artist of his period. Yet we must consider that he succeeded to a race of artists who thoroughly despised and ignored water-colours as incapable of producing fine art, and that with almost hopelessly inferior materials, he produced works which in their mastery of tertiary tints are unrivalled, and, last not least, that he asserted in his own dull dogged way that his country was "good enough for him as it was;" he was not going to give way to anybody in that, let them talk about Claude and Poussin as they liked. Something (indeed to me very much) of this spirit is evident in his work, and it is

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almost certain that it was from him, and perhaps from William Hunt, that Cox caught the infection which made his work so peculiarly English in its character. The great difference between the spirit of these artists is most certainly the stirring quality of Cox's work, intensely full of life and energy, and the quietude, which is yet not melancholy and not in the least morbid, of De Wint. Their great merit consists in this, that in an age of Keepsake literature, and "art chiefly of the handscreen sort," as George Eliot calls it, they succeeded in giving to their work a dignity and a truth which have never been surpassed in landscape-painting, and that they did this by no reference to classical models, but by sheer power of original genius.

Other painters had shown that there were beauties in English scenery accessible to the artist, but none before had preached with their pencils the daring theory, that England itself, muddy, grey-skied, windy, foggy, and cold, was yet on the whole a beautiful country, one that a man might be proud to live in and proud to paint. If there be such a thing as worthy Jingoism, these old painters were worthy Jingoes, and the contrast is curiously deep between what they and what Turner, who must have had the seer's gift of prophecy, as he certainly had his melancholy, thought of our native land.

These three men, Turner, Cox, and De Wint, were the great precursors in landscape, of the period which the Burlington Fine Art Gallery have chosen for illustration, and with them there should be mentioned Barrett and Prout; the first of whom was the most refined and skilful exponent in water-colours of the classical composition style of landscape, and exceptionally able in depicting effects of brilliant sunlight, the other the most patiently faithful of architectural draughtsmen, yet hardly ever carrying his painting beyond the old standpoint of a pen or pencil outline washed with flat colour. We say hardly ever, for it must be here noted that signs are by no means wanting that had Prout taken to painting seriously instead of devoting his whole life to architectural draughtsmanship, he might have been a considerable colourist. This is especially noticeable in some of his earlier sea-pieces, and in a few finished drawings of his later period.

There is in Prout's work a curious, simple fidelity and innocent earnestness such as one may perhaps find an analogy to in the sermon of a simple country parson, whose hearers ask no troublesome questions, and have no disturbing doubts. In such a mind, to such listeners (apparently), does Prout tell his little tale of Gothic architecture, with a humble and yet confident sense in the sufficiency of its interest. That he (the artist) delights in the story is evident; so, he thinks, should you do, if you would take the trouble, and lest any element which attracted him should be missing, he gives you the people with their carts, fruit-stalls, umbrellas, &c. &c., that he saw in front of the buildings, throws them in as it were to add to the local colour. But on this subject I must say no more, for we have just had from the pen of Mr. Ruskin a

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critical notice of Prout's work and his place in art, of such quality as to render further words a mere impertinence, and I can only refer those who are interested in the subject to the "Notes on Prout and Hunt," published a few months ago by the Fine Art Society.

The works of the men I have named, and whose characteristics I have tried to give some slightest glimpse of, were in the main executed before, or shortly after, the year 1830, and it is, as the editor of the Burlington Catalogue shows in his preface, the years between 1830 and 1860 which are mainly illustrated in this collection. We have brought water-colour art up to this period as far as it has been concerned with landscape, let us now try and see what use was made by the younger generation of the paths opened to them by the elder artists. Did they, like Jeannot in the old ballad, "go proudly rushing on" where glory pointed the way, or did they retrace their steps, and turn their improved pigments and paper to a less worthy use than in the old days? What was the work of the water-colour school of English painting (as it is shown on these walls) during the second quarter of the nineteenth century?

On the whole the period is one of decided decline—decline which is made the more evident from the skill in many technical respects of those who are engaged in it, and the superior beauty of the materials employed; the further we get away from the old masters, the worse the art becomes (the landscape art alone I am here speaking of), up to 1860, or thereabouts, at which time the pre-Raphaelite influence steps quietly in and stops the decline, by turning the whole aim of the best men's work towards a new object; but of this influence I cannot here speak, and, indeed, must needs be brief in my mention of the period of decline.

If I do not here dwell upon Bonington's work, it is from no feeling of neglect, but only because, owing to his training in the Ecole des Beaux-Arts at Paris, his subsequent studies in Venice, and his early death at the age of twenty-seven, he can hardly be considered to hold the place of an *English* landscape-painter. In all probability, had he lived he would have been one of our very greatest genre painters, and the studies of landscape and sea-coast scenery which he has left us possess a refinement and delicacy both in the execution, and in the selection and arrangement of the subject, which we can hardly parallel in English painting. He is said to have slighted "the Academic teaching of Gros," received in Paris, but the influence of that teaching is singularly evident in his work, to which perhaps the most correct term to apply is "elegant." Technically he showed signs of becoming a colourist, and his actual brush-work in water-colour was of exceptional brilliancy, but he had no followers in England, and his work has never been valued so highly in this country as in France.

I now come to the two painters who are the most prominent figures of the period of decline, and that not only from their merit, but because they form the connecting links between the old school and the one which was to succeed it; without them we could hardly understand how the

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art of Cox and De Wint changed to the art of Rowbotham, Richardson, and Penley. These two painters, William Bennett and William James Muller, were contemporaries, though the latter painter died in 1845, the former not till 1871.

Muller's work presents at first sight a very difficult problem to the student of art, for it is difficult to understand how a painter so highly endowed with artistic gifts could do so very little with them, and this is, I think, only to be accounted for by what is, curiously enough, one of his most marked merits—that is his power of seizing the artistic aspect of any given scene. This it is that makes his work so strongly attractive to artists, and it is the lack of more than this that causes people in general to pass his pictures almost without notice. Taken from one side, he is the exact opposite of Cox, who delighted with a very evident delight in the subjects he painted, whereas Muller, sketching with a facility and accuracy to the general effect hardly to be surpassed, yet always impresses us as being in a hurry to get away from his subject, as not caring one bit *what* he was sketching, and as having no reason why he should sketch that more than anything else. And so it happens that, wonderful as his work is in many technical respects, it strikes no responsive note in our natures, and though the subjects of his pictures extend over Italy, Switzerland, and Germany, Lycia, Greece, and Egypt, yet from all those countries put together, he cannot extract as much beauty or even interest, as we gain from one of Cox's hayfields or De Wint's farmyards.

I am, it must be remembered, speaking here only of his landscape and water-colour work; it is probable that the real bent of his genius was towards figure-painting, and the methods of oil suited him best. His restlessness and his facility for rapid sketching made him, however, always on the search for new subjects, and he undoubtedly had a most pernicious influence upon the art of the day, both by precept and example. He is, after all, best described as an "ideal sketcher;" he set the ideal of sketching as opposed to that of thorough painting from Nature, before his pupils, and corrupted with this doctrine two clever artists who are still living, Mr. Harry Johnson and Mr. George Fripp. His theory was (it is quite perceptible in his works), that, after all, there are only a few natural facts that an artist wants in order to make a picture, that these facts he can get in an hour or two's work on the spot, and that then the picture can be made at leisure as per receipt. We know, or think we know, better than that by this time, but it is not wonderful that a doctrine so bold and so attractive gained ready credence amongst artists; the whole history of the next twenty years of landscape-painting is the history of how this creed was worked, and finally worked out, by a series of average artists. The whole of what may be called chromolithographic art arose from this theory of rapid sketching.

Muller's practice, however, great as was its influence, would not by itself have turned the popular artistic practice in favour of slight and dex-

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terously imperfect renderings of nature. The work was wanting in many of the elements of popularity; it was powerful, but it was also gloomy; it was intensely suggestive, but its suggestions were such as could only be followed out by people somewhat acquainted with art matters, and above all, it was too impersonal for popularity. But perhaps its greatest drawback, as far as public approval was concerned, was its lack of propriety. It gave way in no one respect to Mrs. Grundy and her kindred, it was wholly unadapted to Miss Skimperton's or any other academy. Think for one moment of what had just gone before. Turner was teaching us the beauties of sunshine, and Cox those of wind and rain. De Wint was telling us that our England was pictorial even in its most commonplace aspects. Cotman and Bonington had taken the river and the sea-shore as their pet subjects, and shown their fitness for artistic effort; and lastly Muller was wandering from Dan to Beersheba, sketching whatever came in his way. All these men were (each in his own way) discoverers and innovators; and what was wanted at this special time was an artist of sufficient power to grasp the effect of their various practices, and combine them in some form which should be generally acceptable to the public, which should, as it were, restore the public to that first critical place from which it had been a little deposed. This man was found in a pupil of Cox's named William Bennett, a painter who may be said to have determined the direction of landscape art for at least twenty years. Essentially a painter of the second class, Bennett had still the power of combining in no ordinary degree many high artistic qualities. He had sat at the feet of Cox till he was thoroughly imbued with that artist's love of fresh, breezy landscapes, and the rapidity of genius which had enabled Cox to dash off his work at lightning speed, became with Bennett the object of constant emulation. Cox, partly from choice, partly from the necessities of the time, had worked with a restricted palette, and had obtained his effects by the quickest and most dexterous use of a large brush full of colour dashed with hurried certainty over the roughest paper. Both the restricted palette, the wet brush, and the rough paper became parts of Bennett's artistic creed, as did the elder artists' hatred of body colour and love of grey, breezy skies. It is not too much to say that Bennett's entire practice was founded on the desire to gain rapidity. It was in its very essence partial; not partial like Cox to one phase of Nature, but partial in a far more enfeebling manner to Nature as a whole. It may be fairly said of Bennett's pictures that they represent accurately a momentary sight of any natural scene, such as a child might have, or a blind man whose eyes were suddenly opened. The first glimpse one has of them is invariably the most pleasing; the first impulse is to say "How true!" the second to think "How false!" Nothing in the picture is rendered accurately; not, bear in mind, because the painter confessed his inability for such rendering, nor because he seized all he could grasp in the one given moment in which such fact existed for him, but because the painter did not see that more was to be desired—

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did not know his shortcomings—did not in truth really grasp his subject. The work is as little realistic as it is ideal, and stands in much the same relation to great painting as "Hunkey-dorum-diddleum-dey" does to great music. But perhaps even for this very reason it is pleasant to a great many people; it needs no effort to understand, no learning to appreciate. Its subjects, too, are such as we can all take an interest in, such as are not of everyday occurrence to us dwellers in London, but within a practicable distance by road or rail, and connected with memories, legends, or places more or less familiar to us all. Bolton Abbey and Haddon Hall, the cliffs of Hastings or the view from Richmond Hill; girls haymaking in bright sunshine, or children gathering blackberries in shady lanes—everything which recalls sunny days in the country or by the sea-shore, and speaks of cheerfulness, of a decent, properly educated mind, was the material out of which Bennett formed his pictures, and the man himself was such as we might have fancied—

A great broad-shouldered genial Englishman,

clumsy in his movements, hearty in his manner, furiously prejudiced and irascible in outward appearance, and yet at heart simple as a child and gentle as a woman. Nothing pleased him better than helping youngsters, and I can remember how as a boy I used to go once a week throughout the winter months to his studio, and there, in company with two or three others, make sepia drawings with the brush (he would allow no pencil to be used), from his sketches, and receive the most kindly, dogmatic and (I am bound to say that I now believe) most erroneous, instruction that I have ever experienced. Untroubled by doubts either in art or life, thoroughly capable of such work as he attempted to perform, imbued with a hearty love of out-door life, and a hatred of all but clear and simple principles, this painter was the last genuine painter of the old school of water-colours. English landscape was to him the finest thing in the world; he loved it deeply if ignorantly, and he painted it with as hearty an appreciation of its more superficial beauties, as has ever been seen.

After him the deluge, as far as the school of pure water-colour was concerned, but on that I cannot dwell here. In a future paper I will try to show how the picturesque ideal of landscape quickly came to usurp the place which had essentially been filled by the work of the artists some of whose peculiarities I have here tried to point out, and how that ideal was in its turn dethroned by the rise of the pre-Raphaelites. From 1830 to 1860 we may consider that the picturesque had it all its own way. From 1860 to the present time the struggle between it and the realists has been both bitter and perhaps doubtful in its issue, but we may, I think, consider ourselves justified in concluding that a modified realism has at last gained the day.

HARRY QUILTER.

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Country Parsons.

The tendency which modern life has to uniformity and suppression of all marked characteristics has frequently been noticed. Among the few elements of picturesqueness, however, which a ruthless civilisation still suffers to linger in England, certainly not the least is the country parson. The type is one and the same, but its expression is manifold. He brings together, as it were, by his own individuality, all ranks of men in his parish, touching the squire or lawyer by reminiscences of school and college life, while his holy profession unites him with the joys and sorrows of his poorer parishioners. Perhaps his farmers do not always sympathise with him; but then he is in some sort worse than a landlord, as he exacts tithes. Then, again, he possesses too much "book-learning" for them, and, sooth to say, they somewhat despise the farming of his glebe, supposing him to keep it in his own hands. A country parson seldom makes a good farmer, and (if good farmers will let us say it) he is generally considered a fair object to be imposed upon by them when his produce goes to market. It is upon record that one surprised the neighbourhood by the excellence of his crops and their due rotation, but he was always rather behindhand with everything. The churchwarden was deputed to ask him the reason of this, when the rest of his procedure was so creditable in the eyes of the parish. The parson laughed, and confessed he had not the remotest knowledge of farming, but possessed plenty of observation. He therefore took as his pattern one of the largest and best farmers in the parish, and did whatever he noticed this man ordered to be done on his estate. When he sowed beans, then he, the parson, did the same; when he cut hay, he did so too; consequently it was not to be wondered at that he was always just a little behindhand. The clergyman rose highly, after this avowal, in the estimation of his flock. This haphazard mode of farming brought him nearer to them than if he had followed the precepts of Stephens and Mechi. Nothing pleases the rustic mind so much as knowing all the secrets of successful agriculture.

To realise the blank which the removal of the parson from rural England would occasion, is to foreshadow the extreme result of Disestablishment and Disendowment. Without entering here upon this wide question in its political and ecclesiastical bearings, it is tolerably certain that were so sweeping a measure carried out, the Church would be obliged in great measure to fall back upon the teeming centres of population, and would flourish among them with renewed strength,

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while the sad spectacle of retrogression would be exhibited in many country parishes. In poor and sequestered districts it can scarcely be doubted that civilisation in its highest aspects would be blighted, and in some places die out altogether for a time. Neither clergy nor sacred buildings could be maintained; so that the example of the one, and the many silent but eloquent influences of the other, would be lost. Here, again, it is not our purpose to speak of the divine and deeper benefits which a parish receives, or may receive, from a resident parish priest; but the extinction of that idyllic English life which flourishes in and around country rectories, so picturesquely and so profitably withal, cannot but be regarded as a national calamity. An important factor in the efforts made at present to diffuse goodness, light, and sweetness would require to be eliminated from the philanthropist's calculations, while the attractiveness of country life would be greatly diminished. In all the thousand little kindly acts which are unconsciously rendered and accepted, and make up so much of the pleasure of rural life, in the ever-recurring routine of parochial management, in social gatherings, at friendly dinner parties, no face would be so missed as that of the parson. Without his presence the warm colours in which poets and essayists have always painted life at each scattered Auburn, would fade out, and a dull uniformity creep over the landscape. To take but the lowest ground, there would be a grievous diminution of cakes and ale in merrie England; while amid the many depressing and earthward tendencies which always prevail in country districts, the loss of a powerful counteracting element which affects both heart and head, and strives to point the way to "a better country, which is an heavenly," if it always seemed to itself to fall short of its own ideal, could ill be spared.

This many-sidedness, so to speak, of the country parson's character has frequently been dwelt upon with approbation by poets and moralists. He must be, in the best sense of the phrase, all things to all men. Divine, scholar, farmer, naturalist, sportsman, with warm sympathies and an extended range of knowledge, he is called upon to be the teacher, consoler, and friend of all his parishioners. "The clergyman is with his parishioners and among them," says Coleridge;* "he is neither in the cloistered cell nor in the wilderness, but a neighbour and a family man, whose education and rank admit him to the mansion of the rich landholder, while his duties make him the frequent visitor of the farmhouse and the cottage." And he describes what may be termed the secular duties of the country parson in apt words: "That to every parish throughout the kingdom there is transplanted a germ of civilisation; that in the remotest villages there is a nucleus round which the capabilities of the place may crystallise and brighten; a model sufficiently superior to excite, yet sufficiently near to encourage and facilitate imitation; this unobtrusive, continuous agency of a Protestant Church Estab-

* See Coleridge's *Table Talk*, page 216 (quoted from *Church and State*).

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lishment—*this* it is which the patriot and the philanthropist, who would again unite the love of peace with the faith in the progressive amelioration of mankind, cannot value at too high a price."* It is, we are glad to believe, the glory of the Church of England that she possesses many such sons, nurtured it may be in the great schools of the country—at all events equipped for their practical work in life at the universities; mingling freely both at school and college with those who are hereafter to hold high rank at the bar, in the senate, in civil and military service abroad; able to touch the intellects of such educated men, as well as to evoke the softer emotions from the hearts of ignorance and indifference. In this knowledge of men and manners alone the English clergy, from its antecedents, is superior to the Scotch ministers on the one hand, and the seminary-nurtured parish priests of Italy and France on the other. Indeed the distinction between the regulars and the seculars in the Middle Ages is not dissimilar to the differences now apparent between the parish priests of Rome and of England. Without wishing to cast the slightest slur on the learning and devotion of the great body of Romish clergy, we should imagine that they must frequently themselves deplore that dwarfing of the sympathetic and affectionate side of life in their own case which belongs so fully to their English brother.

Those great differences in learning and political wisdom which, as Macaulay has eloquently pointed out, marked the town and country clergy in the seventeenth century, have long disappeared. Thanks to railroads, telegraphs, and postal facilities, the most retired dweller in the country can now keep himself better informed in general knowledge and the changeful history of the nation than could a peer who lived far from the capital in Charles the Second's reign. These and the like conveniences of civilisation counterbalance the preponderance of learning amongst city clergy. Many a man will now be found occupied in the care of a rural parish deeply versed, it may be, in Church history, in sacred hermeneutics, in liturgies, in Councils, in doctrines; and his knowledge is rendered useful to others by the promptitude with which he can entrust his thoughts to the printing press. Greater leisure compensates with such scholars for more ready access to books. It is doubtless true that the more brilliant and practical intellects among the clergy are now, as at the Revolution, being absorbed in the great town populations; but the works of laborious culture, the histories and graver treatises which owe their being to clerical industry, are for the most part produced in rural retirement, if investigated in London. It is the fashion to look upon the country parson's as an indolent life; and so it doubtless is in many cases where a weak character cannot or does not make head against the somnolent influences of the country. But busy town-workers, who look down upon the country parson from the feverish

* See, too, some eloquent pages in Wordsworth's Poems, "Appendix, Prefaces, &c." (Ed. 1857, vol. vi. p. 415, seq.)

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and engrossing nature of their daily work, would be surprised at the multifariousness of the duties daily discharged by a conscientious clergyman in the country. Private study, public ministrations, it may be daily public prayers; teaching his own children and those at the parish school; parish accounts; lectures on scientific and useful subjects during the winter, and perhaps a night school as well; the functions, it may be, of diocesan inspector, magistrate, or guardian—these are what ordinarily make great inroads upon his time. Add to these avocations that he may be fond of his garden, or of some scientific pursuit; that he becomes, as his character is better known, the trusted friend and adviser on a multitude of different subjects for his parishioners; that he writes their business letters for the more illiterate, and makes wills for the moribund; that he is ever at the beck and call of want and ignorance; that he either engages in tuition in many cases to eke out a slender income, or occupies himself in writing articles, reviews, &c., for the London press; and when at length he goes to bed tired out with walking, talking, writing, and thinking (for we have said nothing of the weekly discharge of his sacred duties in church, which, of course, require much preparation), his careless critics would not altogether like to change work with him. Certain it is that no public man is in most cases so inadequately paid as is the country parson. Fortunately money is not the motive which he sets before himself; therefore little is heard in the way of complaint from a body of men simply indispensable to the happiness and welfare of the rural districts.

Owing to the isolation of the country clergy, their education and habits of thought, the few instances of eccentricity which the levelling tendencies of modern society yet tolerate, are mainly to be found in their numbers. Gilbert White was doubtless regarded as a harmless oddity by his contemporaries, but he only carried out resolutely that love of natural history which is so common among the clergy. Of the ten or twelve thousand country parsons of the present day, we venture to assert that a large number informally jot down in diary or note-book the date of the coming of the cuckoo, or the departure of the swallow. Even the late Bishop of Oxford found time to make these notes in his diary. To take another side of mental activity, all sense of natural beauty or the sacredness of antiquity will frequently desert a mathematical parson who carries his own studies with him when he quits Cambridge common rooms for rural shades. We remember asking such a one in the North of England, in whose parish was a venerable relic of the past known as King Arthur's Round Table, for some particulars of it. He had never been near it, he confessed; but promptly asserted that with twenty men for three days, and a couple of hundred loads of limestone, he could make a much more surprising table, much as Mr. Fergusson would construct Stonehenge with a hundred Chinese coolies. The late Prebendary Hawker, of Morwenstowe, may perhaps without offence be cited as another instance of eccentricity engendered by solitary habits and much

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pondering on one branch of study, until the mental perversion almost passed into lunacy. Most sojourners in the West have heard of his cats and staves, and his wilful closing of the eyes to the facts of modern life. All country lovers, however, will recall instances of parsons who never wear hats, or who breed white mice and canaries in every room of their rectories, or only walk abroad after dark, and the like. Yet these men are generally exemplary parish priests. Want of contact with the outer world has unduly warped some trait of their nature, or led to a harmless custom or taste being carried to an excess. Their parishioners respect them, their liking being blended perhaps with a slight touch of awe. Such men would be missed as integral portions of country life, were it not that, as often as death claims them, a fresh generation of parsons is developing kindred if newer fashioned eccentricities. They are like a patch of colour gratefully hailed in the general uniformity of rustic life.

But it is to other and more useful characteristics that parsons mainly owe their prominence in the country side. This one, it may be, is a great archæologist, and even dares to contradict the most captious of architectural critics when the latter ventures into his district for one of the autumnal archæological excursions. Another knows more about mosses and fungi than any other man in England. All the mysteries of ecclesiastical vestments are at a third's fingers' ends; he will discuss with abundant learning chimeres and morses, chasubles and amices; and as *ceremoniarius* is in great request when the bishop attempts some novel function. This clergyman is celebrated for his roses which have filled his plate-chest with cups; that one is an acknowledged authority upon salmon fishing, to whom even the *Field* would defer. Provoke not a discussion on ancient armour with him, or you will be overwhelmed with jambs and sollerets, gussets and lamboys. As amateur ecclesiastical lawyer, that one is unrivalled. He will browbeat the archdeacon, intimidate the rural dean, and knows his way through all the ecclesiastical courts. Those who are not in the secret think that he has mistaken his vocation, and had he chosen the law might ere now have been Lord Chancellor. Those who are behind the scenes, being aware that his father is a legal light, assert that the parson is only a good lawyer if he has time to consult paternal authority by the penny post. Detraction, however, always accompanies distinction. In some remote parts of the country, where squires and squireens have not moved with the times, and are still of opinion that the best way to hold their own in a village is to quarrel with the parson, a series of interminable feuds is the sad spectacle that meets the inquirer in parish after parish. If a squire only reflected a moment in these dark districts, when he lets loose his temper, and then, to punish his opponent, never again goes to church, he might remember his long laid by Latin grammar, and bethink himself that such a contest is one *ubi tu pulsas, ego vapulo tantum*; that is to say, the honour and satisfaction of the struggle, such as there is, must needs rest with the parson. He is generally the younger man, and will

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probably outlive his antagonist, however stoutly that one may brandish his arms, and even if he be the best of haters; then how unsatisfactory it must be to leave the Church master of the situation, when in the order of nature death overtakes the squire! No one is so vexatious a foe, too, as a parson. In a little parish he must meet the angry squire almost daily; he may covertly preach against him in a thousand delicate innuendoes and sly implications. The squire's personality may be embodied in a hundred of the worst characters found in Scripture, and moral reflections drawn from them all in terms the reverse of complimentary, and all intelligible even to Hodge's mind. The squire's wife, too, will frequently prove a traitor in the camp; she has liked the rector's wife before their lords quarrelled, and now the women hang together, and the squire must nourish a serpent in his bosom. We were once staying in Wales with a squire who straitly refused to go to church on Sunday; "he had not been near the parson for twenty years." We went and heard a Welsh sermon on Goliath, full of sound and fury, but signifying nothing to us, as we knew nothing of the language. Still the clergyman looked innocent and pacific; and a very little thing, say a Christmas dinner (a capital mode of peacemaking), would probably have set the foes at one again. Another case comes into the mind where an enraged squire cut his parson for more years than either the one or the other could remember, because palisades were not allowed round a grave. The parson vanquished his foe in an epigram—

> You railed at me in life, such was your failing;
> In death be easy, you will have no railing.

More commonly the country parson tries every mode of reconciliation, and then, if his antagonist be still obdurate, falls back upon "the more excellent way" and—forgives him. With an ordinary parishioner who quarrels with him, the parson uses kind words and bides his time for doing him a favour. The most infuriated parishioner speedily perceives that there is no credit to be gained by maintaining animosity against a man who does not even bear a grudge in return; nay, who is so poor-spirited that he cannot remember there exists such a thing as a quarrel after three months have elapsed. Such an one is not worthy, he thinks, of his steel; and soon he, too, collapses, and there is an end of it. The old amusement of baiting the parson at the annual vestry meeting has well nigh lost its zest. Since the abolition of church-rates the good man can very well disappoint his foes and remain at home.

As the country clergy are so scattered, a layman tolerably familiar with a large district will frequently neither know nor see many of them unless he attends visitations. This he can well do in the capacity of churchwarden. As Dickens used to talk of every variety of whisker distinguishing the Bar of England, so the rural clergy are noticeable at such gatherings for the marvellous collars and ties which they wear. A tailor curious in such articles could unhesitatingly point out their exact chrono-

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logical sequence from a casual inspection of the throng which crowds the narrow streets of the little county town on its way to the church. One very old man appears in a huge starched choker which elongates his neck and keeps up his head, recalling the days of Beau Brummel and the greatest gentleman in Europe. Another has apparently wound a long-used tablecloth round his neck. Then comes one who on the top of such an erection has superadded a monstrous pair of collars, of the kind once irreverently known as "sideboards." His neighbour wears stiff stand-up collars, fashionable at Oxford before the turn-down Byronic collars came into vogue. Curiously enough, the freaks of fashion are again bringing him into the front rank as wearing the "correct thing." The younger men indulge in the comfortable loose-fitting turn-down collar, which always carries a suspicion of broad church with it. It is easy to tell students from the various theological colleges. The blameless stock, innocent of any collar, at once proclaims them. They would as soon wear bands (which this old gentleman still does) as a collar; for it might identify them with Exeter Hall; just as the exploded preaching gown not so long ago was redolent of Geneva. This exhibition of ecclesiastical stocks and collars at a visitation is most amusing to one who possesses any sense of the ludicrous. The flamens' vestry and Aaron's wardrobe have indeed been ransacked. But what shall be said of the gowns which are *de rigueur* on such an occasion? It is not without regret that we notice instances of young men appearing without them, and justifying it by saying, as they were at such and such a private hall or theological college, they never possessed gowns. But taking a cursory view of the elder men's gowns again, enables the age of the wearer as well as that of his gown to be correctly assessed. This is evidently the oldest incumbent, and his gown is positively green with the suns of many a visitation day. Next him we should be disposed to place this happy rubicund man whose gown is appropriately puffed at the sleeves and covered with tags. No degree at any university of which we have cognisance ever prescribed such a vestment. It probably comes from the sister isle, or may be an LL.D. gown. A malicious young fellow whispers that it belongs to a professor at Girton, and is correctly described as *bouillonnée*. Disused preaching gowns of silk in eccentric shapes are common among the older clergy. Most of them were presentation gowns forty years ago. The plain M.A. gowns of Oxford and Cambridge preponderate, however, in various stages of blackness. It is noticeable that, true to old university etiquette, no wearer of an Oxford M.A. gown will put on gloves to this day; though oblivious that a hat or wide-awake has replaced the correct square cap. To a country parson himself a visitation must always be a sad function. Year by year well-known faces are missed. His own becomes yearly more furrowed with care; and the contrast of early hopes, lofty aims, and burning purposes which have long lost their force in his heart must be great as he sees an ever-fresh throng of young clergy occupied in their turn with the highest aims which can animate youthful hopes. But his sympa-

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thies are strongly aroused for them, and he can at least murmur a prayer that their experience may be brighter than his own.

If one who has been behind the scenes may divulge secrets, the great weakness of country parsons in consultation is their boundless flow of talk. Bishop Wilberforce might have been able to enforce the rules of debate on his clergy, but any ruridecanal or Greek Testament meeting throughout the country shows how few can vie with him in holding the reins. Such subjects as vestments, ecclesiastical dilapidations, the Burials Bill, and the like, are perennially discussed at these meetings. The same arguments and the same witticisms are reproduced year by year. Gravely a vote is taken on the approach of luncheon or dinner; and then the subject is shelved for another year, when precisely the same procedure ensues. Such topics resemble the fabled wild boar of the ancient Scandinavian Valhalla, which was killed and eaten every day, and came to life again next morning to amuse the heroes by hunting and eating it as before. At all these discussions the authority of the chairman is practically set at nought. Conversation is general, and one side answers the arguments of the other without addressing remarks to the chairman. It is well for the reputation of the clergy that many laymen do not trouble themselves to enter these charmed circles. The old reproach of the unbusinesslike character of the clergy might otherwise be confirmed. A joke is irresistible in these conclaves; and it is to be feared that the parson who sympathised with his clerical neighbour on being informed that the latter was suffering from his liver, with the remark that he hoped it was the only evil liver in the sufferer's parish, is as ubiquitous among the clerical meetings of to-day as was the great rural character Dr. Drop some fifty years ago, in country clerical society.

Considering the eccentricity of many country parsons and the little oddities of character which distinguish almost all, owing to the secluded lives they lead, it is not wonderful that their belongings—their wives, domestics, and horses—frequently acquire singularities of mind and manner, and quaint, humorous traits of their own. Novelists are greatly indebted to these clerical dependents. Many a Caleb Balderstone and Andrew Fairservice, each in his measure, are to be found among them; nor will the latter, like their prototype, when tired of their master's orthodoxy, be at times above "taking a spell o' worthy Mess John Quackleben's flower of sweet savour sawn on the middenstead of this world" in some neighbouring Bethesda. On the very glebes occasionally falls a reflection of their life-owners. Thus a legend attached to one in a somewhat Puritanical parish tells how a particular field in it having once been reaped by a strong-minded rector on a Sunday during a ticklish harvest time, its crop could never again be carried home unspoiled. Rain invariably ruined it. In another parish known to us a camp meeting of Methodists which was every summer held in a meadow adjoining the rectory, and was very distasteful to the parson, was for many successive years attended by a deluge of rain. At length a

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belief arose, which was very opportune for him, that the farmers would never about that time have the weather dry enough for turnip sowing, unless some other locality were chosen for the meeting. Much to the rector's relief this was done the following year; and by a coincidence bright sunny weather prevailed, which has indelibly stamped the superstition on the rustic minds of that district. The farmer of the glebe frequently grows old in his tenancy, together with his landlord, and displays also, like him, a marked idiosyncrasy. An old rectory, in which many generations of clergy have married, brought up families, and died, is never a very "canny" place. What legions of ghosts must haunt it! The lay mind would be apprehensive of a skeleton in every one of those dark cupboards, which are so common (and convenient) in the upper rooms. At least one room is haunted in every vicarage of decent age and appearance. The dining-room of one rectory with which we were tolerably familiar was dismantled a short time since for the purpose of enlargement, and a skeleton was found extended a few inches below the surface exactly under the hearth-rug. The masons next attacked the drawing-room floor, and lo! another was brought to light exactly where the sofa had stood for years. Of course the site of the house had originally formed part of the churchyard. As for a country parson's servants, no one sooner catches a master's peculiarities; and the fine old stories of the coachman, who, on being dismissed, replied, "Na, na, I drove ye to your christening, and I'll drive ye yet to your burial;" and the cook who answered in similar circumstances, "It's nae use ava gieing me warning; gif ye dinna ken when ye hae gotten a gude servant, I ken when I hae a gude master," constantly repeat themselves, though perhaps in a less pronounced form, in his household. We know a Devon gardener who gravely told his master a year or two since that his scythe would not cut, and that he fancied Nancy Bastin (meaning a reputed witch of the parish) had "overlooked" it, but he would rub it with a "penny-piece" and thus reverse the charm. That parish clerks are mostly characters and humourists is well known. A clergyman lately assured us that when he first came to his present parish in Lincolnshire, he found there a female clerk. The office gave a "settlement," it seemed, in the parish in old days, and the farmers, mindful of the rates, when a new clerk was wanted, had put their heads together, and decided to appoint the only eligible man in the parish who already possessed the right of settlement. This worthy, who was called Cooling, it appeared, however, after his election, could not read. So a very practical farmer suggested in this dilemma that his wife had better "clerk" for him if she were scholar enough to do so. Accordingly Cooling took his place Sunday by Sunday in the clerk's desk ingloriously silent, but much distinguished by wearing a well-frilled shirt, from which he earned with the village the title of Gentleman Cooling, while his better half did her best to read the Psalms in alternate verses with the minister. Her scholarship, however, was not of a very high order, and the result was

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excruciating. Certain verses and words were habitually "miscalled;" thus "mighty in operation" invariably became "mighty in petition." At length the parson called in the aid of the squire, and succeeded in ousting the pair. Parish clerks, even in the most rural parishes, are speedily becoming extinct at present. If the Oxford movement had no further result than teaching the congregation their own part in the church's services, it would have deserved well of the community.

The amusements of the country clergy form another tempting topic on which to dilate. The traveller on Monday morning by any main line running to London must have noticed during the summer how frequently the parson of each parish gets in at his roadside station; and should the observer return at the end of the week he will find that the last down train on Saturday evening puts down one parson at least at every station. Railroads have broken down much of the intellectual isolation in which country parsons were wont to live. Now they can visit the British Museum Library and the Academy as frequently as more favoured mortals. Publicity has also softened their ruder amusements, and refined upon the coarser tastes of the clerical generations which closed the last and began the present century. The rough-riding hunting parson who scoured the country by day and caroused at night is extinct even in the wilds of Cumberland, in Wales, and in North Devon, which has formed such a pleasant clerical Alsatia for more than one novelist. We can remember a well-known hunting parson in East Anglia, the last of his race in those parts, with his legs encased in sombre riding trousers so tight that it was popularly believed he slept in them, while his face was the colour of mahogany. And we have the pleasure of knowing the very last of the west country hunting clergymen, in the best of health we trust at present, whose celebrity is world-wide, as well as his acquaintances, and whose parochial ministrations are as exemplary as his devotion to the chase of the red deer has been lifelong. Shooting is left to the man of country tastes with a small parish and large glebe, or to the "squarson," as Bishop Wilberforce appropriately called him who was at once parson and squire of a parish. A small proportion of clergy here and there join the ladies in shooting with the bow and arrow, and discourse glibly of York ends and target practice. They may be divided into two classes. The one, athletic and devoted from old college tastes to violent outdoor exercise, gives itself heart and soul to archery, rises early, shoots a certain number of arrows daily, and maintains the keenest rivalry between its hits and their value at yesterday's practice and the same to-day. Very few of the second and much more numerous class either could or would join in the pursuits of the former. Archery is for them a pleasant excuse for dangling about with wives and sisters, an agreeable mode of spending a summer afternoon with neighbours out of doors. The younger clergy half a dozen years ago were credited with an extreme fondness for croquet. The game is now extinct, its place being filled by lawn tennis; and it furnishes a curious example of the mode in which a

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diversion once pursued with a passionate devotion, and fondly believed to have become a national game in the same sense as cricket, can expire in a couple of seasons, like goodness, of its own too much. Directly it became scientific, croquet fell in favour. Curates may still be found near the tennis net; but an increased fondness for cricket may be observed among them—a gratifying symptom, to a reflecting mind, of a corresponding improvement in the quality of youthful divinity. But fishing is still, as it has been since the Restoration, the amusement *par excellence* of the country clergy. Multitudes of them thankfully welcome the peace of the brookside, and many a sermon is found by them week after week in its stones. Fishing offends no one; it affords abundant time for thought, giving just the requisite spice of excitement and rivalry with neighbouring anglers to recommend it as literally a re-creation for one wearied with the greatness as well as the littleness of parochial matters. Above all it has its literary side, and is a scholarly pursuit. Often, too, it brings a parson into friendly contact with reserved characters, whom he could not meet elsewhere than at the trout stream. We have even known two rods laid aside there for half an hour, and one soul pour out its deepest trouble to another, bound by its holy profession to be at once sympathetic and helpful. Who shall say, when he is thus spending his leisure, that a parson is out of place by the waterside with a rod in his hand? As a matter of fact the best angler in most districts is usually a parson. Even in Presbyterian Scotland a "fushing meenister" is not now regarded with the same dislike as he was twenty years ago; not the only sign, it may be added, of a more liberal tone in that country's theology.

Any disquisition on country parsons would be incomplete without some reference to their wives, but the subject is at once too extensive and too delicate to be cursorily handled. There may be a Mrs. Proudie here and there among them, who lords it over her husband's flock, and gives "parish parties" at Christmas. The majority of wives, however, are cultivated and often travelled ladies, who have added to their natural refinement much experience of life and a great sympathy for their sisters amongst the labouring class. Perhaps a husband will find them stern critics of his sermons in private; but outwardly they second all his good works, and set an example of true wifehood to the rest of the parish. It is true that their children seldom turn out in after life what they themselves would wish, and superficial judges wonder and make severe comments on the fact; but the slenderness of resources which often compels the parson to educate the boys at home, the isolation of the latter from other boys who might "take the conceit out of them," as is effectually done at school, and their comparative freedom from temptations till suddenly thrown into the midst of them, are not sufficiently taken into account. On the other hand, the best scholars in the public schools and universities are frequently sons of country parsons. The need for economy in their case is of itself an excellent lesson for success in after life, breeding self-restraint, forethought, and variety of resources; above all, incul-

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cating energy and resolution. It is difficult for a boy possessed of these virtues to fall out of the ranks when engaged in the social march of after life. He who can govern a parish, however, cannot always rule his children, much less his wife.

The temper in which a parish is to be managed varies indefinitely according to its constituents. Town and country cases are generally totally dissimilar. Yet a certain affability and friendliness is called for from the parson by all alike. An utter hatred and repugnance to all evil doing, evil speaking, and evil thinking will go a long way in conciliating men's affections to him; while undeviating rectitude on his part and gentlemanly feeling in its deepest sense are indispensable.

The religious qualifications for the right administration of a parish need not here be touched upon. Their possession is taken for granted by all entrusted with the cure of souls. No one ever succeeds, however, who is not energetic. This was the secret of Bishop Wilberforce's efficiency as a parish priest, and of a score more who might readily be named by any one acquainted with the country clergy. But with the most assiduous care and the most unflagging zeal it is not always given to a parson to see fruit in his lifetime from his spiritual husbandry. Of course the clergy are prepared for this;* but results are proportionately cheering, and a parochial minister is not, in the matter of despondency, superior to other men. We have heard a most successful and self-denying parish priest, whose praise is in all the churches of Yorkshire, assert that no one need expect to see a change in a neglected parish under fourteen years. How many parsons would rejoice could they perceive an improvement among their parishioners after double those years of hard work!

The most unpleasant clerical character, not only to wife and household, but also to his parish, is the grumbling, disappointed parson. Such a one has frequently thrown away his own chances of promotion or efficiency soon after taking Orders; and, though it may oppress him but little at first, in an ill-regulated mind the consciousness that his want of success is solely due to his own errors of choice, is sufficiently galling during mature years. His friends are well acquainted with his failings, and soon learn to compassionate him as they listen to his attacks upon the bishop for maladministration of preferment (in forgetting his claims), or his caustic reflections upon presentations in the Church of England, and the weakness of its parochial system, owing to the manner in which deserving clergy are habitually disregarded. There are, however, grievances which press upon all the country clergy, though some discuss them loudly and write energetic letters to the *Guardian*, while others merely shrug their shoulders and submit. Foremost among these comes, in secular matters, the question of dilapidations—a question infinitely complicated and rendered more oppressive by the last Act of 1871. "Synodals and procurations"—an ancient and mystical charge formerly

* St. John iv. 37.

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exacted from incumbents at every episcopal and archidiaconal visitation, but now considerably modified—is another annoying subject with most country parsons. Official fees altogether do not commend themselves to the clerical understanding; and most incumbents have suffered so severely in the matter of leases, licenses, registrations, and the like, that, as the burnt child dreads the fire, they somewhat irrationally, it may be, look upon episcopal solicitors and secretaries with considerable antipathy —a dislike which those most frequently genial and hospitable officials scarcely deserve. The post-office brings more troubles to a country parson. Morning after morning his breakfast table is littered with prospectuses of bubble companies to drain the Sahara or lay down tramways in the Great Atlas, mining ventures, money-lenders' notices, and, worst of all, advertisements of wine-merchants. These annoyances do not speak very highly for a clergyman's intelligence in the estimation of that numerous class which attempts, by a cunning bait, to ensnare the simple; while the persistence of the latter class of tradesmen, in palming off their wares at the cheapest rates, does speak well for the digestion of country clergy, if any of them drink the marvellous compounds offered so liberally as bargains—port from a late eminent divine's cellar at 18*s.* per dozen, and the like. Fortunately deep waste-paper baskets form part of the furniture of most clerical studies. As for the kind offers of West End money-lenders to provide money at the most trifling rate of interest on *post obits* and so forth, a friend has greatly reduced the importunateness of these social leeches by the happy device of returning them their own circulars torn in half in an unpaid envelope, marked "immediate." He promises to turn his attention ere long to the wine-merchants, and by some kindred device engages to stop the nuisance which their puffs now are, even to those who are not followers of Sir Wilfrid.

As years pass on, the country parson mellows and waxes ripe in goodness and kindness of heart, like the wine in his cellar, or the pears on the sunny wall of his vicarage in mid October. He has outlived the enthusiasms of his youth, and plucked the sting from its disappointed ambition. To go about in his parish doing good has now become his settled temper; and we love to recognise in him many traits of the country parson as painted by Herbert, and of the scholar as personified in Androwes, his favourite divine. He knows familiarly every man, woman, and child in his village, having, like old Will Scarlett, buried all their forbears, and indeed the whole parish twice over. Each roadside tree is, in his mind, connected with some anecdote or aspiration. He knows where to find every wild flower and the exact time of its blooming as well as did Thoreau. Even the dogs of the parish are all of them his friends, and he has a kind word for each as he passes. The full term of human life sees him yet hale, active, and sympathetic; crowned with earthly happiness, if

> The prudent partner of his blood,
> Wearing the rose of womanhood,

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be yet left him, and able to look on to the Unknown which spreads before his gaze with lively hope and unquailing eye. His parishioners regularly pay his "tithe pigeons,"* and he does not trouble the village doctor much, his ailments being slight, as he has ever been fond of out-door exercise, and his faith is pinned on some simple remedy, some "special receipt, called a cup of buttered beer,"† or the like, "made by the great skill of a parishioner to cure a grievous disease, called a cold, which sorely troubles the said minister." His church, being proportionately old, harmonises in decay with the old man himself, and occasionally furnishes him with an amusing incident to be told to friends. Thus an old vicar of our acquaintance, with much temerity, on one occasion ascended to the belfry, and, the floor giving way under his weight, he was luckily caught under each arm by a joist, and there hung, his legs dangling downwards through the boards, utterly unable to extricate himself. Fortunately he was a great snuff-taker; and, like Napoleon, carried the fragrant mixture loose in his waistcoat pocket Thus he was able to solace himself from time to time with a pinch, until the clerk accidentally entered the church, and was astounded, on looking up, to find his master suspended, another Mahomet, between heaven and earth. He speedily released the parson, and, thanks to his *insouciance*, that worthy was none the worse for the incident.

A similar story is told of an old clergyman going to preach at an unrestored church in Lincolnshire, some thirty years ago. He entered the great well-like pulpit, and then disappeared. At length, as anxiety became general, the clerk drew nigh, opened the pulpit door, and, on looking in, found that the floor had given way, doubtless owing to the body of divinity which the clergyman had brought in with him. He, too, had slipped through, but was caught by a beam, and thus upheld, though rendered invisible to the congregation. The clerk helped him off his undignified position, and addressed him, with a smile, in the vernacular—"Be thou hurt? We'll have a new floor put in agin thou comes to preach to us next time!"

It is time, however, to turn from these reminiscences. Even to the incumbent whose tenure of the benefice has exceeded half a century (and there have been many notable examples of clerical longevity during late years), the day of release from his earthly labours comes at last. The passing bell, to which he has so often listened, now tolls for him; but he is beyond its mournful tones, and hears no more. In a few days the long procession of sorrowing children and friends winds up to the little grey church on the hill, and, amid many expressions of kindly love, the old man is laid under the churchyard turf, which is ever (and naturally) greener than any other grass. The pent-up tide of human interests in the village once more flows into its accustomed channels, and all are eager over their teacups to know who the new parson is to be. In due

* See Cardwell's *Documentary Annals*, vol. ii. p. 125. † *Ibid.* p. 124

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time he comes; and soon he, too, brings a bride, and a few more years slip by, and again the cycle of duty and happiness revolves, and the round of clerical life so runs on from age to age, and the old parsonage is peopled with many a ghost of past possessors, while, spring by spring, the oak on the lawn renews its strength and looks down in unchanged vigour on the changeful spectacles of humanity which successively act themselves out by its side. But there is one scene on the death of an incumbent which is more melancholy to a thoughtful observer than even the departure for ever of his widow from the home of her early wedded happiness, and that is the sale of the good man's books. Probably he possessed a useful and well-chosen library, which he valued more than any other of his inanimate chattels. Here stood his college prizes, Plato and Gibbon—there were his favourite commentators; a row of "poetry and other bookes, good ones, I warrant ye" jostled the best works on the topography and natural history of the district. Now they are all ignominiously tied up in lots and flung on the floor, fingered by curious labourers and bargain-loving Jews, their titles murdered by the rustic auctioneer as he puts them up, and each lot, amid merriment sufficiently incongruous under the circumstances, knocked down to country bumpkins for a few shillings where the late owner had spent pounds. It is not the loss at which such private libraries are always sold which is so affecting, as the dispersal of treasures which had been carefully amassed and deeply valued by their dead owner. Book-lovers soon learn to look upon their idols as possessing sympathies and feelings like themselves. The pathetic side of a book's character is now prominently brought forward. To think of that *Icon Basilike*, in its tattered leather covering, being carried off by the farrier to wrap his horse-balls in; while a little Elzevir, for which a farmer has, in total ignorance of its estimation, given sixpence, is thrown into his light cart, and becomes his children's plaything on reaching home! What stronger irony has Fate in store for books as well as for their owners? Therefore the sad spectacle of the sale of the parson's books continually repeats itself around us, and is, for the same reason, continually disregarded. To the contemplative spectator, however, no more touching conclusion could be found than this, the last scene in the life of a country parson; "vanity of vanities, all is vanity." Yet these reverent thoughts may well be intensified as he looks on to a day when some other books are to be opened, not only for the poor parson, but also for himself; and then he murmurs the grand old prayer—with which the parson had been so familiar—that, with One Above as "our Ruler and Guide, we may so pass through things temporal, that we finally lose not the things eternal."

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The Pavilion on the Links.

(In Two Parts.)

PART II.

CHAPTER V.

Tells of an Interview between Northmour, your Mother, and Myself.

With the first peep of day, I retired from the open to my old lair among the sand-hills, there to await the coming of your mother. The morning was grey, wild, and melancholy; the wind moderated before sunrise, and then went about, and blew in puffs from the shore; the sea began to go down, but the rain still fell without mercy. Over all the wilderness of links there was not a creature to be seen. Yet I felt sure the neighbourhood was alive with skulking foes. The light that had been so suddenly and surprisingly flashed upon my face as I lay sleeping, and the hat that had been blown ashore by the wind from over Graden Floe, were two speaking signals of the peril that environed your mother and the party in the pavilion.

It was, perhaps, half-past seven, or nearer eight, before I saw the door open, and that dear figure come towards me in the rain. I was waiting for her on the beach before she had crossed the sand-hills.

"I have had such trouble to come!" she cried. "They did not wish me to go walking in the rain. I had to show them my temper," she added, tossing her head.

"Clara," I said, "you are not frightened?"

"No," said she, with a simplicity that filled my heart with confidence. For your mother, my dear children, was the bravest as well as the best of women; in my experience, I have not found the two go always together, but with her they did; and she combined the extreme of fortitude with the most endearing and beautiful virtues.

I told her what had happened; and, though her cheek grew visibly paler, she retained perfect control over her senses.

"You see now that I am safe," said I, in conclusion. "They do not mean to harm me; for, had they chosen, I was a dead man last night."

She laid her hand upon my arm.

"And I had no presentiment!" she cried.

Her accent thrilled me with delight. I put my arm about her, and strained her to my side; and, before either of us was aware, her hands

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were on my shoulders and my lips upon her mouth. Yet up to that moment no word of love had passed between your mother and myself. To this day I remember the touch of her cheek, which was wet and cold with the rain; and many a time since, when she has been washing her face, I have kissed it again for the sake of that morning on the beach. Now that she is taken from me, and I finish my pilgrimage alone, I recall our old lovingkindnesses and the deep honesty and affection which united us, and my present loss seems but a trifle in comparison.

We may have thus stood for some seconds—for time passes quickly with lovers—before we were startled by a peal of laughter close at hand. It was not natural mirth, but seemed to be affected in order to conceal an angrier feeling. We both turned, though I still kept my left arm about your mother's waist; nor did she seek to withdraw herself; and there, a few paces off upon the beach, stood Northmour, his head lowered, his hands behind his back, his nose white with passion.

"Ah, Cassilis!" he said, as I disclosed my face.

"That same," said I; for I was not at all put about.

"And so, Miss Huddlestone," he continued slowly but savagely, "this is how you keep your faith to your father and to me? This is the value you set upon your father's life? And you are so infatuated with this young gentleman that you must brave ruin, and decency, and common human caution——"

"Miss Huddlestone——" I was beginning to interrupt him, when he, in his turn, cut in brutally—

"You hold your tongue," said he; "I am speaking to that girl."

"That girl, as you call her, is my wife," said I; and your mother only leaned a little nearer, so that I knew she had affirmed my words.

"Your what?" he cried. "You lie!"

"Northmour," I said, "we all know you have a bad temper, and I am the last man to be irritated by words. For all that, I propose that you speak lower, for I am convinced that we are not alone."

He looked round him, and it was plain my remark had in some degree sobered his passion. "What do you mean?" he asked.

I only said one word: "Italians."

He swore a round oath, and looked at us, from one to the other.

"Mr. Cassilis knows all that I know," said your mother.

"What I want to know," he broke out, "is where the devil Mr. Cassilis comes from, and what the devil Mr. Cassilis is doing here. You say you are married; that I do not believe. If you were, Graden Floe would soon divorce you; four minutes and a half, Cassilis. I keep my private cemetery for my friends."

"It took somewhat longer," said I, "for that Italian."

He looked at me for a moment half daunted, and then, almost civilly, asked me to tell my story. "You have too much the advantage of me, Cassilis," he added. I complied of course; and he listened, with several ejaculations, while I told him how I had come to Graden; that it was I

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whom he had tried to murder on the night of landing; and what I had subsequently seen and heard of the Italians.

"Well," said he, when I had done, "it is here at last; there is no mistake about that. And what, may I ask, do you propose to do?"

"I propose to stay with you and lend a hand," said I.

"You are a brave man," he returned, with a peculiar intonation.

"I am not afraid," said I.

"And so," he continued, "I am to understand that you two are married? And you stand up to it before my face, Miss Huddlestone?"

"We are not yet married," said your mother; "but we shall be as soon as we can."

"Bravo!" cried Northmour. "And the bargain? D—n it, you're not a fool, young woman; I may call a spade a spade with you. How about the bargain? You know as well as I do what your father's life depends upon. I have only to put my hands under my coat-tails and walk away, and his throat would be cut before the evening."

"Yes, Mr. Northmour," returned your mother, with great spirits; "but that is what you will never do. You made a bargain that was unworthy of a gentleman; but you are a gentleman for all that, and you will never desert a man whom you have begun to help."

"Aha!" said he. "You think I will give my yacht for nothing? You think I will risk my life and liberty for love of the old gentleman; and then, I suppose, be best man at the wedding, to wind up? Well," he added, with an odd smile, "perhaps you are not altogether wrong. But ask Cassilis here. *He* knows me. Am I a man to trust? Am I safe and scrupulous? Am I kind?"

"I know you talk a great deal, and sometimes, I think, very foolishly," replied your mother; "but I know you are a gentleman, and I am not the least afraid."

He looked at her with peculiar approval and admiration; then, turning to me, "Do you think I would give her up without a struggle, Frank?" said he. "I tell you plainly, you look out. The next time we come to blows——"

"Will make the third," I interrupted, smiling.

"Aye, true; so it will," he said. "I had forgotten. Well, the third time's lucky."

"The third time, you mean, you will have the crew of the *Red Earl* to help," I said.

"Do you hear him?" he asked, turning to your mother.

"I hear two men speaking like cowards," said she. "I should despise myself either to think or speak like that. And neither of you believe one word that you are saying, which makes it the more wicked and silly."

"She's a perfect cock-sparrow, Frank!" cried Northmour. "But she's not yet Mrs. Cassilis. I say no more. The present is not for me."

Then your mother surprised me.

"I leave you here," she said suddenly. "My father has been too

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long alone. But remember this: you are to be friends, for you are both good friends to me."

She has since told me her reason for this step. As long as she remained, she declares that we two would have continued to quarrel; and I suppose that she was right, for when she was gone we fell at once into a sort of confidentiality.

Northmour stared after her as she went away over the sand-hill.

"She is the only woman in the world!" he exclaimed with an oath. "Look at her action."

I, for my part, leaped at this opportunity for a little further light.

"See here, Northmour," said I; "we are all in a tight place, are we not?"

"I believe you, my boy," he answered, looking me in the eyes, and with great emphasis. "We have all hell upon us, that's the truth. You may believe me or not, but I'm afraid of my life."

"Tell me one thing," said I. "What are they after, these Italians? What ails them at Mr. Huddlestone?"

"Don't you know?" he cried. "The black old scamp had *carbonaro* funds on a deposit—two hundred and eighty thousand; and of course he gambled it away on stocks. There was to have been a revolution in the Tridentino, in Parma; but the revolution is off, and the whole wasps' nest is after Huddlestone. We shall all be lucky if we can save our skins."

"The *carbonari*!" I exclaimed; "God help him indeed!"

"Amen!" said Northmour. "And now, look here: I have said that we are in a fix; and, frankly, I shall be glad of your help. If I can't save Huddlestone, I want at least to save the girl. Come and stay in the pavilion; and, there's my hand on it, I shall act as your friend until the old man is either clear or dead. But," he added, "once that is settled, you become my rival once again, and I warn you—mind yourself."

"Done!" said I; and we shook hands.

"And now let us go directly to the fort," said Northmour; and he began to lead the way through the rain.

CHAPTER VI.

TELLS OF MY INTRODUCTION TO THE TALL MAN.

We were admitted to the pavilion by your mother, and I was surprised by the completeness and security of the defences. A barricade of great strength, and yet easy to displace, supported the door against any violence from without; and the shutters of the dining-room, into which I was led directly, and which was feebly illuminated by a lamp, were even more elaborately fortified. The panels were strengthened by bars and cross-bars; and these, in their turn, were kept in position by a system of

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braces and struts, some abutting on the floor, some on the roof, and others, in fine, against the opposite wall of the apartment. It was at once a solid and a well-designed piece of carpentry; and I did not seek to conceal my admiration.

"I am the engineer," said Northmour. "You remember the planks in the garden? Behold them!"

"I did not know you had so many talents," said I.

"Are you armed?" he continued, pointing to an array of guns and pistols, all in admirable order, which stood in line against the wall or were displayed upon the sideboard.

"Thank you," I returned; "I have gone armed since our last encounter. But, to tell you the truth, I have had nothing to eat since early yesterday evening."

Northmour produced some cold meat, to which I eagerly set myself, and a bottle of good Burgundy, by which, wet as I was, I did not scruple to profit. I have always been an extreme temperance man on principle; but it is useless to push principle to excess, and on this occasion I believe that I finished three-quarters of the bottle. As I ate, I still continued to admire the preparations for defence.

"We could stand a siege," I said at length.

"Ye—es," drawled Northmour; "a very little one, per—haps. It is not so much the strength of the pavilion I misdoubt; it is the double danger that kills me. If we get to shooting, wild as the country is some one is sure to hear it, and then—why then it's the same thing, only different, as they say: caged by law, or killed by *carbonari*. There's the choice. It is a devilish bad thing to have the law against you in this world, and so I tell the old gentleman upstairs. He is quite of my way of thinking."

"Speaking of that," said I, "what kind of person is he?"

"Oh, he!" cried the other; "he's a rancid fellow, as far as he goes. I should like to have his neck wrung to-morrow by all the devils in Italy. I am not in this affair for him. You take me? I made a bargain for Missy's hand, and I mean to have it too."

"That, by the way," said I, "I understand. But how will Mr. Huddlestone take my intrusion?"

"Leave that to Clara," returned Northmour.

I could have broken his back, my dear children, for this coarse familiarity; but I respected the truce, as, I am bound to say, did Northmour, and so long as the danger continued not a cloud arose in our relation. I bear him this testimony with the most unfeigned satisfaction; nor am I without pride when I look back upon my own behaviour. For surely no two men were ever left in a position so invidious and irritating.

As soon as I had done eating, we proceeded to inspect the lower floor. Window by window we tried the different supports, now and then making an inconsiderable change; and the strokes of the hammer sounded with surprising loudness through the house. I proposed, I re-

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member, to make loopholes; but he told me they were already made in the windows of the upper story. It was an anxious business this inspection, and left me down-hearted. There were two doors and five windows to protect, and, counting your mother, only four of us to defend them against an unknown number of foes. I communicated my doubts to Northmour, who assured me, with unmoved composure, that he entirely shared them.

"Before morning," said he, "we shall all be butchered and buried in Graden Floe. For me, that is written."

I could not help shuddering at the mention of the quicksand, but reminded Northmour that our enemies had spared me in the wood.

"Do not flatter yourself," said he. "Then you were not in the same boat with the old gentleman; now you are. It's the floe for all of us, mark my words."

I trembled for your mother; and just then her dear voice was heard calling us to come upstairs. Northmour showed me the way, and, when he had reached the landing, knocked at the door of what used to be called *My Uncle's Bedroom*, as the founder of the pavilion had designed it especially for himself.

"Come in, Northmour; come in, dear Mr. Cassilis," said a voice from within.

Pushing open the door, Northmour admitted me before him into the apartment. As I came in I could see your mother slipping out by the side door into the study, which had been prepared as her bedroom. In the bed, which was drawn back against the wall, instead of standing, as I had last seen it, boldly across the window, sat, my dear children, your grandfather, Bernard Huddlestone, the defaulting banker. Little as I had seen of him by the shifting light of the lantern on the links, I had no difficulty in recognising him for the same. He had a long—long and sallow—countenance, surrounded by a long red beard and side-whiskers. His broken nose and high cheekbones gave him somewhat the air of a Kalmuck, and his light eyes shone with the excitement of a high fever. He wore a skull-cap of black silk; a huge Bible lay open before him on the bed, with a pair of gold spectacles in the place, and a pile of other books lay on the stand by his side. The green curtains lent a cadaverous shade to his cheek; and, as he sat propped on pillows, his great stature was painfully hunched, and his head protruded till it overhung his knees. I believe if your grandfather had not died otherwise, he must have fallen a victim to consumption in the course of but a very few weeks.

He held out to me a hand, long, thin, and disagreeably hairy.

"Come in, come in, Mr. Cassilis," said he. "Another protector—ahem!—another protector. Always welcome as a friend of my daughter's, Mr. Cassilis. How they have rallied about me, my daughter's friends! May God in heaven bless and reward them for it!"

I gave him my hand, of course, because I could not help it; but the

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sympathy I had been prepared to feel for your mother's father was immediately soured by his appearance, and the wheedling, unreal tones in which he spoke.

"Cassilis is a good man," said Northmour; "worth ten."

"So I hear," cried Mr. Huddlestone eagerly; "so my girl tells me. Ah, Mr. Cassilis, my sin has found me out, you see! I am very low, very low; but I hope equally penitent. These are all devotional works," he added, indicating the books by which he was surrounded. "We must all come to the throne of grace at last, Mr. Cassilis. For my part, I come late indeed; but with unfeigned humility, I trust."

"Fiddle-de-dee!" said Northmour roughly.

"No, no, dear Northmour!" cried the banker. "You must not say that; you must not try to shake me. You forget, my dear, good boy, you forget I may be called this very night before my Maker."

His excitement was pitiful to behold; and I felt myself grow indignant with Northmour, whose infidel opinions I well knew, and heartily dreaded, as he continued to taunt the poor sinner out of his humour of repentance.

"Pooh, my dear Huddlestone!" said he. "You do yourself injustice. You are a man of the world inside and out, and were up to all kinds of mischief before I was born. Your conscience is tanned like South American leather—only you forgot to tan your liver, and that, if you will believe me, is the seat of the annoyance."

"Rogue, rogue! bad boy!" said Mr. Huddlestone, shaking his finger. "I am no precisian, if you come to that; I always hated a precisian; but I never lost hold of something better through it all. I have been a bad boy, Mr. Cassilis; I do not seek to deny that; but it was after my wife's death, and you know, with a widower, it's a different thing: sinful—I won't say no; but there is a gradation, we shall hope. And talking of that—— Hark!" he broke out suddenly, his hand raised, his fingers spread, his face racked with interest and terror. "Only the rain, bless God!" he added, after a pause, and with indescribable relief. "Well—as I was saying—ah, yes! Northmour, is that girl away?"—looking round the curtain for your mother—"yes; I just remembered a capital one."

And, leaning forward in bed, he told a story of a description with which, I am happy to say, I have never sullied my lips, and which, in his present danger and surrounded as he was with religious reading, filled me with indignation and disgust. Perhaps, my dear children, you have sometimes, when your mother was not by to mitigate my severity, found me narrow and hard in discipline; I must own I have always been a martinet in matters of decorum, and I have sometimes repented the harshness with which I reproved your unhappy grandfather upon this occasion. I will not repeat even the drift of what I said; but I reminded him, perhaps cruelly, of the horrors of his situation. Northmour burst out laughing, and cut a joke at the expense, as I considered, of polite-

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ness, decency, and reverence alike. We might readily have quarrelled then and there; but Mr. Huddlestone interposed with a severe reproof to Northmour for his levity.

"The boy is right," he said. "I am an unhappy sinner, and you but a half friend to encourage me in evil."

And with great fluency and unction he put up a short extempore prayer, at which, coming so suddenly after his anecdote, I confess I knew not where to look. Then said he: "Let us sing a hymn together, Mr. Cassilis. I have one here which my mother taught me a great, great many years ago, as you may imagine. You will find it very touching, and quite spiritual."

"Look here," broke in Northmour; "if this is going to become a prayer-meeting, I am off. Sing a hymn, indeed! What next? Go out and take a little airing on the beach, I suppose? or in the wood, where it's thick, and a man can get near enough for the stiletto? I wonder at you, Huddlestone! and I wonder at you too, Cassilis! Ass as you are, you might have better sense than that."

Roughly as he expressed himself, I could not but admit that Northmour's protest was grounded upon common sense; and I have myself, all my life long, had little taste for singing hymns except in church. I was, therefore, the more willing to turn the talk upon the business of the hour.

"One question, sir," said I to Mr. Huddlestone. "Is it true that you have money with you?"

He seemed annoyed by the question, but admitted with reluctance that he had a little.

"Well," I continued, "it is their money they are after, is it not? Why not give it up to them?"

"Ah!" replied he, shaking his head, "I have tried that already, Mr. Cassilis; and alas! that it should be so, but it is blood they want."

"Huddlestone, that's a little less than fair," said Northmour. "You should mention that what you offered them was upwards of two hundred thousand short. The deficit is worth a reference; it is for what they call a cool sum, Frank. Then, you see, the fellows reason in their clear Italian way; and it seems to them, as indeed it seems to me, that they may just as well have both while they're about it—money and blood together, by George, and no more trouble for the extra pleasure."

"Is it in the pavilion?" I asked.

"It is; and I wish it were in the bottom of the sea instead," said Northmour; and then suddenly—"What are you making faces at me for?" he cried to Mr. Huddlestone, on whom I had unconsciously turned my back. "Do you think Cassilis would sell you?"

Mr. Huddlestone protested that nothing had been further from his mind.

"It is a good thing," retorted Northmour in his ugliest manner.

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"You might end by wearying us. What were you going to say?" he added, turning to me.

"I was going to propose an occupation for the afternoon," said I. "Let us carry that money out, piece by piece, and lay it down before the pavilion door. If the *carbonari* come, why, it's theirs at any rate."

"No, no," cried Mr. Huddlestone; "it does not, it cannot belong to them! It should be distributed *pro rata* among all my creditors."

"Come now, Huddlestone," said Northmour, "none of that."

"Well, but my daughter," moaned the wretched man.

"Your daughter will do well enough. Here are two suitors, Cassilis and I, neither of us beggars, between whom she has to choose. And as for myself, to make an end of arguments, you have no right to a farthing, and, unless I'm much mistaken, you are going to die."

It was certainly very cruelly said; but Mr. Huddlestone was a man who attracted little sympathy; and, although I saw him wince and shudder, I mentally endorsed the rebuke; nay, I added a contribution of my own.

"Northmour and I," I said, "are willing enough to help you to save your life, but not to escape with stolen property."

He struggled for a while with himself, as though he were on the point of giving way to anger, but prudence had the best of the controversy.

"My dear boys," he said, "do with me or my money what you will. I leave all in your hands. Let me compose myself."

And so we left him, gladly enough I am sure. The last that I saw, he had once more taken up his great Bible, and was adjusting his spectacles to read. Of all the men it was ever my fortune to know, your grandfather has left the most bewildering impression on my mind; but I have no fancy to judge where I am conscious that I do not understand.

CHAPTER VII.

Tells how a Word was cried through the Pavilion Window.

The recollection of that afternoon will always be graven on my mind. Northmour and I were persuaded that an attack was imminent; and if it had been in our power to alter in any way the order of events, that power would have been used to precipitate rather than delay the critical moment. The worst was to be anticipated; yet we could conceive no extremity so miserable as the suspense we were now suffering. I have never been an eager, though always a great, reader; but I never knew books so insipid as those which I took up and cast aside that afternoon in the pavilion. Even talk became impossible, as the hours went on. One or other was always listening for some sound, or peering from an

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upstairs window over the links. And yet not a sign indicated the presence of our foes.

We debated over and over again my proposal with regard to the money; and had we been in complete possession of our faculties, I think we should have condemned it as unwise; but we were flustered with alarm, grasped at a straw, and determined, although it was as much as advertising Mr. Huddlestone's presence in the pavilion, to carry my proposal into effect.

The sum was part in specie, part in bank paper, and part in circular notes payable to the name of James Gregory. We took it out, counted it, enclosed it once more in a despatch-box belonging to Northmour, and prepared a letter in Italian which we tied to the handle. It was signed by both of us under oath, and declared that this was all the money which had escaped the failure of the house of Huddlestone. This was, perhaps, the maddest action ever perpetrated by two persons professing to be sane. Had the despatch-box fallen into other hands than those for which it was intended, we stood criminally convicted on our own written testimony; but, as I have said, we were neither of us in a condition to judge soberly, and had a thirst for action that drove us to do something, right or wrong, rather than endure the agony of waiting. Moreover, as we were both convinced that the hollows of the links were alive with hidden spies upon our movements, we hoped that our appearance with the box might lead to a parley, and, perhaps, a compromise.

It was nearly three when we issued from the pavilion. The rain had taken off; the sun shone quite cheerfully. I have never seen the gulls fly so close about the house or approach so fearlessly to human beings. On the very doorstep one flapped heavily past our heads, and uttered its wild cry in my very ear.

"There is an omen for you," said Northmour, who, like all free-thinkers, was much under the influence of superstition. "They think we are already dead."

I made some light rejoinder, but it was with half my heart; for the circumstance had impressed me.

A yard or two before the gate, on a path of smooth turf, we set down the despatch-box; and Northmour waved a white handkerchief over his head. Nothing replied. We raised our voices, and cried aloud in Italian that we were there as ambassadors to arrange the quarrel; but the stillness remained unbroken save by the sea-gulls and the surf. I had a weight at my heart when we desisted; and I saw that even Northmour was unusually pale. He looked over his shoulder nervously, as though he feared that some one had crept between him and the pavilion door.

"By God," he said in a whisper, "this is too much for me!"

I replied in the same key: "Suppose there should be none, after all?"

"Look there," he returned, nodding with his head, as though he had been afraid to point.

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I glanced in the direction indicated; and there, from the northern quarter of the Sea-Wood, beheld a thin column of smoke rising steadily against the now cloudless sky.

"Northmour," I said (we still continued to talk in whispers), "it is not possible to endure this suspense. I prefer death fifty times over. Stay you here to watch the pavilion; I will go forward and make sure, if I have to walk right into their camp."

He looked once again all round him with puckered eyes, and then nodded assentingly to my proposal.

My heart beat like a sledge-hammer as I set out walking rapidly in the direction of the smoke; and, though up to that moment I had felt chill and shivering, I was suddenly conscious of a glow of heat over all my body. The ground in this direction was very uneven; a hundred men might have lain hidden in as many square yards about my path. But I had not practised the business in vain, chose such routes as cut at the very root of concealment, and, by keeping along the most convenient ridges, commanded several hollows at a time. It was not long before I was rewarded for my caution. Coming suddenly on to a mound somewhat more elevated than the surrounding hummocks, I saw, not thirty yards away, a man bent almost double, and running as fast as his attitude permitted, along the bottom of a gully. I had dislodged one of the spies from his ambush. As soon as I sighted him, I called loudly both in English and Italian; and he, seeing concealment was no longer possible, straightened himself out, leaped from the gully, and made off as straight as an arrow for the borders of the wood.

It was none of my business to pursue; I had learned what I wanted—that we were beleaguered and watched in the pavilion; and I returned at once, and walking as nearly as possible in my old footsteps, to where Northmour awaited me beside the despatch-box. He was even paler than when I had left him, and his voice shook a little.

"Could you see what he was like?" he asked.

"He kept his back turned," I replied.

"Let us get into the house, Frank. I don't think I'm a coward, but I can stand no more of this," he whispered.

All was still and sunshiny about the pavilion, as we turned to reenter it; even the gulls had flown in a wider circuit, and were seen flickering along the beach and sand-hills; and I can assure you, my dear children, that this loneliness terrified me more than a regiment under arms. It was not until the door was barricaded that I could draw a full inspiration and relieve the weight that lay upon my bosom. Northmour and I exchanged a steady glance; and I suppose each made his own reflections on the white and startled aspect of the other.

"You were right," I said. "All is over. Shake hands, old man, for the last time."

"Yes," replied he, "I will shake hands; for, as sure as I am here, I bear no malice. But, remember, if, by some impossible accident, we should

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give the slip to these blackguards, I'll take the upper hand of you by fair or foul."

"Oh," said I, "you weary me!"

He seemed hurt, and walked away in silence to the foot of the stairs, where he paused.

"You do not understand," said he. "I am not a swindler, and I guard myself; that is all. It may weary you or not, Mr. Cassilis, I do not care a rush; I speak for my own satisfaction, and not for your amusement. You had better go upstairs and court the girl; for my part, I stay here."

"And I stay with you," I returned. "Do you think I would steal a march, even with your permission?"

"Frank," he said, smiling, "it's a pity you are an ass, for you have the makings of a man. I think I must be *fey* to-day; you cannot irritate me even when you try. Do you know," he continued softly, "I think we are the two most miserable men in England, you and I? we have got on to thirty without wife or child, or so much as a shop to look after—poor, pitiful, lost devils, both! And now we clash about a girl! As if there were not several millions in the United Kingdom! Ah, Frank, Frank, the one who loses this throw, be it you or me, he has my pity! It were better for him—how does the Bible say?—that a mill-stone were hanged about his neck and he were cast into the depth of the sea. Let us take a drink," he concluded suddenly, but without any levity of tone.

I was touched by his words, and consented. He sat down on the table in the dining-room, and held up the glass of sherry to his eye.

"If you beat me, Frank," he said, "I shall take to drink. What will you do, if it goes the other way?"

"God knows," I returned.

"Well," said he, "here is a toast in the meantime: '*Italia irredenta!*'"

The remainder of the day was passed in the same dreadful tedium and suspense. I laid the table for dinner, while Northmour and your mother prepared the meal together in the kitchen. I could hear their talk as I went to and fro, and was surprised to find it ran all the time upon myself. Northmour again bracketed us together, and rallied your mother on a choice of husbands; but he continued to speak of me with some feeling, and uttered nothing to my prejudice unless he included himself in the condemnation. This awakened a sense of gratitude in my heart, which combined with the immediateness of our peril to fill my eyes with tears. After all, I thought—and perhaps the thought was laughably vain—we were here three very noble human beings to perish in defence of a thieving banker.

Before we sat down to table, I looked forth from an upstairs window. The day was beginning to decline; the links were utterly deserted; the despatch-box still lay untouched where we had left it hours before.

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Mr. Huddlestone, in a long yellow dressing-gown, took one end of the table, Clara the other; while Northmour and I faced each other from the sides. The lamp was brightly trimmed; the wine was good; the viands, although mostly cold, excellent of their sort. We seemed to have agreed tacitly; all thought of the impending catastrophe was banished; and we made as merry a party of four as you would wish to see. From time to time, it is true, Northmour or I would rise from table and make a round of the defences; and, on each of these occasions, Mr. Huddlestone was recalled to a sense of his tragic predicament, glanced up with ghastly eyes, and bore for an instant on his countenance the stamp of terror. But he hastened to empty his glass, wiped his forehead with his handkerchief, and joined again in the conversation.

I was astonished at the wit and information he displayed. Your grandfather's, my dear children, was no ordinary character; he had read and observed for himself; his gifts were sound; and, though I could never have learned to love the man, I began to understand his success in business, and the great respect in which he had been held before his failure. He had, above all, the talent of society; and, though I never heard him speak but on this one and most unfavourable occasion, I set him down among the most brilliant conversationalists I ever met.

He was relating with great gusto, and seemingly no feeling of shame, the manœuvres of a scoundrelly commission merchant whom he had known and studied in his youth, and we were all listening with an odd mixture of mirth and embarrassment, when our little party was brought abruptly to an end in the most startling manner.

A noise like that of a wet finger on the window-pane interrupted your grandfather's tale; and in an instant we were all four as white as paper, and sat tongue-tied and motionless around the table.

"A snail," I said at last; for I had heard that these animals make a noise somewhat similar in character.

"Snail be d—d!" said Northmour. "Hush!"

The same sound was repeated twice at regular intervals; and then a formidable voice shouted through the shutters the Italian word "*Traditore!*"

Mr. Huddlestone threw his head in the air; his eyelids quivered; next moment he fell insensible below the table. Northmour and I had each run to the armoury and seized a gun. Your mother was on her feet with her hand at her throat.

So we stood waiting, for we thought the hour of attack was certainly come; but second passed after second, and all but the surf remained silent in the neighbourhood of the pavilion.

"Quick," said Northmour; "upstairs with him before they come."

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CHAPTER VIII.

Tells the Last of the Tall Man.

Somehow or other, by hook and crook, and between the three of us, we got Bernard Huddlestone bundled upstairs and laid upon the bed in *My Uncle's Room*. During the whole process, which was rough enough, he gave no sign of consciousness, and he remained, as we had thrown him, without changing the position of a finger. Your mother opened his shirt and began to wet his head and bosom; while Northmour and I ran to the window. The weather continued clear; the moon, which was now about full, had risen and shed a very clear light upon the links; yet, strain our eyes as we might, we could distinguish nothing moving. A few dark spots, more or less, on the uneven expanse were not to be identified; they might be crouching men, they might be shadows; it was impossible to be sure.

"Thank God," said Northmour, "Aggie is not coming to-night."

Aggie was the name of the old nurse; he had not thought of her till now; but that he should think of her at all, was a trait that surprised me in the man.

We were again reduced to waiting. Northmour went to the fireplace and spread his hands before the red embers, as if he were cold. I followed him mechanically with my eyes, and in so doing turned my back upon the window. At that moment, a very faint report was audible from without, and a ball shivered a pane of glass, and buried itself in the shutter two inches from my head. I heard your mother scream; and though I whipped instantly out of range and into a corner, she was there, so to speak, before me, with her arms about my neck, and beseeching to know if I were hurt. I felt that I could stand to be shot at every day and all day long, with such marks of solicitude for a reward; and I was still busy returning her caresses, in complete forgetfulness of our situation, when the voice of Northmour recalled me to myself.

"An air-gun," he said. "They wish to make no noise."

I put your mother aside, and looked at him. He was standing with his back to the fire and his hands clasped behind him; and I knew, by the black look on his face, that passion was boiling within. I had seen just such a look before he attacked me, that March night, in the adjoining chamber; and, though I could make every allowance for his anger, I confess I trembled for the consequences. I glanced at your mother with warning in my eyes; but she misinterpreted my glance, and continued to cling to me and make much of me. Northmour gazed straight before him; but he could see with the tail of his eye what we were doing, and his temper kept rising like a gale of wind. With regular battle awaiting us outside, this prospect of an internecine strife within the walls began to daunt me.

Suddenly, as I was thus closely watching his expression and prepared

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against the worst, I saw a change, a flash, a look of relief, upon his face. He took up the lamp which stood beside him on the table, and turned to us with an air of some excitement.

"There is one point that we must know," said he. "Are they going to butcher the lot of us, or only Huddlestone? Did they take you for him, and fire at you for your own *beaux yeux*?"

"They took me for him, for certain," I replied. "I am near as tall, and my head is fair."

"I am going to make sure," returned Northmour; and he stepped up to the window, holding the lamp above his head, and stood there, quietly affronting death, for half a minute.

Your mother sought to rush forward and pull him from the place of danger; but I had the pardonable selfishness to hold her back by force.

"Yes," said Northmour, turning coolly from the window; "it's only Huddlestone they want."

"Oh, Mr. Northmour!" cried your mother; but found no more to add; the temerity she had just witnessed seeming beyond the reach of words.

He, on his part, looked at me, cocking his head, with the fire of triumph in his eyes; and I understood at once that he had thus hazarded his life, merely to attract your mother's notice, and depose me from my position as the hero of the hour. He snapped his fingers.

"The fire is only beginning," said he. "When they warm up to their work, they won't be so particular."

A voice was now heard hailing us from the entrance. From the window we could see the figure of a man in the moonlight; he stood motionless, his face uplifted to ours, and a rag of something white on his extended arm; and as we looked right down upon him, though he was a good many yards distant on the links, we could see the moonlight glitter on his eyes.

He opened his lips again, and spoke for some minutes on end, in a key so loud that he might have been heard in every corner of the pavilion, and as far away as the borders of the wood. It was the same voice that had already shouted "*Traditore!*" through the shutters of the dining-room; this time it made a complete and clear statement. If the traitor "Oddlestone" were given up, all others should be spared; if not, no one should escape to tell the tale.

"Well, Huddlestone, what do you say to that?" asked Northmour, turning to the bed.

Up to that moment the banker had given no sign of life, and I, at least, had supposed him to be still lying in a faint; but he replied at once, and in such tones as I have never heard elsewhere, save from a delirious patient, adjured and besought us not to desert him. It was the most hideous and abject performance that my imagination can conceive.

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"Enough, you dirty hound!" cried Northmour; and then he threw open the window, leaned out into the night, and in a tone of exultation, and with a total forgetfulness of what was done by your mother, poured out upon the ambassador a string of the most abominable raillery both in English and Italian, and bade him be gone where he had come from. I believe that nothing so delighted Northmour at that moment as the thought that we must all infallibly perish before the night was out.

Meantime the Italian put his flag of truce into his pocket, and disappeared, at a leisurely pace, among the sand-hills.

"They make honourable war," said Northmour. "They are all gentlemen and soldiers. For the credit of the thing, I wish we could change sides—you and I, Frank, and you too, Missy my darling—and leave that jackal on the bed to some one else. Tut! Don't look shocked! We are all going post to what they call eternity, and may as well be above-board while there's time. As far as I'm concerned, if I could first strangle Huddlestone and then get Clara in my arms, I could die with some pride and satisfaction. And as it is, by God, I'll have a kiss!"

Before I could do anything to interfere, he had rudely embraced and repeatedly kissed your resisting mother. Next moment I had pulled him away with fury, and flung him heavily against the wall. He laughed loud and long, and I feared his wits had given way under the strain; for even in the best of days he had been a sparing and a quiet laugher.

"Now, Frank," said he, when his mirth was somewhat appeased, "it's your turn. Here's my hand. Good-bye; farewell!" Then, seeing me stand rigid and indignant, and holding your mother to my side—"Man!" he broke out, "are you angry? Did you think we were going to die with all the airs and graces of society? I took a kiss; I'm glad I had it; and now you can take another if you like, and square accounts."

I turned from him with a feeling of contempt which I did not seek to dissemble.

"As you please," said he. "You've been a prig in life; a prig you'll die."

And with that he sat down in a chair, a rifle over his knee, and amused himself with snapping the lock; but I could see that his ebullition of light spirits (the only one I ever knew him to display) had already come to an end, and was succeeded by a sullen, scowling humour.

All this time our assailants might have been entering the house, and we been none the wiser; we had in truth, one and all, forgotten the danger that so imminently overhung our days. But just then Mr. Huddlestone uttered a cry, and leaped from the bed.

I asked him what was wrong.

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"Fire!" he cried. "They have set the house on fire."

Northmour was on his feet in an instant, and he and I ran through the doors of communication with the study. The room was illuminated by a red and angry light. Almost at the moment of our entrance, a tower of flame arose in front of the window, and, with a tingling report, a pane fell inwards on the carpet. They had set fire to the lean-to outhouse, where Northmour used to nurse his negatives.

"Hot work," said Northmour. "Let us try in your old room."

We ran thither in a breath, threw up the casement, and looked forth. Along the whole back wall of the pavilion piles of fuel had been arranged and kindled; and it is probable they had been drenched with mineral oil, for, in spite of the morning's rain, they all burned bravely. The fire had taken a firm hold already on the outhouse, which blazed higher and higher every moment; the back door was in the centre of a red-hot bonfire; the eaves we could see, as we looked upward, were already smouldering, for the roof overhung, and was supported by considerable beams of wood. At the same time, hot, pungent, and choking volumes of smoke began to fill the house. There was not a human being to be seen to right or left.

"Ah, well!" said Northmour "here's the end, thank God."

And we returned to *My Uncle's Room*. Mr. Huddlestone was putting on his boots with an air of determination such as I had not hitherto observed. Your mother stood close by him, with her cloak in both hands ready to throw about her shoulders, and a strange look in her eyes, as if she were half hopeful, half doubtful of her father.

"Well, boys and girls," said Northmour, "how about a sally? The oven is heating; it is not good to stay here and be baked; and, for my part, I want to come to my hands with them, and be done."

"There is nothing else left," I replied.

And both your mother and Mr. Huddlestone, though with a very different intonation, added, "Nothing."

As we went downstairs the heat was excessive, and the roaring of the fire filled our ears; and we had scarce reached the passage before the stairs window fell in, a branch of flame shot brandishing through the aperture, and the interior of the pavilion became lit up with that dreadful and fluctuating glare. At the same moment we heard the fall of something heavy and inelastic in the upper story. The whole pavilion, it was plain, had gone alight like a box of matches, and now not only flamed sky-high to land and sea, but threatened with every moment to crumble and fall in about our ears.

Northmour and I cocked our revolvers. Mr. Huddlestone, who had already refused a firearm, put us behind him with a manner of command.

"Let Clara open the door," said he. "So, if they fire a volley, she will be protected. And in the meantime stand behind me. I am the scapegoat; my sins have found me out."

I heard him, as I stood breathless by his shoulder, with my pistol ready, pattering off prayers in a tremulous, rapid whisper; and I confess,

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horrid as the thought may seem, I despised him for thinking of supplications in a moment so critical and thrilling. In the meantime, your mother, who was dead white but still possessed her faculties, had displaced the barricade from the front door. Another moment, and she had pulled it open. Firelight and moonlight illuminated the links with confused and changeful lustre, and far away against the sky we could see a long trail of glowing smoke.

Mr. Huddlestone struck Northmour and myself a back-hander in the chest; and while we were thus for the moment incapacitated from action, lifting his arms above his head like one about to dive, he ran straight forward out of the pavilion.

"Here am I!" he cried—"Huddlestone! Kill me, and spare the others!"

His sudden appearance daunted, I suppose, our hidden enemies; for Northmour and I had time to recover, to seize Clara between us, one by each arm, and to rush forth to his assistance, ere anything further had taken place. But scarce had we passed the threshold when there came near a dozen reports and flashes from every direction among the hollows of the links. Mr. Huddlestone staggered, uttered a weird and freezing cry, threw up his arms over his head, and fell backward on the turf.

"*Traditore! Traditore!*" cried the invisible avengers.

And just then, a part of the roof of the pavilion fell in, so rapid was the progress of the fire. A loud, vague, and horrible noise accompanied the collapse, and a vast volume of flame went soaring up to heaven. It must have been visible at that moment from twenty miles out at sea, from the shore at Graden Wester, and far inland from the peak of Graystiel, the most eastern summit of the Caulder hills. Your grandfather, although God knows what were his obsequies, had a fine pyre at the moment of his death.

CHAPTER IX.

Tells how Northmour carried out his Threat.

I should have the greatest difficulty to tell you what followed next after this tragic circumstance. It is all to me, as I look back upon it, mixed, strenuous, and ineffectual, like the struggles of a sleeper in a nightmare. Your mother, I remember, uttered a broken sigh and would have fallen forward to earth, had not Northmour and I supported her insensible body. I do not think we were attacked; I do not remember even to have seen an assailant; and I believe we deserted Mr. Huddlestone without a glance. I only remember running like a man in a panic, now carrying your mother altogether in my own arms, now sharing her weight with Northmour, now scuffling confusedly for the possession of that dear burden. Why we should have made for my camp in the Hemlock Den, or how we reached it, are points lost for ever to my recollection. The

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first moment at which I became definitely sure, your mother had been suffered to fall against the outside of my little tent, Northmour and I were tumbling together on the ground, and he, with contained ferocity, was striking for my head with the butt of his revolver. He had already twice wounded me on the scalp; and it is to the consequent loss of blood that I am tempted to attribute the sudden clearness of my mind.

I caught him by the wrist.

"Northmour," I remember saying, "you can kill me afterwards. Let us first attend to Clara."

He was at that moment uppermost. Scarcely had the words passed my lips, when he had leaped to his feet and ran towards your mother; and the next moment, he was straining her to his heart and covering her unconscious hands and face with his caresses.

"Shame!" I cried. "Shame to you, Northmour!"

And, giddy though I still was, I struck him repeatedly upon the head and shoulders.

He relinquished his grasp, and faced me in the broken moonlight.

"I had you under, and I let you go," said he; "and now you strike me! Coward!"

"You are the coward," I retorted. "Did she wish your kisses while she was still sensible of what she wanted? Not she! And now she may be dying; and you waste this precious time, licking her face like a dog. Stand aside, and let me help her."

He confronted me for a moment, white and menacing; then suddenly he stepped aside.

"Help her then," said he.

I threw myself on my knees beside your mother, and loosened, as well as I was able, her dress and corset; but while I was thus engaged, a grasp descended on my shoulder.

"Keep your hands off her," said Northmour fiercely. "Do you think I have no blood in my veins?"

"Northmour," I cried, "if you will neither help her yourself, nor let me do so, do you know that I shall have to kill you?"

"That is better!" he cried. "Let her die also, where's the harm? Step aside from that girl! and stand up to fight."

"You will observe," said I, half rising, "that I have not kissed her yet."

"I dare you to," he cried.

I do not know what possessed me, my dear children; it was one of the things I am most ashamed of in my life, though, as your mother used to say, I knew that my kisses would be always welcome, were she dead or living; down I fell again upon my knees, parted the hair from her forehead, and, with the dearest respect, laid my lips for a moment on that cold brow. It was such a caress as a father might have given; it was such a one as was not unbecoming from a man soon to die to a woman already dead.

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"And now," said I, "I am at your service, Mr. Northmour."

But I saw, to my surprise, that he had turned his back upon me.

"Do you hear?" I asked.

"Yes," said he, "I do. If you wish to fight, I am ready. If not, go on and save Clara. All is one to me."

I did not wait to be twice bidden; but, stooping again over your mother, continued my efforts to revive her. She still lay white and lifeless; I began to fear that her sweet spirit had indeed fled beyond recall, and horror and a sense of utter desolation seized upon my heart. I called her by name with the most endearing inflections; I chafed and beat her hands; now I laid her head low, now supported it against my knee; but all seemed to be in vain, and the lids still lay heavy on your mother's eyes.

"Northmour," I said, "there is my hat. For God's sake bring some water from the spring."

Almost in a moment he was by my side with the water.

"I have brought it in my own," he said. "You do not grudge me the privilege?"

"Northmour," I was beginning to say, as I laved your mother's head and breast; but he interrupted me savagely.

"Oh, you hush up!" he said. "The best thing you can do is to say nothing."

I had certainly no desire to talk, my mind being swallowed up in concern for my dear love and her condition; so I continued in silence to do my best towards her recovery, and, when the hat was empty, returned it to him, with one word—"More." He had, perhaps, gone several times upon this errand, when your mother reopened her eyes.

"Now," said he, "since she is better, you can spare me, can you not? I wish you a good night, Mr. Cassilis."

And with that he was gone among the thicket. I made a fire for your mother, for I had now no fear of the Italians, who had even spared all the little possessions left in my encampment; and, broken as she was by the excitement and the hideous catastrophe of the evening, I managed, in one way or another—by persuasion, encouragement, warmth, and such simple remedies as I could lay my hand on—to bring her back to some composure of mind and strength of body. We were soon talking, sadly, perhaps, but not unhopefully, of our joint future; and I, with my arm about her waist, sought to inspire her with a sense of help and protection from one who, not only then, but till the day she died, would have joyfully sacrificed his life to do her pleasure.

Day had already come, when a sharp "Hist!" sounded from the thicket. I started from the ground; but the voice of Northmour was heard adding, in the most tranquil tones: "Come here, Cassilis, and alone; I want to show you something."

I consulted your mother with my eyes, and, receiving her tacit permission, left her alone, and clambered out of the den. At some distance

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off I saw Northmour leaning against an elder; and, as soon as he perceived me, he began walking seaward. I had almost overtaken him as he reached the outskirts of the wood.

"Look," said he, pausing.

A couple of steps more brought me out of the foliage. The light of the morning lay cold and clear over that well-known scene. The pavilion was but a blackened wreck; the roof had fallen in, one of the gables had fallen out; and, far and near, the face of the links was cicatrised with little patches of burnt furze. Thick smoke still went straight upwards in the windless air of the morning, and a great pile of ardent cinders filled the bare walls of the house, like coals in an open grate. Close by the islet a schooner yacht lay to, and a well-manned boat was pulling vigorously for the shore.

"The *Red Earl*!" I cried. "The *Red Earl* twelve hours too late!"

"Feel in your pocket, Frank. Are you armed?" asked Northmour.

I obeyed him, and I think I must have become deadly pale. My revolver had been taken from me.

"You see I have you in my power," he continued. "I disarmed you last night while you were nursing Clara; but this morning——here—take your pistol. No thanks!" he cried, holding up his hand. "I do not like them; that is the only way you can annoy me now."

He began to walk forward across the links to meet the boat, and I followed a step or two behind. In front of the pavilion I paused to see where Mr. Huddlestone had fallen; but there was no sign of him, nor so much as a trace of blood.

"Safe in Graden Floe," said Northmour. "Four minutes and a half, Frank! And the Italians? Gone too; they were night-birds, and they have all flown before daylight."

He continued to advance till we had come to the head of the beach.

"No further, please," said he. "Would you like to take her to Graden House?"

"Thank you," replied I; "I shall try to get her to the minister's at Graden Wester."

The prow of the boat here grated on the beach, and a sailor jumped ashore with a line in his hand.

"Wait a minute, lads!" cried Northmour; and then lower and to my private ear: "You had better say nothing of all this to her," he added.

"On the contrary!" I broke out, "she shall know everything that I can tell."

"You do not understand," he returned, with an air of great dignity. "It will be nothing to her; she expects it of me."

Thus, my dear children, had your mother exerted her influence for good upon this violent man. Years and years after, she used to call that speech her patent of nobility; and "she expects it of me" became a

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sort of by-word in our married life, and was often more powerful than an argument to mould me to her will.

"Good-bye!" said he, with a nod.

I offered him my hand.

"Excuse me," said he. "It's small, I know; but I can't push things quite so far as that. I don't wish any sentimental business, to sit by your hearth a white-haired wanderer, and all that. Quite the contrary: I hope to God I shall never again clap eyes on either one of you."

"Well, God bless you, Northmour!" I said heartily.

"Oh, yes," he returned. "*He'll* bless me. You let Him alone."

He walked down the beach; and the man who was ashore gave him an arm on board, and then shoved off and leaped into the bows himself. Northmour took the tiller; the boat rose to the waves, and the oars between the thole-pins sounded crisp and measured in the morning air.

They were not yet half way to the *Red Earl*, and I was still watching their progress, when the sun rose out of the sea.

One word more, and my story is done. Years after, Northmour was killed fighting under the colours of Garibaldi for the liberation of the Tyrol.

R. L. S.

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The Homes of Town Poor.

It was, perhaps, the graphic sympathy and pathetic humour of Dickens which set up that action of popular interest in the matter before us which has grown to the dimensions it now exhibits. Since he began to write, fields of paper and ponds of ink have been used to describe the daily surroundings of the million. The pencils of Cruikshank, Leech, and Tenniel have, moreover, pricked many artists with a desire to delineate dilapidated street and indoor scenes, not as mere humorous illustrators of low life, like some sketchers of a former generation, but as protesters against evil, and preachers of painful truth. Even the draughtsmen of the *Police News* seek to divert the eye from artistic deficiencies by a sensational caricaturing of vileness and squalor.

We are indeed so familiar with the printed and illustrated records of slums, cellars, garrets, courts, alleys, arabs, casuals, gutter children, rookeries, and dens, that some people, maybe, hardly think of a poor man's family as free from noisome degradation, and, perhaps, feel somewhat sick of the whole business as testifying to incurable social sores in the body of the people.

But, though the domestic and material condition of very many poor houses is about as bad as it could be, we should be careful not to include the large bulk of the artisans of cities among those who are squalidly lodged. Such as do not personally know the facts of the case would be surprised at the neatness and self-respect evident in a large number of tenements inhabited by the "working classes." Their sense of propriety and social position enables those of whom I am thinking to live and bring up children without being spoiled by narrow accommodation, or becoming debased by the often close contiguity of families which, from one cause or another, have small social shame. Such phrases as the "masses" or the "million" lead us to miss a due perception of that individualism which is characteristic of English people, and to forget that, though cheap streets may be crowded by thousands, the units which compose them are, in many instances, as separate and socially exclusive in their acquaintanceships as the residents in the richer districts of the metropolis.

Thus some might discount their evil estimate of the homes of the town poor by the reflection that a large portion of the so-called poor exhibit a wholesome independence and individual self-respect which enables them to evade the mischief often attendant on narrow domestic accommodation, and surmount the depressing monotony of the streets in which many of the million reside.

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Again, excluding the professionally vicious or criminal classes, those who form the stratum above them, and yet below that of the artisan, are mostly characterised by some virtues which are as salt to the carcase of human nature. They are often improvident and slatternly in their ways; but still they work honestly for their daily bread, are wonderfully patient under their sufferings, and kind to one another in their affliction. Thus, when we face the question of their improvement, we are not only met at once by some phases of worth which should indicate caution in judging our brother, but they present some promising materials on which to work, and hopeful possibilities of social improvement, provided we try to cultivate and educate the good they exhibit, and do not content ourselves by simply condemning whatever wrong they may do.

In speaking of the homes of the town poor, I will not confine myself to the consideration of the cases of those who are most conspicuous for poverty, but look also at the condition of such as come above the squalid classes. These of the better sort, however, are dependent for daily bread upon daily handwork, they have no inherited means of support nor fixed incomes, and thus they are somewhat loosely reckoned as poor.

I have said that the houses of such as these often present evidence of much social and domestic self-respect. But, at the best, they are narrow and cramped, and, though there may be small likelihood of the houses themselves being all replaced by better dwellings, their sanitary condition is capable of much improvement.

It is obvious that dwellings, decent in many respects, may be perniciously bad by reason of defective drains, water supply, and ventilation. No doubt it is in the power of the tenant to complain of defects to the landlord, and, in case of his negligence, to the local sanitary officers. But many, whose tenure is weekly, are content to endure these evils rather than risk a notice to quit for being troublesome.

Local inspectors, moreover, with the best intentions, are sometimes unable to keep their inquisitorial zeal in full blast, and are tempted, in very weariness, to slacken their uninvited visits to houses whose sanitary equipment they have reason to suspect.

There is thus in many places an opening for the amateur who might spy and smell out nuisances. He gets small thanks for this; but he may do much good, and cheer the honest but weary official.

In asking how such improvements as I am thinking of should be brought about, it may be well to note the truth involved in the familiar phrase "House and Home." When we wish to express the utterness of domestic expulsion, we say that a man is "turned out of house and home." What makes a home?

In the first place, if any one is seeking to settle down, he does not consider merely the size and kind of building under the roof of which he proposes to live, but its situation.

Its site is of primary importance. This has been prominently felt

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and exhibited among the middle and upper classes of cities during the last quarter of a century. In London especially there has been a marked exodus not only to the suburbs, but to those parts of the country most accessible by rail.

The crowds at the metropolitan termini, when the hours of daily business come to an end, are certainly witnesses to the fact that land in the City is too dear to live on, and yet many of the departing multitude take ticket for more than a cheaper site.

They are willing to endure the racket of the train that they may flit beyond the canopy of smoke and hum of traffic into some quiet spot where country scenery may refresh their eyes and nerves, or at least a small garden provide a grateful contrast to the gritty pavement of the streets. And no change of fashion such as that exemplified in the nightly exodus of many into the most accessible parts of the home counties is without its influence on the better sort of artisan. As his wife on Sundays wears a necessarily cheap example of the prevailing bonnet, so, like those who earn more money, he would, if he could, shift his dwelling quarters from the scene of his daily labour. Some, indeed, do thus find a home elsewhere, but by far the larger bulk of this class stay in the dull streets or crowded courts which lie within an easy walk of the spots where they work.

This inability of theirs to share in the evening exodus of workers which has prevailed and is still extending of late years, should give additional point to our perception of the value of open spaces in cities, and make us do our utmost so to adapt and adorn them that working men, as well as resident shopkeepers, might have a chance to sit, in warm weather, somewhere else than in the close room or public-house. Open spaces, suitably laid out, do much towards virtually changing the situation of contiguous dwellings, and make them more like what many desire in a home.

Again, those of the present generation who can afford it generally contrive to break the monotony of continuous residence in town by some occasional or at least yearly outing. This does more than provide the contrast afforded in the temporary leaving of a house. It makes the home, and whatever comfort it may possess, all the more pleasant when the trip is over. I am glad to have noticed among artisans a growing desire for expeditions more free or extended than the dusty jaunt in a van. And those who are interested in the wholesome diversion of such as are poorer than themselves can hardly do a better act of its kind than promote these breaks in the dull round of toil, especially when the trip has a more domestic character than is afforded by an outing along with a number of noisy companions crowded into an excursion train.

The advantages of even a day in the country are much greater when a working man takes his wife and family into it without the accompaniment of a beery band, and the temptation to hang about a rural public-house instead of seeing what the lanes and fields are really like.

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Great good may be done by forming a botanical, geological, or entomological class among the younger men, and making explorations with them just beyond the suburbs of cities. The interest then generated, and the revelation of entertainment unassociated with the public-house inevitably tend to enlarge the pleasures of a home to which they bring back their spoils.

This may help to remind us that the idea of a home involves some decorative complement and equipment. No one is content with bare walls and roof, however strong and tight. A mother in a crowded street asked me, the other day, to see the "home" of a daughter who was about to be married. She really meant the furniture which had been gradually collected for the household of the coming pair. They had hired a small house somewhere; but that which was to make it into a "home" was packed in the parental kitchen, and exhibited with pride. How much pleasure a domestic man of the middle class has in adding a tasty piece of furniture, a print, a tea-cup for the shelf, to the equipment of his dwelling! How interested he is in settling where it should be hung, or stand! And, as the sentiment of decoration is shared by many among those who are called poor, it opens a wide field in which the condition of their homes might be improved. It is not wise to scorn cheap ornament, but it is well to help in making it as tasteful and refining as a small purse can command. In this matter I think individual generosity and influence can be exercised with less chance of impertinent interference than in divers other respects. The present even of a few flowers in pots, or cheap though artistic prints for the wall, has none of the degrading flavour of a money donation. It promotes kindliness, and sometimes sets up a healthy appreciation of those important trifles which help to mark the distinction between a house and a home.

Again, repose is a condition or factor of the true home. Most houses of the better sort have some room of retreat where the master at least may shield himself from the exuberant spirits of the boys, or the insistence of domestic routine.

His house, moreover, has a nursery and a kitchen. Why should not the working man have some wholesome escape from or alleviation of the pressure involved in the continuous presence of his whole family and its inevitable household processes? As it mostly is, he resorts to the public-house, and it is more easy than just for those who have manifold domestic arrangements and accommodation to blame him for so doing. It has been suggested that a more extended provision of shops in which the men should work by day would sensibly add to the enjoyment of their dwellings. Then a man would experience the sensation of going home when his day's task was done, and not be tempted to escape from its scene the moment he has completed it.

In reference, too, to the alleviation of the mischief arising from having no other convenient resort than the public-house, I hope to see the day when working men's clubs will do much more towards making the defects

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of narrow houses or rooms less mischievous than they are now. Youths' institutes, moreover, help sensibly in relieving the internal pressure of poor homes. No animal demands more space than a restless boy. His sprawling spirits and legs interdict repose. Those good people improve homes who provide him with some place where he can shuffle and talk without getting into mischief.

Thus the centrifugal domestic force which often detains the father in the public-house is perceptibly lessened. In providing a retreat for boys they must not, however, be met with too distinct educational proposals. I had for some time a very successful lads' club; and the vehemence with which they let off steam, though they had been at work all day, indicated the importunity with which they would probably have asserted themselves in a small home, and lessened my temptation to blame parents for sending them out of doors to disport themselves unadvisedly elsewhere.

In respect to the cooking, which is an inevitable accompaniment of a household, and which is more grateful in its results than in its procedure, I am inclined to think that considerable improvement might be made in the comfort of small homes by the provision of a number of common kitchens where wives and mothers might not only prepare the family food, but learn how to prepare it better and more cheaply than they do now. The idea is somewhat rudely suggested by the use which is at present made of bakers' ovens; but this use is very uniform and restricted. The pie and the piece of meat set over potatoes seem to exhaust the varieties of a humble meal thus cooked. I should like to see the experiment made of inducing parties of, say, a dozen working men's housewives to meet in an accessible room, and there provide, under instruction, the dinners or suppers of the family.

The home "washing" has in many places been removed to the public washhouse. Why should not some arrangement of a similar kind be made for the cooking of food? Let there be different dinners provided on successive days, all clubbing for the food and fuel. A pair of scales would ensure the taking away by each of a proportionate dish of the result. At first some instruction would be needed in the suitable preparation of various kinds of cheap food; but a party might soon learn how to cook a set of different dishes, and then the most skilled might act as forewoman. I cannot help thinking that some such plan might issue not only in spreading the knowledge of economical and toothsome cookery, but in relieving the narrow home from the potter of culinary preparation, and in some measure from the distasteful sequence of washing up.

In thinking of the indirect and circumstantial improvement of many of the existing homes of the poor which are not likely to be replaced by better dwellings, I might, if space allowed me, say much on the spread of sanitary truths, and especially on the need for better knowledge how to tend those sick who are not removed to a public hospital.

The local lectures which are given under the auspices of the National

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Health Society, and in London the domestic instruction as well as ministration afforded by the Metropolitan and National Nursing Association, are already doing something to bring comfort into the homes of those whose condition I am considering.

To what I have said about their indirect improvement, I will add only one general reflection. In wealthier families there can be no domestic lapse without some perceptible discomfiture or distress; but it generally takes a long time or some great social failure to break up the household. The sons may vex their parents by dissipation, the extravagance of some member of the family may shrink the income at its disposal, the master may incur losses, the mistress may be long laid upon a sick bed, the children may be hard to rear; but all these drawbacks do not radically disturb the routine of domestic life. There may be a servant the less kept, the carriage may have to be put down, fewer entertainments may be given, the household may have to fall back upon half-pay, as it were, and yet it may be held together. That condition of failure may not be reached which involves disruption and dispersal.

But it takes a very little to drag a poor home below a tolerable level. There the border between comfort and ruin is very narrow. The intemperance or sickness of a parent immediately tells. Even a little carelessness and improvidence makes a great difference in the condition of a family. And when the action of decay is set up it is rapid; the process of decline becomes accelerated. The household loses heart as it feels itself sinking in the mire. And thus such as are able and willing to improve the homes of their poorer fellows indirectly should be quick to help, not necessarily in money, but in sympathy, where sorrow, sickness, or loss threatens to drop the household through the thin ice on which it stands. Such aid is infinitely more hopeful than that given to a family habituated to degradation and dependence, however deeply the would-be helper is pained by the sight of its squalor.

I must, however, now pass on to look not so much at the bettering of existing homes as at the replacement of many of them by improved dwellings. It is promising to perceive the great readiness with which these are hired by artisans. The rooms in a new block are sometimes engaged before the building is finished. The provision and acceptance of these testify to a general advance in the appreciation of that which marks a home. I will not now furnish any collection of statistics about this indication of the enlargement of domestic ideas. It is enough for my purpose to notice that large structures, containing many distinct sets of rooms, each fitted with wholesome and decent sanitary arrangements, have arisen and are arising over the whole metropolitan area. It is to be hoped that these will prove to be "sporadic," and an immense change be thus produced in the homes of the London poor. Many influences are at work to promote this. There is a general advance in social requirements.

It needs an effort to realise what some of the elders of the present

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middle classes can remember as being once tolerated in their homes and domestic habits. The old four-post bedstead, in some instances, seems to have been accepted as the representative of a sleeping apartment, and tubs, not so very long ago, almost indicated eccentricity.

The change, to which the modern fittings and furniture of the better sort of houses bear witness, has not been without its effect on the artisan class, and it is probable that an accelerated impulse will soon be given to this by education. It is not merely that they are being better educated, but the tone and character of the teaching they receive more and more familiarise them with educated language, and the fastidiousness as well as the wider range of information and thought which it involves.

They are necessarily getting to read books, periodicals, and newspapers, the style of which assumes such an acquaintance with the refinements of life as their fathers knew little and cared less about. This will make them discontented with many of their circumstances, and probably one shape of the discontent generated will be a wholesome desire for better surroundings at home. Moreover, children who have become accustomed to the structural luxuries of board and other new schools will, as they pass on to form the next generation of working people, grow dissatisfied with many of their present houses, and create a demand for a revolution in domestic circumstances with which their parents were contented.

The most important factor in the process of improved dwellings is the discovery that they can be made to pay. Charity could never overtake and remove the domestic sumptuary evils of all the houses inhabited by the town poor. It has, indeed, led the way in showing how decently and conveniently large numbers of families can be lodged on small sites, and in so doing has afforded an excellent example of that phase of itself which begins at home.

The work to be done, however, involves the provision of houses for many who earn good wages, and are comparatively well off. And, if it were possible, it would not be economically wholesome for these to be lodged mainly out of the donations of others, collected with all the parade of charitable association. Such a proceeding would spread a degrading sense of dependence. But when we find some building companies which replace defective dwellings of the London poor able to pay their shareholders a fair percentage for their money, we may confidently accept the fact that a reforming action has been set up which wants only time in order to produce excellent results. We may hope, moreover, that the better sort of the working classes will justify some of the indications which they have exhibited, and take the matter more in hand themselves. They have shown that they can do much in divers ways by co-operation, and the same business powers which have produced their own factories and stores elsewhere ought to enable them to aid materially in providing themselves with better homes in the metropolis.

Critics have, of course, been ready to decry some of the results which

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have been already reached. But it was in the nature of things that mistakes should be made in the structural arrangements of the earliest dwelling blocks erected. Those, *e.g.*, which have been built in the form of a square, enclosing within high walls a deep tank of still air, are obviously ill-equipped for ventilation, and have been found to retain epidemics with provoking tenacity. The children, moreover, living in the upper flats of some are said to be deprived of much of the exercise which they need, being kept too much within doors and unable to turn out with ease for that noisy play in the streets which moves the pity of some who compare the scene of their romps with green fields, but which indubitably they seem to enjoy, and which, in spite of some drawbacks, does them infinite good. I think, however, that the immediate neighbourhood of a block of improved dwellings generally shows that large numbers of their little folk contrive to get down to mother earth and engage with sufficient energy in cat, whipping top, buttons, marbles, or battledore and shuttlecock, or whatever some mysterious law decides shall rule the pursuit of some hundreds of thousands of children with unconcerted unanimity.

Again, a gloomy, cavernous common passage or staircase to a dozen sets of rooms is likely, especially in long, dark evenings, to facilitate ruder acquaintanceships among the bigger boys and girls than the elders of their families desire. But the defects which I have noticed have been perceived and have not been repeated in the later dwellings which have been erected. There are more galleries for the airing and exercise of the smaller children, and the passages are more public and better lit. The best buildings, too, are so arranged that the rooms are capable of being swept by what the sedentary artisan dislikes—a thorough draught; and one great drawback to low and thin roofed houses—I mean that arising from the heat in summer—is obviously absent. Certainly, no one can have left London on a roasting July afternoon, perhaps for some cool and pleasant country retreat, and seen from the window of the railway carriage the "shimmer" of heated atmosphere hovering over acres of tile and slate without thinking of the intolerable condition of the chambers immediately beneath them. Their inmates are baked in summer and frozen in winter. These evils are certainly obviated when the upper heat and cold are kept out of almost all the rooms by others above them, and the top floor is substantially covered in.

Looking at what has been done and is in progress, we may believe that a great advance is taking place in the lodgment of artisans. But few of the improved dwellings supply the needs of that class which has most conspicuously drawn public attention to the state of the homes of the town poor. The rents in the newly-erected blocks are generally too high for these.

I am not going to add another to the many descriptions of the dwellings of those who may most correctly be reckoned as poor. I mean such as have learnt no handicraft, but live by unskilled labour

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which, however valuable in one sense, is poorly paid. The condition of these is depressed everywhere; but in large cities, especially in London, it is sometimes exceptionally distressed; for they naturally gravitate to the cheapest and therefore the worst houses.

This has led to the acquisition or retention of the most rotten tenements by speculators who have calculated on the inability of their tenants to compel them to spend money on repairs, on the certainty that the poorest of the poor must lodge somewhere, and on the belief that, by crowding them together, those who pay some rent will make up for the deficiencies of those who pay none. The result has been an almost incredible increase of sickness in some districts, even without the scourge of any epidemic. Many houses are a protest against health. Let the dwellers in them be ever so provident and temperate, the decay, closeness, surroundings, and equipment of their dwellings inevitably shorten their lives, and especially those of their children.

But when we glance at the great curse of cities—I mean intemperance in drink—another consideration comes in. No doubt drunkenness makes homes bad, but bad homes directly promote drunkenness. The exhausted nervous condition in which a man wakes who has slept in a foul atmosphere creates such craving for a stimulant as those who breathe sweet air can hardly conceive. And when a man has drunk a glass of gin in the morning he feels the better for it. Sometimes he cannot eat till he has thus put the spur of spirit to his powers. And how can we expect an uneducated sufferer, conscious of relief from alcohol, to check himself in that launch into intemperance which is provided by the vileness of the dwelling in which he lives, or even to drag himself out of it as soon as he is transferred to a more wholesome building? It is to the squalor of many ill-called homes that we may attribute the habits which make them even worse than they originally are. And, as the great stern laws of life are thus broken, the transgressor suffers physically; but he is morally less culpable than the sensual who know the law of the Creator and do it not. To those, indeed, who are well nurtured and housed, and can see the state into which large numbers of their fellow-children of God are reduced by their ill nurture and housing, is the Divine canon specially applicable—"Unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall much be required."

The conscience of the richer and better educated sort has now been moved, and has taken a legislative shape. But, as it might have been expected, the first touch of the machinery for removing the evil we deplore has made the condition of the sufferers worse. No doubt the great hindrance to improvement was, a few years ago, the tenacity with which the owners of the worst tenements were enabled to defy attempts to replace or improve them. But since the passing of the Artisans' Dwellings Act, 1868, best known as Mr. Torrens's, and later still, and charged with much wider power, that of Mr. Cross in 1875, one great obstacle, in London at least—viz. the want of sites, or the inability to secure them—has been removed.

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An unhealthy district may now be scraped bare. It is easier, however, to pull down than to build up; and, as you cannot demolish poor people when you destroy poor houses, at first and for a time the evils that need cure are condensed by the closer packing of those who are evicted. This is an inevitable accompaniment of social reform. We must not condemn the broom because it raises the dust, which flies thickest when we begin to sweep. Those, however, who lament the condition of the homes of the poorest of the town poor may rejoice that an active clearance has been set up, though, in approaching order, a phase and a period of exaggerated disorder and discomfort may have to be passed through.

The question is, how to replace the dwellings which are removed, and which at any rate had the recommendation of cheapness, with such as shall not exclude the most needy among the people by the rent which must be paid. The provision of improved dwellings for the artisan class may comparatively be left to the procedure of those who find it answer to erect such buildings as are needed for the better sort of working people. It is the supply of cheaper dwellings presenting the lowest standard of habitability compatible with decent sanitary conditions, that chiefly concerns the philanthropist. I am not, indeed, without hope that the belief of many in the possibility of making such dwellings pay as investments is founded on fact, though at present more directly remunerative schemes are most attractive to some capitalists. The main thing to be insisted on is that they shall be built as cheaply as possible, without ambitious ornamentation and excess of fittings, which assume the access of sudden and great improvement in the domestic habits of such as are intended to occupy them. The severest suppression of optimism and decorative desire is needed in the architect who shall design these lodgings for the poorest of the poor.

Meanwhile these ill-lodged or evicted people are proper objects of structural charity. There are, indeed, in London special means for the promotion of this, if they could be so applied. I allude to many of the old City charities. If those among them for which, even with the greatest ingenuity in construing the terms upon which they are left, it is sometimes extremely difficult to find anywise suitable recipients, could be used in the provision of improved dwellings on a large scale, the least degrading and pauperising charity would be exercised. It has been calculated, I believe by Sir Sydney Waterlow, that if the old City charities were capitalised they would produce the large sum of two millions sterling; with which he would undertake by degrees the replacement of the great bulk of the poorest people's houses in London.

In thinking, moreover, of any improvement in the dwellings of the poorest, it must not be forgotten that the influence I have noticed as arising from education in the artisan class must eventually tell upon those whose indifference to it has necessitated the making of their education compulsory. On these the board schools operate, not merely as vehicles of instruction, but as instruments tending eventually to make

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the children who are obliged to attend them ashamed of the domestic and sanitary conditions under which they have been born. As I have previously intimated, the contrast between the order, cleanliness, and architectural authority of these elaborate buildings and the rotten holes whence they issue to enter them must tell with multiplied force upon their poorest scholars. I know, indeed, that it is the fashion among some to decry the board schools as palaces absurdly unfitted for the instruction of gutter children, as they are rudely called; but, in measuring the value of a school, we must not stop at the mere reading, writing, and summing, which can be conducted within the meanest walls. The fabric itself must have an appreciable effect upon those who spend many of their youngest days under its shelter.

The consciousness of having been brought into contact with strong corporate educational life, and the taste of association with the widely known colleges of Cambridge and Oxford, have done more for the social position of many University men than the classical learning which they may have acquired within its walls; and even with the poorest a grand building, in which the whole instructive force of a city is interested, may, though scarcely realised at the time, tend to make its scholars dissatisfied with the narrow accommodation and social state which their parents endured. I am shrewdly tempted to distrust contentment with our lot, especially among the poor. Contentment may be desirable under some circumstances; but, if we are bidden to do our duty in that state of life unto which it has pleased God to call us, one obvious duty of the poor is to protest against the state in which many of them are placed by defective civilisation. If we get a class radically dissatisfied with circumstances which all agree are mischievous, we may reasonably hope for the birth of a will which shall promote a way. Thus "contentment with their lot" is about one of the lowest lessons which a parson or anybody else can teach among those who inhabit the worst among the homes of town poor.

It may be, moreover, that enforced familiarity with the discipline and corporate procedure of a large good school will reveal to some who frequent it the advantages of corporate action, and set up a co-operative movement even among the poorest. But we may not hope too much from this as yet. Though many artisans combine for divers objects, and may reasonably be expected or advised to join in the provision of better homes for themselves, a great bulk of especially the London poor is a layer of sand, without at present any symptom of coherence; and it is characterised mainly by the disposition of sand to settle down into the lowest holes it can find. Often it can be extricated and lifted from these only in handfuls.

This fact opens the door to a very useful phase of ministration which, properly exercised, shall hurt neither in the giving nor receiving. I mean that of which, in London, Miss Octavia Hill has been the leader and prophetess—the supervision of very cheap dwellings by educated

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people. Here the ministrant may present himself or herself as a collector of rents, and by kindly tact do much to kindle a higher sense of social position among the genuine poor. It is not everybody who can help directly in legislation, or even in the vigorous thrusting forward of great sanitary measures; but if any one wishes to do good which shall test the patience of the doer, and yet involve no very long link between the act and the result, he may try his hand at the supervision I have alluded to. The qualification for such work is not any bustling confidence and a sense that the supervisor is able to set others right, but, combined with accurate business habits, an incurable and tender shyness which shall keep the visitor from offence; for it must be remembered that in calling upon the poor, especially with the conscious intention of bettering their condition, more care and consideration are needed than in visiting equals in social position.

Infinite harm has been done by such as think that because they happen to have more money—though, perhaps, they would be found useless if they were stripped and pitchforked into the labour market—they are therefore qualified to lecture people with the smallest incomes. This harm has extended beyond the individuals who may have been directly subjected to intrusive admonition. Many have silently contracted a sentiment of aversion to advice, simply because it has often been tendered impertinently to their class by self-chosen philanthropists. The meanest home is some Englishman's or Englishwoman's castle, though its defences be in ruins.

I have only one more word to add to these imperfect sentences. We must suspiciously avoid the cant of sanitary beneficence, and bear in mind that, after all said and done, the house does not inevitably make the man. No doubt the improvement of poor dwellings produces some social advance in those who occupy them; but there are good people in bad houses as well as bad people in good ones, and some well equipped and endowed homes are a reproach to a people. There are influences higher and more divine than such as appeal to the possession of a separate set of rooms with a private dustbin, and pretty prints upon the wall. The patriarch's tent has exhibited grander specimens of man than the palace of the Sultan; and Lazarus himself, whom I imagine to have been no mere saint in rags, has been spoken of with infinite tenderness by One to whom the redressing of wrongs and the estimates of social worth showed themselves with the widest and deepest insight into man and his necessities.

HARRY JONES.

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Foreign Orders.

The most famous of all foreign orders of knighthood is the Golden Fleece. It was founded by Philip, Duke of Burgundy and Earl of Holland, styled "the Good," possibly because he murdered several of his nearest relatives. However, Philip meant well, according to his dim notions of right, and really governed his subjects pretty fairly. On January 10, 1429, he founded the famous order which is inseparably associated with his name. Some ninety years after our Edward III. instituted the more renowned order of the Garter.

The name of the Golden Fleece had a twofold signification. It meant to typify the spirit of chivalrous adventure—of going into new lands to conquer new fame—the same spirit which actuated the Argonauts of legend, who went in search of the Golden Fleece. But there was also the religious idea. The Saviour has been represented under the form of a lamb. To win His redemption by "knightly" deeds, in the best signification of that noble word, was obviously an object of the new society of chivalry.

High privileges were early conferred on the Knights of the Fleece, whose number was originally limited to thirty-one. When the Counts of Egmont and Horn were illegally executed under the reign of Philip II. on account of the stand they made for the liberties of their country, they both appealed against the sentence, alleging, amongst other reasons, that, as Knights of the Fleece, they had the right to be tried by their brother knights.

After the war of the Spanish succession, which left a Bourbon on the throne of Spain, there arose a dispute between the emperor and the king of Spain as to which of them had the right to the sovereignty of the order. The question is an extremely complicated one. The Emperor Charles VI., as heir male of the Hapsburgs, might fairly claim the knightly heritage as his right. On the other hand, Philip of Bourbon might urge descent through an heiress, and plead that in Spain and the Low Countries the Salic law had never been recognised. The matter was finally arranged through treaty, the emperor and the King of Spain being recognised as joint grand masters of the order, with equal power to name knights. The Austrian and Spanish badges of the order are almost, though not quite, identical in form. Each has the well-known collar of gold and flint-stones, with the typical device, "Ante ferit quam flamma micat," though the nobler legend runs—"Pretium non vile laborum."

The Archdukes of Austria and the Infants of Spain are all, as a rule, Knights of the Fleece. In later years the order has been conferred with

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what must to heralds have appeared undue freedom. For instance, on M. Thiers, who was not even "noble," and indeed had the sole merit of being President of the French Republic, and one of the greatest men living. Then it was that political oddity called the Spanish Republic, which bestowed the distinction of the little red collar-riband on M. Thiers. The Duke of Aosto, by the way, while figuring as Amadeus I. of Spain, sent the Fleece to a distinguished Castilian nobleman, who returned the decoration without a word. It is a waste of words to characterise the conduct of this grandee as it deserves. Why the foreign house of Savoy should be less entitled to respect than the foreign house of France it would be difficult to explain.

The Prince of Wales is a knight of the Golden Fleece—the only Englishman who enjoys that distinction. The Spanish order was conferred on him when he was ten years old, the Austrian some time later. Not long ago it was whispered that His Catholic Majesty was rather anxious for an exchange of ribands between the courts of S. Ildefonso and St. James'. He wanted the Garter for himself, and would have conferred the Fleece on the Duke of Edinburgh, or on Prince Albert Victor of Wales—perhaps on both—to secure for himself the most coveted of all decorations, without which no sovereign feels that he belongs to the inner circle of royalty.

Were the old Court of France still existing, and Henry V. determined to maintain the old orders, that of the Holy Ghost would come next in importance to the Golden Fleece. The order is not actually extinct, for the king is naturally always Grand Master, and the Duke of Nemours is an ordinary knight—the last surviving one. The last but one, the Duke of Mortemart, died a few years ago.

The order of the Holy Ghost was not founded till the sixteenth century, but it very soon attained to almost the prestige of the more ancient institutions. It was conferred on ecclesiastics as well as laymen; and a bishop, accused of some high misdemeanour, and commanded in consequence to deliver up his blue riband (blue was the colour of the order) was not afraid to reply, "Take not thou thy Holy Spirit from me."

In a later age, a marshal of France, a notorious trimmer in politics, caused some amusement to his friends by the nice scruples which marked his conduct during the events of July and August, 1830. "But," exclaimed an old Legitimist marquis, aghast, "is this true they tell me, that you actually called on the Duke of Orleans?" "It is true," answered the marshal, "but I was careful to wear my blue riband when I called." With the abdication of Charles X. nominations to the order ceased, as did also those to the order of St. Louis. Louis-Philippe contented himself with upholding the Legion of Honour.

This most popular of modern decorations was instituted by Napoleon I. while he was still First Consul. The intention was sufficiently obvious. The idea of hereditary aristocracy had been too discredited in France for

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the system to be revived. The next possible check against democracy was an aristocracy the members of which should be named for life. The French seem to have accepted the creation of this privileged society without much difficulty. They had the wit to perceive that it did not in itself militate against the principle of equality. No one was born with a right to the order; any citizen might hope to attain it; no man could bequeath it to his descendants.

The order originally consisted of four classes, afterwards of five, the number at which it now stands. There are—1st, the Knights Grand Cross; 2nd, Grand Officers; 3rd, Commanders; 4th, Officers; 5th, simple Knights or Chevaliers. When Napoleon first established the order (1802) the concordat with Rome had not yet been signed. In fact the Christian calendar was only re-introduced on January 1, 1806. Knights Grand "Cross" were impossible at that epoch; and Knights Grand "Eagle" was the original designation of members of the first grade in the legion. To this day, the so-called "cross" is a star of five rays.

Considerable discussion arose, on the formation of the order, as to the colour of the riband. Napoleon was for white, probably because on state occasions he loved to dress in scarlet, and saw how happy would be the contrast between the two colours. It was represented to him, however, that white was pre-eminently the colour of the exiled house. It seems difficult to imagine why Bonaparte should have hesitated to adopt the colour when he had usurped the throne. The fact remains that he did hesitate. He then suggested red, and was met with the objection that red was the revolutionary colour. The First Consul now grew tired of the discussion; he never could argue calmly for long. Maybe he was too busy. Blue was the colour of most uniforms in the French army, and red would do capitally as a contrast; so red was chosen.

In the last days of the Second Empire the Legion of Honour consisted of some 60,000 persons. Within a few months of the proclamation of the Third Republic, the National Assembly passed a law imposing certain restrictions on the creation of fresh members. By the principal clause it was enacted that only one member should be named to fill every two vacancies.

In speaking of the numbers of the Legion, one ought to bear one or two facts in mind. France has no peerage officially recognised, or baronetage; while the conferring of knighthood would be a ceremony almost unintelligible to the majority of educated Frenchmen. Several other fashions in which the British Sovereign delights to honour her lieges, *e.g.*, by making them honorary Privy Councillors, or of "her Counsel learned in the law," are wholly unknown to our neighbours. The "Cross," and after it, the successive grades of the Legion, are the sole honours with which France can reward the most illustrious of her sons; the sole outward and visible rewards. Praise to the living and posthumous renown she accords more generously than any other nation; and it is no empty phrase that is inscribed on the *façade* of the Pantheon, and which

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bids each successive generation remember that to great men the fatherland which bore them is grateful.

It is worth noting, too, that we English seem to have acquired, in respect of decorations, the appetite that comes from eating. Every one knows the story of the British ambassador who appeared at a conference without a single star amongst his bejewelled colleagues; and how a fool pointed out the circumstance to Talleyrand, thinking he had "scored off" our envoy; and how the Frenchman contented himself with remarking that the Englishman's dress was certainly very neat. But we have changed all that. Lord Dufferin, in full dress, would wear three stars; Lords Lyons and Odo Russell two apiece. We have a perfect constellation of Royal and Imperial orders in these days—from the Garter conferred for wealth to the Victoria Cross conferred for valour.

Still it must be admitted that all our G.C.B.'s, G.C.S.I.'s, &c., put together, would not equal in number the knights of the Legion of Honour. Only the figures are not quite so disproportionate as might be imagined. The Prince of Wales is naturally a Grand Cross of the Legion, as he is Grand Cross of everything else under the sun. The Duke of Cambridge also enjoys this distinction. Very few Frenchmen, indeed, enjoy the distinction (which only half corresponds to it) of Grand Cross of the Bath. Amongst them are Marshals MacMahon and Canrobert, and Prince Napoleon. Old Pelissier got it after the fall of Malakoff, and was so proud of the honour that for some time after he was wont to sign "Pelissier, G.C.B."

Perhaps, after all, the rough soldier meant to pay a compliment to the allies of his country. If so, a *grand seigneur* of the time of Louis XIV. could scarcely have conceived a more delicate one.

The badges of the inferior orders of the Legion have been pretty eagerly sought after by foreigners, even by Englishmen. It is related of an English merchant, who had rendered some service to Napoleon III., that he was invited by that prince to spend a few days at Fontainebleau. When the merchant took his leave, the Emperor asked him whether he could be of service to him in any way. "May it please Your Majesty," stammered the guest, "I should like—the Legion of Honour." Repressing the national habit of shrugging his shoulders—ever so slightly—Cæsar replied that he should be most happy to give him the Cross. "I fancied," he added, "that your Government did not allow you to wear foreign decorations. However, if you can make it right with the English Administration, you are heartily welcome. Meanwhile you must permit me to give you a Cross of the Legion worn by my uncle, the King of Westphalia." So saying, the Emperor went to a drawer and took out a diamond star that had once glittered on the Marshal's uniform of Jerome. It was handsomely done: grave as were his faults, Napoleon III. always showed himself a gentleman.

The Legion of Honour has this agreeable peculiarity, that it is accompanied by pensions—in the case of military knights. A plain

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chevalier receives 250 francs a year: a Grand Cross 5,000. The Chancellorship of the order is a very snug berth indeed. Besides a fine income, the Chancellor has handsome apartments rent free and "perquisites." Of course, the post is generally bestowed on an old soldier: though on the restoration of the Bourbons in 1814, it was given to an eminent clergyman whom it had been found difficult to put in any other place. The porter of the palace caused some amusement by addressing the Abbé, on his official entry, in the set phrase which he had used towards successive captains of great fame: "You have only to command, Marshal: it will be my business to obey."

There is one other French order of importance: the military medal. It is of gold, encircled in silver, and suspended by a short riband of green and yellow. Coveted almost as much as our Victoria Cross, its numbers have been extended so as to include civilians: the proportion being one of the latter to every two soldiers or sailors. When Bazaine had been for some time a Marshal of France, and Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour, he received the military medal: a graceful compliment, which was meant to indicate that the cup of his honours was full, and that there was nothing left for his imperial master but to give him the remainder of the lesser decorations.

The principal Austrian Orders, after the Fleece, are the Military Order of "Maria Theresa," founded by that princess in 1757; of "St. Stephen," by the same Sovereign, in 1764; of "Leopold" (1808); "Iron Crown" (founded by Napoleon, as King of Italy, and re-established by Francis I. of Austria in 1816); Order of "Francis Joseph" (1849); and last, but not least, the Order of the Starred Cross (*Croix étoilée*) for ladies. Those who are in the inner circle of English society know full well the value that is attached to the Royal Order of Victoria and Albert: but English ladies can be happy enough without it. An Austrian "court-capable" princess would hardly consider that her coronet fitted her comfortably without the Starred Cross to match it.

Austrian orders are freely bestowed: for an excellent reason. The House of Hapsburg-Lorraine has little else to give. An English gentleman once called on a foreign General, who was his friend, and found him in boisterous spirits. "George," exclaimed the soldier, "they've given me the Elizabeth"! (a minor military decoration). The Englishman offered formal congratulations; but knowing something of the relative significance of orders, and remembering that, as it was, the General could scarcely find room on his coat for the many stars and crosses he had won, wore a somewhat puzzled look. "I see you don't understand," the General suddenly cried out; "my dear fellow, they've given me the last remaining order: the next time they *must* out with their snuff-boxes, which are as good as money."*

The principal Prussian order is that of the Black Eagle, to which

* Blücher is sometimes cited as the hero of this anecdote, sometimes Radetzky, sometimes Lüders.

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most princes of great reigning houses belong. The last English prince invested with the riband was the Duke of Connaught. At Prince Leopold's next visit to Berlin, he too will receive the distinction—not one to be despised. The Black Eagle was founded by Frederic, Elector of Brandenburg, on his assuming the style of King of Prussia, as "Frederic I." (January 18, 1701). Frederic the Great, after the conquest of Silesia, made the Archbishop of Breslau a Knight of the Order. The first time Frederic was defeated by the Austrians, this rash prelate publicly plucked the star of the Black Eagle from his breast, and flung it to the ground. Frederic won a battle soon after; and the Archbishop was in his power. But the King took no further notice of His Grace's action than to observe "he was like all the rest."

The Red Eagle is to the Black what the Bath is to the Garter. The former are conferred for merit: the latter in acknowledgment of the claims of birth, backed by respectability of conduct.

The Order of Merit (civil division) is one of the most interesting. The Knights elect members with the approbation of the King: though, of course, His Majesty's pleasure is virtually paramount. Most Englishmen will be of opinion that Prussia shows catholicity as well as excellence of taste in having chosen two men so great, and yet so diverse in every respect, as Macaulay and Carlyle, to be members of her literary and artistic Senate.

The famous Order of the Iron Cross was founded by King Frederic William III. in 1813—in the very midst of the death-struggle with Napoleon. At that time some Prussian ladies vowed that they would wed none but Knights of the Iron Cross; and one lady at least was true to her oath. She received numerous and advantageous offers of marriage, and declined them all because the requisite condition had not been fulfilled. She it was who, in the dark hour of her country's fate, cast around to see what she might do to serve her people. Money was needed above all things: that she well understood. And as she had no money, she bethought her of her beautiful hair; and went and sold it, and paid the money into the national fund.

Russia boasts the Orders of St. Andrew (founded by Peter the Great in 1698)—the Russian Garter; St. Catherine, by the same prince (for ladies); St. Alexander Newski, also by Peter; the White Eagle, a Polish order, said to have been instituted by Ladislaus IV. in 1325; the St. Anne, a German order, the sovereignty of which has descended to the Czar from the House of Sleswick-Holstein; the St. Stanislaus; the St. George, and the St. Wladimir.

Russians do not understand laughter on the subject of tinsel. At the beginning of this century, a Muscovite review gravely compared the merits of a couple of poetasters, and finally decided in favour of the worst, on the strength of the fact that he had been decorated with nine orders, whereas the other had received but seven. This may be styled criticism made easy.

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Apropos:—After the conspiracy of the Decembrists (1825) had been put down, a young man was being tried before a court-martial. The poor lad, who really meant no harm to anybody, but had simply the misfortune to be a fool, could find no happier way of defending himself than to cite passages from Milton, Locke, and Bentham, in vindication of the presumed rights of humanity. The General who presided looked half mournfully, half comically at the prisoner, and at length delivered himself to this effect:—"Young man, I see you have read many books written, I doubt not, by clever men. Still, they did not understand that it is necessary to believe in God, and to be loyal to one's Sovereign. Now, see to what these books have brought you. There are you, in that melancholy position: and now, look at me." So saying, the General placed his hand on an embroidered coat, thickly adorned with decorations. The story is Russian: but there is a spice of truth it.

The present writer wishes he could continue the story in the proper fashion, and tell how the General was obliged to pass sentence of death, but recommended a free pardon. Unfortunately, evidence is wanting. The odds are even against the General's having been a man of wit.

Few other foreign orders are worth mentioning; though there are a few, besides those already mentioned, which confer some distinction on the wearer: notably that of "Charles III." of Spain; "St. Januarius," of the extinct Kingdom of the Two Sicilies; "the Golden Spur," or St. Sylvester, of the Vatican; and the "Lion and Sun" of Persia.

This last order was created in 1808, as a measure of propitiation towards England. The King of Persia of the day had founded an order in honour of the French, when he had reason to think that Napoleon was all-powerful. As soon as the Shah discovered that he had calculated somewhat amiss, he instituted a new order to please, as he fondly deemed, the enemies of the French Emperor. The "Lion and Sun," which was suggested by Sir John Malcolm during his mission to Tehraun, has this peculiarity, that when it is conferred on a foreign officer he is entitled to wear the insignia of the higher grades of the order as he rises in rank in his own country. A simple knighthood may have been conferred on a captain: should he rise to be a general, he may wear the ribbon and star of Grand Cross.

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Falling in Love.

"Falling in love" is a very old-fashioned, rather rustic phrase, but there is no improving upon it in our homely tongue for telling what happens whenever the mutual charm of the sexes starts into play between two persons. The event itself has always maintained a primitive simplicity, and these sly syllables befittingly relating it keep fresh from generation to generation a bit of ancient boisterousness that they have. No one can either speak them or hear them without a smile. The mirthfulness of the expression seems to lie in its verbal violence, which somehow hints a helpless sheepishness in the parties. Whenever this phrase is used of a pair of human beings, it is, in fact, known that they have been carried away, taken possession of, made fools of by a natural weakness, which overtakes everybody in turn. It must be the affording a new proof of the irresistibleness of love that makes the joke; for all other languages as well as our own introduce a precipitous, headlong word in their most popular description of the occurrence.

This is saying that the common judgment everywhere in its most familiar talk will have it that the very beginning of love is a catastrophe. Yet, although the whole world is forced to witness to the fatal seriousness of the affair, by a strange light-heartedness all men and women make fun of it. Even the couple to whom it has happened, and who are consequently at that moment standing in the worst jeopardy of fortune, with the whole course of their life risked on the perils of a more or less haphazard choice, can only be grave about it between themselves, and when they are quite apart. Let them admit any third person into a knowledge of the matter, and instantly they must themselves treat it as a joke. Indeed, they have shamefacedly to hurry to join in the laughter which is sure to be raised at their cost. The poets, it is true, especially the lyrists, who are always in league with the lovers—being indeed, excepting for only the shortest intervals of luxurious despair, reckonable conspicuously among them—try to keep a solemn face in speaking of love. But only these queer individuals can do it. According to them, nothing in all the world ought to be so pathetically interesting as a couple of wooers fixed in one of their attitudes of mutual enchantment. It is, however, only for the briefest instant that the poets and artists can, here and there, keep separate persons, or at most solitary youthful pairs, in any mood of gravity upon this topic. The great experienced public goes on from age to age perpetually laughing at love in one united chorus. It finds, indeed, a great part of the standing challenge to mirth in the poetical attempt to make the thing seem serious.

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At first sight, there certainly is something puzzling in the fact that in a world philosophically reputed to be so sad as this one is, the most important affair in it should be universally laughable. But there is no doubting it. Is there any one who can possibly behold a couple of lovers absorbed in reciprocal endearments without being amused by the sight? Even where the infatuation has the best of auspices; where youth and beauty soften, or it may be naturally embellish, the eagerness; and if the preposterous overstress of mutual personal admiration is made a little less absurd by grace of speech and elegance of manner, a spectator is still obliged to smile. Those who have themselves already fully gone through the experience, and with whom it has turned out ill, can laugh cynically if they like, but laugh in one way or another everybody must. In the very manners and procedure of love there is inescapable drollery; its forms are so primitive that everybody is aware it is the most antique joke of all that is being carried on. A male arm around a female waist is to any strange observer the one lasting comic attitude of the sexes. Nothing but the most infantile years in the tiniest of couples can save those detected in it from being aware that they are humiliatingly diverting; and then, indeed, by some odd contrariety of feeling, tears may be started instead of laughter. One or other sort of hysterics it is sure to prompt. But if the pair of embracers are past youthfulness, then the spectacle becomes farcical. A little obesity is all that is needed at any age to make the beholding wildly titillating, unless the amusement miscarries through some unhappy stirring of disgust. In this way everybody is made ridiculous in turn by love; but what a dull world it would be with no love-making going forward in it! By means of this lackadaisical behaviour of wooers, the human scene is kept filled in all its corners and nooks with cheaply-offered humorous idylls. You can catch glimpses of them from out of the very thick of business, from off the most beaten highways of life; and the sight always refreshes. For one thing, neither the watching nor the enacting of the play tasks observers or actors in the least. A blush is enough to give its fun; when the situation grows most critical, a stammer is the piquantest of jokes; a little sentimental attitudinising is all the business needed; the detection of a covert grip of the hands between the half-hiding pair, or even the casual witnessing of a look of languish, will serve as a climax, causing no end of perfect mirth in any number of sly onlookers. It is owing to everybody at some time taking part in the comedy that all can so easily follow and understand it seen by momentary glimpses, listened to by snatches, no matter how hastily, at any stage of its progress. There is no one who cannot foresee the plot. Even the youngest innocents are found to have picked up fragments of the traditionary words and gestures, beginning, it would seem, to learn them as early as the first dalliances of the mother's lap.

So far, we have been speaking quite generally; treating of love-making in the abstract, as one might say. But if you go to individual cases the puzzle of falling in love grows more and more preposterously entertain-

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ing. It does so owing to its being utterly impossible to understand why, even in the most genuine instances of all, any particular couple were drawn together with such violence. For the most part, they themselves are the very last people to know any definite reason for it. Some one who is only half thinking the matter out may, perhaps, mechanically suggest "reciprocal discovery of beauty?" But the cases in which that can be held to apply are by no means the most striking examples of falling in love. It is true no one exactly knows what is and what is not charming to some eyes; but assuredly many of those persons who can stir and can feel the infatuation to its full height are not to the public gaze Venuses and Adonises. In fact, if beauty was indispensable, some of us would be safe. No; here, in the very heart of the laughter, you come upon a real mystery; which is continually presented afresh in each individual case. It is not, after all, very difficult to understand in a merely general way why the behaviour of lovers should set all beholders who are fancy-free agog with merriment.

In the first place, the leisurely, lackadaisical demeanour which the puzzlingly-assorted pairs all agree in putting on for the luckily brief period, is seen by everybody else who at the moment does not share the gay madness, to be in no way suited to the work-a-day condition of this world. Lovers, just to gaze uninterruptedly into each other's eyes, would without a thought leave the fields untilled and pooh-pooh with impatience any sober hint of a harvest being needful; factories might stand still and shops be for ever shut while they followed no other business than the light toil of plucking flowers for each other in the day, and wandering in linked couples at night under moonlit skies. There may be somewhere a holiday planet in which it is possible so to spend life unbrokenly, but it is not this one. If nature had not craftily mixed all ages in each generation, but left us just once all young together, half a year of universal love-making would ruin the globe. It is consequently clear that the proceeding has in it the unavoidable absurdity of not being able to last; and although each two persons who are smitten are vaguely aware of this holding good of others, still they believe that it is certainly to go on in their own case for ever. All the rest know that it cannot, and they must perforce laugh as they forecast the infatuated pair's awaking in surprise. In very close connection with this cause for mirth, there arises another. The couple of lovers who at first can, of necessity, know nothing of one another but the colour of their complexion, their stature, the sound of voice, or a few tricks of bodily bearing, promptly value each other, on no other grounds than these trivial ones, at a personal appraisement which everybody else can clearly see is ridiculously excessive. Every experienced person, no matter to which sex he or she belongs, knows, from only too bitter proofs, that no human being can, by mere reason of his or her height, hue of skin, and style of walking, be possibly worth to another half of what each of the deluded couple thinks for the time being that the other would be cheap at. The initiated are consequently forced

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to chuckle beforehand at this further prospect of a wide-eyed amazement which lies before the lovers.

This will, perhaps, serve as a preliminary statement of the general facts; but we want to try to get below them. The first question which starts itself is, How is it that every couple, on being drawn together in this special way of bodily attraction, fall into the huge mistake of such a mutual over-estimate of each other's worth? It is into the puzzle of this enforced silliness of judging by personal aspect merely that we want to inquire a little in this paper.

The philosophers, as befits them—since to account for everything is their proper business—have a suggestion to offer. Physiological reasons, they hint, are at the bottom of these bodily affinities, these spontaneous preferences. One human frame, for its own fit complementing, naturally develops a special æsthetic in respect of another of the opposite sex: the admiration for a distinct kind of complexion, and for one of the classifiable types of face and figure, being decided and prompted by occult sensory stirrings. If you argue the question in the high philosophic manner, it does seem likely that, for practical objects connected with the preservation and full diversifying of these physical characteristics in the race, there would be some physiologically-acting bodily proclivities of the sort. The diverting astonishment begins so soon as you try to apply in particular cases the two or three wide generalisations which seem to be pointed to. For instance, there is a faint presumptive expectation that very tall persons will marry very short ones; and, again, light-complexioned persons are supposed to be attracted by dark skins, the latter in turn preferring blondes. But, then, so many are the exceptions to these rules that it is found to be quite impossible to predict according to them the striking of the infatuation in any separate case. Moreover, these great antithetical classifications of stature and complexion are not generally applicable. They could at most only refer to extremes. The bulk of us are necessarily of medium height, and of mixed, if not middle, tints; condemned from the start not to be striking in any vivid, superior, excelling way. For any explanation of the acting of physiological affinities between members of the common crowd you have, therefore, to take the inquiry still more in detail.

It is very curious, when doing so, to note how small a portion of the personal appearance can suffice to decide the bodily infatuation between the sexes. There seems to be no doubt that in some instances a pair of eyes have been fragment enough of it to attract fatally; or, for anything that can be conclusively made out, a mere roll or languishing turn of them has served. That is, all defect in the rest of the face and form can be overlooked in the dazzle of two tiny orbs flashingly set between cheeks and forehead. Any colour is able to exert a like fascination over the person in whom it effectively stirs admiration. That, of course, is part of the physiological case, as the philosophers frame it. In each particular instance, the hue must be specific; but it may be either blue, brown, grey,

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black, or any other colour that is displayable by human irises. So, again, there is a secret preference as to hair. A special chromatic glory in female locks, or even a mere plentifulness of this shining excrescence of the bodily frame, has a bewildering effect upon some male creatures. The halo may differ in glint just as much as the eyes may in glance: gold is no more effective in one case than ebon darkness is in another. Nor can it be told beforehand whether the sweet folly will revel most in silky fluffiness, in the regulated elegance of symmetrical curls, or in the severity of plain, quietly resting bands. It would be easy to follow the points into much further minutiæ. Some wooers, it has been suspected, have been wholly fascinated by a musical tone heard in the voice; so small a trifle of sense-impression as a special tickling of the auditory nerves has decisively weighed in the affair of choosing an associate for life. In these cases, the man or woman may nearly be said to have married a voice. Indeed, any single bodily feature or detail can content, or at least can effectively attract, a lover's admiration. The mere shape and set of the head, or the slope and droop of the shoulders; the general carriage of the body, particular curves in some parts of it; a certain trip, glide, or sweep in walking;—every one of these has been found to give enough of charm for eager liking to feed upon. Again and again, delight in the excellence of a single bodily feature is seen to overpower stark deformity in other portions of the frame. It may be set down for pretty certain that the explanation of some very puzzling selections on the part of lovers can be no other than this full content with a separate bodily detail, which seems to them so perfectly beautiful as to be quite irresistible. If the special charm is not the one which stirs infatuation in yourself, you may be left in utter perplexity as to the reason of the man's or the woman's choice. It would be seen that there is scarcely any limit to the apparent childishness of the grounds of these physical preferences if some people were courageously frank enough to avow them.

In saying all this, however, care must be taken not to make these few hints towards an explanation of the mystery of falling in love seem too solid and adequate. There is abundant evidence that the physiological affinities may act feebly and confusedly: in countless cases it is certain that the germ of bodily predilection is only very faintly developed. The æsthetics are uncertain, the taste indecisive. Any colour, any stature, any form may to all appearances indifferently and equally attract in a weak way. This would seem sufficiently perplexing; but, further, it does not seem quite possible always to settle whether the asking for bodily charm is nearly absent or is, in fact, too sensitive. There are instances in which a moderate general approach to perfection is accepted instead of the partial excellences above spoken of, and appears to be itself indispensable. What seems to be most sought, then, is the absence of a jar upon any of the senses; it is only resignedly demanded that there shall be no striking personal defects. The man or woman showing this

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restrained moderation will necessarily seem to one who has violent tastes for some special personal characteristic to be content, in his or her appreciation, with what is tame, colourless, uninteresting in physical appearance. But there yet remains to be added that there are countless giddy, wholly unclassifiable cases in which most contradictory personal likings can be successively witnessed in the same individual. It is not every first attachment that is conclusive; and some persons have been known to marry more than once, and have made very different choices. Many, as already hinted, never quite exactly know what personal style they prefer. It is now a light complexion that attracts them; again it is a dark one: to-day they are seen with upturned faces admiringly contemplating height of stature; to-morrow looking down with a satisfied smirk on bodily shortness. Worst of all, not in a way of weakness but rather of too prompt recklessness, the mere antithesis of sex appears coarsely to suffice for certain low or poorly cultivated natures, causing a flare and disturbance of nervous excitement which precludes anything like a critical judgment of special characteristics. A floridness of skin or an expanse of white complexion, a breadth or bulkiness of some chief parts of the frame, will with them answer all the needs of the rudimentary physiologic æsthetic. But the phrase "falling in love" does not really belong to worthless examples so far down in the scale of bodily appreciation as this; the right use of the words always presupposes a decided personal preference. One human being is felt to be more attractive for merely bodily reasons than all the rest of the world besides.

Another remark may now be added. In the cases where the preference is decided by stress of some single bodily excellence there is evidently great risk. A fine pair of eyes may last sufficiently; but a glory got from an aureole of hair can fade quicker than the leaf, and a dazzling complexion is not to be relied upon. On the whole, a general approach to absence of bodily defect, rising of necessity into a moderate acceptableness in the entirety, if that has been enough to decide selection at the first, seems to tell best in the end. It would be possible to argue, moreover, that it does most credit to him or her who is content with it, for it is not every one who has the power of appreciating in any full and adequate way personal appearance in its entirety. To do so, a rather elaborate adjustment of observing is needed. Some people only find out, for example, by the merest accident, through forced momentary comparisons and contrasts, bodily defects in those nearest to them. The risks of this possibility of being eclipsed by disadvantageous comparison are heightened, too, when admiration rests on an apprehended excellence in a special respect. To-morrow, some one may be met with who has bluer or darker eyes, whose hair sparkles more lustrously or is more abundant, or who is better at a particular languish or attitude. Then the idol may topple instantly from its shrine. It is true that one who is worshipped less intensely, but in a wider way and for more diversified reasons, may also be surpassed; but the chances are that it will not

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be by superiority at every point—at least, if that should happen, it can only occur by the happening of some miracle of perfect beauty, which everybody will so admire that any individual may reconcile himself to missing its obtaining since he is one among a crowd of disappointed sighers. It will be possible, moreover, to get a little consolation by spitefully thinking that the favoured mortal has been helped by luck.

But there is yet another puzzle in this inquiry which may as well be mentioned here. Afterwards, when love-making has led to its wished-for result, and the pair of wooers have formed a lasting union, then, as all the world well knows, a most strangely-growing blindness happens as to the personal excellences which at first started the bodily infatuation. Such lackadaisical motives are in the end nearly quite superseded by a set of practical considerations arising out of the domestic relationship, which so fill the minds of the man and woman that admiration on the score of physical aspect is remitted to other people. But anything further that has to be said on this part of the subject will be better offered later. Here we are still speaking of first falling in love.

In very many instances, where there is not what may be called a fully developed taste for personal charm, a counterfeit infatuation shows, which plays the part of the genuine attraction. There can be no doubt that a large number of young women mistakenly fancy that they have physically fascinated their wooers, and that a like multitude of young men wrongly think that they have personally interested the maidens who smile upon them, when what has befallen the couples is scarcely at all owing to anything inherent in themselves on either side. It has been really decided by a reflected glitter of social position, an effectiveness got from grouping with some other persons habitually near to them, or even the charm of a particular adjustment to a dwelling or a scene. Nearly any other young woman or young man in the same relation to the surroundings would have had the same effect on the admirer. In fact, members of both sexes have fallen in love with a mere domestic situation, a social interarrangement, when they, in a dull comfortable way, thought they were wooing and winning a person. There is plenty of detail ready to hand on this part of the subject. At times, sisters or even female friends, seen often together, can very heighteningly set off one another in male eyes. Owing to this illusiveness operating, a man may suffer a rather fine amazement, by-and-by, when he has secured his prize; and the links of these prior companionships being broken, or else much slackened, he at last sees the idol apart. Beheld moving around him ungrouped, she scarcely looks the same person. A fine, handsome mother of girls, if her own fading has not advanced so far as to hint a future withering of her daughters, may throw a soft embellishment around them, causing a youth of the leisurely-admiring sort fondly to picture in the future for one of the girls a ripe maturity of matronly appearance, which may, alas! be physiologically impossible. A genial, frank-spoken, manly father can throw a like glamour about his sons when unguarded maidens

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see them in his atmosphere. There are, indeed, homes so well managed, families which offer such an impressive appearance of prosperity, as to cast a warmth and light of good fortune around every member of them, in a way of collective desert and ensured promise for all prospective groupings. Woe to the unallotted of either sex who crosses that particular threshold, and so passes under the spell, for the years may bring a rude disappointment. The admirer's own hearth may have scarcely any resemblance to that one.

It scarcely needs adding that in what has just been said we were not speaking of coolly-calculating self-seeking, where money or family connection is deliberately aimed at in preference to personal liking. The cases meant were those in which the influences which decide the choice operate in a way of natural attraction, doing so, in part at least, outside the formal judgment of those they determine. Only owing to that can the phrase "falling in love" be used of any instances even in the above explained counterfeit sense. But it may be asked, if the first real or fancied apprehensions of physical excellence which start what may be termed the genuine infatuation come by-and-by to obscure and weaken, why may not a choice prompted by these more circumstantial attractions turn out best, as being the most likely to lend itself well to the practical affairs which in the long run mainly tell upon the domestic relationship? That is exactly what the cynics do affirm. But neither the poets nor the moralists will listen to them. In order to state the poet's reasoning about love it will be obligatory to grow quite serious for a moment.

It may be at once admitted that it was taking too narrow a view of the æsthetics of love-making to speak only of a mutual personal admiration showing itself in the infatuated pair. They are not quite so fully absorbed as this; they can and do spare side-glances for the world in which they find themselves. It is a world which differs from the noisy, hum-drum one of daily business, and is yet it. Not even lovers can wholly get out of this common world; but they in part transform it, adding some other regions to it. The ecstasy aroused by the one loved central figure of this scene extends much further, and in fact stirs a more or less wide Art-feeling which includes the discovery and appreciation of beauty anywhere and everywhere. It is not difficult to understand how this artistic heightening of the sensibility comes about, for the very physiological key of the pair's daily and hourly living is raised in pitch. This is where the poet cannot be gainsaid. The prudential organising of a domestic connection may give economical and comfortable housekeeping; but it cannot give this poeticalising of the sensations, which, no matter how brief a time it lasts, if it is once rightly stirred by a fit of bodily entrancement in spontaneous worship of one of the other sex, leaves lingering about the world for ever some fitful recollections of a bowery Eden in it, not too crowded and all fair. Is it necessary to give the details? Lovers find out the sweetness of silence and secresy; they become aware of the moon and the sky, and of the sea and woods and

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fields in a wholly fresh and more delighting way. Flowers and music are no longer half-unintelligible; all the emblems, metaphors, and parables of Nature are fully understood. Not one of the simple out-door glories is then in the least superfluous: every one of them is really needed to give some fitting background or due covert for a whisper or a smile. Even in more public and conventional scenes, the embellished, the ornamented grows natural; and somewhere in the concerns of the pair a touch of romance is sure to be unfailingly brought in. The most rustic of wooers is not contented until he has sought for, presented, and had accepted from his hand something which he and the one other think fair and in some way uncommon. A flower of a kind as old as those Adam plucked will serve if need be. But where there is much wealth, rarity must be obtained by great costliness; not necessarily out of a spirit of vulgar display, as is sometimes thought, but to give a seeming of sacrifice if it is not really practicable. If the infatuation of bodily admiration between a pair of lovers signifies a more subtle appreciation of the world, and a pricking of the spirit of adventure in male bosoms and of a feeling of willing tenderness in female hearts, the poets are not quite silly in their eulogies. Under this view, the most prudent marriage of convenience will not fully substitute the ancient silliness of impetuous youthful love-making. So far as to the mere poetry of the matter, and nothing whatever of the ethical argument has yet been used.

But already, in accepting anything in connection with this topic in a direct and simple way, as though it was quite intelligible and fully satisfactory, we afresh run the risk of seeming too easily to do away part of the mystery. Let no one, for instance, entertain the suggestion, which will scarcely fail to arise, that these physiological attractions give any clue for finding the compatibilities of temper, and the general moral and mental qualities which are needed for happy domestic life in any pair. On the exact contrary, here begins a new and most intricate complication of the proceeding. Not a few men and women come to have a bitter secret persuasion after marriage that they have been inveigled into the least suitable of unions by the very misleading of some one of these hallucinations of physical form, or lustre, or grace. Just as certainly as that the æsthetic inspired by love extends beyond the first strict needs of a personal worship of the idol, giving stray hints of Art, does an ethical inference accompany the beholding, or supposed beholding, of each trait of bodily loveliness, starting suggestions of high morals, of boundless sacrifice, of infinite worth. Owing to an awful sanctitude which there is in beauty, it takes much to convince a youthful adorer that she whom he thinks fair is not also good. There is no such scepticism as that which infatuated youth can show in this matter. But though the æsthetic always more or less vindicates itself, widening and heightening the power of appreciating what is beautiful in the outer world, the insight into moral qualities may be quite confused and blinded by these too eagerly prized details of bodily aspect. No more perfect amazements have

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been suffered by mortal hearts in this world than those caused by first seeing eyes of supposed meekest innocence show an easy trick of flashing into scorn; the velvet fulness of cherry-ripe lips, thought until then to be only capable of framing soft words of patience and assent, roseately to curl with spite; or white slender necks, which before carried the small shining heads above them lightly poised for quick complacencies of sweet attention, suddenly stiffen with vanity, and swell their faint violet veins to purple, as hitherto smooth satiny foreheads wrinkled with quick rage. No doubt that female worshippers of manly breadth of shoulders, erectness of tall male stature, and supposed frankness of open masculine visage, are equally liable to those stark surprises. But, upon the whole, it seems likely that womanly elegance, softness, and fragility lend themselves most effectively to giving complete surprise in the beholding of these transformations. No man or woman can perfectly know how utterly he or she can feel to have been a fool in judgment until some one of the other sex has in one of these ways lifted the total disguise of a beautiful personal presence. It gives the blankest humiliation of intellect that a human being can undergo. All experienced people know that such things are. There is always sounding in the world a popular rumour that falling in love covers this fearful risk; but the young folks—those to whom the whisper of such wisdom would be of any use—never listen to it; or if a few exceptions do so, and shrewdly strive to be guided by a second deeper set of personal signs, which are summed up in the word "expression," they, if in this way made a little safer, may yet fall into the hugest mistakes if they attempt too much of such sagacity. The more occasional bewitchments of momentary smiles, of secretly-forming dimples which only one at a time can see, of sudden kindlings of the eye, sympathetic softenings of the tone, passing elegances of attitude that seem to show the movements of the soul within, may all mislead. Nature, pry as you will, yet keeps something for fortune.

On the other hand, let us make haste to add, as strictly belonging to the natural complications of the topic, that there are lucky instances where men and women, who have exercised this restraint in not choosing wholly from the surface, have met with wonderful rewards of secret sweetness. On entering the houses of some husbands who have plain-looking wives, it is possible to detect a half-suppressed glee twinkling in their faces, as if there was a joke somewhere beneath the roof awaiting your discovery. By-and-by, you find it out. These slyly happy men know beforehand that you will shortly learn how, behind the uninteresting womanly exterior, each of them has really secured a homely angel to be ever at his side or moving about upon his hearth. In the hope of lighting on some such luck, examples are to be met with of individuals even deliberately foregoing physical attractions; but usually it is after they have unlawfully worn out the enjoyments of them, and, by a right retribution, they are nearly sure miserably to miscarry in their choice, losing even the dull comfort they have groped after, simply by dispensing,

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in their too late selection, with the possible natural guidance of anything like genuine falling in love. There would be much unfairness in confounding these bad cases with a few other instances whose existence seems to be verified, and which doubtless give the reason why wise Nature finds the heart to provide a sprinkling of women whom all do not think fair—the instances, namely, of men who like to admire in secret, and would feel their idol vulgarised if it drew too much of the public gaze. These chuckle as the privately-worshipped one passes through the world a pace behind them, retiring in their shadow only half observed; and they can be seen to start in apprehension at any chance attention casually bestowed upon their treasure. But, passing by such eccentric cases as these, any who try deliberately to be wiser than their fellows in this affair of love, run the risk of being proved silliest of all if they fail. A man who too coldly resists the natural charm of female loveliness, and tries by hunting after hidden clues to disposition to be made wholly safe in his choice, ought someway to be very sure that he succeeds; for, if he does not, he has not even such mitigations as bodily beauty in his costly prize would give to excuse, in part, his proved want of judgment. There is, in fact, no fully guarding against this hazardous non-coincidence between outward personal aspect and inner quality; for, although what is termed "expression" gives some puzzling hints as to the latter, the hints only reach to the extent of making it folly to have regard to beauty only, not being themselves capable of giving grounds for any formal estimate. It follows that in all the fortunate cases where a man or a woman finds out on their own hearth that the one they have chosen is, whenever the bodily mask is lifted, nobler within than the exterior promised, a fairy tale of private surprise and sweet delight goes forward under that roof from day to day.

Is it practicable now to attempt any graver statement than that which offered at the outset of the seeming preposterousness of the physiologically-produced hallucination of first falling in love? Well; it would seem that, after all, it is too superficial, too trivial a version of the affair to say that a youth and a maiden risk all on the attractiveness of a certain dazzle of complexion, a particular curl or flow of hair, a special attitude or movement, a precise height of stature, an exact breadth of shoulder; or, putting the matter generally—that is, in its entirety and at its best—some one express style of bodily aspect. In the worst instance of juvenile love's infatuation, the eager, idolatrous wooer believes that he gets a glimpse behind the physical mask of the very person that he wants for his companion. The rosy or pale cheek, smooth forehead, and glittering, soft-fringed eye, are the fleshly windows through which the young people think they can see one another. Moreover, the world of first love, although it wears so gay and amusing an aspect to all outsiders, is not a light or trivial world to the pairs who are within it. It is true that, when spoken to by any third person, they must laugh; but between themselves every word, gesture, look, is most significant. And

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what is cynically set down as the finding out of the lovers' overprizing of one another is a very late unnecessary discovery, only ever made through the default of one or both of them. If they had only kept quite true, there would have been no solider reality under the sky. The high estimate that youths and maidens put on one another has but to be regarded as a pre-anticipation of merit which has to come, and in all the scheme of things there is no wiser contrivance for making effort nobly obligatory. Are the young people to wait before they admire each other till they have really justified it? In that case they would be no longer young when the mutual respect and liking came, but worn and grey in practising long, uphill, hard-proved virtue. First love's silliness saves that hardship, letting us begin life with a triumph—the fighting to come afterwards.

It would consequently seem that the matter may be finally re-stated thus—Nature has provided that adult life shall begin with a physically-guaranteed heightening of emotion, in which the beauty of the world is sympathetically apprehended, and the value of another human person is anticipatorily estimated as highly as the best possible desert could carry it. The accidents of personal fascination are but the means by which this great double end is gained, and by them man and woman are prompted to a spontaneous rehearsal of the forms of self-sacrifice and of full mutual appreciation. In this way it is secured that no one who has fallen in love genuinely for what is enthusiastically accepted as beauty's sake, even if it be by spontaneous admiration of but a shining curl, can be wholly ignorant of the discipline and etiquette of virtue. Nor can they ever afterwards quite lose the recollection of this early training, however brief the duration of it was. This is why it is that it is assuredly better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all. Further, the uncertainties of the event, cruelly disastrous as they prove in individual cases, seem needed, up to a considerable frequency, to make it needful in this affair, as in every other happening of human life, that man shall not mechanically yield himself to inclination without a struggle. In the very delirium of love he is bound under a heavy penalty to try a little to be wise.

Besides the first tumultuous passion caused by mere bodily fascination, there happily are possible some glorious later fallings in love over again with the same person for more lasting reasons, after the physical charm of superficial aspect has more or less expended itself. There is scarcely any limit to the extent to which domestic association can be freshened by the progressive discovery of compatibilities of character, or the repeated elicitings of ever-new admiration on the score of mental and moral excellence in those nearest to you. The occasions for these later, better wooings are unpredictable; at times they are long deferred, and often they ask the suffering of joint trials to give the opportunity. But, whenever any reappreciation of heightened mutual value of this kind takes place, the friends and acquaintances of the parties see, with

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surprise, that there is a pair of married lovers on the hearth. At these rejuvenating times the faded personal charms may even be again noticed shining forth afresh; if with less lustre, yet with more clearness and serenity than at the first. If the physical charm is gone, or if it was never greatly there, the absence of it will be replaced by the sweetness of a wise conviction that it was not indispensable; and if the obscuring of the bodily frame has been caused by trouble bravely borne, a pathetic reverence may even exult over the marks, idolising them as dearer than the trivial unearned perfections of beauty. A pair who have passed through much grief together, if only they have gone through it well, making some sacrifices for one another, must in the end come to love one another in this quiet but lasting style. The ideal picture of human love now faintly offers itself before us. In a perfect example, a youthful pair would have their glances first mutually drawn together and brightly entangled by the physiological affinities prompting bodily admiration for mere beauty's sake; and, before the rosy shame naturally attendant on that embarrassing confession had quite faded, a new reciprocal discovery of inner, more personal merit should succeed; while time, in its long bringing of the mixed events of fortune, should ever and again add new pathetic consecratings of affection from inevitable woes easingly shared together. It is easy to see that in such an instance the mutual attractions, as they succeed and accumulate, become knitted closer and closer; they are not so much renewals of a fitfully-weakening feeling as fuller developments of it, with strange softenings and heightenings of tender and gay and solemn reminiscences adding themselves perfectingly at every stage.

But who can rationally hope for such a complete realisation of the ideal of love as this? People in general have to be content with one or other of these events. To some this of the series falls, and to others that; the humbler thankfulness which comes to be felt by most at the arrangement seeming to arise from finding that, where the first chance has been missed, the later ones may possibly be enjoyed in some hap or other of their succession.

This throws a little light upon the subtle casuistries of this matter of love. It is a standing question, for instance, which each new generation of maidens persists in keeping alive, whether any subsequent falling in love can equal the first? Those among the older people to whom fortune has been unkind in that early chance try hard to get some possibility of the sort allowed; while the younger folk shake doubtful heads, and, growing maudlin in advance, throw out hints of a poetical despair if all does not go well from the very first. A partial explanation is got, when you remember that the juveniles know nothing of the later fallings in love; and that it is of those the worn veterans are thinking, having forgotten something of the sweet though heated and risky delirium of the first inexplicable fascination. Obviously, it is possible for a man or a woman to miss of some of these successive possibilities of love in one preliminary selection or one union, and to find them, or some of them, in a later venture. Which

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happiness is it that the eulogist is at the time enjoying? One kind, moreover, may happen in perfection after another has only, by cross accident, been half fulfilled, and the very prosperity of the later event may throw into the shade the more exciting interest which the earlier experience in part had, but which it lost. A man, again, may so narrowly escape from the shipwreck of all his peace in the tempestuous admiration of bodily beauty, that he may ever after partly go in dread of it, and may hug himself in a feeling of comfort and of safety in a quieter appreciating of suitability of character. That first manner of falling in love will seem to him too full of peril to have any justification. But let him go, and, on this ground, advise the young people to omit it! The world will echo with the derisive laughter of their answer. He will be told mockingly that he has tried it, or he could not have known of this possibility of failure; and it will be triumphantly flung in his face, that his non-success must have been well deserved. Are they, the juveniles, not at that moment determined on succeeding? No; this prudence of understanding first love's silliness is a wisdom which youth will never learn.

For the last words, we had better try to get back to the gay recklessness which alone quite befits the subject when publicly talked of, and which it at the outset naturally prompted. That rustic witchery of eyes and lips and cheeks, the sheepish yielding to which makes its victims so merrily ludicrous to all spectators, is not to be foregone without the incurring of special loss which nothing else can quite make up. It is very well to have the later kinds of falling in love, but it is an ill misfortune not to have begun with this one; the heightening of the world's loveliness and the complete sense of personal value which it gives can only be fully hoped for in a certain comparative period of earliness of life. This is the bit of hard logic that the juveniles have on their side. But there scarcely is any need for pushing this reasoning further. The young people go on tumbling in love in that early primitive fashion, with no falling off in the most ancient easiness of the practice; attributing to one another, as a kind of desert, the unmerited possession of youth and such chance of bodily beauty as there is. When they cease to do this, there will not much longer be any young people to find fault with for not mutually fascinating one another. Any preaching needed in the case is, in fact, that of restraint rather than urging forward; and the shrewd warnings of experience, if they are to have any use, must be made half jocose to get them listened to at all by the right persons.

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Venetian Folk-Songs.

To the idealised vision that goes along with hereditary culture a large town may seem an impressive spectacle. For Wordsworth, worshipper of nature though he was, earth had not anything to show more fair than London from Westminster Bridge, and Victor Hugo finds endless inspiration on the top of a Parisian omnibus. As shrines of art, as foci of historic memories, even simply as vast aggregates of human beings working out the tragi-comedy of life, great cities have furnished the key-note to much fine poetry. But it is different with the letterless masses. The student of literature, who turns to folk-songs in search after a new enjoyment, will meet with little to attract him in urban rhymes; if there are many that present points of antiquarian interest, there are few that have any kind of poetic worth. The people's poetry grows not out of an ideal world of association and aspiration, but from the springs of their life. They cannot see with their minds as well as with their eyes. What they do see in most great towns is the monotonous ugliness which surrounds their homes and their labour. Then again, it is a well-known fact that with the people loss of individuality means loss of the power of song; and where there is density of population there is generally a uniformity as featureless as that of pebbles on the sea beach. Still to the rule that folk-poesy is not a thing of town growth one exception has to be made. Venice, unique under every aspect, has songs which, if not of the highest, are unquestionably of a high order. The generalising influences at play in great political centres have hardly affected the inhabitants of the city which for a thousand years of independence was a body politic complete in itself. Nor has Venetian common life lacked those elements of beauty without whose presence the popular muse is dumb. The very industries of the Venetians were arts, and when they were young and spiritually teachable, their chief bread-winning work of every day was Venice—her ducal chapel, her campanile, her palaces of marble and porphyry. In the process of making her the delight of after ages, they attended an excellent school of poetry.

The gondolier contemporary with Byron was correctly described as songless. At a date closely coinciding with the overthrow of Venetian freedom, the boatmen left off waking the echoes of the Grand Canal, except by those cries of warning which, no one can quite say why, so thrill and move the hearer. It was no rare thing to find among the Italians of the Lombardo-Venetian provinces the old pathetic instinct of keeping silence before the stranger. We recollect a story told us by one

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of them. When he was a boy, Antonio—that was his name—had to make a journey with two young Austrian officers. They took notice of the lad, who was sprightly and good-looking, and by-and-by they asked him to sing. "Canta, canta, il piccolo," said they; "sing us the songs of Italy." He refused. They insisted, and, coming to a tavern, they gave him wine, which sent the blood to his head. So at last he said, "Very well, I will sing you the songs of Italy." What he sang was one of the most furiously anti-Austrian songs of '48. "Taci, taci, il piccolo!" ("Be quiet!") cried the officers, who yet knew how to appreciate the boy's spirit, for they pressed on him a ten-franc piece at parting. To return to Venice. In the year 1819 an English traveller asked for a song of a man who was reported to have once chanted Tasso *alla barcaruola*; the old gondolier shook his head. "In times like these," he said, "he had no heart to sing." Foreign visitors had to fall back on the beautiful German music, at the sound of which Venetians ran out of the Piazza, lest they might be seduced by its hated sweetness. Meanwhile the people went on singing in their own quarters, and away from the chance of ministering to their masters' amusement. It is even probable that the moral casemate to which they fled favoured the preservation of their old ways, that of poetising included. Instead of aiming at something novel and modern, the Venetian wished to be like what his fathers were when the flags on St. Mark's staffs were not yellow and black. So, like his fathers, he made songs and sang songs, of which a good collection has been formed, partly in past years, and partly since the black-and-yellow standard has given place, not, indeed, to the conquered emblems of the Greek isles, but to the colours of Italy, reconquered for herself.

Venetian folk-poesy begins at the cradle. The baby Venetian, like most other babies, is assured that he is the most perfect of created beings. Here and there, underlying the baby nonsense, is a dash of pathos. "Would you weep if I were dead?" a mother asks, and the child is made to answer, "How could I help weeping for my own mamma, who loves me so in her heart?" A child is told that if he asks his mother, who is standing by the door, "What are you doing there?" she will reply, "I am waiting for thy father; I wait and wait, and do not see him coming; I think I shall die thus waiting." The little Venetian has the failings of baby-kind all the world over; he cries and he laughs when he ought to be fast asleep. His mother tells him that he was born to live in Paradise; she is sure that the angels would rejoice in her darling's beauty. "Sleep well, for thy mother sits near thee," she sings, "and if by chance I go away, God will watch thee when I am gone."

A christening is regarded in Venice as an event of much social as well as religious importance. By canon law the bonds of relationship established by godfatherhood count for the same as those of blood, for which reason the Venetian nobles used to choose a person of inferior

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rank to stand sponsor for their children, thus escaping the creation of ties prohibitive of marriage between persons of their own class. In this case the material responsibilities of the sponsor were slight—it was his part to take presents, and not to make them. By way of acknowledging the new connection, the child's father sent the godfather a marchpane, that cake of mystic origin which is still honoured and eaten from Nuremberg to Malaga. With the poor, another order of things is in force. The *compare de l'anelo*—the person who acted as groomsman at the marriage—is chosen as sponsor to the first-born child. His duties begin even before the christening. When he hears of the child's birth, he gets a piece of meat, a fowl, and two new-laid eggs, packs them in a basket, and despatches them to the young mother. Eight days after the birth comes the baptism. On returning from the church, the sponsor, now called *compare de San Zuane*, visits the mother, before whom he displays his presents—twelve or fifteen lire for herself; for the baby a pair of earrings, if it be a girl; and if a boy, a pair of boy's earrings, or a single ornament to be worn in the right ear. Henceforth the godfather is the child's natural guardian next to its parents; and should they die, he is expected to provide for it. Should the child die, he must buy the *zogia* (the "joy"), a wreath of flowers now set on the coffins of dead infants, but formerly placed on their heads when they were carried to the grave-isle in full sight of the people. This last custom led to even more care being given to the toilet of dead children than what might seem required by decency and affection. To dress a dead child badly was considered shameful. Tradition tells of what happened to a woman who was so miserly that she made her little girl a winding-sheet of rags and tatters. When the night of the dead came round and all the ghosts went in procession, the injured babe, instead of going with the rest, tapped at its mother's door and cried, "Mamma, do you see me? I cannot go in procession because I am all ragged." Every year on the night of the dead the baby girl returned to make the same reproach.

Venetian children say before they go to bed :—

Bona sera ai vivi,
E riposo ai poveri morti;
Bon viagio ai naveganti
E bona note ai tuti quanti.

There is a sort of touching simplicity in this; and somehow the wish of peace to the "poor dead" recalls a line of Baudelaire's—

Les morts, les pauvres morts, ont de grandes douleurs.

But as a whole, the rhymes of the Venetian nursery are not interesting, save from their extreme resemblance to the nursery rhymes of England, France, or any other European country. They need not, therefore, detain us.

Twilight is of an Eastern brevity on the Adriatic shore, both in nature and in life. The child of yesterday is the man of to-day, and as soon as

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the young Venetian discovers that he has a heart, he takes pains to lose it to a *Tosa* proportionately youthful. The Venetian (and Provençal) word *Tosa* signifies maiden, though whether the famous Cima Tosa is thus a sister to the Jungfrau is not sure, some authorities believing it to bear the more prosaic designation of baldheaded.* Our young Venetian may perhaps be unacquainted with the girl he has marked out for preference. In any case he walks up and down or rows up and down assiduously under her window. One night he will sing to a slow, languorous air—possibly an operatic air, but so altered as to be not easy of recognition—"I wish all good to all in this house, to father and to mother and as many as there be; and to Marieta who is my beloved, she whom you have in your house." The name of the singer is most likely Nane, for Nane and Marieta are the commonest names in Venice, which is explained by the impression that persons so called cannot be bewitched, a serious advantage in a place where the Black Art is by no means extinct. The maiden long remembers the night when first her rest was disturbed by some such greeting as the above. She has rendered account of her feelings:—

Ah! how mine eyes are weighed in slumber deep!
Now all my life, it seems, has gone to sleep;
But if a lover passes by the door,
Then seems it this my life will sleep no more.

It does not do to appropriate a serenade with too much precipitation. Don Quixote gave it as his experience that no woman would believe that a poem was written expressly for her unless it made an acrostic on her name spelt out in full. Venetian damsels proceed with less caution: hence now and then a sad disappointment. A girl who starts up all pit-a-pat at the twanging of a guitar may be doomed to hear the cruel sentence pronounced in Lord Houghton's pretty lyric:—

"I am passing—Premé—but I stay not for you!
Premé—not for you!

Even more unkind are the literal words of the Venetian: "If I pass this way and sing as I pass, think not, fair one, that it is for you—it is for another love, whose beauty surpasses yours!"

A brother or a friend occasionally undertakes the serenading. He is not paid like the professional Trovador whom the Valencian lover engages to act as his interpreter. He has no reward in view but empty thanks, and it is scarcely surprising if on damp nights he is inclined to fall into a rather querulous vein. "My song is meant for the Morosa of my companion," says one of these accommodating minstrels. "If only I knew where she was! But he told me that she was somewhere in here. The rain is wetting me to the skin!" Another exclaims more cheerfully, "Beautiful angel, if it pleases God, you will become my sister-in-law!"

* "Tonsurata."

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After the singing of the preliminary songs, Nane seeks a hint of the effect produced on the beloved Marieta. As she comes out of church, he makes her a most respectful bow, and if it be returned ever so slightly, he musters up courage, and asks in so many words whether she will have him. Marieta reflects for about three days; then she communicates her answer by sign or song. If she does not want him, she shuts herself up in the house and will not look out for a moment. Nane begs her to show her face at the window: "Come, oh! come! If thou comest not 'tis a sign that thou lovest me not; draw my heart out of all these pangs." Marieta, if she is quite decided, sings back from behind the half-closed shutters, "You pass this way, and you pass in vain: in vain you wear out shoes and soles; expect no fair words from me." It may be that she confesses to not knowing her own mind: "I should like to be married, but I know not to whom: when Nane passes, I long to say 'Yes;' when Toni passes, I am fain to look kindly at him; when Bepi passes, I wish to cry, God bless you!" Or again, it may be that her heart is not hers to give:—

Wouldst thou my love? For love I have no heart;
I had it once, and gave it once away;
To my first love I gave it on a day . . . .
Wouldst thou my love? For love I have no heart.

In the event of the girl intimating that she is disposed to listen to her *Moroso* if all goes well, he turns to her parents and formally asks permission to pay his addresses to their daughter. That permission is, of course, not always granted. If the parents have thoughts of a wealthier match, the poor serenader finds himself unceremoniously sent about his business. A sad state of things ensues. Marieta steals many a sorrowful glance at the despised Nane, who, on his side, vents his indignation on the authors of her being in terms much wanting in respect. "When I behold thee so impassioned," he cries, "I curse those who have caused this grief; I curse thy papa and thy mamma, who will not let us make love." No idea is here implied of dispensing with the parental fiat; the same cannot be said of the following observations: "When I pass this house, my heart aches. The girl wills me well, her people will me ill; her people will not hear of it, nor, indeed, will mine. So we have to make love secretly. But that cannot really be done. He who wishes for a girl, goes and asks for her—out of politeness. He who wants to have her, carries her off." It would seem that the maiden has been known to be the first to incite rebellion:—

Do, my beloved, as other lovers do,
Go to my father, and ask leave to woo;
And if my father to reply is loth,
Come back to me, for thou hast got my troth.

When the parents have no *primâ facie* objection to the youth, they set about inquiring whether he bears a good character, and whether the girl has a real liking for him. These two points cleared up satisfactorily,

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they still defer their final answer for some weeks or months, to make a trial of the suitor and to let the young people get better acquainted. The lover, borne up by hope, but not yet sure of his prize, calls to his aid the most effective songs in his repertory. The last thing at night Marieta hears :—

Sleep thou, most fair, in all security,
For I have made me guardian of thy gate,
Safe shalt thou be, for I will watch and wait;
Sleep thou, most fair, in all security.

The first thing in the morning she is greeted thus :—

Art thou awake, O fairest, dearest, best?
Raise thy blond head and bid thy slumbers fly;
This is the hour thy lover passes by;
Throw him a kiss, and then return to rest.

If she has any lurking doubts of Nane's constancy, she receives the assurance "One of these days I will surely make thee my bride—be not so pensive, fairest angel!" If, on the other hand, Nane lacks complete confidence in her affection, he appeals to her in words resembling we know not what Eastern love-song: "Oh, how many steps I have taken to have thee, and how many more I would take to gain thee! I have taken so many, many steps, that I think thou wilt not forsake me."

The time of probation over, the girl's parents give a feast, to which the youth and his parents are invited. He brings with him, as a first offering, a small ring ornamented with a turquoise or a carnelian. Being now the acknowledged lover, he may come and openly pay his court every Sunday. On Saturday Marieta says to herself "*Ancuo xe sabo, doman xe festa*—to-morrow is fête-day, and to-morrow I expect Nane!" Then she pictures how he will come "dressed for the *festa* with a little flower in his hand;" and her heart beats with impatience. If, after all, by some chance—who knows? by some faithlessness perhaps—he fails to appear, what grief, what tears! Marieta's first thought when she rises on Sunday morning is this: "No one works to-day, for it is *festa*; I pray you come betimes, dearest love!" Then comes the second thought: "If he does not come betimes, it is a sign that he is near to death; if later I do not see him, it is a sign that he is dead." The day passes, evening is here—no Nane! "Vespers sound, and my love comes not; either he is dead, or" (the third and bitterest thought of all) "a love-thief has stolen him from me!"

Some little while after the lover has been formally accepted, he presents the maiden with a plain gold ring called *el segno*, and a second dinner or supper takes place at her parent's house, answering to the German betrothal feast; henceforth he is the *sposo* and she the *novizza*, and, as in Germany, people look on the pair as very little less than wedded. The new bride gives the bridegroom a silk handkerchief, to which allusion is made in a verse running, "What is that handkerchief you are wearing? Did you steal it or borrow it? I neither stole it nor borrowed it; my *Morosa* tied it round my neck." At Easter the

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sposo gives a cake and a couple of bottles of Cyprus or Malaga; at Christmas a box of almond sweetmeats and a little jug of *mostarda* (a Venetian *spécialité* composed of quinces dressed in honey and mustard); at the feast of St. Martin, sweet chestnuts; at the feast of St Mark, *el bocolo*—that is, a rosebud, emblematical of the opening year. The lover may also employ his generosity on New Year's day, on the girl's name-day, and on other days not specified, taking in the whole 365. Some maidens show a decided taste for homage in kind. "My lover bids me sing, and to please him I will do it," observes one girl, thus far displaying only the most disinterested amiability. But presently she reveals her motives: "He has a ring with a white stone; when I have sung he will give it to me." A less sordid damsel asks only for a bunch of flowers; it shall be paid for with a kiss, she says. Certain things there are which may be neither given nor taken by lovers who would not recklessly tempt fate. Combs are placed under the ban, for they may be made to serve the purposes of witchcraft; saintly images and church-books, for they have to do with trouble and repentance; scissors, for scissors stand for evil speaking; and needles, for it is the nature of needles to prick.

Whether through the unwise exchange of these prohibited articles, or from other causes, it does sometimes happen that the betrothed lovers who have been hailed by everybody as *novizza* and *sposo* yet manage to fall out beyond any hopes of falling in again. If it is the youth's fault that the match is broken off, all his presents remain in the girl's undisputed possession; if the girl is to blame, she must send back the *segno* and all else that she has received. It is said that in some districts of Venetia the young man keeps an accurate account of whatever he spends on behalf of his betrothed, and in the case of her growing tired of him, she has to pay double the sum total, besides defraying the loss incurred by the hours he has sacrificed to her, and the boots he has worn out in the course of his visits.

It is more usual, as well as more satisfactory, for the betrothal to be followed in due time by marriage. After the *segno* has been "passed," the *sposo* sings a new song. "When," asks he, "will be the day whereon to thy mamma I shall say 'Madona;' to thy papa 'Missier;' and to thee, darling, 'Wife'?" "Madona" is still the ordinary term for mother-in-law at Venice; in Tuscan songs the word is also used in that sense, though it has fallen out of common parlance. Wherever it is to be found, it points to the days when the house-mother exercised an unchallenged authority over all members of the family. Even now the mother-in-law of Italian folk-songs is a formidable personage; to say the truth, there is no scant measure of self-congratulation when she happens not to exist. "Oh! Dio del siel, mandeme un ziovenin senza madona!" is the heartfelt prayer of the Venetian girl.

If the youth thinks of the wedding day as the occasion of forming new ties—above all that dearest tie which will give him his *anzola bela*

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for his own—the maiden dreams of it as the *zornada santa;* the day when she will kneel at the altar and receive the solemn benediction of the Church upon entering into a new station of life. "Ah! when shall come to pass that holy day, when the priest will say to me, 'Are you content?' when he shall bless me with the holy water—ah! when shall it come to pass?"

It has been noticed that the institution of marriage is not regarded in a very favourable light by the majority of folk-poets, but Venetian rhymers as a rule take an encouraging view of it. "He who has a wife," sings a poet of Chioggia, "lives right merrily *co la sua cara sposa in compagnia.*" Warning voices are not, however, wanting to tell the maiden that wedded life is not all roses: "You would never want to be married, my dear, if you knew what it was like," says one such; while another mutters, "Reflect, girls, reflect, before you wed these gallants; on the Ponte di Rialto bird-cages are sold."

The marriage generally comes off on a Sunday. Who weds on Monday goes mad; Tuesday will bring a bad end; Wednesday is a day good for nothing; Thursday all manner of witches are abroad; Friday leads to early death; and, as to Saturday, you must not choose that, *parchè de sabo piove,* "because on Saturday it rains!"

The bride has two toilets—one for the church, one for the wedding dinner. At the church she wears a black veil, at the feast she appears crowned with flowers. After she is dressed and before the bridegroom arrives, the young girl goes to her father's room and kneeling down before him, she prays with tears in her eyes to be forgiven whatever grief she may have caused him. He grants her his pardon and gives her his blessing. In the early dawn the wedding party go to church either on foot or in gondolas, for it is customary for the marriage knot to be tied at the conclusion of the first mass. When the right moment comes the priest puts the *vera,* or wedding ring, on the tip of the bride's finger, and the bridegroom pushes it down into its proper place. If the *vera* hitches, it is a frightfully bad omen. When once it is safely adjusted, the best man steps forward and restores to the bride's middle finger the little ring which formed the lover's earliest gift; for this reason he is called *compare de l'anelo,* a style and title he will one day exchange for that of *compare de San Zuane.*

At the end of the service the bride returns to her father's house, where she remains quietly till it is time to get ready for dinner. As the clock strikes four, the entire wedding party, with the parents of bride and bridegroom and a host of friends and relations, start in gondolas for the inn at which the repast is to take place. The whole population of the *calle* or *campo* is there to see their departure, and to admire or criticise, as the case may be. After dinner, when every one has tasted the good wine and enjoyed the good fare, the feast breaks up with cries of *Viva la novizza!* followed by songs, stories, laughter, and much flirtation between the girls and boys, who make the most of the freedom of

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intercourse conceded to them in honour of the day. Then the music begins, the table is whisked away, and the assembled guests join lustily in the dance; the women, perhaps, singing at intervals, "Enôta, enôta, enlo!" a burden borne over to Venice from the Grecian shore. The romance is finished; Marieta and Nane are married, the *zornada santa* wanes to its close, the tired dancers accompany the bride to the threshold of her new home—and so adieu!

At first sight the songs of the various Italian provinces appear to be greatly alike, but at first sight only. Under further examination they display essential differences, and even the songs which travel all over Italy almost always receive some distinctive touch of local colour in the districts where they obtain naturalisation. The Venetian poet has as strongly marked an identity as any of his fellows. Not to speak of his having invented the four-lined song known as the "Vilota," the quality of his work unmistakably reflects his peculiar idiosyncrasies. An Italian writer has said, "nella parola e nello scritto ognuno imita sè stesso;" and the Venetian "imitates himself" faithfully enough in his verses. He is the one realist among Italian folk-singers. He has a well-developed sense of humour, and his finer wit discerns less objectionable paths than those of parody and burlesque, for which the Sicilian shows so fatal a leaning. He is often in a mood of half-playful cynicism; if his paramount theme is love, he is yet fully inclined to have a laugh at the expense of the whole race of lovers:—

A feast I will prepare for love to eat,
Non-suited suitors I will ask to dine;
They shall have pain and sorrow for their meat,
They shall have tears and sobs to drink for wine;
And sighs shall be the servitors most fit
To wait at table where the lovers sit.

As compared with the Tuscan, the Venetian is a confirmed egotist. While the former well-nigh effaces his individual personality out of his hymns of adoration, the latter is apt to talk so much of his private feelings, his wishes, his disappointments, that the idol stands in danger of being forgotten. There is, indeed, a single song which combines the sweet humility of Tuscan lyrics with a glow and fervour truly Venetian—possibly its author was in reality some Istriot seaman, for the *canti popolari* of Istria are known to partake of both styles. Anyhow, it may figure here, justified by what seems to us its own excellence of conception:—

Fair art thou born, but love is not for me;
A sailor's calling sends me forth to sea.
I do desire to paint thee on my sail,
And o'er the briny deep I'd carry thee.
They ask, What ensign? when the boat they hail—
For woman's love I bear this effigy;
For woman's love, for love of maiden fair:
If her I may not love, I love forswear!

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When he is most in earnest and most excited, the Venetian is still homely—he has none of the Sicilian's luxuriant imagination. We may call to mind a remark of Edgar Poe's to the effect that passion demands a homeliness of expression. Passionate the Venetian poet certainly is. Never a man was readier to "dare e'en death" at the behest of his mistress—

Wouldst have me die? Then I'll no longer live.
Grant unto me for sepulchre thy bed,
Make me straightway a pillow of thy head,
And with thy mouth one kiss, beloved one, give.

At Chioggia, where still in the summer evenings *Orlando Furioso* is read in the public places, and where artists go in quest of the old Venetian type, they sing a yet more impassioned little song.

Oh, Morning Star, I ask of thee this grace,
This only grace I ask of thee, and pray:
The water where thou hast washed thy breast and face,
In kindly pity throw it not away.
Give it to me for medicine; I will take
A draught before I sleep and when I wake;
And if this medicine shall not make me whole,
To earth my body, and to hell my soul!

It must be added that Venetian folk-poesy lacks the innate sympathy for all beautiful natural things which pervades the poesy of the Apennines. This is in part the result of outward conditions: nature, though splendid, is unvaried at Venice. The temperament of the Venetian poet explains the rest. If he alludes to the *bel seren con tante stelle*, it is only to say that "it would be just the night to run away with somebody"—to which assertion he tacks the disreputable rider, "he who carries off girls is not called a thief, he is called an enamoured young man."

Even in the most lovely and the most poetic of cities you cannot breathe the pure air of the hills. The Venetian is without the intense refinement of the Tuscan mountaineer, as he is without his love of natural beauty. The Tuscan but rarely mentions the beloved one's name—he respects it as the Eastern mystic respects the name of the Deity; the Venetian sings it out for the edification of all the boatmen of the canal. The Tuscan has come to regard a kiss as a thing too sacred to talk about; the Venetian has as few scruples on the subject as the poet of Sirmio. Nevertheless, it should be recognised that a not very blameable unreservedness of speech is the most serious charge to be brought against all save a small minority of Venetian singers. We believe that the able and conscientious collector, Signor Bernoni, has exercised but slight censorship over the mass of songs he has placed on record, notwithstanding which the number of those that can be accused of an immoral tendency is extremely limited. From whence it is to be inferred that the looseness of manners prevailing amongst the higher classes at Venice in the decadence of the Republic at no time became general in the lower and sounder strata of society.

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Venetian songs will serve as a guide to the character, but scarcely to the opinions, of the Venetians. The long struggle with Austria has left no other trace than a handful of rough verses dating from the siege—mere strings of *Evvivas* to the dictator and the army. It may be argued that the fact is not exceptional, that like the *Fratelli d'Italia* of Goffredo Mameli, the war-songs of the Italian movement were all composed for the people and not by them. Still there have been genuine folk-poets who have discoursed after their fashion of *Italia libera*. The Tuscan peasants sang as they stored the olives of 1859—

L'amore l'ho in Piamonte,
Bandiera tricolor!

There is not in Venetian songs an allusion to the national cause so naïvely, so caressingly expressive as this. It cannot be that the Venetian *popolano* did not care; whenever his love of country was put to the test, it was found in no way wanting. Was it that to his positive turn of mind there appeared to be an absence of connection between politics and poetry? Looking back to the songs of an earlier period, we find the same habit of ignoring public events. A rhyme, answering the purpose of our "Ride a cock horse," contains the sole reference to the wars of Venice with the Porte—

Andemo a la guera
Per mare e per tera,
E cataremo i Turchi,
Li mazzaremo tuti, &c.

In the proverbs, if not in the songs, a somewhat stronger impress remains of the independent attitude assumed by the Republic in its dealings with the Vatican. The Venetians denied Papal infallibility by anticipation in the saying, "The Pope and the countryman knows more than the Pope alone;" and in one line of a nursery doggerel, "El Papa no xè Rè," they quietly abolished the temporal power. When Paul V. laid the city under an interdict, the citizens made answer, "Prima Veneziani e poi cristiani," a proverb that survives to this day. "Venetians first" was the first article of faith of these men, or rather it was to them a vital instinct. Their patriotism was a kind of magnificent *amour propre*. No modern nation has felt a pride of state so absorbing, so convinced, so transcendent: a pride which lives incarnate in the forms and faces of the Venetian senators who look serenely down on us from the walls of the Art Gallery out of the company of kings, of saints, of angels, and of such as are higher than the angels.

A chance word or phrase now and then accidentally carries us back to Republican times and institutions. The expression, "Thy thought is not worth a *gazeta*," occurring in a love-song, reminds us that the term gazette is derived from a Venetian coin of that name, value three-quarters of a farthing, which was the fee charged for the privilege of hearing read aloud the earliest venture in journalism, a manuscript news-sheet issued once a month at Venice in the sixteenth century. The figure of

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speech "We must have fifty-seven," meaning "We are entering on a serious business," has its origin in the fifty-seven votes necessary to the passing of any weighty measure in the Venetian Senate. The Venetian adapter of Molière's favourite ditty, in lieu of preferring his sweetheart to the "bonne ville de Paris," prefers her to "the Mint, the Arsenal, and the Bucentaur." Every one is familiar with the quaint description of the outward glories of St. Mark's Square—

> In St. Mark's Place three standards you descry,
> And chargers four that seem about to fly;
> There is a time-piece which appears a tower,
> And there are twelve black men who strike the hour.

Social prejudices creep in where politics are almost excluded. A group of *Vilote* relates to the feud—old as Venice—between the islanders of San Nicolo and the islanders of Castello, the two sections of the town east of the Grand Canal, in the first of which stands St. Mark's, in the last the Arsenal. The best account of the two factions is embodied in an ancient poem celebrating the fight that rendered memorable St. Simon's Day, 1521. The anonymous writer tells his tale with an impartiality that might be envied by greater historians, and he ends by putting a canto of peaceable advice into the mouth of a dying champion, who urges his countrymen to dwell in harmony and love one another as brothers. Are they not made of the same flesh and bone, children alike of St. Mark and his State?

> Tuti a la fin no semio patrioti,
> Cresciu in sti campi, ste cale e cantoni?

The counsel was not taken, and the old rivalry continued unabated, fostered up to a certain point by the Republic, which saw in it, amongst other things, a check on the power of the patricians. The two sides represented the aristocratic and democratic elements of the population: the Castellani had wealth and birth and fine palaces, their upper classes monopolised the high offices of State, their lower classes worked in the arsenal, served as pilots to the men-of-war, and acted as rowers in the Bucentaur. The better-to-do Nicoloti came off with a share of the secondary employs, whilst the larger portion of the San Nicolo folk were poor fishermen. But their sense of personal dignity was intense. They had a doge of their own, usually an old sailor, who on high days and holidays sat beside the "renowned prince, the Duke of Venice." This doge, or *Gastaldo dei Nicoloti*, was answerable for the conduct of his people, of whom he was at once superior and equal. "Ti voghi el dose et mi vogo col dose" ("You row the doge, I row with the doge"), a Nicoloto would say to his rival. It is easy to see how the party spirit engendered by the old feud produced a sentiment of independence in even the poorest members of the community, and how it thus became of great service to the Republic. Its principal drawback was that of leading to hard blows, the last occasion of its doing so being St. Simon's

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Day, 1817, when a fierce local outbreak was severely suppressed by the Austrians. Since then the contending forces have agreed to dwell in harmony; whether they love one another as brothers is not so clear. There are songs still sung in which mutual recrimination takes the form of too strong language for ears polite. "If a Nicoloto is born, a Count is born; if a Castellan is born—set up the gallows," is the mildest dictum of a son of sun Nicolo, to which his neighbour replies, "When a Castellan is born, a god is born; when a Nicoloto is born, a brigand is born." The feud lingers on even in the matter of love. "Who is that youth who passes so often?" inquires a girl; "if it be a Castellan, bid him be off; if it be a Nicoloto, bid him come in."

To a Friend recently Lost.

T. T.

When I remember, Friend, whom lost I call
Because a man beloved is taken hence,
The tender humour and the fire of sense
In your good eyes: how full of heart for all,
And chiefly for the weaker by the wall,
You bore that light of sane benevolence:
Then see I round you Death his shadows dense
Divide, and at your feet his emblems fall.
For surely are you one with the white host,
Spirits, whose memory is our vital air,
Through the great love of earth they had: lo, these,
Like beams that throw the path on tossing seas,
Can bid us feel we keep them in the ghost,
Partakers of a strife they joyed to share.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

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White Wings: A Yachting Romance.

CHAPTER XLVII.

After the Gale.

"WELL, indeed!" exclaimed the Laird, on putting his head out next morning. "This is wonderful—wonderful!"

Was it the long imprisonment in the darkness of the equinoctials that made him welcome with so much delight this spectacle of fair skies and sapphire seas, with the waves breaking white in Scalpa Sound, and the sunlight shining along the Coolins? Or was it not rather our long isolation from the ordinary affairs of the world that made him greet with acclamation this picture of brisk and busy human life, now visible from the deck of the yacht? We were no longer alone in the world. Over there, around the big black smacks—that looked like so many hens with broods of chickens—swarmed a fleet of fishing-boats; and as rapidly as hands could manage it, both men and women were shaking out the brown nets and securing the glittering silver treasure of the sea. It was a picturesque sight—the stalwart brown-bearded men in their yellow oil-skins and huge boots; the bare-armed women in their scarlet short gowns; the masses of ruddy brown nets; the lowered sails. And then the Laird perceived that he was not alone in regarding this busy and cheerful scene.

Along there by the bulwarks, with one hand on the shrouds and the other on the gig, stood Mary Avon, apparently watching the boats passing to and fro between the smacks and the shore. The Laird went gently up to her, and put his hand on her shoulder. She started, turned

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WE ALL GO OUT TO THE HEADLAND AND WAVE OUR HANDKERCHIEFS.

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round suddenly, and then he saw, to his dismay, that her eyes were full of tears.

"What, what?" said he, with a quick doubt and fear coming over him. Had all his plans failed, then? Was the girl still unhappy?

"What is it, lass? What is the matter?" said he, gripping her hand so as to get the truth from her.

By this time she had dried her eyes.

"Nothing—nothing," said she, rather shamefacedly. "I was only thinking about the song of 'Caller Herring;' and how glad those women must be to find their husbands come back this morning. Fancy their being out on such a night as last night! What it must be to be a fisherman's wife—and alone on shore——"

"Toots, toots, lass!" cried the Laird, with a splendid cheerfulness; for he was greatly relieved that this was all the cause of the wet eyes. "Ye are jist giving way to a sentiment. I have observed that people are apt to be sentimental in the morning, before they get their breakfast. What! are ye peetying these folk? I can tell ye this is a proud day for them, to judge by they heaps o' fish. They are jist as happy as kings; and as for the risk o' their trade, they have to do what is appointed to them. Why, does not that Doctor friend o' yours say that the happiest people are they who are hardest worked?"

This reference to the Doctor silenced the young lady at once.

"Not that I have much right to talk about work," said the Laird, penitently. "I believe I am becoming the idlest crayture on the face of this world."

At this point a very pretty little incident occurred. A boat was passing to the shore; and in the stern of her was a young fisherman—a handsome young fellow, with a sun-tanned face and yellow beard. As they were going by the yacht, he caught a glimpse of Miss Avon; then when they had passed, he said something in Gaelic to his two companions, who immediately rested on their oars. Then he was seen rapidly to fill a tin can with two or three dozen herrings; and his companions backed their boat to the side of the yacht. The young fellow stood up in the stern, and with a shy laugh—but with no speech, for he was doubtless nervous about his English—offered this present to the young lady. She was very much pleased; but she blushed quite as much as he did. And she was confused, for she could not summon Master Fred to take charge of the herrings, seeing this compliment was so directly paid to herself. However, she boldly gripped the tin can, and said, "Oh, thank you very much;" and by this time the Laird had fetched a bucket, into which the glittering beauties were slipped. Then the can was handed back, with further and profuse thanks, and the boat pushed off.

Suddenly, and with great alarm, Miss Avon remembered that Angus had taught her what Highland manners were.

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" she called out to the bearded young fisherman, who instantly turned round, and the oars were stopped. "I beg

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your pardon," said she, with an extreme and anxious politeness, "but would you take a glass of whisky?"

"No, thank ye, mem," said the fisherman, with another laugh of friendliness on the frank face; and then away they went.

The girl was in despair. She was about to marry a Highlander, and already she had forgotten the first of Highland customs. But unexpected relief was at hand. Hearing something going on, John of Skye had tumbled up from the forecastle, and instantly saw that the young lady was sorely grieved that those friendly fishermen had not accepted this return compliment. He called aloud, in Gaelic, and in a severe tone. The three men came back, looking rather like schoolboys who would fain escape from an embarrassing interview. And then at the same moment Captain John, who had asked Fred to bring up the whisky-bottle, said in a low voice to the young lady—

"They would think it ferry kind, mem, if you would pour out the whisky with your own hand."

And this was done, Miss Mary going through the ceremony without flinching; and as each of the men was handed his glass, he rose up in the boat, and took off his cap, and drank the health of the young lady, in the Gaelic. And Angus Sutherland, when he came on deck, was greatly pleased to hear of what she had done; though the Laird took occasion to remark at breakfast that he hoped it was not a common custom among the young ladies of England to get up early in the morning to have clandestine flirtations with handsome young fishermen.

Then all hands on deck: for now there are two anchors to be got in, and we must not lose any of this pleasant sailing breeze. In these sheltered and shining waters there are scarcely any traces of the recent rough weather, except that the wind still comes in variable puffs, and from all sorts of unexpected directions. In the main, however, it is N. by E., and so we have to set to work to leisurely beat up the Sound of Raasay.

"Well, this is indeed like old times, Mary!" Queen Titania cries, as she comfortably ensconces herself in a camp-chair: for Miss Avon is at the helm, and the young Doctor, lying at full length on the sunlit deck, is watching the sails and criticising her steering; and the Laird is demonstrating to a humble listener the immeasurable advantages enjoyed by the Scotch landscape-painters, in that they have within so small a compass every variety of mountain, lake, woodland, and ocean scenery. He becomes facetious, too, about Miss Mary's sketches. What if he were to have a room set apart for them at Denny-mains, to be called the *White Dove* Gallery? He might have a skilled decorator out from Glasgow to devise the furniture and ornamentation, so that both should suggest the sea, and ships, and sailors.

Here John of Skye comes aft.

"I think," says he to Miss Avon, with a modest smile, "we might put the gaff topsail on her."

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"Oh, yes, certainly," says this experienced mariner; and the Doctor, seeing an opportunity for bestirring himself, jumps to his feet.

And so, with the topsail shining white in the sun—a thing we have not seen for some time—we leave behind us the gloomy opening into Loch Sligachan, and beat up through the Raasay narrows, and steal by the pleasant woods of Raasay House. The Laird has returned to that project of the Marine Gallery, and he has secured an attentive listener in the person of his hostess, who prides herself that she has a sure instinct as to what is "right" in mural decoration.

This is indeed like old times come back again. The light, cool breeze, the warm decks, the pleasant lapping of the water, and our steerswoman partly whistling and partly humming—

> They'll put a napkin round my e'en,
> They'll no let me see to dee;
> And they'll never let on to my faither and mither,
> But I am awa' o'er the sea.

And this she is abstractedly and contentedly doing, without any notice of the fact that the song is supposed to be a pathetic one.

Then our young Doctor: of what does he discourse to us during this delightful day-dreaming and idleness? Well, it has been remarked by more than one of us that Dr. Angus has become tremendously practical of late. You would scarcely have believed that this was the young F.R.S. who used to startle the good Laird out of his wits by his wild speculations about the origin of the world and similar trifles. Now his whole interest seemed to be centred on the commonest things: all the Commissioners of the Burgh of Strathgovan put together could not have been more fierce than he was about the necessity of supplying houses with pure water, for example. And the abuse that he heaped on the Water Companies of London, more especially, and on the Government which did not interfere, was so distinctly libellous that we were glad no alien overheard it.

Then as to arsenic in wall-paper: he was equally dogmatic and indignant about that; and here it was his hostess, rather than the Laird, who was interested. She eagerly committed to her note-book a recipe for testing the presence of that vile metal in wall-papers or anything else; and some of us had mentally to thank Heaven that she was not likely to get test-tubes, and zinc filings, and hydrochloric acid in Portree. The woman would have blown up the ship.

All this and much more was very different from the kind of conversation that used so seriously to trouble the Laird. When he heard Angus talk with great common sense and abundant information about the various climates that suited particular constitutions, and about the best soils for building houses on, and about the necessity for strict municipal supervision of drainage, he was ready to believe that our young Doctor had not only for his own part never handled that dangerous book,

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the *Vestiges of Creation*, but that he had never even known any one who had glanced at its sophistical pages except with a smile of pity. Why, all the time that we were shut up by the equinoctials, the only profound and mysterious thing that Angus had said was this: "There is surely something wrong when the man who takes on himself all the trouble of drawing a bottle of ale is bound to give his friend the first tumbler, which is clear, and keep the second tumbler, which is muddy, for himself." But if you narrowly look into it, you will find that there is really nothing dangerous or unsettling in this saying—no grumbling against the ways of Providence whatsoever. It was mysterious, perhaps; but then so would many of the nice points about the Semple case have been, had we not had with us an able expositor.

And on this occasion, as we were running along for Portree, our F.R.S. was chiefly engaged in warning us against paying too serious heed to certain extreme theories about food and drink which were then being put forward by a number of distinguished physicians.

"For people in good health, the very worst adviser is the doctor," he was saying; when he was gently reminded by his hostess that he must not malign his own calling, or destroy a superstition that might in itself have curative effects.

"Oh, I scarcely call myself a doctor," he said, "for I have no practice as yet. And I am not denying the power of a physician to help nature in certain cases—of course not; but what I say is that for healthy people the doctor is the worst adviser possible. Why, where does he get his experience?—from the study of people who are ill. He lives in an atmosphere of sickness; his conclusions about the human body are drawn from bad specimens; the effects that he sees produced are produced on too sensitive subjects. Very likely, too, if he is himself a distinguished physician, he has gone through an immense amount of training and subsequent hard work; his own system is not of the strongest; and he considers that what he feels to be injurious to him must be injurious to other people. Probably so it might be—to people similarly sensitive; but not necessarily to people in sound health. Fancy a man trying to terrify people by describing the awful appearance produced on one's internal economy when one drinks half a glass of sherry! And that," he added, "is a piece of pure scientific sensationalism; for precisely the same appearance is produced if you drink half a glass of milk."

"I am of opinion," said the Laird, with the gravity befitting such a topic, "that of all steemulants nothing is better or wholesomer than a drop of sound, sterling whiskey."

"And where are you likely to get it?——"

"I can assure ye, at Denny-mains——"

"I mean where are the masses of the people to get it? What they get is a cheap white spirit, reeking with fusel-oil, with just enough whiskey blended to hide the imposture. The decoction is a certain poison. If the Government would stop tinkering at Irish franchises,

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and Irish tenures, and Irish Universities, and would pass a law making it penal for any distiller to sell spirits that he has not had in bond for at least two years, they would do a good deal more service to Ireland, and to this country too."

"Still, these measures of amelioration must have their effect," observed the Laird, sententiously. "I would not discourage wise legislation. We will reconcile Ireland sooner or later, if we are prudent and conseederate."

"You may as well give them Home Rule at once," said Dr. Angus, bluntly. "The Irish have no regard for the historical grandeur of England; how could they?—they have lost their organ of veneration. The coronal region of the skull has in time become depressed, through frequent shillelagh practice."

For a second the Laird glanced at him: there was a savour of George Combe about this speech. Could it be that he believed in that monstrous and atheistical theory?

But no. The Laird only laughed; and said:

"I would not like to have an Irishman hear ye say so."

It was now abundantly clear to us that Denny-mains could no longer suspect of anything heterodox and destructive this young man who was sound on drainage, pure air, and a constant supply of water to the tanks.

Of course, we could not get into Portree without Ben Inivaig having a tussle with us. This mountain is the most inveterate brewer of squalls in the whole of the West Highlands, and it is his especial delight to catch the unwary, when all their eyes are bent on the safe harbour within. But we were equal with him. Although he tried to tear our masts out and frighten us out of our senses, all that he really succeeded in doing was to put us to a good deal of trouble and break a tumbler or two below. We pointed the finger of scorn at Ben Inivaig. We sailed past him, and took no more notice of him. With a favouring breeze, and with our topsail still set, we glided into the open and spacious harbour.

But that first look round was a strange one. Was this really Portree Harbour, or were we so many Rip Van Winkles? There were the shining white houses, and the circular bay, and the wooded cliffs; but where were the yachts that used to keep the place so bright and busy? There was not an inch of white canvas visible. We got to anchor near a couple of heavy smacks; the men looked at us as if we had dropped from the skies.

We went ashore and walked up to the telegraph office to see whether the adjacent islands of Great Britain and Ireland—as the Cumbrae minister called them—had survived the equinoctials; and learned only too accurately what serious mischief had been done all along these coasts by the gale. From various points, moreover, we subsequently received congratulations on our escape, until we almost began to believe that we had really been in serious peril. For the rest, our friends at Borva were safe enough; they had not been on board their yacht at all.

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That evening, in the silent and deserted bay, a council of war was held on deck. We were not, as it turned out, quite alone; there had also come in a steam-yacht, the master of which informed our John of Skye that such a gale he had not seen for three-and-twenty years. He also told us that there was a heavy sea running in the Minch; and that no vessel would try to cross. Stornoway Harbour, we already knew, was filled with storm-stayed craft. So we had to decide.

Like the very small and white-faced boy who stood forth to declaim before a school full of examiners and friends, and who raised his hand, and announced in a trembling falsetto that his voice was still for war, it was the women who spoke first, and they were for going right on the next morning.

"Mind," said Angus Sutherland, looking anxiously at certain dark eyes; "there is generally a good sea in the Minch in the best of weathers; but after a three or four days' gale—well——"

"I, for one, don't care," said Miss Avon, frankly regarding him.

"And I should like it," said the other woman, "so long as there is plenty of wind. But if Captain John takes me out into the middle of the Minch and keeps me rolling about on the Atlantic in a dead calm, then something will befall him that his mother knew nothing about."

Here Captain John was emboldened to step forward, and to say, with an embarrassed politeness—

"I not afraid of anything for the leddies; for two better sailors I never sah ahl my life long."

However, the final result of our confabulation that night was the resolve to get under way next morning, and proceed a certain distance until we should discover what the weather was like outside. With a fair wind, we might run the sixty miles to Stornoway before night; without a fair wind, there was little use in our adventuring out to be knocked about in the North Minch, where the Atlantic finds itself jammed into the neck of a bottle, and rebels in a somewhat frantic fashion. We must do our good friends in Portree the justice to say that they endeavoured to dissuade us; but then we had sailed in the *White Dove* before, and had no great fear of her leading us into any trouble.

And so, good-night!—good-night! We can scarcely believe that this is Portree Harbour, so still and quiet it is. All the summer fleet of vessels have fled; the year is gone with them; soon we, too, must betake ourselves to the south. Good-night!—good-night! The peace of the darkness falls over us; if there is any sound, it is the sound of singing in our dreams.

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CHAPTER XLVIII.

"A Good One for the Last."

"Ah, well, well," said the Laird, somewhat sadly, to his hostess, "I suppose we may now conseeder that we have started on our last day's sailing in the *White Dove?*"

"I suppose so," said she; and this was before breakfast, so she may have been inclined to be a bit sentimental too.

"I'm thinking," said he, "that some of us may hereafter look back on this sailing as the longest and grandest holiday of their life, and will recall the name of the *White Dove* with a certain amount of affection. I, for one, feel that I can scarcely justify myself for withdrawing so long from the duties that society demands from every man; and no doubt there will be much to set right when one goes back to Strathgovan. But perhaps one has been able to do something even in one's idleness——"

He paused here, and remained silent for a moment or two.

"What a fine thing," he continued, "it must be for a doctor to watch the return of health to a patient's face—to watch the colour coming back, and the eyes looking happy again, and the spirits rising; and to think that maybe he has helped. And if he happens to know the patient, and to be as anxious about her as if she were his own child, do not ye think he must be a proud man when he sees the results of what he has done for her, and when he hears her begin to laugh again?"

Despite the Laird's profound ingenuity, we knew very well who that doctor was. And we had learned something about the affection which this mythical physician had acquired for this imaginary patient.

"What a sensitive bit crayture she is!" said he, suddenly, as if he were now talking of some quite different person. "Have ye seen the difference the last few days have made on her face—have ye not observed it?"

"Yes, indeed I have."

"Ye would imagine that her face was just singing a song from the morning till the night—I have never seen any one with such expressive eyes as that bit lass has—and—and—it is fairly a pleasure to any one to look at the happiness of them."

"Which she owes to you, sir."

"To me?" said the Laird. "Dear me!—not to me. It was a fortunate circumstance that I was with ye on board the yacht, that is all. What I did no man who had the chance could have refused to do. No, no; if the lass owes any gratitude to anybody or anything, it is to the Semple case."

"What?"

"Just so, ma'am," said the Laird composedly. "I will confess to ye that a long holiday spent in sailing had not that attraction for me it might

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have had for others—though I think I have come to enjoy it now with the best of ye; but I thought, when ye pressed me to come, that it would be a grand opportunity to get your husband to take up the Semple case, and master it thoroughly, and put its merits in a just manner before the public. That he does not appear to be as much interested in it as I had reason to expect is a misfortune—perhaps he will grow to see the importance of the principles involved in it in time; but I have ceased to force it on his attention. In the meanwhile we have had a fine, long holiday, which has at least given me leisure to consider many schemes for the advantage of my brother pareeshioners. Ay; and where is Miss Mary, though?"

"She and Angus have been up for hours, I believe," said his hostess. "I heard them on deck before we started anyway."

"I would not disturb them," said the Laird, with much consideration. "They have plenty to talk about—all their life opening up before them—like a road through a garden, as one might say. And whatever befalls them hereafter I suppose they will always remember the present time as the most beautiful of their existence—the wonder of it, the newness, the hope. It is a strange thing that. Ye know, ma'am, that our garden at Denny-mains, if I may say so, is far from insigneeficant. It has been greatly commended by experienced landscape gardeners. Well, now, that garden, when it is just at its fullest of summer colour—with all its dahlias and hollyhocks and what-not—I say ye cannot get half as much delight from the whole show as ye get from the first glint o' a primrose, as ye are walking through a wood, on a bleak March day, and not expecting to see anything of the kind. Does not that make your heart jump?"

Here the Laird had to make way for Master Fred and the breakfast-tray.

"There is not a bairn about Strathgovan," he continued, with a laugh, "knows better than myself where to find the first primroses and blue-bells and the red dead-nettle, ye know, and so on. Would ye believe it, that poor crayture Johnnie Guthrie was for cutting down the hedge in the Coulterburn Road, and putting up a stone dyke!" Here the Laird's face grew more and more stern, and he spoke with unnecessary vehemence. "I make bold to say that the man who would cut down a hawthorn hedge where the children go to gather their bits o' flowers, and would put in its place a stone wall for no reason on the face of the earth, I say that man is an ass—an intolerable and perneecious ass!"

But this fierceness instantly vanished, for here was Mary Avon come in to bid him good morning. And he rose and took both her hands in his and regarded the upturned smiling face and the speaking eyes.

"Ay, ay, lass," said he, with great satisfaction and approval, "ye have got the roses into your cheeks at last. That is the morning air—the 'roses weet wi' dew'—it is a fine habit that of early rising. Dear me, what a shilpit bit thing ye were when I first saw ye about three months

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ago! And now I dare say ye are just as hungry as a hawk with walking up and down the deck in the sea-air—we will not keep ye waiting a moment."

The Laird got her a chair, next his own of course; and then rang Master Fred's bell violently.

"How's her head, skipper?" said Queen T., when the young Doctor made his appearance—he had roses, too, in his cheeks, freshened by the morning air.

"Well," said he frankly, as he sat down, "I think it would be judicious to have breakfast over as soon as possible, and get the things stowed away. We are flying up the Sound of Raasay like a witch on a broom; and there will be a roaring sea when we get beyond the shelter of Skye."

"We have been in roaring seas before," said she, confidently.

"We met a schooner coming into Portree Harbour this morning," said he, with a dry smile. "She left yesterday afternoon just before we got in. They were at it all night, but had to run back at last. They said they had got quite enough of it."

This was a little more serious, but the women were not to be daunted They had come to believe in the *White Dove* being capable of anything, especially when a certain aid to John of Skye was on board. For the rest, the news was that the day was lovely, the wind fair for Stornoway, and the yacht flying northward like an arrow.

There was a certain solemnity, nevertheless, or perhaps only an unusual elaborateness, about our preparations before going on deck. Gun-cases were wedged in in front of canvases, so that Miss Avon's sketches should not go rolling on to the floor; all such outlying skirmishers as candlesticks, aneroids, draught-boards, and the like were moved to the rear of compact masses of rugs; and then the women were ordered to array themselves in their waterproofs. Waterproofs?—and the sun flooding through the skylight. But they obeyed.

Certainly there did not seem to be any great need for waterproofs when we got above, and had the women placed in a secure corner of the companion-way It was a brilliant, breezy, blue-skied morning, with the decks as yet quite white and dry, and with the long mountainous line of Skye shining in the sun. The yacht was flying along at a famous pace before a fresh and steady breeze; already we could make out, far away on the northern horizon, a pale, low, faint-blue line, which we knew to be the hills of southern Lewis. Of course, one had to observe that the vast expanse of sea lying between us and that far line was of a stormy black; moreover, the men had got on their oilskins, though not a drop of spray was coming on board.

As we spun along, however, before the freshening wind, the crashes of the waves at the bows became somewhat more heavy, and occasionally some jets of white foam would spring up into the sunlight. When it was suggested to Captain John that he might set the gaff topsail, he very

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respectfully and shyly shook his head. For one thing, it was rather strange that on this wide expanse of sea not a solitary vessel was visible.

Further and further northward. And now one has to look out for the white water springing over the bows, and there is a general ducking of heads when the crash forward gives warning. The decks are beginning to glisten now; and Miss Avon has received one sharp admonition to be more careful, which has somewhat damped and disarranged her hair. And so the *White Dove* still flies to the north—like an arrow—like a witch on a broom—like a hare, only that none of these things would groan so much in getting into the deep troughs of the sea; and not even a witch on a broom could perform such capers in the way of tumbling and tossing, and pitching and rolling.

However, all this was mere child's play. We knew very well when and where we should really "get it": and we got it. Once out of the shelter of the Skye coast, we found a considerably heavy sea swinging along the Minch, and the wind was still freshening up, insomuch that Captain John had to take the mizen and foresail off her. How splendidly those mountain-masses of waves came heaving along—apparently quite black until they came near, and then we could see the sunlight shining green through the breaking crest; then there was a shock at the bows that caused the yacht to shiver from stem to stern; then a high springing into the air, followed by a heavy rattle and rush on the decks. The scuppers were of no use at all; there was a foot and a half of hissing and seething salt water all along the lee bulwarks, and when the gangway was lifted to let it out the next rolling wave only spouted an equal quantity up on deck, soaking Dr. Angus Sutherland to the shoulder. Then a heavier sea than usual struck her, carrying off the cover of the fore-hatch and sending it spinning aft; while, at the same moment, a voice from the forecastle informed Captain John in an injured tone that this last invader had swamped the men's berths. What could he do but have the main tack hauled up to lighten the pressure of the wind? The waters of the Minch, when once they rise, are not to be stilled by a bottle of salad oil.

We had never before seen the ordinarily buoyant *White Dove* take in such masses of water over her bows; but we soon got accustomed to the seething lake of water along the lee scuppers, and allowed it to subside or increase as it liked. And the women were now seated a step lower on the companion-way, so that the rags of the waves flew by them without touching them; and there was a good deal of laughing and jesting going on at the clinging and stumbling of any unfortunate person who had to make his way along the deck. As for our indefatigable Doctor, his face had been running wet with salt water for hours; twice he had slipped and gone headlong to leeward; and now, with a rope double twisted round the tiller, he was steering, his teeth set hard.

"Well, Mary," shrieked Queen Titania into her companion's ear. "We are having a good one for the last!"

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"Is he going up the mast?" cried the girl, in great alarm.

"I say we are having a good one for the last!"

"Oh, yes!" was the shout in reply. "She is indeed going fast."

But about mid-day we passed within a few miles to the east of the Shiant Islands, and here the sea was somewhat moderated, so we tumbled below for a snack of lunch. The women wanted to devote the time to dressing their hair and adorning themselves anew; but purser Sutherland objected to this altogether. He compelled them to eat and drink while that was possible; and several toasts were proposed—briefly, but with much enthusiasm. Then we scrambled on deck again. We found that John had hoisted his foresail again, but he had let the mizen alone.

Northward and ever northward—and we are all alone on this wide, wide sea. But that pale line of coast at the horizon is beginning to resolve itself into definite form—into long, low headlands, some of which are dark in shadow, others shining in the sun. And then the cloud-like mountains beyond: can these be the far Suainabhal and Mealasabhal, and the other giants that look down on Loch Roag and the western shores? They seem to belong to a world beyond the sea.

Northward and ever northward; and there is less water coming over now, and less groaning and plunging, so that one can hear oneself speak. And what is this wagering on the part of the Doctor that we shall do the sixty miles between Portree and Stornoway within the six hours? John of Skye shakes his head; but he has the main tack hauled down.

Then, as the day wears on, behold! a small white object in that line of blue. The cry goes abroad: it is Stornoway light!

"Come, now, John!" the Doctor calls aloud; "within the six hours—for a glass of whisky and a lucky sixpence!"

"We not at Styornaway light yet," answered the prudent John of Skye, who is no gambler. But all the same, he called two of the men aft to set the mizen again; and as for himself, he threw off his oil-skins and appeared in his proud uniform once more. This looked like business.

Well, it was not within the six hours, but it was within the six hours and a half, that we sailed past Stornoway lighthouse and its out-standing perch; and past a floating target with a red flag, for artillery practice; and past a barque which had been driven ashore two days before, and now stuck there, with her back broken. And this was a wonderful sight—after the lone, wide seas—to see such a mass of ships of all sorts and sizes crowded in here for fear of the weather. We read their names in the strange foreign type as we passed—*Die Heimath*, *Georg Washington*, *Friedrich der Grosse*, and the like—and we saw the yellow-haired Norsemen pulling between the vessels in their odd-looking double-bowed boats. And was not John of Skye a proud man that day, as he stood by the tiller in his splendour of blue and brass buttons, knowing that he had brought the *White Dove* across the wild waters of the

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Minch, when not one of these foreigners would put his nose outside the harbour?

The evening light was shining over the quiet town, and the shadowed castle, and the fir-tipped circle of hills, when the *White Dove* rattled out her anchor-chain and came to rest. And as this was our last night on board, there was a good deal of packing and other trouble. It was nearly ten o'clock when we came together again.

The Laird was in excellent spirits that night, and was more than ordinarily facetious; but his hostess refused to be comforted. A thousand Homeshes could not have called up a smile. For she had grown to love this scrambling life on board; and she had acquired a great affection for the yacht itself; and now she looked round this old and familiar saloon, in which we had spent so many snug and merry evenings together; and she knew she was looking at it for the last time.

At length, however, the Laird bethought himself of arousing her from her sentimental sadness, and set to work to joke her out of it. He told her she was behaving like a schoolgirl come to the end of her holiday. Well, she only further behaved like a schoolgirl by letting her lips begin to tremble; and then she stealthily withdrew to her own cabin, and doubtless had a good cry there. There was no help for it, however: the child had to give up its plaything at last.

CHAPTER XLIX.

ADIEU!

NEXT morning, also: why should this tender melancholy still dwell in the soft and mournful eyes? The sunlight was shining cheerfully on the sweep of wooded hill, on the grey castle, on the scattered town, and on the busy quays. Busy was scarcely the word: there was a wild excitement abroad, for a vast take of herring had just been brought in. There, close in by the quays, were the splendidly-built luggers, with their masts right at their bows; and standing up in them their stalwart crews, bronze-faced, heavy-bearded, with oil-skin caps, and boots up to their thighs. Then on the quays above the picturesquely-costumed women busy at the salting; and agents eagerly chaffering with the men; and empty barrels coming down in unknown quantities. Bustle, life, excitement pervaded the whole town; but our tender-hearted hostess, as we got ashore, seemed to pay no heed to it. As she bade good-bye to the men, shaking hands with each, there were tears in her eyes; if she had wished to cast a last glance in the direction of the *White Dove*, she could scarcely have seen the now still and motionless craft.

But by-and-by, when we had left our heavier luggage at the inn, and when we set out to drive across the island to visit some friends of ours who live on the western side, she grew somewhat more cheerful. Here

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and there a whiff of the fragrant peat-smoke caught us as we passed, bringing back recollections of other days. Then she had one or two strangers to inform and instruct; and she was glad that Mary Avon had a bright day for her drive across the Lewis.

"But what a desolate place it must be on a wet day!" that young person remarked, as she looked away across the undulating moors, vast, and lonely, and silent.

Now, at all events, the drive was pleasant enough: for the sunlight brought out the soft ruddy browns of the bog-land, and ever and again the blue and white surface of a small loch flashed back the daylight from amid that desolation. Then occasionally the road crossed a brawling stream, and the sound of it was grateful enough in the oppressive silence. In due course of time we reached Garra-na-hina.

Our stay at the comfortable little hostelry was but brief, for the boat to be sent by our friends had not arrived, and it was proposed that in the meantime we should walk along the coast to show our companions the famous stones of Callernish. By this time Queen Titania had quite recovered her spirits, and eagerly assented, saying how pleasant a walk would be after our long confinement on shipboard.

It was indeed a pleasant walk, through a bright and cheerful piece of country. And as we went along we sometimes turned to look around us—at the waters of the Black River, a winding line of silver through the yellow and brown of the morass; and at the placid blue waters of Loch Roag, with the orange line of sea-weed round the rocks; and at the far blue bulk of Suainabhal. We did not walk very fast; and indeed we had not got anywhere near the Callernish stones, when the sharp eye of our young Doctor caught sight of two new objects that had come into this shining picture. The first was a large brown boat, rowed by four fishermen; the second was a long and shapely boat—like the pinnace of a yacht—also pulled by four men, in blue jerseys and scarlet caps. There was no one in the stern of the big boat; but in the stern of the gig were three figures, as far as we could make out.

Now no sooner had our attention been called to the two boats which had just come round the point of an island out there, than our good Queen Titania became greatly excited, and would have us all go out to the top of a small headland and frantically wave our handkerchiefs there. Then we perceived that the second boat instantly changed its course, and was being steered for the point on which we stood. We descended to the shore and went out on to some rocks, Queen Titania becoming quite hysterical.

"Oh, how kind of her! how kind of her!" she cried.

For it now appeared that these three figures in the stern of the white pinnace were the figures of a young lady, who was obviously steering, and of two small boys, one on each side of her, and both dressed as young sailors. And the steerswoman—she had something of a sailor-look about her, too; for she was dressed in navy-blue; and she wore a

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straw hat with a blue ribbon and letters of gold. But you would scarcely have looked at the smart straw hat when you saw the bright and laughing face, and the beautiful eyes that seemed to speak to you long before she could get to shore. And then the boat was run into a small creek; and the young lady stepped lightly out—she certainly was young-looking, by the way, to be the mother of those two small sailors—and she quickly and eagerly and gladly caught Queen Titania with both her hands.

"Oh, indeed I beg your pardon," said she—and her speech was exceedingly pleasant to hear—"but I did not think you could be so soon over from Styornaway."

[*Note by Queen Titania.*—It appears that now all our voyaging is over, and we are about to retire into privacy again, I am expected, as on a previous occasion, to come forward and address to you a kind of epilogue, just as they do on the stage. This seems to me a sort of strange performance at the end of a yachting cruise; for what if a handful of salt water were to come over the bows, and put out my trumpery foot-lights? However, what must be must, as married women know; and so I would first of all say a word to the many kind people who were so *very* good to us in these distant places in the north. You may think it strange to associate such things as fresh vegetables, or a basket of flowers, or a chicken, or a bottle of milk, or even a bunch of white heather, with sentiment; but people who have been sailing in the West Highlands do not think so—indeed, they know which is the most obliging and friendly and hospitable place *in the whole world*. And then a word to the reader. If I might hope that it is the same reader who has been with us in other climes in other years—who may have driven with us along the devious English lanes; and crossed the Atlantic, and seen the big cañons of the Rocky Mountains; and lived with us among those dear old people in the Black Forest; and walked with us on Mickleham Downs in the starlight, why, then, he may forgive us for taking him on such a tremendous long holiday in these Scotch lochs. But we hope that if ever he goes into these wilds for himself, he will get as good a skipper as John of Skye, and have as pleasant and *true* a friend on board as the Laird of Denny-mains. Perhaps, I may add, just to explain everything, that we are all invited to Denny-mains to spend Christmas; and something is going to happen there; and the Laird says that so far from objecting to a ceremony in the Episcopal church, he will himself be present and give away the bride. It is even hinted that Mr. Tom Galbraith may come from Edinburgh, as a great compliment; and then no doubt we shall all be introduced to him. And so—Good-bye!—Good-bye!—and another message—*from the heart*—to all the kind people who befriended us in those places far away!——T.]

THE END.

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FOR THE FIRST TIME THEY WERE ARM-IN-ARM.

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THE

CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1880.

My Faithful Johnny.

DEDICATED TO F. W. C. AND B. C.

CHAPTER I.

EVERYBODY knows the charming song which is called by this name. I hear it sometimes in a young household full of life and kindness and music, where it is sung to me, with a tender indulgence for my weakness and limited apprehension of higher efforts, by the most sympathetic and softest of voices. A kind half-smile mingles in the music on these occasions. Those dear people think I like it because the translated "words" have a semblance of being Scotch, and I am a Scot. But the words are not Scotch, nor is this their charm. I don't even know what they are. "I will come again, my sweet and bonnie." That, or indeed the name even, is enough for me. I confess that I am not musical. When I hear anything that I like much, at least from an instrument,

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I instantly conceive a contempt for it, feeling that it must be inferior somehow to have commended itself to me. I wander vainly seeking an idea through fields and plains of sonatas. So do a great many other lowly people, like me, not gifted with taste or (fit) hearing; but, if you will only suggest an idea to me, I will thankfully accept that clue. I don't understand anything about dominant sevenths or any mathematical quantity. "How much?" I feel inclined to say with the most vulgar. Therefore "My faithful Johnny" charms me because this is a suggestion of which my fancy is capable. I don't know who the faithful Johnny was, except that he is to come again, and that somebody, presumably, is looking for him; and, with this guide, the song takes a hundred tones, sorrowful, wistful and penetrating. I see the patient waiting, the doubt which is faith, the long vigil—and hear the soft cadence of sighs, and with them, through the distance, the far-off notes of the promise—never realised, always expected—"I will come again." This is how I like to have my music. I am an ignorant person. They smile and humour me with just a tender touch of the faintest, kindest contempt. Stay—not contempt; the word is far too harsh; let us say indulgence—the meaning is very much the same.

I do not think I had ever heard the song when I first became acquainted with the appearance of a man with whom, later, this title became completely identified. He was young—under thirty—when I saw him first, passing my house every morning as regular as the clock on his way to his work, and coming home in the evening swinging his cane, with a book under his arm, his coat just a little rusty, his trousers clinging to his knees more closely than well-bred trousers cling, his hat pushed backed a little from his forehead. It was unnecessary to ask what he was. He was a clerk in an office. This may be anything, the reader knows, from a lofty functionary managing public business, to numberless nobodies who toil in dusty offices and are in no way better than their fate. It was to this order that my clerk belonged. Every day of his life, except that blessed Sunday which sets such toilers free, he walked along the irregular pavement of the long suburban road at nine o'clock in the morning were it wet or dry; and between five and six he would come back. After all, though it was monotonous it was not a hard life, for he had the leisure of the whole long evening to make up for the bondage of the day. He was a pale man with light hair, and a face more worn than either his years or his labours warranted. But his air of physical weakness must have been due to his colourless complexion, or some other superficial cause, for his extreme and unbroken regularity was inconsistent with anything less than thoroughly good health. He carried his head slightly thrown back, and his step had a kind of irregularity in it which made it familiar to me among many others; at each half dozen steps or so his foot would drag upon the pavement, giving a kind of rhythm to his progress. All these particulars I became aware of, not suddenly, but by dint of long unconscious observa-

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tion, day after day, day after day, for so many years. Never was there a clerk more respectable, more regular. I found out after a while that he lodged about half a mile further on in one of the little houses into which the road dwindled as it streamed out towards the chaos which on all sides surrounds London,—and that when he passed my house he was on his way to or from the omnibus which started from a much-frequented corner about a quarter of a mile nearer town. All the far-off ends of the ways that lead into town and its bustle have interests of this kind. I am one of the people, I fear somewhat vulgar-minded, who love my window and to see people pass. I do not care for the dignity of seclusion. I would rather not, unless I were sure of being always a happy member of a large cheerful household, be divided from the common earth even by the trees and glades of the most beautiful park. I like to see the men go to their work, and the women to their marketing. But, no; the latter occupation is out of date—the women go to their work too; slim, young daily governesses, hard-worked music-mistresses, with the invariable roll of music. How soon one gets to know them all, and have a glimmering perception of their individualities—though you may see them every day for years before you know their names!

After I had been acquainted (at a distance) with him for some time, and had got to know exactly what o'clock it was when he passed, a change came upon my clerk. One summer evening I saw him very much smartened up, his coat brushed, a pair of trousers on with which I was not familiar, and a rosebud in his button-hole, *coming back*. I was thunderstruck. It was a step so contrary to all traditions that my heart stopped beating while I looked at him. It was all I could do not to run down and ask what was the matter. Had something gone wrong in the City? Was there a panic, or a crisis, or something in the money-market? But no; that could not be. The spruceness of the man, his rose in his coat, contradicted this alarm; and as I watched disquieted, lo! he crossed the road before my eyes, and turning down Pleasant Place, which was opposite, disappeared, as I could faintly perceive in the distance, into one of the houses. This was the first of a long series of visits. And after a while I saw *her*, the object of these visits, the heroine of the romance. She also was one of those with whom I had made acquaintance at my window—a trim little figure in black, with a roll of music, going out and in two or three times a day, giving music lessons. I was quite glad to think that she had been one of my favourites too. My clerk went modestly at long intervals at first, then began to come oftener, and finally settled down as a nightly visitor. But this was a long and slow process, and I think it had lasted for years before I came into actual contact with the personages of this tranquil drama. It was only during the summer that I could see them from my window and observe what was going on. When at the end of a long winter I first became aware that he went to see her every evening, I confess to feeling a little excitement at the idea of a marriage shortly to follow; but that was altogether premature. It

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went on summer after summer, winter after winter, disappearing by intervals from my eyes, coming fresh with the spring flowers and the long evenings. Once passing down Pleasant Place towards some scorched fields that lay beyond—fields that began to be invaded by new houses and cut up by foundation-digging, and roadmaking, and bricklaying, but where there was still room for the boys, and my boys, among others, to play cricket—I had a glimpse of a little interior which quickened my interest more and more. The houses in Pleasant Place were small and rather shabby, standing on one side only of the street. The other was formed by the high brick wall of the garden of a big old-fashioned house, still standing amid all the new invasions which had gradually changed the character of the district. There were trees visible over the top of this wall, and it was believed in the neighbourhood that the upper windows of the houses in Pleasant Place looked over it into the garden. In fact, I had myself not long before condoled with the proprietor of the said garden upon the inconvenience of being thus overlooked. For this hypocrisy my heart smote me when I went along the little street, and saw the little houses all gasping with open windows for a breath of the air which the high wall intercepted. They had little front gardens scorched with the fervid heat. At the open window of No. 7 sat my clerk with his colourless head standing out against the dark unknown of the room. His face was in profile. It was turned towards some one who was singing softly the song of which I have placed the name at the head of this story. The soft, pensive music came tender and low out of the unseen room. The musician evidently needed no light, for it was almost twilight, and the room was dark. The accompaniment was played in the truest taste, soft as the summer air that carried the sound to our ears. "I know!" I cried to my companion with some excitement, "that is what he is. I have always felt that was the name for him." "The name for whom?" she asked, bewildered. "My faithful Johnny," I replied; which filled her with greater bewilderment still.

And all that summer long the faithful Johnny went and came as usual. Often he and she would take little walks in the evening, always at that same twilight hour. It seemed the moment of leisure, as if she had duties at home from which she was free just then. When we went away in August they were taking their modest little promenades together in the cool of the evening; and when we came back in October, as long as the daylight served to see them by, the same thing went on. As the days shortened he changed his habits so far as to go to Pleasant Place at once before going home, that there might still be light enough (I felt sure) for her walk. But by-and-by the advancing winter shut out this possibility: or rather I could not see any longer what happened about six o'clock. One evening, however, coming home to dinner from a late visit, I met them suddenly walking along the lighted street. For the first time they were arm-in-arm, perhaps because it was night, though no later than usual. She was talking to him with a certain familiar ease

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of use and wont as if they had been married for years, smiling and chattering and lighting up his mild, somewhat weary, countenance with responsive smiles. "I will come again, my sweet and bonnie——." I smiled at myself, as these words came into my head, I could not tell why. How could he come again when, it was evident, no will of his would ever take him away? Was she fair enough to be the "sweet and bonnie" of a man's heart? She was not a beauty; nobody would have distinguished her even as the prettiest girl in Pleasant Place. But her soft, bright face as she looked up to him: a smile on it of the sunniest kind: a little humorous twist about the corners of the mouth; a pair of clear, honest brown eyes; a round cheek with a dimple in it—caught my heart at once as they must have caught his. I could understand (I thought) what it must have been to the dry existence of the respectable clerk, the old-young and prematurely faded, to have this fresh spring of life, and talk, and smiles, and song welling up into it, transforming everything. He smiled back upon her as they walked along in the intermittent light of the shop windows. I could almost believe that I saw his lips forming the words as he looked at her, "My sweet and bonnie." Yes; she was good enough and fair enough to merit the description. "But I wish they would marry," I said to myself. Why did not they marry? He looked patient enough for anything; but even patience ought to come to an end. I chafed at the delay, though I had nothing to do with it. What was the meaning of it? I felt that it ought to come to an end.

CHAPTER II.

It was some months after this, when I took the bold step of making acquaintance on my own account with this pair; not exactly with the pair, but with the one who was most accessible. It happened that a sudden need for music lessons arose in the family. One of the children, who had hitherto regarded that study with repugnance, and who had been accordingly left out in all the musical arrangements of her brothers and sisters, suddenly turned round by some freak of nature and demanded the instruction which she had previously resisted. How could we expect Fräulein Stimme, whose ministrations she had scorned, to descend to the beggarly elements, and take up again one who was so far behind the others? "I cannot ask her," I said; "you may do it yourself, Chatty, if you are so much in earnest, but I cannot take it upon me;" and it was not until Chatty had declared with tears that to approach Fräulein Stimme on her own account was impossible, that a brilliant idea struck me. "Ten o'clock!" I cried; which was an exclamation which would have gone far to prove me out of my senses had any severe critic been listening. This was the title which had been given to the little music-mistress in Pleasant Place, before she had become associated in our minds with the faithful clerk. And I confess that, without wait-

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ing to think, without more ado, I ran to get my hat, and was out of doors in a moment. It was very desirable, no doubt, that Chatty should make up lost ground and begin her lessons at once, but that was not my sole motive. When I found myself out of doors in a damp and foggy November morning, crossing the muddy road in the first impulse of eagerness, it suddenly dawned upon me that there were several obstacles in my way. In the first place I did not even know her name. I knew the house, having seen her, and especially him, enter it so often; but what to call her, who to ask for, I did not know. She might, I reflected, be only a lodger, not living with her parents, which up to this time I had taken for granted; or she might be too accomplished in her profession to teach Chatty the rudiments—a thing which, when I reflected upon the song I had heard, and other scraps of music which had dropped upon my ears in passing, seemed very likely. However, I was launched, and could not go back. I felt very small, humble, and blamably impulsive, however, when I had knocked at the door of No. 7, and stood somewhat alarmed waiting a reply. The door was opened by a small maid-servant, with a very long dress and her apron folded over one arm, who stared, yet evidently recognised me, not without respect, as belonging to one of the great houses in the road. This is a kind of aristocratical position in the suburbs. One is raised to a kind of personage by all the denizens of the little streets and terraces. She made me a clumsy little curtsey, and grinned amicably. And I was encouraged by the little maid. She was about fifteen, rather grimy, in a gown much too long for her; but yet her foot was upon her native heath, and I was an intruder. She knew all about the family, no doubt, and who they were, and the name of my clerk, and the relations in which he stood to her young mistress, while I was only a stranger feebly guessing, and impertinently spying upon all these things.

"Is the young lady at home?" I asked, with much humility.

The girl stared at me with wide-open eyes; then she said with a broad smile, "You mean Miss Ellen, don't ye, Miss?" In these regions it is supposed complimentary to say "Miss," as creating a pleasant fiction of perpetual youth.

"To tell the truth," I said, with a consciousness of doing my best to conciliate this creature, "I don't know her name. It was about some music lessons."

"Miss Ellen isn't in," said the girl, "but Missus is sure to see you if you will step into the parlour, Miss;" and she opened to me the door of the room in which I had seen my faithful Johnny at the window, and heard her singing to him, in the twilight, her soft song. It was a commonplace little parlour, with a faded carpet and those appalling mahogany and haircloth chairs which no decorative genius, however brilliant, could make anything of. What so easy as to say that good taste and care can make any house pretty? This little room was very neat, and I don't doubt that Miss Ellen's faithful lover found a little paradise

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in it; but it made my heart foolishly sink to see how commonplace it all was; a greenish-whitish woollen cover on the table, a few old photographic albums, terrible antimacassars in crochet work upon the backs of the chairs. I sat down and contemplated the little mirror on the mantelpiece and the cheap little vases with dismay. We are all prejudiced nowadays on this question of furniture. My poor little music-mistress! how was she to change the chairs and tables she had been born to? But, to tell the truth, I wavered and doubted whether she was worthy of him when I looked round upon all the antimacassars, and the dried grasses in the green vase.

While I was struggling against this first impression the door opened, and the mistress of the house came in. She was a little woman, stout and roundabout, with a black cap decorated with flowers, but a fresh little cheerful face under this tremendous head-dress which neutralised it. She came up to me with a smile and would have shaken hands, had I been at all prepared for such a warmth of salutation, and then she began to apologise for keeping me waiting. "When my daughter is out I have to do all the waiting upon him myself. He doesn't like to be left alone, and he can't bear anybody but me or Ellen in the room with him," she said. Perhaps she had explained beforehand who *he* was, but in the confusion of the first greeting I had not made it out. Then I stated my business, and she brightened up still more.

"Oh, yes; I am sure Ellen will undertake it with great pleasure. In the Road, at No. 16? Oh, it is no distance; it will be no trouble; and she is so glad to extend her connection. With private teaching it is such a great matter to extend your connection. It is very kind of you to have taken the trouble to come yourself. Perhaps one of Ellen's ladies, who are all so kind to her, mentioned our name?"

"That is just where I am at a loss," I said uneasily. "No; but I have seen her passing all these years, always so punctual, with her bright face. She has been a great favourite of mine for a long time, though I don't know her name."

The mother's countenance brightened after a moment's doubt. "Yes," she said, "she is a good girl—always a bright face. She is the life of the house."

"And I have seen," said I, hesitating more and more, "a gentleman. I presume there is to be a marriage by-and-by. You must pardon my curiosity, I have taken so much interest in them."

A good many changes passed over the mother's face. Evidently she was not at all sure about my curiosity, whether perhaps it might not be impertinent.

"Ah!" she said, with a little nod, "you have remarked John. Yes, of course, it was sure to be remarked, so constantly as he comes. I need not make any secret of it. In one way I would rather he did not come so often; but it is a pleasure to Ellen. Yes; I may say they are engaged——"

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Engaged! After all these years! But I remembered that I had no right, being an intruder, to say anything. "I have seen them in the summer evenings——"

"Yes, yes," she said; "yes," with again a nod of her head. "Perhaps it was imprudent, for you never can tell whether these things will come to anything; but it was her only time for a little pleasure. Poor child, I always see that she gets that hour. They go out still, though you would not say it would do her much good, in the dark; but there is nothing she enjoys so much. She is the best girl that ever was. I don't know what I should do without her;" and there was a glimmer of moisture in the mother's eyes.

"But," I said, "surely after a while they are going to be married?"

"I don't know. I don't see how her father can spare her." The cheerful face lost all its brightness as she spoke, and she shook her head. "He is so fond of Ellen, the only girl we have left now; he can't bear her out of his sight. She is such a good girl, and so devoted." The mother faltered a little—perhaps my question made her think—at all events, it was apparent that everything was not so simple and straightforward for the young pair as I in my ignorance had thought.

But I had no excuse to say any more. It was no business of mine, as people say. I settled that Ellen was to come at a certain hour next day, which was all that remained to be done. When I glanced round the room again as I left, it had changed its aspect to me, and looked like a prison. Was the poor girl bound there, and unable to get free? As the mother opened the door for me, the sound of an imperious voice calling her came downstairs. She called back, "I am coming, James, I am coming;" then let me out hurriedly. And I went home feeling as if I had torn the covering from a mystery, and as if the house in Pleasant Place, so tranquil, so commonplace, was the scene of some tragic story, to end one could not tell how. But there was no mystery at all about it. When "Miss Harwood" was announced to me next day, I was quite startled by the name, not associating it with any one; but the moment the little music-mistress appeared, with her little roll in her hand, her trim figure, her smiling face, and fresh look of health and happiness, my suspicions disappeared like the groundless fancies they were. She was delighted to have a new pupil, and one so near, whom it would be "no trouble" to attend; and so pleased when I (with much timidity, I confess) ventured to tell her how long I had known her, and how I had watched for her at my window, and all the observations I had made. She brightened, and laughed and blushed, and declared it was very kind of me to take such an interest; then hung her head for a moment, and laughed and blushed still more, when my confessions went the length of the faithful lover. But this was nothing but a becoming girlish shyness, for next minute she looked me frankly in the face, with the prettiest colour dyeing her round cheek. "I think he knows you too," she said. "We met you once out walking, and he told me, 'There is the lady who lives

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in the Road, whom I always see at the window.' We hoped you were better to see you out." And then it was my turn to feel gratified, which I did unfeignedly. I had gone through a great deal of trouble, cheered by my spectatorship of life out-of-doors from that window. And I was pleased that they had taken some friendly notice of me too.

"And I suppose," I said, returning to my theme, "that it will not be long now before you reward his faithfulness. Must Chatty leave you then? or will you go on, do you think, taking pupils after—?"

She gave me a little bewildered look. "I don't think I know what you mean."

"After you are married," I said plumply. "That must be coming soon now."

Then she burst out with a genial pretty laugh, blushing and shaking her head. "Oh, no; we do not think of such a thing! Not yet. They couldn't spare me at home. John—I mean, Mr. Ridgway—knows that. My father has been ill so long; he wants attendance night and day, and I don't know what mother would do without me. Oh dear no; we are very happy as we are. We don't even think of that."

"But you must think of it some time, surely, in justice to him," I said, half indignant for my faithful Johnny's sake.

"Yes, I suppose so, some time," she said with a momentary gravity stealing over her face—gravity and perplexity too: and a little pucker came into her forehead. How to do it? A doubt, a question, seemed to enter her mind for a moment. Then she gave her head a shake, dismissing the clouds from her cheerful firmament, and with a smiling decision set down Chatty to the piano. Chatty had fallen in love with Miss Harwood, her own particular music-mistress in whom no one else had any share, on the spot.

And after a while we all fell in love, one after another, with Miss Ellen. She was one of those cheerful people who never make a fuss about anything, never are put out, or make small troubles into great ones. We tried her in every way, as is not unusual with a large somewhat careless family, in whose minds it was a settled principle that, so long as you did a thing some time or other, it did not at all matter when you did it—and that times and seasons were of no particular importance to any one but Fräulein Stimme. *She*, of course—our natural disorderliness had to give way to her; but I am afraid it very soon came to be said in the house, "Ellen will not mind." And Ellen did not mind; if twelve o'clock proved inconvenient for the lesson, she only smiled and said, "It is no matter; I will come in at three." And if at three Fräulein Stimme's clutches upon Chatty were still unclosed, she would do anything that happened to be needed—gather the little ones round the piano and teach them songs, or go out with my eldest daughter for her walk, or talk to me. How many talks we had upon every subject imaginable! Ellen was not what is called clever. She had read very few books. My eldest daughter aforesaid despised her somewhat on

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this account, and spoke condescendingly of this or that as "what Ellen says." But it was astonishing, after all, how often "what Ellen says" was quoted. There were many things which Ellen had not thought anything about; and on these points she was quite ignorant; for she had not read what other people had thought about them, and was unprepared with an opinion; but whenever the subject had touched her own intelligence, she knew very well what she thought. And by dint of being a little lower down in the social order than we were, she knew familiarly a great many things which we knew only theoretically and did not understand. For instance, that fine shade of difference which separates people with a hundred and fifty pounds a year from people with weekly wages was a thing which had always altogether eluded me. I had divined that a workman with three pounds a week was well off, and a clerk with the same, paid quarterly, was poor; but wherein lay the difference, and how it was that the latter occupied a superior position to the former, I have never been able to fathom. Ellen belonged, herself, to this class. Her father had been in one of the lower departments of a public office, and had retired with a pension of exactly this amount after some thirty years' service. There was a time in his life, to which she regretfully yet proudly referred as "the time when we were well off," in which his salary had risen to two hundred and fifty pounds a year. That was the time when she got her education and developed the taste for music which was now supplying her with work which she liked, and a little provision for herself. There was no scorn or *hauteur* in Ellen; but she talked of the working-classes with as distinct a consciousness of being apart from and superior to them as if she had been a duchess. It was no virtue of hers; but still Providence had placed her on a different level, and she behaved herself accordingly. Servants and shopkeepers, of the minor kind at least, were within the same category to her—people to be perfectly civil to, and kind to, but, as a matter of course, not the kind of people whom in her position it would become her to associate with. When I asked myself why I should smile at this, or wherein it was more unreasonable than other traditions of social superiority, I could not give any answer. We are not ourselves, so far as I know, sons of the Crusaders, and it is very difficult to say what is the social figment of rank by which we hold so dearly. Ellen Harwood exhibited to us the instinct of aristocracy on one of its lower levels; and one learned a lesson while one smiled in one's sleeve. Never was anything more certain, more serious, than her sense of class distinctions, and the difference between one degree and another; and nobody, not a prince of the blood, would have less understood being laughed at. This serene consciousness of her position and its inherent right divine was a possession inalienable to our music-mistress. She would have comprehended or endured no trifling or jesting with it. One blushed while one laughed in an undertone. She was holding the mirror up to nature without being aware of it. And there were various fanciful particulars

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also in her code. The people next door who let lodgings were beneath her as much as the working people—all to be very nicely behaved to, need I say, and treated with the greatest politeness and civility, but not as if they were on the level of "people like ourselves." Lady Clara Vere de Vere could not have been more serenely unconscious of any possible equality between herself and her village surroundings than Ellen Harwood. Fortunately, Mr. John Ridgway was "in our own position in life."

These and many other vagaries of human sentiment I learned to see through Ellen's eyes with more edification and amusement, and also with more confusion and abashed consciousness, than had ever occurred to me before. These were precisely my own sentiments, you know, towards the rich linendraper next door; and no doubt my aristocratical repugnance to acknowledge myself the neighbour of that worthy person would have seemed just as funny to the Duke of Bayswater as Ellen's pretensions did to me. It must not be supposed, however, that Ellen Harwood was in a state of chronic resistance to the claims of her humbler neighbours. She was an active, bright, cheerful creature, full of interest in everything. Her father had been ill for years; and she had grown accustomed to his illness, as young people do to anything they have been acquainted with all their lives, and was not alarmed by it, nor oppressed, so far as we could tell, by the constant claims made upon her. She allowed that now and then he was cross—"which of us would not be cross, shut up in one room for ever and ever?" But she had not the least fear that he would ever die, or that she would grow tired of taking care of him. All the rest of her time after her lessons she was in attendance upon him, excepting only that hour in the evening when John's visit was paid. She always looked forward to that, she confessed. "To think of it makes everything smooth. He is so good. Though I say it that shouldn't," she cried, laughing and blushing, "you can't think how nice he is. And he knows so much; before he knew us he had nothing to do but read all the evenings—fancy! And I never met any one who had read so much; he knows simply everything. Ah!" with a little sigh, "it makes such a difference to have him coming every night; it spirits one up for the whole day."

"But, Ellen, I can't think how it is that he doesn't get tired ——"

"Tired!" She reddened up to her very hair. "Why should he get tired? If he is tired, he has my full permission to go when he likes," she said, throwing back her proud little head. "But nobody shall put such an idea into my mind. You don't know John. If you knew John that would be quite enough; such a thing would never come into your head."

"You should hear me out before you blame me. I was going to say, tired of waiting, which is a very different sentiment."

Ellen laughed, and threw aside her little offence in a moment. "I thought you could not mean that. Tired of waiting! But he has not waited so very long. We have not been years and years like some

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people—No; only eighteen months since it was all settled. We are not rich people like you, to do a thing the moment we have begun to think about it: and everything so dear!" she cried, half merry, half serious. "Oh, no; he is not the least tired. What could we want more than to be together in the evening? All the day goes pleasantly for thinking of it," she said, with a pretty blush. "And my mother always manages to let me have that hour. She does not mind how tired she is. We are as happy as the day is long," Ellen said.

I have always heard that a long engagement is the most miserable and wearing thing in the world. I have never believed it, it is true; but that does not matter. Here, however, was a witness against the popular belief. Ellen was not the victim of a long engagement, nor of a peevish invalid, though her days were spent in tendance upon one, and her youth gliding away in the long patience of the other. She was as merry and bright as if she were having everything her own way in life; and so I believe she really thought she was, with a mother so kind as, always, however tired she might be, to insist upon securing that evening hour for her, and a John who was better than any other John had ever been before him. The faithful Johnny! I wondered sometimes on his side what he thought.

CHAPTER III.

One day Ellen came to me, on her arrival, with an air of suppressed excitement quite unusual to her. It was not, evidently, anything to be alarmed about, for she looked half way between laughing and crying, but not melancholy. "May I speak to you after Chatty has had her lesson?" she asked. I felt sure that some new incident had happened in her courtship, about which I was so much more interested than about any other courtship I was acquainted with. So I arranged with all speed—not an easy thing when there are so many in a house, to be left alone, and free to hear whatever she might have to say. She was a little hurried with the lesson, almost losing patience over Chatty's fumbling—and how the child did fumble over the fingering, putting the third finger where the first should be, and losing count altogether of the thumb, which is too useful a member to be left without occupation! It appeared to me half a dozen times that Ellen was on the eve of taking the music off the piano, and garotting Chatty with the arm which rested nervously on the back of the child's chair. However, she restrained these impulses, if she had them, and got through the hour *tant bien que mal.* It was even with an air of extreme deliberation, masking her excitement, that she stood by and watched her pupil putting away the music and closing the piano. Chatty, of course, took a longer time than usual to these little arrangements, and then lingered in the room. Generally she was too glad to hurry away.

"Go, Chatty, and see if the others are ready to go out for their walk."

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"They have gone already, mamma. They said they would not wait for me. They said I was always so long of getting my things on."

"But why are you long of getting your things on? Run away, and see what nurse is about; or if Fräulein Stimme would like——"

"Fräulein isn't here to-day. How funny you are, mamma, not to remember that it's Saturday——"

"Go this moment!" I cried wildly, "and tell nurse that you must go out for a walk. Do you think I will permit you to lose your walk, because the others think you are long of putting your things on? Nothing of the sort. Go at once, Chatty," I cried, clapping my hands, as I have a way of doing, to rouse them when they are not paying attention, "without a word!"

To see the child's astonished face! She seemed to stumble over herself in her haste to get out of the room. After the unusual force of this adjuration I had myself become quite excited. I waved my hand to Ellen, who had stood by listening, half frightened by my vehemence, pointing her to a chair close to me. "Now, tell me all about it," I said.

"Is it really for me that you have sent Chatty away in such a hurry? How good of you!" said Ellen. And then she made a pause, as if to bring herself into an appropriate frame of mind before making her announcement. "I could not rest till I had told you. You have always taken such an interest. John has got a rise of fifty pounds a year."

"I am very glad, very glad, Ellen——"

"I knew you would be pleased. He has been expecting it for some time back; but he would not say anything to me, in case I should be disappointed if it did not come. So I should, most likely, for I think he deserves a great deal more than that. But the best people never get so much as they deserve. Fifty pounds a year is a great rise all at once, don't you think? and he got a hint that perhaps about Midsummer there might be a better post offered to him. Isn't it flattering? Of course, I know he deserves it; but sometimes those who deserve the most don't get what they ought. That makes two hundred and twenty; an excellent income, don't you think? He will have to pay income-tax," Ellen said, with a flush of mingled pride and gratification and grievance which it was amusing to see.

"I don't know that I think much of the income-tax; but it is very pleasant that he is so well thought of," I said.

"And another rise at Midsummer! It seems more than one had any right to expect," said Ellen. Her hands were clasped in her lap, her fingers twisting and untwisting unconsciously, her head raised, and her eyes fixed, without seeing anything, upon the blue sky outside. She was rapt in a pleasant dream of virtue rewarded and goodness triumphant. A smile went and came upon her face like sunshine. "And yet," she cried, "to hear people speak, you would think that it was never the

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right men that got on. Even in sermons in church you always hear that it is rather a disadvantage to you if you are nice and good. I wonder how people can talk such nonsense; why, look at John!"

"But even John has had a long time to wait for his promotion," said I, feeling myself the devil's advocate. I had just checked myself in time not to say that two hundred and twenty pounds a year was not a very gigantic promotion; which would have been both foolish and cruel.

"Oh, no, indeed!" cried Ellen; "he looks a great deal older than he is. He lived so much alone, you know, before he knew *us*; and that gives a man an old look—but he is not a bit old. How much would you give him? No, indeed, thirty; he is only just thirty. His birthday was last week——"

"And you, Ellen?"

"I am twenty-four—six years younger than he is. Just the right difference, mother says. Of course, I am really a dozen years older than he is; I have far more sense. He has read books and books till he has read all his brains away; but luckily as long as I am there to take care of him——" Then she made a pause, looked round the room with a half-frightened look, then, drawing closer to me, she said in a hurried undertone, "He said something about that other subject to-day."

"Of course he did; how could he have done otherwise?" I said, with a little momentary triumph.

"Please, *please* don't take his part, and make it all more difficult; for you know it is impossible, impossible, quite impossible; nobody could have two opinions. It was that, above all, that I wanted to tell you about."

"Why is it impossible, Ellen?" I said. "If you set up absurd obstacles, and keep up an unnatural state of things, you will be very sorry for it one day. He is quite right. I could not think how he consented to go on like this, without a word."

"How strange that you should be so hot about it!" said Ellen, with a momentary smile; but at the bottom of her heart she was nervous and alarmed, and did not laugh with her usual confidence. "He said something, but he was not half so stern as you are. Why should it be so dreadfully necessary to get married? I am quite happy as I am. I can do all my duties, and take care of him too; and John is quite happy——"

"There you falter," I said; "you dare not say that with the same intrepidity, you little deceiver. Poor John! he ought to have his life made comfortable and bright for him now. He ought to have his wife to be proud of, to come home to. So faithful as he is, never thinking of any other pleasure, of any amusement, but only you——"

Ellen blushed with pleasure, then grew pale with wonder and alarm. "That is natural," she said, faltering. "What other amusement should he think of? He is most happy with me——"

"But very few men are like that," I said. "He is giving up everything else for you; he is shutting himself out of the world for you; and you—what are you giving up for him?"

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Ellen grew paler and paler as I spoke. "Giving up?" she said, aghast. "I—I would give up anything. But I have got nothing, except John," she added, with an uneasy little laugh. "And you say he is shutting himself out of the world. Oh, I know what you are thinking of—the kind of world one reads about in books, where gentlemen have clubs, and all that sort of thing. But these are only for you rich people. He is not giving up that I know of——"

"What do the other young men do, Ellen? Every one has his own kind of world."

"The other young men!" she cried indignant. "Now I see indeed you don't know anything about him (how could you? you have never even seen him), when you compare John to the other clerks. *John!* Oh, yes, I suppose they go and amuse themselves; they go to the theatres, and all those wrong places. But you don't suppose John would do that, even if I were not in existence! Why, *John!* the fact is, you don't know him; that is the whole affair."

"I humbly confess it," said I; "but it is not my fault. I should be very glad to know him, if I might."

Ellen looked at me with a dazzled look of sudden happiness, as if this prospect of bliss was too much for her—which is always very flattering to the superior in such intercourse as existed between her and me. "Oh! would you?" she said, with her heart in her mouth, and fixed her eyes eagerly upon me, as if with some project she did not like to unfold.

"Certainly I should." Then, after a pause, I said, "Could not you bring him to-morrow, to tea?"

Ellen's eyes sparkled. She gave a glance round upon the room, which was a great deal bigger and handsomer than the little parlour in Pleasant Place, taking in the pictures and the piano and myself in so many distinct perceptions, yet one look. Her face was so expressive that I recognised all these different details of her pleasure with the distinctest certainty. She wanted John to see it all, and to hear the piano, which was much better than her little piano at home; and also to behold how much at home she was, and how everybody liked her. Her eyes shone out upon me like two stars. And her big English "Oh!" of delight had her whole breath in it, and left her speechless for the moment. "There is nothing in the world I would like so much," she cried at last; then paused, and, with a sobered tone, added, "If mother can spare me"—a little cloud coming over her face.

"I am sure your mother will spare you. You never have any parties or amusements, my good little Ellen. You must tell her I will take no denial. You never go anywhere."

"Where should I go?" said Ellen. "I don't want to go anywhere, there is always so much to do at home. But for this once. And John would like to come. He would like to thank you. He says, if you will not think him too bold, that you have been his friend for years."

"It is quite true," I said; "I have looked for him almost every day

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for years. But it is not much of a friendship when one can do nothing for the other——"

"Oh, it is beautiful!" cried Ellen. "He says always we are in such different ranks of life. We could never expect to have any intercourse, except to be sure by a kind of happy accident, like me. It would not do, of course, visiting or anything of that sort; but just to be friends for life, with a kind look, such as we might give to the angels if we could see them. If there only could be a window in heaven, here and there!" and she laughed with moisture in her eyes.

"Ah!" I said; "but windows in heaven would be so crowded with those that are nearer to us than the angels."

"Do you think they would want that?" said Ellen, in a reverential low tone; "don't you think they must see somehow? they would not be happy if they could not see. But the angels might come and sit down in an idle hour, when they had nothing to do. Perhaps it would grieve them, but it might amuse them too, to see all the crowds go by, and all the stories going on, like a play, and know that, whatever happened, it would all come right in the end. I should not wonder a bit if, afterwards, some one were to say, as you did about John, 'I have seen you passing for years and years——'"

I need not repeat all the rest of our talk. When two women begin this kind of conversation, there is no telling where it may end. The conclusion, however, was that next evening John was to be brought to make my acquaintance; and Ellen went away very happy, feeling, I think, that a new chapter was about to begin in her life. And on our side we indulged in a great many anticipations. The male part of the household assured us that, "depend upon it," it would be a mistake; that John would be a mere clerk, and no more; a man, perhaps, not very sure about his *h*'s; perhaps over-familiar, perhaps frightened; that most likely he would feel insulted by being asked to tea—and a great deal more, to all of which we, of course, paid no attention. But it was not till afterwards that even I realised the alarming business it must have been to John to walk into a room full of unknown people—dreadful critical children, girls and boys half grown up—and to put to the test a friendship of years, which had gone on without a word spoken, and now might turn out anything but what it had been expected to be. He was a little fluttered and red when Ellen, herself very nervous, brought him in, meeting all the expectant faces, which turned instinctively towards the door. Ellen herself had never come in the evening before, and the aspect of the house, with the lamps lighted, and the whole family assembled, was new to her. She came in without saying a word, and led her love, who for his part moved awkwardly and with shy hesitation through the unknown place, threading his way among the tables and chairs, and the staring children, to where I sat. I have always said my little Chatty was the best bred of all my children. There was no one so much interested as she; but she kept her eyes upon her work, and

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never looked up till they were seated comfortably and beginning to look at their ease. John faltered forth what I felt sure was intended to be a very pretty speech to me, probably conned beforehand, and worthy of the occasion. But all that came forth was, "I have seen you often at the window." "Yes, indeed," I said hurriedly, "for years; we are old friends; we don't require any introduction," and so got over it. I am afraid he said "ma'am." I see no reason why he should not say ma'am; people used to do it; and excepting us, rude English, everybody in the world does it. Why should not John have used that word of respect, if he chose? You say ma'am yourself to princesses when you speak to them, if you ever have the honour of speaking to them; and he thought as much of me, knowing no better, as if I had been a princess. He had a soft, refined voice. I am sure I cannot tell whether his clothes were well made or not—a woman does not look at a man's clothes—but this I can tell you, that his face was well made. There was not a fine feature in it; but He who shaped them knew what He was about. Every line was good—truth and patience and a gentle soul shone through them. In five minutes he was at home, not saying much, but looking at us all with benevolent, tender eyes. When Chatty brought him his tea and gave him her small hand, he held it for a moment, saying, "This is Ellen's pupil," with a look which was a benediction. "I should have known her anywhere," he said; "Ellen has a gift of description—and, then, she is like you."

"Ellen has a great many gifts, Mr. Ridgway—the house is sure to be a bright one that has her for its mistress."

He assented with a smile that lit up his face like sunshine; then shook his head, and said, "I wish I could see any prospect of that. The house has been built, and furnished, and set out ready for her so long. That is, alas! only in our thoughts. It is a great pleasure to imagine it; but it seems always to recede a little further—a little further. We have need of patience." Then he paused, and added, brightening a little, "Fortunately we are not impatient people, either of us."

"Forgive me," I said. "It is a great deal to take upon me—a stranger as I am."

"You forget," he said, with a bow that would not have mis-become a courtier, "that you were so kind as to say that we were not strangers but old friends."

"It is quite true. Then I will venture to speak as an old friend. I wish you were not so patient. I wish you were a hot-headed person, and would declare once for all that you would not put up with it."

He reddened, and turned to me with a look half of alarm, half, perhaps, of incipient, possible offence. "You think I am too tame, too easy—not that I don't desire with my whole heart—?"

"Not that you are not as true as the heavens themselves," I said, with the enthusiasm of penitence. His face relaxed and shone again, though once more he shook his head.

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"I think—I am sure—you are quite right. If I could insist I might carry my point, and it would be better. But what can I say? I understand her, and sympathise with her, and respect her. I cannot oppose her roughly, and set myself before everything. Who am I, that she should desert what she thinks her duty for me?"

"I feel like a prophet," I said. "In this case to be selfish is the best."

He shook his head again. "She could not be selfish if she tried," he said.

Did he mean the words for himself, too? They were neither of them selfish. I don't want to say a word that is wicked, that may discourage the good—they were neither of them strong enough to be selfish. Sometimes there is wisdom and help in that quality which is so common. I will explain after what I mean. It does not sound true, I am well aware; but I think it is true: however in the meantime there was nothing more to be said. We began to talk of all sorts of things; of books, with which John seemed to be very well acquainted, and of pictures, which he knew too—as much, at least, as a man who had never been out of England, nor seen anything but the National Gallery, could know. He was acquainted with that by heart, knowing every picture and all that could be known about it, making me ashamed, though I had seen a great deal more than he had. I felt like one who knows other people's possessions, but not his own. He had never been, so to speak, out of his own house; but he knew every picture on the walls there. And he made just as much use of his *h*'s as I do myself. If he was at first a little stiff in his demeanour, that wore off as he talked. Ellen left him entirely to me. She went off into the back drawing-room with the little ones, and made them sing standing round the piano. There was not much light, except the candles on the piano, which lighted up their small fresh faces and her own bright countenance; and this made the prettiest picture at the end of the room. While he was talking to me he looked that way, and a smile came suddenly over his face—which drew my attention also. "Could any painter paint that?" he said softly, looking at them. As the children were mine, you may believe I gazed with as much admiration as he. The light seemed to come from those soft faces, not to be thrown upon them, and the depth of the room was illuminated by the rose-tints, and the whiteness, and the reflected light out of their eyes. "Rembrandt, perhaps," I said; but he shook his head, for he did not know much of Rembrandt. When they finished their little store of songs I called to Ellen to sing us something by herself. The children went away, for it was their bedtime; and all the time the good-nights were being said she played a little soft trill of prelude, very sweet, and low, and subdued. There was a harmonising influence in her that made everything appropriate. She did things as they ought to be done by instinct, without knowing it; while he, with his gaze directed to her, felt it all more than she did—felt the softening of that undertone of har-

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monious accompaniment, the sweet filling up of the pause, the background of sound upon which all the little voices babbled out like the trickling of brooks. When this was over Ellen did not burst into her song all at once, as if to show how we had kept her waiting; but went on for a minute or two, hushing out the former little tumult. Then she chose another strain, and, while we all sat silent, began to sing the song I had heard her sing to him when they were alone that summer evening. Was there a little breath in it of consciousness, a something shadowing from the life to come—"I will come again?" We all sat very silent and listened: he with his face turned to her, a tender smile upon it—a look of admiring pleasure. He beat time with his hand, without knowing it, rapt in the wistful, tender music, the longing sentiment, the pervading consciousness of her, in all. I believe they were both as happy as could be while this was going on. She singing to him, and knowing that she pleased him, while still conscious of the pleasure of all the rest of us, and glad to please us too; and he so proud of her, drinking it all in, and knowing it to be for him, yet feeling that he was giving us this gratification, making an offering to us of the very best that was his. Why was it, then, that we all, surrounding them, a voiceless band of spectators, felt the hidden meaning in it, and were sorry for them, with a strange impulse of pity—sorry for those two happy people, those two inseparables who had no thought but to pass their life together? I cannot tell how it was; but so it was. We all listened with a little thrill of sympathy, as we might have looked at those whose doom we knew, but who themselves had not yet found out what was coming upon them. And at the end, Ellen too was affected in a curious sympathetic way by some mysterious invisible touch of our sympathy for her. She came out of the half-lit room behind, with trembling, hurried steps, and came close to my side, and took in both hers the hand I held out to her. "How silly I am!" she cried, with a little laugh. "I could have thought that some message was coming to say he must go and leave me. A kind of tremor came over me all at once." "You are tired," I said. And no doubt that had something to do with it; but why should the same chill have crept over us all?

CHAPTER IV.

THE time passed on very quietly during these years. Nothing particular happened; so that looking back now—now that once more things have begun to happen, and all the peaceful children who cost me nothing but pleasant cares have grown up and are setting forth, each with his and her more serious complications, into individual life—it seems to me like a long flowery plain of peace. I did not think so then, and no doubt from time to time questions arose that were hard to answer and difficulties that cost me painful thought. But now all seems to me a sort of heavenly monotony and calm, turning years into days. In this gentle

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domestic quiet six months went by like an afternoon, for it was, I think, about six months after the first meeting I have just described when Ellen Harwood rushed in one morning with a scared face to tell me of something which had occurred and which threatened to break up in a moment the quiet of her life. Mr. Ridgway had come again various times—we had daily intercourse at the window, where, when he passed, he always looked up now, and where I seldom failed to see him and give him a friendly greeting. This intercourse, though it was so slight, was also so constant that it made us very fast friends; and when Ellen, as I have said, rushed in very white and breathless one bright spring morning, full of something to tell, my first feeling was alarm. Had anything happened to John?

"Oh no. Nothing has happened. At least, I don't suppose you would say anything had happened—that is, no harm—except to me," said Ellen, wringing her hands, "except to me! Oh, do you recollect that first night he came to see you, when you were so kind as to ask him, and I sang that song he is so fond of? I took fright then; I never could tell how—and now it looks as if it would all come true——"

"As if what would come true?"

"Somebody," said Ellen, sitting down abruptly in the weariness of her dejection, "somebody from the office is to go out directly to the Levant. Oh, Chatty, dear, you that are learning geography and everything, tell me where is the Levant? It is where the currants and raisins come from. The firm has got an establishment, and it is likely—oh, it is very likely, they all think that John, whom they trust so much—John—will be sent——"

She broke off with a sob—a gasp. She was too startled, too much excited and frightened, to have the relief of tears.

"But that would be a very good thing, surely—it would be the very best thing for him. I don't see any cause for alarm. My dear Ellen, he would do his work well; he would be promoted; he would be made a partner——"

"Ah!" She drew a long breath: a gleam of wavering light passed over her face. "I said you would think it no harm," she said mournfully, "no harm—except to me."

"It is on the Mediterranean Sea," said Chatty over her atlas, with a great many big round "Ohs" of admiration and wonder, "where it is always summer, always beautiful. Oh Ellen, I wish I was you! but you can send us some oranges," the child added, philosophically. Ellen gave her a rapid glance of mingled fondness and wrath.

"You think of nothing but oranges!" she cried (quite unjustly, I must say), then putting her hands together and fixing her wistful eyes upon me, "I feel," she said in the same breath, "as if the world were coming to an end."

"You mean it is just about beginning—for of course he will not go without you—and that is the very best thing that could happen."

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"Oh, how can you say so? it cannot happen; it is the end of everything," Ellen cried, and I could not console her. She would do nothing but wring her hands, and repeat her plaint, "It is the end of everything." Poor girl, apart from John, her life was dreary enough, though she had never felt it dreary. Music lessons in the morning, and after that continual attendance upon an exacting fiery invalid. The only break in her round of duty had been her evening hours, her little walk and talk with John. No wonder that the thought of John's departure filled her with a terror for which she could scarcely find words. And she never took into account the other side of the question, the solution which seemed to me so certain, so inevitable. She knew better—that, at least, whatever other way might be found out of it, could not be.

Next day in the evening, when he was going home, John himself paused as he was passing the window, and looked up with a sort of appeal. I answered by beckoning to him to come in, and he obeyed the summons very rapidly and eagerly. The spring days had drawn out, and it was now quite light when John came home. He came in and sat down beside me, in the large square projecting window which was my favourite place. There was a mingled air of eagerness and weariness about him, as if, though excited by the new prospect which was opening before him, he was yet alarmed by the obstacles in his way, and reluctant, as Ellen herself was, to disturb the present peaceful conditions of their life. "I do not believe," he said, "that they will ever consent. I don't know how we are to struggle against them. People of their age have so much stronger wills than we have. They stand to what they want, and they have it, reason or no reason."

"That is because you give in; you do not stand to what you want," I said. He looked away beyond me into the evening light, over the heads of all the people who were going and coming so briskly in the road, and sighed.

"They have such strong wills. What can you say when people tell you that it is impossible, that they never can consent. Ellen and I have never said that, or even thought it. When we are opposed we try to think how we can compromise, how we can do with as little as possible of what we want, so as to satisfy the others. I always thought that was the good way, the nobler way," he said, with a flush coming over his pale face. "Have we been making a mistake?"

"I fear so—I think so; yes, I am sure," I cried. "Yours would be the nobler way, if—if there was nobody but yourselves to think of."

He looked at me with a wondering air. "I think I must have expressed myself wrongly," he said; "it was not ourselves at all that we were thinking of."

"I know; but that is just what I object to," I said. "You sacrifice yourselves, and you encourage the other people to be cruelly selfish, perhaps without knowing it. All that is virtue in you is evil in them. Don't you see that to accept this giving up of your life is barbarous, it is

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wicked, it is demoralising to the others. Just in so much as people think well of you they will be found to think badly of them."

He was a little startled by this view, which, I confess, I struck out on the spur of the moment, not really seeing how much sense there was in it. I justified myself afterwards to myself, and became rather proud of my argument; but for a woman to argue, much less suggest, that self-sacrifice is not the chief of all virtues, is terrible. I was half frightened and disgusted with myself, as one is when one has brought forward in the heat of partisanship, a thoroughly bad, yet, for the moment, effective argument. But he was staggered, and I felt the thrill of success which stirs one to higher effort.

"I never thought of that; perhaps there is some truth in it," he said. Then, after a pause, "I wonder if you, who have been so good to us all, who are fond of Ellen—I am sure you are fond of Ellen—and the children like her—"

"Very fond of Ellen, and the children all adore her," I said, with perhaps unnecessary emphasis.

"To me that seems natural," he said, brightening. "But yet what right have we to ask you to do more? You have been as kind as it is possible to be."

"You want me to do something more? I will do whatever I can—only speak out."

"It was this," he said, "if you would ask—you who are not an interested party—if you would find out what our prospects are. Ellen does not want to escape from her duty. There is nothing we are not capable of sacrificing rather than that she should shrink from her duty. I need not tell you how serious it is. If I don't take this—in case it is offered to me—I may never get another chance again; but, if I must part from Ellen, I cannot accept it. I cannot; it would be like parting one's soul from one's body. But I have no confidence in myself any more than Ellen has. They have such strong wills. If they say it must not and cannot be—what can I reply? I know myself. I will yield, and so will Ellen. How can one look them in the face and say, 'Though you are her father and mother, we prefer our own comfort to yours'?"

"Do not say another word. I will do it," I said, half exasperated, half sympathetic—oh, yes! more than half sympathetic. They were fools; but I understood it, and was not surprised, though I was exasperated. "I will go and beard the lion in his den," I said. "Perhaps they will not let me see the lion, only his attendant. But remember this," I said vindictively, "if Ellen and you allow yourselves to be conquered, if you are weak and throw away all your hopes, never come to me again. I have made up my mind. You must give up me as well as all the rest. I will not put up with such weakness." John stared at me with alarm in his eyes; he was not quite comfortable even when I laughed at my own little bit of tragedy. He shook his head with a melancholy perplexity.

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"I don't see clearly," he said; "I don't seem able to judge. To give in is folly; and yet, when you think—supposing it were duty—suppose her father were to die when she was far away from him?"

"If we were to consider all these possibilities there never would be a marriage made—never an independent move in life," I cried. "Parents die far from their children, and children, alas! from their parents. How could it be otherwise? But God is near to us all. If we were each to think ourselves so all-important, life would stand still; there would be no more advance, no progress; everything would come to an end."

John shook his head; partly it was in agreement with what I said, partly in doubt for himself. "How am I to stand up to them and say, 'Never mind what you want—*we* want something else'? There's the rub," he said, still slowly shaking his head. He had no confidence in his own power of self-assertion. He had never, I believe, been able to answer satisfactorily the question, Why should he have any special thing which some one else wished for? It was as natural to him to efface himself, to resign his claims, as it was to other men to assert them. And yet in this point he could not give up—he could not give Ellen up, come what might; but neither could he demand that he and she should be permitted to live their own life.

After long deliberation I decided that it would not be expedient to rush across to Pleasant Place at once and get it over while John and Ellen were taking their usual evening walk, which was my first impulse; but to wait till the morning, when all would be quiet, and the invalid and his wife in their best humour. It was not a pleasant errand; the more I thought of it, the less I liked it. If they were people who could demand such a sacrifice from their daughter, was it likely that they would be so far moved by my arguments as to change their nature? I went through the little smoky garden plot, where the familiar London "blacks" lay thick on the grass, on the sweetest May morning, when it was a pleasure to be alive. The windows were open, the little white muslin curtains fluttering. Upstairs I heard a gruff voice asking for something, and another, with a querulous tone in it, giving a reply. My heart began to beat louder at the sound. I tried to keep up my courage by all the arguments I could think of. Nevertheless, my heart sank down into my very shoes when the little maid, with her apron folded over her arm, and as grimy as ever, opened to me—with a curtsey and a "La!" of delighted surprise—this door of fate.

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Quevedo.

THE completion of the collective edition of Quevedo's works in the *Biblioteca de Autores Españoles* may be looked upon as the final and authoritative recognition of his place in Spanish literature; for, until an author's writings have been collected and edited with due care by a competent hand, he can only be said to hold brevet rank as a classic. If Quevedo's title has not been formally recognised until now by his own countrymen, it was not from any doubt of its legitimacy, but simply because of editorial difficulties. More than twenty years ago his prose works were brought out with scholarly care and completeness in two volumes of the above-named valuable series, by Don Aureliano Fernandez Guerra y Orbe, and every one who knows them will regret that the same painstaking and conscientious editor did not see his way to dealing with Quevedo's verse also; for it must be owned that the concluding volume, though undoubtedly meritorious and an undeniable boon to Spanish students, is not quite on a par with its predecessors. Outside of Spain Quevedo has been not only recognised as a Spanish classic, but generally placed next to Cervantes among the representatives of Spanish literature. The only two who can fairly dispute the second place with him are Lope de Vega and Calderon. But of these the first has always been in a measure taken on trust beyond the Pyrenees. Probably, among people of average reading, only a small minority could give offhand the title of a work of Lope's; it would be a pretty safe speculation that not one in a thousand could prove anything like an acquaintance with any of them; and except among experts and students, he who had honestly read through any one of the major productions of "that prodigy of nature," as Cervantes called him, would be almost as hard to find as a four-leaved shamrock. With Calderon the case is different. Calderon's imagination appealed to a far wider audience than Lope's, and has found it in some degree in these latter days, with the help of zealous critics and translators in most of the languages of Europe. But though Calderon has been made accessible, as he has been: in our own country by Shelley, Fitzgerald, MacCarthy, and Trench, he cannot be said to have been made familiar in the sense in which Quevedo was made familiar to English readers as far back as two centuries ago. Measured by editions, the popularity of Quevedo in this country would seem to tread closely upon that of Cervantes, for the work by which he is best known has been issued more than a score of times since its first appearance in an English dress.

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When, however, we come to look into it a little more carefully, his reputation will be seen to rest upon somewhat slight foundations. With the great majority Quevedo is merely the Quevedo of the *Visions*, and the version by which he is known is anything but a faithful representation of the original. This is, of course, the well-known production of the clever, unscrupulous Restoration pamphleteer Sir Roger L'Estrange—a man from whom it would have been idle to look for a thoroughly trustworthy translation, even if his knowledge of the language had enabled him to grapple with Spanish so difficult as Quevedo's. At any rate, whether or not he could have translated from the Spanish, it is certain he did not; nor, to do him justice, does he claim to have done so, for his title-page merely says, "Made English by R. L." The English was made out of the French version by the Sieur de la Geneste, printed in Paris in 1633, and three or four times afterwards before 1667, when L'Estrange brought out his *Visions of Dom Francisco de Quevedo*, copying the Frenchman's queer nomenclature. La Geneste, like most old French translators, troubled himself little about reproducing his author accurately. When he thought he could improve he had no scruple about adding or altering, and when he was puzzled, or for any other reason was tempted to omit, he had no hesitation in omitting; and what he did with Quevedo, L'Estrange did with him, adapting his version in the most liberal spirit to the taste of the Restoration public, and seasoning it freely with London jokes and London slang. Quevedo, however, owes something to this treatment. Between the two, no doubt, he reaches the English reader in a somewhat doctored and diluted condition; but, thanks to L'Estrange's lively if occasionally coarse cockneyism, he has had thousands of readers for one that a more decorous and conscientious interpreter would have brought him.

L'Estrange, too, has unwittingly preserved something of the original form, so that his version is in reality less unfaithful than at first sight it appears to be. Any one who has been curious enough to compare the English with the Spanish must have noticed that the differences are not confined to omissions and interpolated allusions, but that the titles of the *Visions* are quite different, and that there are whole passages in the English version which are not to be found in the Spanish. The reason is, that L'Estrange's authority, La Geneste, translated from one of the original editions of the *Visions* printed at Saragossa, Barcelona, or Valencia in 1627 and the two following years, while the ordinary Spanish text is that altered at the instance of the Inquisition in 1629. The supervision of the press was much more strict in Castile than in Aragon, and when Quevedo sought permission to bring out his *Visions* at Madrid he was compelled to purge them of everything the Padre Niseno, the licenser, chose to consider as savouring of irreverence. He had to substitute "Vesta" for "Our Lady," and "Pluto" for "Satan" or "Lucifer," to change the "Vision of the Last Judgment" into the

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"Vision of the Skulls," the "Vision of Hell" into "Pluto's Pigsties," and so forth; and to cut out, alter, or re-write all passages marked as objectionable. Thus many characteristic touches of Quevedo's given by L'Estrange are not to be found in the ordinary Spanish text, as, for example, the reply of the old women when called to order for ill-timed levity, "that they had always been told that gnashing of teeth was one of the principal pains in store for them in that place, and that they could not help chuckling at the thought that they had no teeth left to gnash with," which has been very possibly before now set down as an interpolated joke of the translator's. It is, in its way, a curiosity of literature that a mere English *littérateur* of L'Estrange's stamp should have been the means of rescuing the humour of a Spanish satirist from the oblivion to which the Inquisition had condemned it.

L'Estrange did far more than any one else to popularise Quevedo in this country, but he was not the only one who tried to "English" him. As early as 1641 the *Vision of Hell Reformed*—the best, perhaps, as a satire, and the one that earned for its author the enmity of Olivares—had been issued in London with the significant sub-title of "A Glass for Favorites, their Falls and Complaints discovered in a Vision." The translation was dedicated to Henry Jermyn, the Queen's Master of the Horse, and coming in the memorable year of Strafford's attainder and execution, it was intended no doubt to serve as a political tract. Quevedo's picaresque novel, the *Vida del Buscon*, afterwards called the *Gran Tacaño*, had also been translated in 1657, "by a person of honour," evidently from the French of La Geneste, with the odd title of *Buscon the Witty Spaniard;* and in 1697 that industrious translator from the Spanish, Captain John Stevens, gave a version of the richly humorous apologue of *Fortuna con Seso, Fortune in her Wits*, or, as Ticknor more happily renders it, *Fortune no Fool.* To this in 1707 he added a new translation of the *Gran Tacaño*, under the title of *Paul the Sharper*, and two or three shorter pieces, which, with *The Night Adventurer* and *The Dog and the Fever*, he published in a volume called the *Comical Works of Don Francisco de Quevedo.* The two last-named tales, however, are not Quevedo's, the first being Salas Barbadillo's *Don Diego de Noche* and the other Pedro de Espinosa's *Perro y Calentura.* Stevens most likely included them on the authority of one Raclots, who brought out at Brussels in 1698 two volumes claiming to be a *nouvelle traduction* of Quevedo's works, though they are in fact merely La Geneste's old translations modernised, with some additional matter. Stevens's translations, however, have apparently the advantage of having been made at first hand; and if not so lively or racy, they are incomparably closer to the original than L'Estrange's, with which they were joined to form the three-volume edition published in Edinburgh in 1798 under the somewhat delusive title of "Quevedo's Works."

No doubt L'Estrange and Stevens between them gave English readers a good selection, but it is, after all, only a selection, and a selection only

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representative of Quevedo as a satirist and humourist. Like his contemporaries Cervantes and Lope, Quevedo was a man of many moods and forms of expression. He was a poet, and in the estimation of his own age, worthy of a place among the first flight of Spanish poets. As a writer of the lighter kind of verse, something like what we now call "vers de société," he had no rival, except, perhaps, Gongora. He was a dramatist, and, we are told, a successful dramatist, though the comedies which were acted "with the applause of all" had not, apparently, vital force enough to keep them on the stage or gain them admission into any of the printed collections of dramas. In virtue of the *Buscon* or *Tacaño*, he took high rank among the novelists. He was a translator, a biographer, and a writer on politics, theology, and even political economy. But with all this literary activity, literature cannot be said to have been with him a pursuit or a vocation in the same sense as with Cervantes or Lope. His graver works were apparently prompted more by the didactic impulse than by any kind of literary ambition, and his lighter productions seem to have been for the most part thrown off for his own amusement or that of his friends. He was, in fact, more a scholar than a working man of letters, and more a diplomatist and politician than either.

It was, however, rather by accident than by instinct that he was drawn into political life. It would not be easy, among the stories we have of studious youths, to find a more striking example of devotion to study than the picture of Quevedo's earlier years—up to his thirtieth, indeed—which his biographer, the Abad de Tarsia, has left us. He was born in 1580, in Madrid, and, in the fullest sense of the word, in "la Corte," for his father was secretary to the Queen, and his mother one of the ladies of the Chamber. But the family was one of the old north-country families of the Santander and Burgos mountains, who, as Cervantes says, prided themselves on being as good gentlemen as the King, and from whom most of the illustrious men of Spain traced their descent. The "casa solar" of the Quevedos was in the Toranzo valley, near Santander; in the next valley, the Carriedo, were those of the families of Lope and Calderon; on the other side is the Besaya, the country of Garcilaso and the Mendozas; and beyond that, to the west, rise the Picos de Europa, at whose foot lie the Cave of Covadonga and the Vale of Cangas, where Pelayo and his mountaineers, in 718, began the recovery of Spain from the Moors. Like most of their neighbours, the Quevedos claimed a share in that achievement, and the claim was recorded in a quatrain on their scutcheon, beginning:—

Yo soy el *que vedo*
Que los Moros no entrasen.

"I am he who forbade the Moors to enter;" which may be taken either as an explanation of the family name or a pun upon it. Quevedo, however, had little experience of the atmosphere of the court, for he was left

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an orphan at an early age, and sent a mere boy to the University of Alcalá by his guardian. There he distinguished himself as much by industry as by precocity. He graduated in theology in his sixteenth year, and having learned all that Alcalá could teach, from mathematics, law, and medicine, to Hebrew and Arabic, he returned to Madrid with a reputation for varied learning and profound scholarship that might have satisfied a greybeard. Even allowing for exaggeration in his biographer, it is plain that the extent of his reading was extraordinary. When little over twenty he was a correspondent of the great Justus Lipsius, who called him "μέγα κῦδος Ἰβήρων," and when the learned Mariana was employed by the Inquisition to examine the Polyglot Bible of Arias Montano, he put the Hebrew text into the hands of young Quevedo. Nor was his appetite for reading less remarkable. He read at his meals, and had a peculiarly constructed desk for that purpose, and he was also addicted to reading in bed, for the more comfortable commission of which crime he had another special contrivance, with a tinder-box and lamp attached, so that, in case of insomnia, the sleepless hours of the night might not be wasted. He always read on the road, carrying with him in all his journeys a portable library of over a hundred books in small editions; and when at Madrid he lived at an inn, that he might not be distracted from his books by the calls of housekeeping. In fact, he lived among his books and made companions of them, and what they were to him he has expressed in a sonnet from the country to his friend Don Joseph Gonzalez de Salas, who, after his death, edited his poems. "Here in the peaceful retirement of these solitudes," he says, "with a few wise books about me, I live in conversation with the dead, and through my eyes I listen to their voices; and they correct or fertilise my thoughts, and soothe the dream of life as with a lullaby." Not that his reading was confined to the works of the past, or that he shunned the company of the living, for we are told that he got almost every new book as soon as it came out, and the one attraction of Madrid was the congenial society it gave him.

He was, in short, a studious Epicurean, pursuing pleasure where he found it, in books and reading, without a thought, apparently, of any other pursuit or ambition. Fame, however, came to him, though he did not care to seek it. He was sufficiently distinguished at twenty-two for the great Lope to send him one of his elegant complimentary sonnets, and of all the poets mentioned in the *Viage del Parnaso*, there is not one whose merits are more cordially recognised by Cervantes, who seems to have had an especial esteem for Quevedo as "a scourge of silly poets." He, himself, published nothing until he was past forty, but before he was twenty-five he was a poet of such mark that Pedro de Espinosa, in 1605, inserted no less than seventeen specimens of his verse in his *Flowers of the Illustrious Poets of Spain*, and at least one of them, the sparkling *letrilla* with the catching refrain of—

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Poderoso caballero
Es Don Dinero—
Oh, a puissant knight is he,
Mighty and masterful Don Monéy!

has never been omitted since in any Spanish Anthology.

The stories of Quevedo's passion for reading are borne out by his portraits; and it was his fortune to sit to the three greatest painters of his day—Alonzo Cano, Murillo, and Velazquez. But *the* portrait, it is needless to say, is the Velazquez, now in Apsley House. In the presence of a Velazquez portrait there is never any room for doubt. You know you have the man before you, not only "in his habit as he lived," but as he looked; not merely his features, but his bearing and expression, caught and transferred to the canvas unidealised and unflattered. Quevedo, as presented by Velazquez, has not much of the ideal high-bred Spaniard about him. He is broad-nosed and somewhat square-faced, with a high massive forehead and a thick shock of frizzled iron-grey hair, and the enormous round horn spectacles he wears give at the first glance a sort of owl-like solemnity to the face that for the moment masks the humour lurking about the mouth and in the short-sighted eyes.* In the little Murillo in the La Caze Gallery of the Louvre he is spectacled also, and there, as well as in the unspectacled portrait prefixed to the first collective edition of his works, the beautiful quarto "édition de luxe," published in Brussels in 1660, the eyes testify unmistakeably to much poring over books. Quevedo had another personal defect besides defective vision. Like Byron he had clubbed feet; but, unlike Byron, he had no sensitiveness about the deformity, and made it a matter of jest at times. To a lady whom he overheard remarking that his foot was a very ugly one, he said, that for all that, there was an uglier in the room, and to prove it produced his other foot. But although, to use his own expression, he stood upon "stuttering shanks," he was nimble enough to be an accomplished swordsman, and the accomplishment had something to do with the course of his life. The story is like a scene from Lope or Calderon, and in its way illustrates the realism of the "capa y espada" comedies. One evening in 1611, in the Church of St. Martin in Madrid, he saw a respectable-looking woman, who was kneeling near him, receive a blow from a person who had the appearance of a gentleman. Quevedo knew nothing of either, but he instantly took her part against her assailant. High words followed, they went outside, swords were drawn, and the aggressor fell mortally wounded. He proved to be a man of sufficiently powerful connections to make the affair an awkward one for Quevedo, who, availing himself of an old

* Why, by the way, does not some one of our many admirable etchers try his hand on this striking portrait? There are few painters whose work lends itself so well to etching as the work of Velazquez, and, not to speak of the interest attaching to it from its subject, there is not, in this country at least a better example of his power as a realistic portrait-painter.

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invitation from his friend, Pedro Giron, Duke of Osuna, retired to Sicily, where the Duke was then Viceroy. Here Quevedo appeared in a new character. Most people would have thought that an inveterate bookworm and careless dilettante poet was the last man in the world to make an able and energetic financier and diplomatist. But Osuna was of a different opinion, and he made Quevedo his right-hand man, with results that proved the soundness of his judgment. For the next ten years Quevedo's life was the very opposite of the quiet studious meditative one he had hitherto led. Osuna seems to have detected in him a special gift for negotiation, and kept him constantly on the move on confidential missions to Rome, Genoa, Milan, Madrid, and elsewhere; and when the Duke was promoted to the Viceroyalty of Naples, Quevedo became his minister of finance. In this office he achieved a marked success. Applying to the public accounts of the kingdom the critical acumen with which he used to read the classics, he laid bare the peculations that preyed upon the revenue, and their extent may be estimated by the fact that he was offered a bribe of fifty thousand ducats to keep his discovery to himself. In this way, and by skilful management of the finances, he, without any additional taxation, raised the revenue to an amount that astonished and gratified the Court at Madrid, and for this and his other services he received a pension and the Cross of Santiago, for which only men of gentle blood were eligible. The rewards were fairly earned, for he had brought upon himself ill will and trouble by his incorruptible probity, and encountered many hardships and dangers in his missions. He was in Venice at the explosion of that mysterious plot in 1618, the story of which is best known to English readers through Otway's tragedy, and was certainly involved in it, if anything can be said to be certain in a complication where, like Charles Surface in the library, we "don't know who's in or who's out of the secret." At any rate he very narrowly escaped death, and only by assuming the disguise of a beggar, which his thorough familiarity with the Venetian dialect and accent enabled him to support so perfectly that the two *sbirri* commissioned to assassinate him were in his company without knowing it. His official career came to an end soon after this. The Duke of Lerma fell from power, and Osuna was recalled from Naples in disgrace and committed to prison, as were most of those connected with him, Quevedo among the number. The imprisonment, however, in his case, was only temporary, and was soon commuted to banishment to a small estate he owned at La Torre de Juan Abad in the Sierra Morena, near that Campo de Montiel which his friend Cervantes had just made classic ground for all future time.

Quevedo's biographers generally write of him as if his life from this period forward was one of unceasing persecution and suffering. Thackeray says somewhere that if you prick a poet with a pin he howls as much as another man who had got three dozen, and poetic sensibility would seem to be so far contagious that those who write poets' memoirs

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always make the most of the distresses of their subjects. Quevedo undoubtedly received arbitrary and unjust treatment, but if his punishment was undeserved, it cannot be said to have been grievous, except on the last occasion. If we are to believe himself, banishment to La Torre could only have been punishment in so far as it was compulsory. Again and again in his poems he gives expression to his weariness and disrelish of Madrid and all its ways and works, and to his keen enjoyment of the country, its sights and sounds, and the tranquillity and simplicity of its life. Nor was this mere poetic pastoral *façon de parler*. It quite agrees with the description of his life at La Torre given by De Tarsia, who has left a pleasant picture of his relations with his neighbours, the *serranos* of the Sierra Morena, how he used to chat and joke with them, and arrange their disputes for them, and how he enjoyed strolling out of an evening, with the village children frisking round him and scrambling for the coppers he threw them. The only instance of hardship the Abbé can specify is that he had to apply for leave to go to the neighbouring town of Villanueva for medical advice—a request which, it appears, was granted at once, with permission to go anywhere except to Madrid; and even that restriction was relaxed shortly afterwards. It was, however, reimposed in 1628 for six months, in consequence of a pamphlet he wrote against the adoption of St. Teresa as patroness of Spain, which gave offence to the clerical party at Court. But otherwise Quevedo's life for nearly twenty years was perfectly untroubled, at least by the ruling powers. Indeed, for the greater part of the period, he was high in favour, and had important posts pressed upon him by both the King and Olivares, in particular the embassy at Genoa. But Quevedo had had enough of official life; he had by this time learned what it was to serve under a government centred in a favourite, a form of rule he cordially detested, and he preferred a life of peace among his books to wealth and honours with the penalties attached to them. The only dignity he consented to accept was the honorary title of Secretary to the King, and instead of office he took a wife, and settled down as a studious country gentleman.

His scheme of life, however, was marred by the death of his wife, and probably a feeling of loneliness, which he had never known in all his years of bachelorhood, coming strongly upon him now, drove him to Madrid, where he seems to have spent most of his time afterwards. It was a time of trouble in Spain. The despotic rule, restless policy, and ceaseless wars of Olivares, with their concomitants of taxation and poverty, had produced a full crop of discontent. The Catalans on one side and the Portuguese on the other were in revolt, and ominous murmurs came from the Castiles and Andalusia. In the winter of 1639 a memorial in verse addressed to the King, setting forth the true condition of the kingdom in graphic and vigorous but perfectly loyal and respectful language, was by some daring hand placed in the King's napkin on the royal table. "Estoy perdido!" was the exclamation of

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Olivares when he heard of it, and Quevedo, who had already made his mark as a satirist and opponent of arbitrary government in the *Visions* and in the *Politica de Dios*, being denounced as the author by a lady of the Court, was seized at eleven o'clock at night in the house of his friend, the Duke of Medinaceli, and without being allowed time to fetch a change of clothes or even a cloak, was hurried off to the convent of San Marcos at Leon. It has been generally said, apparently on the authority of De Tarsia and Sedano, that he was not the author of the lines; but Señor Fernandez-Guerra is decidedly of the opposite opinion; and certainly his view is supported by internal evidence. The style, and turns of thought and expression, are distinctly Quevedo's, and the sentiments are precisely those of the *Politica de Dios;* besides which, the piece is printed as his in an authoritative edition of his works published only three years after his death. In all the inclement northern plateau of Spain, there is no severer winter climate than that of Leon, and the wall of the cell in which he was lodged was washed by the waters of the river Bernesga. He was in poor health at the time of his arrest, and the continued cold and damp produced an illness that brought him to death's door. He made a touching appeal to the compassion of Olivares. "No clemency," he said, "can give me many years, nor can any severity rob me of many now." Olivares pretended that it was the King who was incensed against him, and asked him to own, as one gentleman to another—"de caballero á caballero"—any things he might have written likely to give offence. Quevedo answered him frankly, that he would own to a friend what he knew would not go further, but his manly confession only damaged his chances of release. The truth is, it was not in the memorial, or anything of that kind, that his offence lay. It was the bold and unsparing attacks on favourites, and government by autocratic ministers, in the last of the *Visions*, and in the *Politica de Dios*, that Olivares could not forgive; and that it was he alone, and not the King, who was the gaoler, is proved by the fact that, shortly after his fall from power in 1643, came Quevedo's release by the King's order. But, as Quevedo himself had predicted, clemency could do little for him now. He went home to La Torre, shattered in health and broken in fortunes, and died at Villanueva de los Infantes in the autumn of 1645, after two years of suffering, borne with the fortitude and high spirit that had supported him through life. A gleam of his old humour breaks out in his last recorded words on his death-bed. The vicar of Villanueva was urging him to provide in his will for the payment of musicians at his funeral. "Nay," said Quevedo, "let them pay for the music who hear it."

Quevedo's sad end almost suggests the operation of an inevitable destiny. If he had been able to follow the course he proposed to himself when he renounced official life, if he could have kept clear of the vortex of politics, he might have lived to a green old age; and, like Cervantes, left behind him a name the world would have remembered with gratitude to the end of time. But fate was too strong for him: the thing that he

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hated and feared had an irresistible fascination for his pen. When he withdrew from public business after the recall of Osuna, it was only to divert his activity into another channel, and from that time up to his death his pen was never idle. Hitherto he had published nothing; the only pieces of his that had appeared in print being those which Espinosa inserted in his collection in 1605. His first publication was a short popular biography of St. Thomas of Villanueva, written in 1620, in view of the mooted canonisation of the good archbishop, in whom, besides, Quevedo naturally took an interest as one of the native worthies of his own neighbourhood. Many of his works, indeed, were of a devotional cast, as, for example, *The Cradle and the Grave, Virtue Militant against the Four Plagues of the World, Instruction how to Die, The Life of St. Paul* —the composition of which beguiled his imprisonment in San Marcos— *The Patience and Constancy of Job, The Life and Martyrdom of Marcelo Mastrillo, The Indroduction to Devout Life*, a translation from St. Francis de Sales. These, and others of the same sort, the character and purpose of which are sufficiently explained by their titles, were either written or retouched, and published by him during this period, as were also some of his lighter and better known pieces. Whether the picaresque novel of the *Buscon*, or *Paul the Sharper*, was written about this time, or earlier, is uncertain. This much, however, is certain, that it was not written, according to the absurd theory of M. Germond de Lavigne, when Quevedo was a boy of fifteen or sixteen at Alcalá. It shows a knowledge of the world, of life in general, and of particular phases of life, quite beyond the ken of a school-boy, however precocious. Nor is it a mere matter of opinion, for there is abundant evidence to show it must have been written at least ten years later than the French translator would have us believe. For instance, one of the characters claims to have a plan for taking Ostend, which he is going to submit to the King, evidently referring to the four years' siege of Ostend, which was brought to an end by Spinola in September 1604; and the hero talks of riding on "el Rucio de la Mancha," obviously alluding to Sancho Panza's *Dapple*, which did not make its appearance till 1605.* From the freshness and spirit of its sketches of university life at Alcalá, it seems probable that it was written not long after the latter date, and about the same time as the first *Visions*, and one or two other light pieces. At any rate it was printed for the first time at Saragossa in 1626, by Pedro Verges, for Roberto Duport. It seems to have hit the public fancy at once, nor is it any wonder that it did so, for, if it is in humour of a harsher and coarser texture than *Lazarillo de Tormes*, there is not one of all the lively "gusto picaresco" family that is richer in wit, satire, and variety of character. About ten editions appeared during Quevedo's life; and its popularity was so great, that a Madrid bookseller, Alonso

* M. de Lavigne's theory is more fully discussed in the CORNHILL MAGAZINE for January, 1877.

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Perez, was tempted to issue a counterfeit edition, with the imprint of the original of Saragossa, which led to a lawsuit with the author, and a bitter feud between him and the bookseller's son, Perez de Montalvan, the dramatist, and friend of Lope de Vega—a quarrel, by the way, which Ticknor attributes wrongly to a piracy of the *Politica de Dios*.

The success of this venture apparently encouraged Quevedo to try his fortune with other pieces he had lying by him, for in the next year appeared the first edition of the *Visions*, containing four—the "Vision of Death," the "Last Judgment," "Hell," and the "Madhouse of Lovers," —the first written in 1622, the others as far back as 1608. The last has not been generally accepted as a genuine work of Quevedo's, the authorship having been claimed after his death by his friend Vander Hammen; but Señor Fernandez Guerra y Orbe is of opinion that it is a youthful essay, retouched and added to by Vander Hammen, to whom the rough draft had been sent. The *Visions* made even a greater hit than the novel. No less than four editions were printed in 1627, two at Barcelona, one at Valencia, and one at Saragossa,* and others followed quickly during the next two or three years, with successive additions—"The Alguacil Possessed," "The World Inside Out," "Hell Reformed," and a few short miscellaneous pieces of a humorous and satirical character.

It is not surprising that a book of the sort was welcome. It was a completely new form of *libro de entretenimiento*; and since the time of Christóbal de Castillejo the Council of the Holy Inquisition had not permitted Spanish readers to taste anything flavoured with satire, except of the very mildest kind. This ticklish ingredient Quevedo managed with great skill. He was plainly indebted to Lucian for his first idea and machinery, but the execution is wholly his own. The keynote of the *Visions* is given in the last sentence of the "Vision of Hell," where he begs the reader to take notice that he does not deal in scandal, or in censure of anything except vice, and that what he says about people in hell cannot possibly hurt people who are good. Entrenched in this unassailable position he can bring his satire to bear upon almost anybody or anything. From the devil, whom they are about to exorcise out of the Alguacil, he gets information about the internal economy of hell, and the principles upon which punishments and quarters are distributed, how dishonest ministers and governors were put among the thieves and highwaymen, how a professional assassin was sent to the doctors' quarter, and how the most effective torment for poets was found to be compelling them to listen to each others' poems. In the "Vision of Death," he makes the acquaintance of Death herself, whom he finds not in the least like the traditional skeleton with the scythe, but a fantastically arrayed personage, youthful in appearance on one side, but old on the other, and with a curious uncertain gait, sometimes slow, sometimes swift, so that

* The Saragossa edition by Duport has been called the first, but it is described as "now newly corrected by the author himself."

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when you thought her still a good way off, all of a sudden you found her at your side; and in her train he noticed that besides doctors, surgeons, apothecaries, and druggists, there followed a troop of talkers, tatlers, busybodies, and bores—a class of people who, Death assured him, did more to shorten life than even doctors and drugs. In "The World Inside Out," his guide Desengaño, or Disillusion, leads him to the *calle mayor*—the high-street of the world—Hypocrisy by name, where well-nigh everybody has, "if not a house, at any rate lodgings, if it be only a room," and shows him, by examples from the crowd passing before their eyes, that life is all a lie, and that nobody and nothing are what they seem or what they are called. "The Vision of Hell," which in the authorised Madrid edition he had to euphemise into "Pluto's Pigsties," is a kind of parody of Dante's *Inferno*, where he makes the round of the lower regions in company with a communicative demon, who shows him all the curiosities—the quarter of the fathers who have brought themselves to that pass by their efforts to leave their sons rich; the madhouse where the poets, or, as they call them there, the lunatics, are confined; the cellar where they shut up the buffoons, jokers, and comic men, whose wit was so cold that they had to be kept apart from the other sinners lest they should put out the fires. One thing that particularly struck him was that on the road, though all knew it was the road, nobody ever said "We are going to hell;" and yet all expressed the greatest surprise and dismay on finding themselves there. The titles of "The Madhouse of Lovers," and the "Vision of the Last Judgment," called the "Vision of the Skulls" in the Madrid editions, sufficiently explain their tenor and purpose. The last of the *Visions*, "All the Devils, or Hell Reformed," as it was originally called, was first published by itself at Gerona in 1628, but fell under the censure of the Padre Niseno, and underwent considerable alteration before it was allowed to appear with the others under the stupid title of "The Meddler, Duenna, and Informer." This is the longest and most elaborate of the series, and, as a satire, flies at higher game than any of its predecessors. It describes a threatened revolt in hell, which gives Lucifer, or Pluto as he is called in the expurgated editions, so much uneasiness that he resolves on a personal inspection of his dominions and subjects, in the course of which several historical personages are brought before him—Julius Cæsar, Brutus, Nero, Sejanus, Seneca, Clitus, Belisarius, and others, from whose mouths Quevedo adroitly directs shrewd hits at the politics of the day. The appearance of these *Visions* is to a certain extent an epoch in not only Spanish but European literature, for to their influence must be attributed the growth of a distinct form of fiction which may be said to survive to the present day. In Spain, Quevedo's experiment in Lucianic satire soon led to other attempts, such as Jacinto Polo's *Hospital of Incurables*, confessedly an imitation, and *The University of Love*, attributed to the same author, which borrows Quevedo's second title of *Verdades Soñadas;* and in Germany a few years later there

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appeared *The Wonderful and Veracious Visions of Philander von Sittewald*, by Hans Moscherosch, the first seven of which are little more than a free paraphrase of Quevedo. But the most notable fruit of the *Visions* was Luis Velez de Guevara's *Diablo Cojuelo*, which also adopted Quevedo's title of *Truths in Dreams*, and was the basis on which Le Sage constructed his immortal *Diable Boiteux*.

The shorter pieces printed with the *Visions* were in their day no less popular. One frequently quoted and translated is the *Cartas del Caballero de la Tenaza*, or, freely rendered, *The Letters of Sir Tenacity Holdfast*, a gentleman who evades every attempt on the part of his mistress to extract money from him, and is inexhaustible in ingenious and plausible excuses. Another is the *Book of All Things and Many More*, mainly a caricature of the little popular manuals current in all ages and countries, for the circulation of curious information among credulous readers on such points as the interpretation of dreams, the selection of lucky days, how to succeed in undertakings and escape misfortunes, and so forth. It claims to have been "composed by the learned Master Malsabidillo"—a diminutive of "malsabido,"="know-nothing"—and, but for the absence of dirt, is just such a thing as Swift might have thrown off in a whimsical mood. There is a string of absurd receipts for becoming rich, for making the women run after you, for the prevention of toothache, grey hairs, old age, and the like. In the last case the advice is to keep in the sun in summer and in the shade in winter, to give your bones no rest, to fidget about everything, eat cold meat, drink water, and meddle incessantly in what does not concern you, and you may rely on not reaching old age. To make yourself invisible you have only to be a busybody, a chatterer, a liar, a cheat, and a screw, and nobody will see you—"except at the devil." Then there are maxims on signs and omens and physiognomy. It is a bad sign for your bargain if you find you have lost your purse as you are going to pay. If on leaving the house you see crows flying, let them fly, and mind where you put your feet. On Monday you may buy anything you can get cheap, and Friday is a very good day for keeping clear of a creditor. A man who has a broad forehead will have his eyes underneath it, and will live all the days of his life; and a man who has a long nose will have the more to blow and the better hold. If you want to pass for a *caballero* or *hidalgo*, you have only to write a bad hand, speak slowly and gravely, ride on horseback, owe much, and go where you are not known. For success as a physician you must have everything handsome, but above all, a handsome mule. Medical science consists in a mule. Galen himself on foot would be a quack. You must hurry in the streets, turn into the doorways of great houses to make people believe you have patients there, and get your friends to come at night and shout under your windows, "Doctor! the Duke wants you," or, "My Lady the Countess is dying," or, "My Lord Bishop has met with an accident." In this way you will get credit for a good practice, and may

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in time come to pass sentence of death (*tendrás horca y cuchillo*) on the best of society. When *Pickwick* is ripe for advanced criticism, it will doubtless be shown that Dickens took Bob Sawyer's devices for getting into practice from Quevedo. Doctors, it may be noticed, have a peculiar fascination for Quevedo. A doctor is to him what a bishop is to Thackeray, or a beadle to Dickens. As a hunting man would say, he "runs doctor" incorrigibly. Whatever his game may be, or however good the scent, if a doctor chances to cross his path, he is off after the new quarry, and there is no getting him back to his former line until he has run into and worried the medico. There seems to have been something in the pomposity, ignorance, and humbug of the doctors of his day that had an irresistible attraction for his sense of humour.

Another antipathy of his finds vent in two or three short pieces printed with the later editions of the *Visions*. The plague of the *cultismo* was already infecting Spanish literature when he was a young man fresh from Alcalá and beginning to fly a new-fledged pen with all a young man's earnestness against all manner of shams, charlatanisms, and quackeries. To one of his temper and humour nothing could be more inviting than the stilted phrase, tangled metaphors, "three-piled hyperboles," all the elaborate affectations, in short, of the rising school who proposed to infuse new life into Spanish poetry; and in prose and verse he kept up a steady discharge of ridicule against them and their disciples. *A Compass for Cultos; or the Art of composing "Soledades" in one Day*, is the title of a malicious little paper aimed at Gongora, and the poem of his in which the *culto* peculiarities are most pronounced. Another is the *Culta Latiniparla*, a sort of vocabulary of the new dialect, composed for the benefit of the ladies, whose ignorance of Latin placed them rather at a disadvantage in dealing with *culto* phraseology. Not, indeed, that anything of the kind could avail much, for, as he puts it in one of his parodies, it was the essence of the new style that the readers did not understand their poet, and the poet did not understand himself:—

> Ni me entiendes, ni me entiendo,
> Pues catate que soy culto.

Every one who knows anything of the tawdry stuff that was thought fine writing in the times of Philips III. and IV. will sympathise heartily with Quevedo's efforts to abate the nuisance, but his stanchest supporter must admit that he did not come into court with entirely clean hands. Even of the *cultismo* itself there are traces in some of his more ambitious poetry, and his lighter works, prose or verse, are often well-nigh unintelligible through the prevalence of what was in truth—though he would have denied it—only the same vice in another form. His besetting sin was that of the *conceptistas*, who sought by conceits, puns, verbal juggleries, and contortions of expression, to give a peculiar air of originality and novelty to what they had to say, and between *culto* and *conceptista* the difference is something like the proverbial difference between

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crocodile and alligator. The two styles were in fact nothing but varieties of the same disease and products of the same cause. Gongora in Spain, Marino * in Italy, Donne in England, have all been made scapegoats for offences against taste that were in reality merely the consequences of competition in literature. When wit, fancy, or imagination are in high demand, there will always be a Gongorism, Marinism, or euphuism—in other words, an affectation in some shape—among those competitors for distinction who are in dread of being overlooked unless they call attention to themselves by some unnatural attitude or unusual form of expression. Long before Gongora or Marino it broke out among the Provençal poets; it was rife among the Petrarchisti and the Pléiade; and among ourselves, at every period of literary activity from Elizabeth to Victoria, it has shown itself in one shape or another, at one time in strained metaphors or far-fetched conceits; at another in transcendental obscurity, or servile imitation of the crudities of mediæval art or the nudities of pagan poetry.

The *culto* clique was too large and powerful to take Quevedo's attacks tamely, and the skirmishing was brisk on both sides. Gongora contributed two or three surly but not entirely unprovoked sonnets, in which he affects to sneer at Quevedo's pretensions to Greek scholarship—a matter upon which he himself was not particularly qualified to offer an opinion; but Quevedo's most pertinacious antagonist was Montalvan, with whom the quarrel was aggravated by the copyright dispute already mentioned. Montalvan's motley miscellany, *Para todos*, was made merciless fun of by Quevedo, in a little paper called *Perinola*—"The Teetotum"—which brought down upon its author the concentrated venom of the party in the form of a volume with the suggestive title of *The Tribunal of Just Vengeance erected against the Writings of Don Francisco de Quevedo, Master of Errors, Doctor in Impudence, Licentiate in Buffoonery, Bachelor in Dirt, Professor of Vice, and Chief Devil upon Earth.* In this, which was no doubt the work of Montalvan, assisted by the Padre Niseno and other sufferers, Quevedo is summoned to answer for his offences against taste and propriety; and as he does not enter an appearance, the court passes judgment on his writings *seriatim*. By a fatality, over which Isaac D'Israeli would have chuckled, this book, written for the extinction of Quevedo's works, has been, from the minuteness and industry with which his detractors collected their facts, of the utmost service in throwing light upon his productions, and the circumstances under which they were produced. Quevedo's last shot at *cultismo* was in *Fortuna con Seso*—"Fortune no Fool"—one of his wittiest and most humorous works, written, apparently, not long before

* It may not be out of place here to ask why this poet's name is so persistently miswritten by almost all modern hands? In all the original editions of his works he is described as the "Cavalier Marino," and he and his friends always wrote the name so; and yet in nearly all modern works, even in Italian, *e.g.* Cesare Cantù's *Letteratura Italiana*, it is written Marini.

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his imprisonment at Leon, but not printed till after his death. It is an apologue, in which Jupiter, wearied with the constant complaints coming to him from earth about the freaks of Fortune, sends for her and tells her that her capricious behaviour is encouraging scepticism among men. Fortune repudiates the charge of caprice, and it is finally settled that, by way of experiment, the influence of Fortune on human affairs shall be suspended for one hour, during which everything shall happen in accordance with strict justice and severe logic. The Sun is *ex officio* time-keeper, and when the hour strikes, all sorts of absurd transpositions take place. A doctor—who, of course, figures in every drama of Quevedo's—is suddenly transformed into a hangman throttling his patient; an Alguacil, whipping a criminal, changes places with him, and is whipped in his stead; and the notary in attendance becomes a galley-slave, rowing with his pen, which grows into an oar in his hand; a scavenger's cart is passing an apothecary's shop, and instantly all the drugs and medicaments on the shelves fly into it; the judges on the bench pass sentence on themselves instead of on the prisoner; a match-maker is married to the hag he is trying to plant upon a simple client; a *culto* poet is reading a poem, the obscurity of which is such that when the hour strikes, it brings the owls and bats flying about him, and compels his audience to light candles and tapers, one of which, brought too near in an attempt to discover some sense in it, sets fire to the manuscript, and in that way gets light out of it at last. Passing from cases of this sort, Quevedo, to whom politics are what Charles I. was to Mr. Dick in *David Copperfield*, shows the effects of a disestablishment of Fortune upon the affairs of the different States of Europe, and in the end, by the time the hour has expired, Jupiter is convinced that Fortune is right, and that men had better be content with her way of arranging matters for them.

It would have been well for Quevedo if his love of political moralising had never led him further than criticisms of the sort indulged in here, or colourless opinions like those advanced in his *Life of Brutus*. More than one writer has noticed the strange blindness of Spain at this period to the rapid advance of national decay. As the Archbishop of Dublin says in his *Calderon*, "Though grey hairs were upon her, she knew it not. The near future of their country's fall was hidden from her children. They saw not her, who a little while before was the chief and foremost among the nations, already failing in the race, to fall presently into the rear." There was, however, at least one who saw the grey hairs. Here and there among Quevedo's later writings there are signs that he was not among the blind, as, for instance, in that almost prophetic sonnet, where he warns Spain that all those vast outlying possessions she has so easily won may be any day still more easily lost. He had been behind the scenes; he knew how Spain was governed, and where the defects of the machinery lay. It was not mere arbitrary personal government that was producing national paralysis; it was the

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delegated despotism of irresponsible ministers, driven to fortify an unstable position by shifty and unscrupulous policy, and this was the monster Quevedo had the temerity to attack. In the last of the *Visions*, especially in its original form, he was sufficiently outspoken upon favourites, and the consequences of favouritism to the Prince as well as to his people; but it was in the *Política de Dios*, or, to give the work its title in full, *The Policy of God, Government of Christ, and Tyranny of Satan*, that he seriously assailed the form of government that had become established in Spain since the death of Philip II. This, Quevedo's longest and most important work, in a measure, perhaps, inspired by the writings of his friend Lipsius, was probably sketched during the last years of his official life in Italy; but it was not brought out till 1626, when the first part was published by Duport, at Saragossa, with such immediate effect that no less than four other editions were printed within the year. It belongs generically to a class of book rather popular at the time. If the sovereigns of Europe of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries did not know how to rule, it was not for want of instructors: it would be easy to fill half a page with the mere titles of the works written ostensibly for the improvement of princes and governors. Quevedo's precepts and principles of government are less elaborate than those of other mentors. They are, in fact, embodied in the counsel George III. so often received from his mother, "George, be a king." Not that Quevedo is at all disposed to favour absolutism. His ideal of the kingly office is a lofty but not a flattering one. He regards it as an awful and by no means enviable responsibility. The king, in his view, is not a free agent. His duties to the minutest particulars have been prescribed for him in the word of God; and if he would be a king, he must make himself acquainted with and conscientiously observe the law he finds written there. As he is not free to follow his own will, *a fortiori*, he is not to be led by another's. "The king's heart must be in no hand but God's." He cannot delegate his duties to his ministers: it is for them to follow, not to lead him. Above all, he must beware of ministers who, by flattery or false promises, seek to invest themselves with his prerogative. These are playing the part of Satan, when he offers the kingdoms of the world and glory of them in exchange for an acknowledgment of his supremacy; and, with a quaintness worthy of Fuller, it is added that, except once, Christ is always described as leading, and the only time he is led, it is by the Devil.

Such in brief is the substance of the *Política de Dios*. Overloaded as it is with the inevitable pedantry of the day, it has in it the true ring of impassioned eloquence, and a fervour of declamation that will often recall the tones of Milton to an English reader. No doubt its philosophy seems unpractical and somewhat commonplace to us now, but it had a deep significance at the time. There were at one time high hopes in Spain that young Philip IV. had laid to heart the regrets he had heard from the lips of his dying father, and was resolved to be a king in the

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sense Quevedo meant. In a charming letter describing a royal journey to Andalusia in February 1624, Quevedo himself dwells with delight upon the indefatigable energy, activity and vigour of the young King. "He is the right king," he says, "for these realms; and a comfort it is to have a king who gives us the lead, instead of our giving it to him." Velazquez has left the portrait of Philip as Quevedo saw him, and in the Museo at Madrid we may still see the same lithe, active figure in the brown shooting dress and montero cap, with the glow of health on the cheek and the full blue eye as yet undimmed by *ennui*. The same truthful hand painted him again and again, and it shows how soon the eyes grew dull, and the freshness of youth faded into pallor and listlessness; and it shows, too, on the opposite wall, Olivares on his prancing charger, swarthy and burly and bulldog-jawed, the very emblem of Will triumphant over weak resolution. To him, Quevedo dedicated the first edition of the *Politica*, and still further to disarm resentment he antedated the dedication 1620, so as to make it appear that it was of the *fainéant* reign of Philip III. he wrote, and that it was at Lerma his invectives against despotic ministers were aimed. But it was not in this light that the Spanish public read the *Politica de Dios*, and Olivares knew well that it was not to Lerma or Uçeda or Aliaga that they applied the allegories of Satan the tempter, and the thief that "climbeth up some other way." Powerful as he was, it was beyond his power to silence a book passed by the Holy Office, and printed, edition after edition, at every press in Spain; but when the chance of silencing the author came to him, he seized it. No one who reads them can doubt that it was the *Politica de Dios*, and not the trumpery "Memorial," that sent Quevedo to San Marcos, any more than that it was Olivares and not the King who kept him there; or that Quevedo dying at Villanueva died a martyr in the struggle against despotism, just as much as if he had died on the scaffold.

Of Quevedo's prose works many have been lost, but of his poetry it is only a part, and a very small part—not a twentieth, we are told, of what he was known to have written—that has been saved. That the zeal of the Inquisition accounted for the remainder is beyond a doubt; at any rate, it is certain that priestly influence was brought to bear upon the dying poet to extract an edifying repudiation of the vanity of poetry. Quevedo, however, was at all times careless about the fate of his verse, and never himself published any except one humorous piece and some translations. He had perhaps something of that kind of *mauvaise honte in re poetica* that is observable in Thackeray, and possibly felt somewhat shy of putting himself forward deliberately as a poet after having so often laughed at poets and their ways and weaknesses. Nor is it unlikely that, being one of the modestest of men, his poetical work did not satisfy his own critical judgment, whatever his friends might say of it. This diffidence or reticence of Quevedo's is worth mentioning, as it is one of the arguments in support of a claim which cannot be ignored in any notice of him or of his works. In his crusade against the affectation and bad

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taste of the *culto* school, already referred to, he sought to support his ridicule and satire by producing specimens of natural and unaffected poetry, and to this end he edited in, 1631, an edition of the poems of Luis de Leon, then some forty years dead and well-nigh forgotten; and in the same year he published another volume of poetry, the MS. of which he professed to have found in the shop of a bookseller, who sold it to him for a trifle. The name of the author was discovered to be Francisco de la Torre, which induced Quevedo to identify him with the Bachiller de la Torre, an old poet of whom nothing is known except that verses of his appear in the early *cancioneros*, and that Boscan mentions him as a contemporary, or nearly so, of Juan de Mena—and Quevedo's view seems to have been generally accepted at the time, and was certainly adopted by Lope in the *Laurel de Apolo*. This little volume of the *Works of the Bachiller Francisco de la Torre* (one of the rarest, as it is one of the smallest, books in the language, so rare that Ticknor never found a copy, being already rare in 1753), was reproduced by the Academician Luis Velazquez in a second edition, in which he advanced the theory that the Bachiller Francisco de la Torre was no other than Francisco de Quevedo, of La Torre de Juan Abad, who took this way of publishing such a selection of his own poems as suited his purpose. He pointed out, what, indeed, was sufficiently obvious, that the poems could not possibly be the work of the old fifteenth-century poet, and must have been written at a considerably later period, and he insisted strongly that, though the style was unlike that of Quevedo's known works, there was no such difference as precluded the idea of his being the author. The claim thus set up gave rise to a literary controversy that has lasted to the present day, and the arguments and advocates on each side will be found set out at length by Ticknor, who, though he avoids dogmatism, leans to the theory of Velazquez.

The poems consist of sonnets, odes, *canciones*, *endechas* or elegies, and eclogues, all manifestly of the school of Garcilaso and Boscan, and after the model of the Italian pastoral poetry of the sixteenth century. Ticknor, perhaps, somewhat overestimates their merits, but no one will deny that they are graceful, simple, tender, and full of the luscious sweetness of Garcilaso's verse. What they lack is originality, precisely the quality that is never wanting in Quevedo. They are but an echo—a sweet, melodious one, no doubt—but still only an echo of the Italian pastoral poets. Archdeacon Churton, in his scholarly essay on Gongora, has pointed out that one of the sonnets, *Bella es mi ninfa*, is almost identical with Spenser's "Fair is my love, when her fair golden hairs," and suggests that, as Spenser could not have taken it from Francisco de la Torre, "both may have followed some Italian poet." There can be no doubt about the correctness of his conjecture. Nobody seems to have been aware that there is something more than imitation in the poems of Francisco de la Torre, and that a large number of his sonnets are in fact actual translations from the Italian. For instance, Sonnet IV.

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of the second book—"Ay, no te alexes, Fili"—is a close translation of Benedetto Varchi's sonnet: "Filli, deh non fuggir." Sonnet V.—"Viva yo siempre ansi con tan ceñido," is Varchi's "Cosi sempre foss' io legato e stretto." Sonnet VI.—"De yedra, roble, y olmo coronado," is "Cinto d'hedra le tempie intorno," of the same. Sonnet VII.—"Esta es, Tirsis, la fuente do solía," is, line for line, Varchi's "Questo e, Tirsi, quel fonte, in cui solea;" and VIII. is scarcely less literally his "Filli più vaga," &c. IX. and X.—"Quando Filis podra sin su querido," and "Pastor, que lees en esta, y en aquella," are Varchi's "Quando Filli potrà senza Damone," and "Pastor che leggi in questa scorza e 'n quella." XI.—"Mi propio amor entiendo," is "Il medesimo amor credo," and XII.—"Santa madre de amor que el yerto suelo," is "Sancta madre d'amor che in herbe e in fiori," both by Varchi; and Sonnets XV. and XXIII.—"Noche que en tu amoroso, y dulce olvido," and "La blanca nieve, y la purpurea rosa," are versions somewhat free, but sufficiently faithful of—"Notte che nel tuo dolce e alto oblio," and "La viva neve, e le vermiglie rose," sonnets by Gio. Battista Amalteo, who died in 1573.

This must be held pretty well conclusive of what Ticknor calls "a curious question of authorship, and a mystery which will probably never be cleared up." The question, it will be seen, really turns on the *bona fides* of Quevedo. Now, if it had been Quevedo's object, as Velazquez contends, to pass off poems of his own as the work of an old Spanish poet of the fifteenth century, he would never have committed the egregious folly of inserting among them some dozen—probably more—of translations made by himself from Italian poets living in the latter half of the sixteenth. We may, therefore, fairly accept his story of the MS., and also the entity of Francisco de la Torre. It may be added that a person of that name was proved by Don Aureliano Fernandez-Guerra to have been born at Torrelaguna in 1534, a date perfectly consistent with the composition of the volume, but the connecting link is wanting.

Among Quevedo's own poems, the first collection of which was published three years after his death, there are many that, in form, have a certain resemblance to those of Francisco de la Torre, but the resemblance does not go much farther. Quevedo's elegiac and pastoral strains want the simplicity and placid gentle flow of the verses of the older poet, but, on the other hand, there is in them a power and an individuality of which there is no trace in the other. The voice of the elder Francisco is only that of the conventional shepherd, complaining in stereotyped melancholy of his nymph's coldness; but however artificial the language of the other may be, there is reality in the tone of his sadness. The modern malady of *weltschmerz* was not unknown to Quevedo, though it is not obtrusive in his poetry. He had his moments, as he owns, when life seemed at best, "a was, a will be, and a weary is"—"un fué, un será, y un es cansado." His great fault is his unconquerable, perhaps unconscious, proneness to conceits, tricks of expression, and *tours de force* of word and thought. Sometimes there is a certain charm in his

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fantasies, as in his little song to the goldfinch—"Flor, que cantas; flor, que vuelas"—

Singing flower, flower on wings,
That from a laurel lectern sings,
What calls thee up at break of day?
Goldfinch of the sweet note, say—

and to a poet writing in dun-coloured, flowerless La Mancha, we must not grudge the fancy of calling his goldfinch a "a flower on wings." But mere prettinesses or ingenuities jar upon the ear in poetry of a deep and graver tone, and there is hardly one of Quevedo's serious poems that is not more or less marred by some false note of this kind.

In his lighter verse it is different. There the freaks and gambols of his fancy are generally inoffensive and occasionally even effective; and it is for this reason perhaps that with later generations his rank as a poet has rested chiefly on his poems of wit and humour. Their number is prodigious, for he wrote this kind of verse with marvellous facility, and in his cares and troubles found relief in the exercise of the gift. His nephew, Pedro Aldrete Quevedo, who edited the supplementary volume of poems in 1670, tells us that some of his uncle's drollest pieces were written in the cell at San Marcos. Nor is their variety less remarkable. He was especially fond of exercising his skill in the construction of satirical, humorous, or burlesque sonnets, in which art he excelled even Gongora, though he has nothing to match Gongora's sonnet on a flood in the Manzanares—that unfailing Hippocrene of the Spanish comic muse. His *letrillas*, too, of which "Don Dinero," before mentioned, is a good specimen, are all excellent, and some have the true Anacreontic flavour, like "Dijo á la rana el mosquito:"

From the mouth of a jar
To the frog said the fly,
"Life in water for *you*,
But in wine let *me* die."

But his favourite medium was an imitation of the old ballad poetry, sometimes in *redondillas*, but mostly in the ordinary ballad measure and assonant rhymes. It was not that he had, like Cervantes and Scott, a reverential affection for the old national popular poetry. On the contrary, he had something like a contempt for ballads, proverbs, and everything of the kind, and was given to making parodies—poor ones, it is satisfactory to think—of the more popular pieces of the Romanceros. One, *Don Quixote's Testament*, a burlesque of the fine ballad of *The Cid's Testament*, was an impromptu in answer to a request from some of the inhabitants of Argamasilla de Alba in 1608 for a poem on the hero of the village, and it has the single merit of being a proof that within three years of his appearance in the world Don Quixote was already a local hero. His *Germanía* ballads, which were extremely popular, and one of which was honoured with insertion in the *Index Expurgatorius*, were in some degree an anticipation of the idea of *The*

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Beggar's Opera, being travesties of the old chivalric and romantic ballads in the slang dialect of the rogues and gaol-birds of Madrid.

The attraction the ballad form had for Quevedo lay, no doubt, in its facility and flexibility. A good example of his manner is to be found in the ballad on *The Birth of the Author*, which seems to have been a favourite of his own, as it was the only piece of original verse published by himself. It is far too long to be quoted in extenso, but a few stanzas will give some idea of his picture of congenital ill-luck.

Two maravedis' worth of moon
Was all that lit the earth that night;
Upon my birth it would have been
Too much to waste a quarter's light.

(There is one of Quevedo's untranslateable puns here, turning on "quarto," meaning a quarter as well as the farthing of four maravedis):—

Tuesday and Wednesday were at odds,
And which it was 'tis hard to say,
Each on the other strove to throw
The shame of being my birthday.

Ere long my parents went to heaven,
And there I hope they will remain;
They might have other sons like me
If they came back to life again.

I never took to any trade,
For by experience well I know,
Were I a hosier to become,
Society would barefoot go.

Or if I studied medicine,
Of no avail would be *my* skill;
Lest I should haply work a cure,
Nobody ever would be ill.

To childless folk in want of heirs
I can suggest a certain cure;
They've but to name me in their wills,
And then of children they are sure.

The tile that's loose upon the roof
Delays its fall till I'm below;
And I, of all the crowd, am hit
When boys the random pebble throw.

If cloaked I walk abroad, the sun
Sheds furnace heat upon my crown;
And if I wear my summer hat,
Good Heavens! how the rain comes down.

And in whatever house I lodge,
Husbands and wives fall out and fight;
There's sure to be a forge hard by,
And tinkers hammering half the night.

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Another, which seems to have been a good deal admired, was his rendering of the story of Orpheus, a very favourite subject with the Spanish poets of his time:—

Orpheus set out to fetch his wife;
Such is the tale the poets tell;
And as it was his wife he sought,
It follows that he went to hell.

They also tell us that he sang,
And gaily, as he went along;
For, being still a widower,
His heart was light enough for song.

Upon the journey back to earth
He took the lead, I needn't say;
Upon the downward road to hell
The women always show the way.

Poor fellow! somehow he looked back;
Perhaps on purpose—who can tell?
This time he made the matter sure,
And, chance or purpose, he did well.

The Benedict may bless his stars,
Who from his wife has once been freed;
But if a second time released,
He is a lucky man indeed.

Another ballad on the same subject, and much to the same effect, was attributed to Quevedo by Sedano in the *Parnaso Español*, but its author was Count Villamediana, in whose works it was printed more than once in Quevedo's lifetime, and Don Florencio Janer should have known better than to include it in his new edition. It may be a trifling error, but trifles of this sort show perfunctory editing, and that is fatal to the authority of a book meant for students. Matrimony was one of the things Quevedo was much given to girding at when a jocose fit was on him, and his levity on the subject sorely exercises dear old Dr. de Tarsia, who clearly had no more conception of a joke than he had of the doctrine of evolution: some pages of the Abad's delightfully pedantic little memoir are devoted to proving that Quevedo was in reality a tender and affectionate husband, and that his married life was the reverse of the unhappy one that might be inferred from his writings. He has treated the subject from another point of view in *Padre Adan, no lloreis duelos*, which Ticknor mentions as a good example of his lighter ballads:—

Father Adam, good old fellow! *you're* no reason to complain;
Lucky mortal such as you were Earth will never see again.
A bright and brand-new world you tasted in the freshness of its prime,
Free from tailors, free from drapers, curses that came on with time;
And a wife without a mother!—there was luck without a flaw!
Yours a world without old women, a wife without a mother-in-law!
Never murmur at the serpent that he led you both astray;
A mother-in-law is worse, believe me, than a serpent any day.
Had Eve listened to a mother in the place of Satan there,
The morsel would have been all Paradise and not a poor half pear.

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The same vein of light mockery and banter runs through almost all Quevedo's off-hand verse, and it is by this and prose of a similar character that it has been his fate, for the most part, to be judged. Poor Quevedo! Like many another man, he would have been no doubt sorely disappointed could he have foreseen the estimate posterity was to put upon him and his works. Literary vanity and ambition were certainly not among his weaknesses, but still there were productions of his on which he set a value, and which he expected would be valuable in the eyes of others. The subjects were weighty and important; he had spared neither time nor labour in doing justice to them, and had brought to bear upon them all the thought and learning of a meditative and studious life. But the opinion he appealed to did not agree with his own. His works have been forgotten, and his trifles have made him famous. Among his serious poems there is a sonnet which is in its way an illustration of the kind of destiny in store for him as an author; and it is one worth an attempt at reproduction for its own sake. It is his version of the Latin epigram on Rome and the Tiber by Vitalis, which has also been translated by Joachim du Bellay, and from him again by Spenser:—

In Rome thou seekest Rome: vain quest is thine;
That Rome thou wilt not find in Rome to-day;
The walls that were her boast are crumbling clay,
And its own sepulchre the Aventine.
Where once it reigned low lies the Palatine.
Time hath defaced the very medals; they
Record the march and triumph of decay,
But of old Roman story scarce a line.
The Tiber still is there, Tiber alone,
That kissed her feet of yore with humble wave,
And now rolls past her ruins with a moan.
Rome! It was thy endeavour time to brave
With porphyry and marble: they are gone;
It is a fleeting river marks thy grave.

Quevedo's solid works have fared no better than the temples and palaces of Rome. All the labour and learning expended upon the *Life of Marcus Brutus*, *The Cradle and the Grave*, and *Virtue Militant*, have not sufficed to make them lasting monuments of his theology or political philosophy; and if their titles are known outside the circle of bookworms and bibliographers, it is only because of the careless fugitive scraps that fell at odd moments from the same pen. In his own words—

Huyó lo que era firme, y solamente
Lo fugitivo permanece y dura.

The verdict of posterity has been, in effect, that in theology, philosophy, and politics there are Quevedos by the score on the shelves of every library, but that there is only one Quevedo of the *Visions*, *Paul the Sharper*, and *Fortune no Fool*.

J. O.

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The Natural History of Dress.

It may well seem an act of temerity to undertake to give an account of the nature and causes of human apparel. People are accustomed to think of dress as something utterly capricious and lawless. The reasons which one might antecedently expect to govern the practices of men and women with respect to clothing seem at first sight conspicuous by their absence. It has been truly observed by a recent writer on dress that "the history of the hat is a true history of the sufferings of the male head, from the kettle-shaped brown helmet to the modern cylinder."

It is this apparent want of rationality in dress that fits it in an eminent degree to be the theme of the cynic and misanthrope. In any case the vast amount of attention given to the labour of covering up and prettifying this poor mortal body would be sure to lead the philosopher to reflect on the vanity of all things human. But when it is added to this that a large part of the toil expended by mankind in clothing itself has brought forth nothing temporarily useful or even intrinsically beautiful, the least amount of reflection is sufficient to discover the rich vein of irony which underlies the subject. Indeed, we know nothing so well adapted to correct a too flattering view of the species as to brood for an hour in serious meditation over a history of costume.

Is, then, the philosophy of dress nothing more than a specially amusing chapter in the cynic's version of life as a whole? Can nothing be said by way of extenuation, if not of justification, of the vagaries of the human race in the matter of garments? We think something may be said. On closer inspection there appears after all to have been a method in the madness of mankind in this particular. Under all that is arbitrary, accidental, and unsusceptible of rational explanation, we may find traces of a sane purpose. The theory of the misanthrope, however picturesque and striking, is, like many other picturesque and striking theories, an exaggeration. Dress has a *raison d'être* over and above the mere exhibition of the stupendous and incorrigible folly of human nature. However mixed up with and disguised by elements of irrational caprice, principles may be detected which serve to redeem the art of dress from the sweeping condemnation of the satirist. Let us take up the cause of humanity in this matter, and see what can be said for its behaviour.

It may be well to begin with the somewhat obvious remark that dress is so far natural as it is the extension of one of Nature's own endowments. It is commonly said that man clothes himself for four principal

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reasons: 1stly, by way of protection against external forces; 2ndly, for the sake of warmth; 3rdly, for purposes of ornament; and, lastly, for moral reasons. Now, Nature clearly supplies animals, including man, with the rudiments of dress in the first three senses, if not in the fourth. The horns of many quadrupeds, the beaks and talons of birds, and the nails of our own species are the germs of a defensive dress. That animals needing to maintain bodily heat are clothed with some form of non-conducting covering is too well known to require mentioning. Finally, the researches of Mr. Darwin and other naturalists have taught us that many features of the animal teguments have been retained, if not acquired, as ornamental adjuncts.

In a large sense, then, dress is based on Nature's own processes, and this simple fact must be sufficient to rescue the art from the charge of being something utterly unnatural and absurd. More than this, it may be said that Nature specially enjoined man to dress himself. By leaving him with less defensive, protective, and ornamental covering than many other animals, she seems to have said that she trusted to his finer brain to invent the means of providing for himself a suitable outfit. In fact, man might quite as appropriately be defined as an animal that has to dress itself, as he has been defined as an animal that cooks its food.

We may see the close connection between Nature's clothing and man's artificial clothing in another way. Our hair is perfectly insentient; the hairdresser can lacerate it without exciting any sensation. Yet we instinctively think of it as part of our sentient organism; and when the skin of the head is sensitive, and pressure on the head causes a disagreeable feeling, we project this feeling to the hair tips. In quite the same way we come to include our apparel in our own conception of our bodily organism. The same psychological principle that explains our localising sensation in the extremity of the hair, explains a lady's feeling a rude disarrangement of her dress-trimmings as though it were a direct attack on her organism. Subjectively, then—that is, in our way of thinking and feeling—dress stands in the closest relation to the organic productions of Nature herself.

If it is once allowed that dress of some kind is natural to man, it will be impossible to reject the conclusion that, viewed on the whole, the progress of dress, from the first crude tentatives of our primitive ancestors to our modern elaborate costumes, has many points of resemblance to a natural process of development. If there were good reasons for man's beginning to dress himself in the early stages of his existence, there have been equally good reasons for his advancing in that direction. Just as the first *naïve* experiment was adapted to early wants and conditions of life, so, speaking roughly, the intricate system of apparel of the civilised man of to-day is adapted to our present wants and conditions. And the progress from one style to the other, so far as history and other records enable us to say, has been by a series of very gradual transitions, exactly answering to those by which organic forms are now supposed to have arisen.

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To give an illustration of this process. The modern shoe has been evolved by a succession of slight modifications and enlargements out of a very simple primitive covering. In the ages of stone and bronze, man appears to have protected his foot by a piece of bark or leather laid under the sole and fastened in a very simple manner about the foot with straps. Out of this grew the sandal with its broader and more elaborate bands, reaching above the ankles, such as we see it represented in the art of ancient Egypt, and later. From the sandal, again, was developed, by the addition of a fine leather below the straps, as well as the broadening of the straps, the germ of the shoe proper, an arrangement illustrated by the Greek half-boot (κρηπίς). The completion of this process of development was the doing away with the band, and the making of the upper leather firmer.

A closer inspection of the process by which the art of dress has grown to its present elaborate form will show that it conforms very closely to the idea of evolution as defined by modern writers. It is obvious that dress has a very close connection with the human organism to which it has to mould itself, and of which, indeed, as has been remarked, it may be viewed as a kind of extension or enlargement. And the development of dress seems to mimic the process of organic evolution itself. We may describe its history in its large features as a gradual process of adaptation to the structure of the body. And this process has, of necessity, imitated that of organic development as now conceived.*

If we take the first rude article of apparel, out of which all dress seems to have grown—the waist-band, or rudimentary apron—and compare it with a modern equipment, we may see at once that the two contrast with one another very much as a low and a high organism. The one is simple, homogeneous, not differentiated into parts, and but loosely adapted to the bodily form; the other is highly complex, differentiated into a number of unlike parts, all of which are closely adapted to the structural divisions of the body to which they belong. The one is the work of the weaver alone; the other implies the constructive work of the seamstress or tailor.

The early and comparatively structureless type of dress may be seen surviving even in classic costume. The outer garment, the *amictus*, which included the male *pallium* (ἱμάτιον) and the female *peplum* (πέπλος), was a structureless rectangular piece of cloth, and, as the etymology of the word (*amicere*) shows, was wrapped round the figure; while the inner garment (*tunica*, χιτών) was said to be "put on" (*induere*). Thus it represented, in its want of a fitting shape, the primitive undifferentiated covering. Modern dress, as a whole, is pre-eminently an

* The parallelism between the development of dress and organic development has been worked out in some of its aspects in a very ingenious work entitled *Naturgeschichte der Kleidung*, von Emanuel Hermann (Vienna: 1878). The present writer gladly acknowledges his obligations to this suggestive little book.

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organic system, consisting of many heterogeneous parts, fashioned in conformity to the several divisions of the bodily structure to which it has to accommodate itself. In it are to be found only occasional survivals of the earlier form, as in the shawl and Scotch plaid.

It has been pointed out by the writer to whom reference has already been made, that the form of the various articles of dress has adapted itself not only to the structure but to the functions of the parts of the organism to be covered. He divides garments into three groups of articles: 1stly, those of the extremities—the head, the hands, and the feet; 2ndly, those of the connecting organs—the neck, arms, and legs; and, 3rdly, those of the fixed trunk. The first, having to adapt themselves to the most mobile and active members of the body, are the freest, being most perfectly detached from the others, and most easily put on and off. The coverings of the neck, arms, and legs, which are the transmitters of force, and share to some extent in the work of the extremities, come midway in point of mobility between those of the extremities and of the trunk. The clothing of the latter, which is comparatively at rest, is, as might have been expected, the most fixed and rigid of all.

With this development of dress in heterogeneity and speciality of form, there has been a preservation of organic unity. This has, of course, been necessitated to some extent by the fact that all parts of the costume were related to the organic structure of the body. It is easy to see that the development of any particular branch of clothing has been correlated with that of other branches. The modern development of the covering of the male leg curiously illustrates this law of the correlation of growth. Thus the appearance of the first hose covering the thigh, leg, and foot, about the eleventh century, was connected with the shortening of the coat about that time. A further shortening of this last garment was followed by the production of the upper hose as a covering for the thighs only (sixteenth century). And the gradual lengthening of this article of dress downwards till it attained its present form of loose trouser at the time of the French Revolution, was naturally followed by the shortening of the under hose and its transformation into the stocking, and finally into the sock.

This gradual development of dress in extent and complexity has in the main been brought about by the action of the deepest force at work in this region; namely, the need of retaining bodily warmth. This need must obviously have increased as soon as our race began to migrate to less warmer regions than those in which it is supposed to have been cradled. In addition to this change in the environment, there has been a change in the organism tending to the same result. With the progress of civilised life all our sensibilities appear to have grown more delicate, and the organism of a lady or gentleman living in London in the nineteenth century is incomparably more susceptible to changing conditions of temperature, &c. in the atmosphere than that of one of their hardy Saxon ancestors. This change in sensibility, though no doubt in part the effect of elaborate dress, is also its most fundamental cause. It stands in

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intimate relation with all the habits of an advanced state of civilisation, such as our mode of heating our dwellings, and so on. One may say, indeed, that man has slowly learnt to make, out of dress, a sort of second skin. How much our garments have become a part of us in this way is seen in the helplessness of a person when he loses any part of his equipment. To have to go into the open air bareheaded is a trial to a modern Englishman, and it is, perhaps, a sense of this natural necessity of clothes which underlies the pathos that combines with the absurdity of the situation when a man is suddenly rendered hatless by a gust of wind.

The progress of the art of clothing is marked by a gradual increase in the number of enveloping layers, so that dress may be regarded as building itself up just like a real organic tegument by adding stratum to stratum. In the second place, this progress is characterised by an increase in the degree of fitness to the several parts of the organism. In each of these ways clothing becomes better adapted to fulfil its most important function—the keeping of the bodily surface at a comparatively equal temperature.

The second great factor in bringing about this development of dress, is the need of free, unimpeded movement. This force must, it is obvious, be to some extent opposed to the needs of warmth. Every addition to the number of articles of clothing is a slight increase in the difficulties of locomotion. A system of heavy bandages tells on a man in a long walk in more ways than one. The result of this opposition has been the invention of materials of clothing which combine lightness with warmth. Such materials gradually come to displace others by a process akin to that of the natural selection of organic modifications which bring an advantage to their possessor.

The change from a loose enveloping fold to a closely-fitting one, which, as we have seen, is the other result of a growing demand for a non-conducting integument, seems also to satisfy the needs of free movement. We venture to affirm that an Englishman of to-day can both walk more freely and swing his arms more amply as he walks, than an ancient Roman in his *ἱμάτιον*, or *pallium*. The case in which tightness of fit is most plainly unfavourable to free movement is that of a modern lady's skirts; but then this is not really the case of adaptation to particular parts and members.

Tightness of dress would in general, and within reasonable limits, only prove unfavourable to movement through its injurious influence on the respiratory and other functions of the skin. And here, too, there is to be noticed a progress in the direction of the most advantageous arrangement. Modern dress, in contrast to earlier forms, seeks to combine a certain degree of porousness with closeness of fit. A glance at the leg of a peasant of the Roman Campagna may tell us how much advancing civilisation has done for our limbs in the way of rendering them accessible to the air. The first rude skin garments must, one fancies, apart from their weight, have proved "stuffy" in more senses than one.

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To a considerable extent, then, the ends of free and easy movement, both of the whole body and of the separate limbs, have concurrently been satisfied by those changes of dress which have been, in the first place, due rather to the more urgent need of accumulating and retaining bodily heat. It is to be added, however, that the advance of civilisation tends very materially to lessen the importance of the secondary end. The civilised man is not called upon to do the feats of agility which are required of the savage. When he has to perform a series of nimble movements, he is pretty certain to look a little awkward. A respectably dressed citizen suddenly forced to get out of the road of a runaway horse is apt to be a ludicrous spectacle. But then runaway horses are rare phenomena, as the story of *John Gilpin* amply testifies, and the demands made on the flesh of the languid Englishman of to-day in this way are exceedingly light. Nothing better illustrates the absence of the need of rapid movement in our modern form of civilisation than the huge erection of the hat. The savage liable to sudden invasion by his enemies would, we may be certain, never have taken to our modern cylindrical head-covering.

Along with these ends of warmth and freedom of movement it may be well to mention the need of protection against natural forces. This seems to have exercised an influence on the covering of the upper and lower extremities of the body only. The hat with its horizontal brim has clearly a reference to the sun's rays—a force which we may be sure our hardier ancestors were not wont to regard as a hostile one. The parasol and the fan, which last the Southern lady knows how to use so gracefully out of doors, may be regarded as an extension of this protective species of apparel. At the other extreme the foot has learnt to defend itself against the ruder forces to which it is constantly exposed. In each case the progress of the protective covering in efficiency appears to be related to an increase of sensibility. It might, perhaps, be thought that civilisation would tend to reduce the evils of the foot, by making rough places smooth. But as long as London vestries use the gravel which they now use for making and mending their paths, this long-suffering member will not dare to relax its precautions.

The progress of dress may be viewed in part, then, as the resultant of these various forces, answering to obvious needs of organic life.* How far they may severally have contributed to the actual development of dress, we need not seek to determine. It is enough if we are able roughly to conceive of the gradual progress of the art of clothing as brought about by the combined play of these motives.

It is worth adding, perhaps, that these ends have not always been consciously pursued. Much must be set down in the first instance to

* No reference has been made here to the need of protection against adverse social forces, since it is only by a stretching of language that the sword, or its modern survival the cane, can be called an article of dress.

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pure accident. In truth, the history of dress resembles a process of organic evolution in this respect, that it is the product of spontaneous variation and natural selection. Certain modifications of costume come to be adopted through a number of individual motives, and out of these temporary and ever renewed individual variations there emerge, as comparatively permanent forms, those modifications which are found to have some special utility.

The reader will be disposed to think that the influence of utility in the determination of the history of dress has here been greatly exaggerated. We must, therefore, hasten to explain that, so far, we have only been touching one aspect of the development of dress, and this the least striking perhaps. To complete our account of the evolution of dress we must view it not only on its useful, but also on its ornamental, side. Dress resembles the natural covering of the lower animals in this way, too, that it is partly subservient to the needs of the organism, partly a decorative appendage. This innate love of finery—shared, in different proportions perhaps, by both sexes—has been the most powerful motive to the adoption and gradual augmentation of dress.

The pleasure derived from wearing attractive garments cannot be dignified by the title of a purely æsthetic enjoyment. It is the monopoly of the individual who thus adorns himself; and the pleasures of art, properly so called, are above all monopoly. This impulse must, one supposes, from the day when primitive man began to paint his body or adorn his head with feathers, have led to a constant variation in his style of apparel. It is of the nature of the passion to be insatiable in its craving for change and novelty. We look for an element of novelty even in a work of purely impersonal art, and in the personal art of self-adornment this demand is omnipotent.* Hence what answers to spontaneous variation in the region of dress would commonly be the outcome of this restless desire to look finer than one's neighbours. In this way the feeling for the ornamental side of dress has subserved the development of it as a utility. Changes introduced by individual fancy and the love of the novel and striking, would be permanently adopted when found to bring some advantage, as, for example, increase of warmth.

It may, indeed, be said, that the growth of dress in mere volume and number of distinct parts has been greatly promoted in the first instance by this impulse of self-adornment. The rude love of beauty shows itself in an admiration of mere quantity; and the men and women who managed to amplify their garments would clearly by so doing attain a richer decorative effect. Hence many of the vagaries everywhere illus-

* The misogynist would of course say that this perpetual love of change is a special characteristic of the fickle feminine mind. He might even find some plausible support for his views in natural science. Mr. Darwin writes:—"As any fleeting fashion in dress comes to be admired by man (? woman), so with birds a change of almost any kind in the structure or colouring of the feathers in the male appears to have been admired by the female."—*Descent of Man*, vol. ii. p. 74.

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trated in the history of costume, such as the elaborate head-dress, the ample skirts, and the long, sweeping train. It is probable that much of the covering of the body originated in this impulse to enlarge what we may call the decorative surface. Thus, for example, the arms may probably have been first covered for the sake of carrying out a more extensive decorative scheme, in which case the habit of wearing sleeves would be retained for the good reason that by their very use the arms would grow more sensitive to changes of temperature.

It is to be remarked that, while the useful function of dress has thus to some extent grown out of its ornamental, there has been a reverse process. Features of costume, first adopted for the sake of some utility, have become in time mere ornamental appendages. This illustrates a truth, to be spoken of more fully presently, that in dress the love of change is curiously complicated by the force of the customary. Many of the furbelows of a modern lady's dress really represent additions which once served some useful purpose. We may instance the rudimentary pocket, which in some recent fashions has done duty as a mere ornament. The ladies' hood, which is now so popular, the shoe-buckles, and the gentlemen's scarf-pins, may be mentioned as familiar illustrations of once useful articles taking on a purely ornamental character.*

Yet, while there has been this amount of harmony between the serviceable and the purely decorative functions of dress, it is evident that they have been to a considerable extent opposed to one another. One of the strongest tendencies observable in the history of costume is that of extending the range of dress, upwards in the shape of a lofty head-dress, downwards in the form of a train, and, one might perhaps add, outwards. Now, since all these modes of extension are accompanied by obvious practical disadvantages, the progress of fashion has often looked like the result of a struggle between the two instincts of display and common sense, now the one force prevailing, now the other. Thus the feminine fondness for ample skirts, or for long, sweeping trains, has again and again reached the point at which any further progress would be incompatible with social intercourse, and then a reaction under the leading of practical reflection has set in.†

There is a special reason for this opposition between the useful and

* It is not impossible that something analogous to this occurs in the development of birds and other classes of animals. Thus we can understand that after a certain style of colouring had been acquired by a species as a protection against enemies, and this had, owing to changed external conditions, ceased to have its first value, any tendency by individual variation to drop this habitual hue might lead to a rejection by the female, whose taste would pretty certainly be slightly modified by wont and custom. But since the feminine mind is proverbially prone to change, it cannot be supposed that this has been an important factor.

† A similar thing meets us in the history of bird-ornaments. Mr. Darwin, writing of birds, says:—"The various ornaments possessed by the males are certainly of the highest importance to them (as means of attracting the females), for they have been acquired in some cases *at the expense of greatly impeded powers of flight or of*

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the ornamental in dress. Costume has always aimed at expressing social rank. It is one of the characteristic excellences of the higher grades of society that they lead a life of comparative inactivity. Consequently, a style of apparel which is patently unfitted for the rude work of common people has naturally been selected as the distinguishing garb of the high and noble. This circumstance goes far to account for many of the awkward and ridiculous features in dress which were first adopted by members of the upper stratum of society and then borrowed by the classes below this. The popularity of the tight shoe, for example, may ultimately be due to a considerable extent to the fact that it is obviously incompatible with any kind of severe bodily exertion.

We have regarded the æsthetic side of dress as wholly a matter of individual feeling, and, therefore, as liable to constant change. And we have authority for so doing. A recent lady writer on the question of woman's dress writes:—"Women usually like something which gives them height, piquancy, and, above all, conspicuousness." If this is true of the nineteenth-century Englishwoman, it is still more true of women in a lower grade of culture. It is this feminine instinct to attract which lies at the root of that perpetual change of fashion which marks the history of dress. It is the great factor in the dynamics of dress. At the same time it must be borne in mind that there is a certain persistence in costume. Not only does a particular style of apparel maintain its ground when it is found to answer some practical end, but it sometimes persists, too, when it has no such *raison d'être*.

A good deal of this persistence must be set down to the more stupid inertia of custom, which, as etymology shows, is so closely connected with costume. The way in which crinoline managed to keep its ground after criticism had done its best to batter and demolish it, is a good example of this inertia. The persistent adoption of the tight-laced corset, in spite of all that good sense and science have said about its enormity, is another illustration. Custom may lead to the survival of a thing even when no rational justification of it can be found. The history of fashion in dress, like the history of political constitutions, is the result of a perpetual compromise between the principles of change and persistence.

Yet conservatism in dress, at least, must not be regarded as wholly the outcome of an irrational and pig-headed obstinacy. As we have said, many features of dress have become more or less permanent because they were found to be useful or advantageous in some way. To this may now be added that, on the ornamental side, those varieties which have been found to be generally pleasing, answering to the simple unsophisticated tastes of human nature, have in the long run outlived those which have wanted this characteristic.

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running."—The Descent of Man, vol. ii. p. 97. The male bird of paradise is troubled by his fine plumes during a high wind, as the human male is troubled by his head-ornament in like circumstances.

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At first sight, no doubt, it looks as if there could be no such force at work in the history of dress as average æsthetic feeling. The perpetual fluctuation of taste in dress is patent, and has, indeed, become proverbial. It is not unlikely that the Frenchman who invented the saying *chacun à son goût* was thinking of the erratic and apparently lawless manifestations of taste in matters of costume. Still, though greatly disguised by the play of those impulses of individual caprice already referred to, there are such things as normal human feelings, to which the ornamental side of dress may or may not correspond, and these feelings have been a concurrent factor in the actual evolution of dress.

This average normal taste rests in part on constant attributes of human nature. Bright colour, for example, is pleasing to every normal eye, and so far dress which supplies the organ with this pleasure answers to a permanent æsthetic need. Much of what is here called average æsthetic sensibility is, however, the slow growth of ages, and limited by the stage of general culture attained by a community. For example, the glaring contrasts of colour in dress which delight the eye of a rustic would offend the eye of a cultivated man, if only because they jar on that sense of the charm of feminine unobtrusiveness which has become a part of his nature. Thus the average æsthetic feelings are partly constant among all individuals and races, partly vary with the stage of mental development as a whole. It is hardly necessary to add that they are not precisely the same for any two races or nationalities, since they receive a certain tinge from the special temperament and circumstances of a people.

Now it can be shown, we think, that the actual progress of dress on its artistic side has illustrated a tendency to adapt itself to the average taste of the age. It is by no means easy to disentangle this factor from the effect of merely accidental fashion. It must be remembered that custom has a profound influence on taste itself. We are apt to judge that to be æsthetically right to which we are accustomed. And this because our surroundings, whatever their intrinsic worth, take a familiar and friendly aspect through wont and association. In a large sense, perhaps, it may be said that the highest feeling for the beautiful is nothing but a response to our habitual environment. Hence when any fashion happens from any cause to have set in, and to persist for a while, the liking of what is familiar leads people to attribute to this an æsthetic value.

The only way to distinguish between the natural, unsophisticated taste of an age and people and this artificially induced taste, is by taking pretty extensive periods, and inquiring what is permanent in the different styles adopted, or rather, perhaps, about what points the successive forms of fashion appear to oscillate. In this way it will be possible to get a rough idea of the standard of taste in dress for the particular period considered. And this standard will, as might be expected, be found to

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bear a close relation to the stage of æsthetic development, as a whole, reached by the community in question. When the æsthetic feelings of a people have been broadened and deepened, there has inevitably followed an improvement in the style of dress. The rapid growth of the visual arts, reacting on popular taste, has always had an elevating influence on dress. Under such æsthetic development must be included the growth of the intellectual perceptions of harmony, fitness, &c. It is hardly too much to say that all intellectual progress has tended to improve taste in dress by investing it with richer associations and a deeper significance. This might be illustrated, perhaps, by a comparison of the amount of attention which the subject of dress receives at the hands of our chief poets in different epochs.

It is hardly possible to speak of the æsthetic influences which have acted on dress apart from moral influences. In dress the æsthetic and ethic aspects are closely connected. Ideas of decency and modesty insensibly modify a people's idea of what is beautiful in costume. On the other hand there is a large amount of direct opposition between the two ends. Severe moral ideas have always tended towards asceticism; and it is obvious that certain moral and religious ideas, such as humility, would be averse to any ample display in dress. And thus we find that in the history of English costume there has been a struggle between the puritanic impulse to eschew vain show, and mortify the flesh, and the generous impulse of the natural man to adorn life and add to its grace. The growth of the æsthetic sense, as a whole, has been the outcome of many a hard conflict, and nowhere has this been more apparent than in the domain of costume.

The power of self-adjustment of dress to the stage of æsthetic culture reached at the time is analogous to an organic process. Just as the preservation of forms of apparel found to be serviceable answer to natural selection in the biological region, so the survival of forms æsthetically preferable answers to what is known in biology as sexual selection. According to Mr. Darwin, many of the ornaments of birds and other animals have been acquired through the repeated preference on the part of females of males accidentally born with such telling points in their favour. Hence the force that selects and preserves is clearly something like an æsthetic sense; and what is important is that this feeling is supposed to be pretty constant for a large number of generations. If, for example, the eye for symmetrical markings and beautiful gradations of colour had not been possessed by many successive generations of female argus pheasants, it is probable that the beautiful ocelli of which Mr. Darwin tells us would not have been acquired by the males of the species.

The comparative permanence of æsthetically suitable forms and colours in human dress is due to sexual selection. Only the sex that has the privilege here is rather the male than the female. In our species there is not a wide scope for rivalry among the males in the matter of

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display of attractive colours. In the military age there was probably more room for this kind of emulation; but since society has become industrial the fascinations of male attire have been greatly reduced. Nowadays an eager and anxious lover may think that his success will turn on the perfect fit of his coat or the faultless arrangement of his tie. Yet, in spite of such exceptions as Balzac's *Modeste Mignon*, women seem, on the whole, to attach but little weight to these superficial qualifications. On the other hand, it is commonly allowed by women themselves that the amount of time and attention bestowed on dress by their sex is related to the end of attracting the other and sluggish sex. It would be curious, if we had time, to inquire why the competition in self-adornment, with a view to attract the opposite sex, has become shifted in the case of our species from the male to the female. Is it that women are more searching than men, and look not at the outward man? or that, owing to the backwardness of the human male, the function of attraction has devolved on the naturally retiring female?

It would thus look as though men's taste is the great ruling circumstance in the selection of dress as an æsthetic object. The vagaries of feminine caprice must oscillate about the point of the average male judgment. In choosing her dress a woman keeps one eye on her own individual ideal of herself, but the other eye is fixed on the ideal which she conceives the brutal sex to have fashioned and set up. At the same time it is plain that the average male taste stands in a pretty close relation to that of the other sex of the same period. For one thing, women have much to do with laying the foundations of the male taste in early life, so that their ideas naturally have a good deal of influence. Besides this, a large proportion of men are considered, by women at least, to be quite destitute of taste, and, being good-naturedly half disposed to acquiesce in this view, they are ready to accept women's judgment in matters of dress as their own. And thus we may say with tolerable accuracy that it is the average taste, not simply of the male sex, but of the community as a whole, that determines the relatively permanent directions in the progress of the art of dress.

Probably enough has been said, in this slight analysis of the influences at work, to show that the history of dress is not altogether the arbitrary and irrational thing which at first sight it might appear. That there is much in the temporary fluctuations of costume which is accidental and capricious nobody doubts. The initial impulse that determines the course of a fashion is often insignificant enough, and nobody supposes that the occult authorities that fix the novelties in Paris are invariably wiser or more highly endowed with æsthetic insight than many of those for whom they legislate. Yet beneath these surface movements, which are often exceedingly intricate, one can discern larger and more enduring currents, the laws of which are to some extent discoverable.

Viewed as a whole, then, the progress of the dressmaker's art, from its first *naïve* tentatives to its present elaborate achievements, appears

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to be a fairly reasonable process. Possibly at this present moment we are doomed to be overdressed, except when custom allows one sex to run to the other extreme. Yet nobody will dispute that our modern equipment, with all its drawbacks, is, on the whole, adapted to the general conditions of civilised life, and could not be exchanged for the simple and scanty attire of our ancestors.

And just as the development of dress under one aspect answers to growing material wants, so under another aspect it expresses the growth of the intellectual and emotional nature of man; his sensibility to the charm of light, colour, and form; his perception of the harmonious and appropriate, the decent, and so on. The art of dress is not something apart from the whole social life, but is organically connected with it by numerous nerve-like filaments. No considerable change in the æsthetic or moral feelings of a community has been without its effect on dress; and the history of costume in its main features is one index to the growth of a people's manners, ideas, and emotions.

Naturalists have familiarised us with the idea that the development of the individual follows the lines of the development of the race, and may, indeed, be regarded as a condensed narrative of this. The same thing will be found to hold good to some extent with respect to dress. The nineteenth-century infant is not, indeed, left in the condition of primitive man with his one meagre garment. Yet in the simplicity of its costume it forcibly suggests the earlier homogeneous style of apparel. The individual takes to separate coverings for different parts of the body only when the functions of life increase and locomotion becomes the most important of his experiences. So, too, on its moral and æsthetic side, the dress of infancy and childhood illustrates the growing mental development of the individual and of the race. The comparative innocence and *naïveté* of primitive man is reflected in the infant, and hence we accord to it the same liberties with respect to dress. So, again, the pink or blue bow of the first year or two exactly answers to the rudimentary æsthetic sensibility of this period of individual existence, and of the corresponding stage of racial development.

The aim of the present paper has been to prove that the past history of dress has its *rationale* and its causes. No attempt has been made to consider the subject of dress on its practical side. It is no doubt always a great step to take to pass from what is to what ought to be. Yet if, as we have been trying to prove, the past movements in the development of dress have arisen out of natural and rational feelings and desires, it may be possible, after our examination of these impulses, to construct a rough ideal of dress for the future, which shall satisfy the ends of utility and beauty alike.

J. S.

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Lord Macaulay and Dr. Johnson's Wife.

It is certainly strange that in the Life of Lord Macaulay we are nowhere told how he received Mr. Carlyle's article on Boswell. He must, of course, have seen that to no small extent it was meant as an answer to his famous essay in the *Edinburgh Review*. He must, we should feel sure, have written about it, and written strongly, too, in his letters to his sisters and friends. In the Life of Johnson that he wrote many years later for the *Encyclopædia Britannica* we can trace, unless we are greatly mistaken, certain effects of this literary strife. He no more answers Mr. Carlyle directly by name than Falstaff answered the Chief Justice; but he might, when he had finished his biography, equally well with Falstaff, have exclaimed, "This is the right fencing grace; tap for tap, and so part fair." Mr. Carlyle, in writing of Johnson's wife, had said: "Johnson's marriage with the good widow Porter has been treated with ridicule by many mortals, who apparently had no understanding thereof. . . . In the kind widow's love and pity for him, in Johnson's love and gratitude, there is actually no matter for ridicule." "No matter for ridicule!" we can imagine Macaulay crying out. "I will make the marriage more ridiculous than ever." He certainly set to work in good earnest to make both Johnson and his wife seem as absurd as possible. He was not afraid of Mr. Carlyle's charge of want of understanding. Others had chastised with whips, but he would chastise with scorpions. Here, then, we have two of the greatest writers of this century altogether at variance about the marriage of one of the greatest writers of last century. Johnson himself certainly saw nothing ridiculous in his marriage. Mr. Carlyle also sees nothing ridiculous. Macaulay, perhaps with more than the usual confidence of a bachelor, finds in it nothing but food for laughter and amazement. Perhaps modesty ought to lead us to say,

Non nostrum inter vos tantas componere lites.

Nevertheless, the question is not an uninteresting one; the materials on which to found a judgment are few and open to all, and a final decision seems possible. Macaulay says:—

"While leading this vagrant and miserable life, Johnson fell in love. The object of his passion was Mrs. Elizabeth Porter, a widow who had children as old as himself. To ordinary spectators the lady appeared to be a short, fat, coarse woman, painted half an inch thick, dressed in gaudy colours, and fond of exhibiting provincial airs and graces, which were not exactly those of the Queensberrys and Lepels. To Johnson, however,

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whose passions were strong, whose eyesight was too weak to distinguish ceruse from natural bloom, and who had seldom or never been in the same room with a woman of real fashion, his Titty, as he called her, was the most beautiful, graceful, and accomplished of her sex. That his admiration was unfeigned cannot be doubted, for she was as poor as himself. She accepted, with a readiness which did her little honour, the addresses of a suitor who might have been her son." Macaulay goes on to tell how Johnson set up a school. After asserting that Johnson himself was unfit for the life of a schoolmaster, he adds: "Nor was the tawdry, painted grandmother whom he called his Titty well qualified to make provision for the comfort of young gentlemen. David Garrick, who was one of the pupils, used, many years later, to throw the best company of London into convulsions of laughter by mimicking the endearments of this extraordinary pair." Some pages further on, in describing Mrs. Johnson's death, he says: "Many people had been surprised to see a man of his genius and learning stooping to every drudgery, and denying himself almost every comfort, for the purpose of supplying a silly, affected old woman with superfluities, which she accepted with but little gratitude."

Assuming for the moment that Mrs. Porter was such as Macaulay describes her; assuming, also, that Johnson in his wooing and the seventeen years of his married life never discovered that her charms, such as they were, were due to art, it most certainly was not his eyesight that was at fault. It is strange how any one so well read in his Boswell as Macaulay most certainly was, could have maintained that Johnson's eyesight was too weak to distinguish ceruse from natural bloom. There was, no doubt, some great defect in Johnson's sight. Our belief is that he could not see things at a glance, but that if time were given him he could distinguish clearly enough. At all events, when he was a young man, and in good health, he could tell the hour by the town clock of Lichfield. Boswell records it was wonderful how accurate his observation of visual objects was, notwithstanding his imperfect eyesight, owing to a habit of attention. Moreover, it was noticed that so far from being indifferent to the appearance and the dress of ladies, he was, on the contrary, most observant. "The ladies with whom he was acquainted agree that no man was more nicely and minutely critical in the elegance of female dress." Miss Burney says just the same. "It seems," she writes, "he always speaks his mind concerning the dress of ladies; and all ladies who are here (*i.e.* at Streatham) obey his injunctions implicitly, and alter whatever he disapproves. . . . Notwithstanding he is sometimes so absent, and always so near-sighted, he scrutinises into every part of almost everybody's appearance." In another part of her diary she writes: "I believe his blindness is as much the effect of absence as of infirmity, for he sees wonderfully at times." Madame Piozzi's testimony more than bears this out. "No accidental position of a riband," she says, "escaped him, so nice was his observation, and so rigorous his

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demands of propriety." She tells how "a lady whose accomplishments he never denied (Mrs. Montagu, we believe), came to our house one day covered with diamonds, feathers, &c., and he did not seem inclined to chat with her as usual. I asked him why, when the company was gone. 'Why, her head looked so like that of a woman who shows puppets,' said he, 'and her voice so confirmed the fancy, that I could not bear her to-day; when she wears a large cap I can talk to her.'" In fact there is good evidence that he had in his early days interfered with his wife as much as at Streatham he interfered with Mrs. Thrale and her guests. He once told Mrs. Thrale "that Mrs. Johnson's hair was eminently beautiful—quite *blonde*, like that of a baby; but that she fretted about the colour, and was always desirous to dye it black, which he very judiciously hindered her from doing." It is abundantly clear then that, if Mrs. Johnson was the tawdry, painted grandmother that Macaulay describes, Johnson, so far as his eyesight went, would not long have been deceived by her ceruse. If he was blind, it was the blindness of a lover.

But is the picture that Macaulay draws correct? Has he not himself laid on the colour thickly, and added ceruse where, perhaps, there was already ceruse enough? What are the authorities to which he has had access? None of Johnson's biographers had ever seen the lady. All the descriptions, therefore, that we have of her are secondhand, except, indeed, a few passages in which Johnson himself has described her. What is known of her, however, is chiefly from the anecdotes he told about her, and from the accounts given of her to the various biographers by her daughter, Miss Porter, by Garrick, Hector, Hawkesworth, blind Miss Williams, Mrs. Desmoulins, and old Mr. Levett. She belonged to an old county family. In the register of her birth her father is entered Esquire, at a time, too, when this title was not lightly given. Johnson on her tombstone describes her as "Antiquâ Jarvisiorum gente orta." Her family had once possessed nearly the whole lordship of Great Peatling (about 2,000 acres), in Leicestershire. She was born in February, 1689. She had married a mercer at Birmingham, named Porter. When Johnson made her acquaintance her husband was still living. He had an opportunity, therefore, of studying her character at a time when he could never have dreamt of marrying her. Nor in all likelihood was his judgment about women so untrained as Macaulay says. Likely enough he "had seldom or never been in the same room with a woman of real fashion." We may, in passing, raise a doubt whether the son of a country tradesman, who had inherited from his father just twenty pounds, and who had to make his way in life, would have been guided in his choice of a wife by the sight even of half a score of women of fashion. However, he had, as we know, from his earliest years always met with "a kind reception in the best families at Lichfield." Among his friends he reckoned his godfather, Dr. Swinfen, who is described as being a gentleman of landed property; Mr. Levett, another gentleman of fortune; Captain Garrick, the father of the great actor; Mr. Howard, a proctor in the

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Ecclesiastical Court; and Mr. Walmesley, the registrar. Mr. Walmesley's father had been chancellor of the diocese and member for the city. "In most of these families," writes Boswell, "he was in the company of ladies—particularly at Mr. Walmesley's, whose wife and sisters-in-law, daughters of a baronet, were remarkable for good breeding." Johnson was not likely ever in life to have to do with the Queensberrys and Lepels. It mattered little to him, therefore, what might be their airs and graces. But provincial airs and graces—the airs and graces, that is to say, which as much became ladies who spent their whole life in the country, as courtly airs and graces became the ladies of St. James's—were surely not unknown to him.

But it may be urged we are making the case still worse. If Johnson was not half blind; if he had mixed with ladies of birth and breeding, how great must the infatuation have been which led him to marry a tawdry, painted grandmother! We must first ask that it shall be settled at what age a woman who has no grandchildren is properly called a grandmother. Mrs. Johnson was forty-six at the date of her second marriage. She was born in February 1689, and was married in July 1735.[1] Her case is certainly somewhat hard. She was but a year beyond the age of the Duchess of Cleveland, when that famous beauty is described by Macaulay as "no longer young, but still retaining some traces of that superb and voluptuous loveliness which twenty years before overcame the hearts of all men." Does the widow of a duke, we may fairly ask, become a grandmother at the age of forty-six as well as the widow of a mercer? Johnson himself was on his marriage day two months short of twenty-six. The difference in age was certainly great enough, but surely not so great as to justify Macaulay's rhetoric. Neither is it true, we believe, that she had children as old as himself. There are only two children of whom anything certain seems to be known. Her daughter Lucy was six years younger than Johnson. "She reverenced him," writes Boswell, "and he had a parental tenderness for her." Lucy had a brother who became a captain in the Royal Navy. He was, we believe, more than two years her junior, and, therefore, eight years younger than Johnson.[2]

Doubtless long before Mrs. Johnson's death the difference of years between her and her husband had become far more strongly marked. As she had fallen away in looks, so had he improved. Miss Porter told Boswell that "when Johnson was first introduced to her mother his

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[1] That she was married in 1735, and not in 1736, as commonly stated, is proved by a passage in *Prayers and Meditations*, page 210, where Johnson records, "We were married almost seventeen years." She died in March 1752.

[2] In the registry of the parish church of Birmingham is recorded the birth of Jarvis Henry Porter, son of Henry Porter, of Edgbaston, on January 29, 1717 (1718 new style). The birth of a daughter is recorded on March 21, 1707. She must, we believe, have died before Johnson's marriage, for no mention is made of her. So far as this registry shows, no other son was born. For this extract we are indebted to the kindness of the rector, Canon Wilkinson.

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appearance was very forbidding; he was then lean and lank, so that his immense structure of bones was hideously striking to the eye, and the scars of the scrofula were deeply visible." There may be some exaggeration in this description; but, on the other hand, is there not every reason to believe that the portrait that Garrick has drawn of the wife is equally overcharged? For "the ordinary spectators," of whom Macaulay writes with such confidence, are found, so far at least as our discovery has extended, to be Garrick, and no one but Garrick. He alone, with the exception of Miss Porter, of those who knew Mrs. Johnson at the time of her marriage, has left any account of her personal appearance. The picture that he draws is certainly repulsive enough. "Mr. Garrick described her to me," writes Boswell, "as very fat, with a bosom of more than ordinary protuberance, with swelled cheeks, of a florid red produced by thick painting, and increased by the liberal use of cordials; flaring and fantastic in her dress, and affected both in her speech and her general behaviour. I have seen Garrick exhibit her, by his exquisite talent of mimicry, so as to excite the heartiest bursts of laughter; but he probably, as is the case in all such representations, considerably aggravated the picture." Madame Piozzi says that "Garrick told Mrs. Thrale that she was a little, painted puppet, of no value at all, and quite disguised with affectation, full of odd airs of rural elegance; and he made out some comical scenes by mimicking her in a dialogue he pretended to have overheard. I do not know whether he meant such stuff to be believed or no, it was so comical." Macaulay, it may be noticed, has combined the two portraits. The fatness and coarseness he gets from Boswell, the shortness from Madame Piozzi. Yet "a little, painted puppet" and "a short, fat, coarse woman" do not seem to be well applied to the same person. Be that as it may, it is worth notice that there is nothing that fixes the date of Garrick's description. Is he speaking of her as she was when Johnson wooed her, or as she was after many years of married life? The chief reproach thrown by Macaulay on Johnson was that he was so blinded as to fall in love with a short, fat, coarse woman, painted half an inch thick—a tawdry, painted grandmother. What proof have we that Mrs. Elizabeth Porter, the widow of forty-six, was such a woman? It may well be doubted whether Garrick's description, even when applied to her later years, is not a gross exaggeration. Percy, the Bishop of Dromore, has added a warning, which Macaulay should scarcely have so totally disregarded. "As Johnson," he says, "kept Garrick much in awe when present, David, when his back was turned, repaid the restraint with ridicule of him and his Dulcinea, which should be read with great abatement." Mrs. Thrale saw a picture of her at Lichfield, which was, she says, very pretty, and her daughter, Miss Lucy Porter, said it was like. Whatever may have been her appearance, "the lover," says Macaulay, "continued to be under the illusions of the wedding day till the lady died in her sixty-fourth year. On her monument he placed an inscription extolling the charms of her person and of her manners." But

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may not a pretty woman, who outlives her prettiness, be fairly described on her tombstone as *formosa*? Would it have been wrong on their monuments to call Marlborough gallant or Swift learned, because from the eyes of one the streams of dotage flowed, and the other expired a driveller and a show? Johnson might well have discovered that his wife had lost her charms, for all that the epitaph he placed over her shows. Besides, as he himself said, "in lapidary inscriptions a man is not upon oath."

He was not, indeed, the man to form romantic notions, nor to find in every goose a swan. His conduct to his wife on their marriage day shows clearly enough that that "homely wisdom," for which Macaulay praises him, had by no means deserted him even in the passion of love. "She had read the old romances," he told Boswell, "and had got into her head the fantastical notion that a woman of spirit should use her lover like a dog. So, sir, at first she told me that I rode too fast, and she could not keep up with me; and, when I rode a little slower, she passed me, and complained that I lagged behind. I was not to be made the slave of caprice; and I resolved to begin as I meant to end. I therefore pushed on briskly, till I was fairly out of her sight. The road lay between two hedges, so I was sure she could not miss it; and I contrived that she should soon come up with me. When she did, I observed her to be in tears."

More than twenty years after his wife's death, when, on a visit to Birmingham, he had met his first love, Mrs. Careless, he said to Boswell, who had accompanied him, "If I had married her it might have been as happy for me." The following conversation then passed:—

Boswell.—Pray, sir, do you not suppose that there are fifty women in the world, with any one of whom a man may be as happy as with any one woman in particular?

Johnson.—Ay, sir; fifty thousand.

Boswell.—Then, sir, you are not of opinion with some who imagine that certain men and certain women are made for each other; and that they cannot be happy if they miss their counterparts?

Johnson.—To be sure not, sir. I believe marriages would in general be as happy, and often more so, if they were all made by the Lord Chancellor, upon a due consideration of the characters and circumstances, without the parties having any choice in the matter.

If we should set aside the great difference in their ages, Mrs. Johnson would seem to have had qualities which made her no unsuitable companion for Johnson. Boswell says: "She must have had a superiority of understanding and talents, as she certainly inspired him with more than ordinary passion." She could, at all events, understand and admire his genius. The first time she met him and heard him talk, she said to her daughter, "This is the most sensible man that I ever saw in my life." Miss Williams, who knew her well, and who was herself a woman of great intelligence, says that "she had a good understanding and great sensibility, but was inclined to be satirical." Johnson told

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Mrs. Thrale that "his wife read comedy better than anybody he ever heard; in tragedy she mouthed too much." In a passage in Boswell we have proof of her enjoyment of literature. "Johnson," he writes, "told me, with an amiable fondness, a little pleasing circumstance relative to this work (the *Rambler*). Mrs. Johnson, in whose judgment and taste he had great confidence, said to him, after a few numbers had come out, 'I thought very well of you before; but I did not imagine you could have written anything equal to this.' Distant praise, from whatever quarter, is not so delightful as that of a wife whom a man loves and esteems." Could Boswell, we may with some reason ask, have written this if he had known that Johnson's wife was the "silly, affected old woman" of Macaulay's imagination? In the sermon that Johnson wrote for her funeral, and which he had hoped his friend Dr. Taylor would preach, we have proof of the powers of her mind. However much he might have been deceived by her appearance, most certainly he could not have lived with her for nearly seventeen years without forming a just estimate of her mind. In a funeral sermon, no doubt, as in lapidary inscriptions, a man is not upon oath. Nevertheless, even if we make considerable deduction for exaggeration, there is much that remains. He writes of her as one "whom many, who now hear me, have known, and whom none, who were capable of distinguishing either moral or intellectual excellence, could know without esteem or tenderness. To praise the extent of her knowledge, the acuteness of her wit, the accuracy of her judgment, the force of her sentiments, or the elegance of her expression would ill suit with the occasion."

Macaulay says that it cannot be doubted that Johnson's admiration for the widow was unfeigned, for she was as poor as himself. This statement about her poverty it is not easy to accept. Boswell, indeed, says that the marriage was a very imprudent scheme, both on account of their disparity of years and her want of fortune. Miss Williams also states that Mr. Porter had died insolvent; but Miss Williams did not make the acquaintance of the Johnsons till many years after their marriage, and so in this point she might have been mistaken. Hawkins says that she was left "so provided for, as made a match with her to a man in Johnson's circumstances desirable. . . . Her fortune, which is conjectured to have been about eight hundred pounds, placed him in a state of affluence to which before he had been a stranger." It is difficult to believe that she had not some money. Johnson records, in July 1732, that he had received twenty pounds, being all that he had reason to hope for out of his father's effects previous to his mother's death. He had since that time earned five guineas by his translation of Lobo's *Voyage to Abyssinia*. He had, moreover, held at least one situation as usher in the grammar school of Market Bosworth, and at the same time had been a kind of domestic chaplain to the patron of the school. This situation he recollected all his life afterwards with the strongest aversion, and even a degree of horror. For six months of the

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time he had been the guest of his old schoolfellow, Mr. Hector. In 1735 he married, and either that year or the next he hired a large house, and set up a school. He had but three pupils according to Boswell. Hawkins gives him a few more. "His numbers," he says, "at no time exceeded eight, and of those not all were boarders." After a year and a half he gave up school-keeping, and went to London. "He had a little money when he came to town," says Boswell. As he left his wife at Lichfield, we may feel sure that he did not leave her without making some provision for her. The school could scarcely have paid its expenses. Certainly it could not have returned him the outlay on the furniture, much less have provided him with any surplus. It is difficult to see how the newly married couple lived for almost the first three years of their married life, unless Mrs. Johnson had some money of her own.

Whether Mrs. Johnson had money or not, we know not what justification Macaulay has for asserting: "Nor was the tawdry, painted grandmother, whom he called his Titty, well qualified to make provision for the comfort of young gentlemen." It was not, by the way, Titty, but Tetty, that Johnson called his wife. Tetty, as Boswell says, like Betty, is provincially used as a contraction for Elizabeth, her Christian name. Macaulay, apparently in confirmation of his assertion, then tells how "Garrick used to throw the best company of London into convulsions of laughter by mimicking the endearments of this extraordinary pair." Garrick's mimicry no more proved that the wife was not well qualified to make provision for the comfort of young gentlemen than that the husband was not well qualified to write his Dictionary. She had certainly one of the qualities which are commonly thought to be the marks of a good housewife. "My wife," said Johnson to Mrs. Thrale, "had a particular reverence for cleanliness, and desired the praise of neatness in her dress and furniture, as many ladies do, till they become troublesome to their best friends, slaves to their own besoms, and only sigh for the hour of sweeping their husbands out of the house as dirt and useless lumber. A clean floor is *so* comfortable, she would say sometimes by way of twitting; till at last I told her that I thought we had had talk enough about the *floor;* we would now have a touch at the *ceiling*."

It is certainly surprising, seeing that Mrs. Johnson lived in London fourteen or fifteen years, that what is known of her is really so little. Not much, however, is known of Johnson during this same period. One of his biographers, Sir John Hawkins, had made his acquaintance before his wife's death, but her he had never seen. He had been told "by Mr. Garrick, Dr. Hawkesworth, and others that there was somewhat crazy in the behaviour of them both; profound respect on his part, and the airs of an antiquated beauty on hers." He goes on to say: "Johnson had not then been used to the company of women, and nothing but his conversation rendered him tolerable among them; it was, therefore,

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necessary that he should practise his best manners to one, whom, as she was descended from an ancient family, and had brought him a fortune, he thought his superior." Out of Hawkins's simple statement that Johnson had not been used to the company of women, have, perhaps, grown "the woman of real fashion" of Macaulay, "the Queensberrys and Lepels." Hawkins's explanation of any part of Johnson's conduct is worth nothing. That "most unclubable man" who, as Johnson himself said, was penurious and mean, and had a degree of brutality and a tendency to savageness that could not easily be defended, was utterly unfit to understand the character of a great man. His statements of facts, however, may perhaps be generally accepted, if they are not improbable in themselves, and if there is no evidence to the contrary. In the present case we see no reason to doubt that he has correctly reported what Garrick and Hawkesworth had told him.

Of the closing years of Mrs. Johnson's life we know next to nothing. "The last *Rambler*," says Macaulay, "was written in a sad and gloomy hour. Mrs. Johnson had been given over by the physicians. Three days later she died. She left her husband almost broken-hearted." And then Macaulay adds, in a passage that we have already quoted: "Many people had been surprised to see a man of his genius and learning stooping to every drudgery, and denying himself almost every comfort, for the purpose of supplying a silly, affected old woman with superfluities, which she accepted with but little gratitude." Who are the many people of whom Macaulay speaks we are not able to say. We know but one authority for the statement. "I have been told by Mrs. Desmoulins," writes Boswell, "who, before her marriage, lived for some time with Mrs. Johnson at Hampstead, that she indulged herself in country air and nice living at an unsuitable expense, while her husband was drudging in the smoke of London." This may be the case, but the evidence of Mrs. Desmoulins against another woman should be received with caution. That she was a good hater is very clear from more than one of Johnson's letters. Old Mr. Levett had also known Mrs. Johnson, but only in her later years. "The intelligence I gained of her from him," writes Madame Piozzi, "was only perpetual illness and perpetual opium." That she had suffered long and suffered patiently is shown by Johnson's sermon. "She passed," he wrote, "through many months of languor, weakness, and decay, without a single murmur of impatience, and often expressed her adoration of that mercy which granted her so long time for recollection and penitence."

G. B. H.

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The Burmese.

THE Burmese are in danger of getting a bad name from the fact that whenever Burma is spoken of the ordinary English mind forthwith calls up a vision of Theebau and his massacres, or of the unscrupulous machinations and endless bickerings of the Kinwoon Mingyee, and the rest of the ministry. But if it can once be shown that Theebau, though the most prominent, is far indeed from being a sample Burman, and that the delight of the Burmese ministers in chicanery and scheming is not by any means a national trait, then the horrors which Theebau has perpetrated will have done good service in directing European attention to one of the most loveable nations in the east, and one which has been hitherto but little known. It is really not long since the British public has found out where Burma is. A few years ago a young civilian, home on leave, mentioned, at a dinner-party, that he had come from Burma. "Ah! Burma. Yes?" said one M.P. "I had a nephew who was in Burma, only he always used to call it Bermuda." We are far from meaning to assert that the latter-day member of Parliament is by any means to be taken as a specimen of the average British intelligence or information, but this individual was very little worse than his neighbours in this particular case. The general idea used to be that Burma was "somewhere in India." When Canon Titcomb received his D.D. degree at Cambridge, on appointment to the Bishopric of Rangoon, the Public Orator specified Burma as lying *intimo Orientalis sinu*, which may be taken to be a classical rendering of the expression "somewhere in India." The phrase would not be so far wrong, if it did not convey the idea that there is some connection between India and Burma further than mere contiguity and subordination to the general Indian Government, than which nothing can be more misleading. Apart from the sufficiently known fact that the natives of India and Burma belong to entirely different stocks of the human race, there is in addition a complete diversity in temperament as well as in manners and customs. You will find very few Englishmen who have not got an instinctive aversion for the ordinary native of India, the Madrasi or Bengali. They have a sneaking, fawning way about them which almost involuntarily excites contempt and disgust, and their talk is ever of rupees, annas, and pie. The Burman, on the other hand, is a universal favourite, well spoken of equally by the freshest griff, ten days landed, and by the oldest Anglo-Burman, who has spent the best years of his life in the country. And yet, if you want a clerk to do your work, or a servant to attend on you,

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a Burman is the last man you would engage. You would take on a saponaceous Bengali Baboo, or a servile abject Madrasi Ramasammy. Therein lies the great fault of the Burmans and the failing which will prevent them from ever taking a prominent place even among Eastern nations. They have no capacity for sustained work. In intellectual capacity they are probably superior to the plodding Madrasi, but they entirely lack perseverance. In the schools of Burma where the two races mingle together, the Burman usually beats his more swarthy competitor, and even gets the better of the half-breeds, but when it comes to the real work of life he drops behind, pumped out. Abdul Mahomed, or the irrepressible Celestial, Ah Gwan, gets to be head of the clerks in the office, while Moung Hpo is thinking of applying for a new situation on the same terms as he got when he first left school. This want of stamina, if I may call it so, is fatal, and seems ineradicable. It is the more to be regretted because most Englishmen can, and do, make companions of the Burmese, which is possible with but very few natives of India. If you swear at a Burman or speak harshly to him, he will listen perfectly respectfully to you and make no answer, but he will pack up his things and be off forthwith, while his pride will hinder him from demanding any back pay that may be due to him. A Madrasi, even if wrongly abused, would simply call you his father, and his mother, and his aunt, defender of the poor and epitome of wisdom, and would take his change out of you in the bazaar accounts. A Burman will very rarely serve as a body servant, and when he does, must be treated more as a friend than anything else. If he likes you, he will do all your work and stick to you through thick and thin, but he will not endure being treated as a simple "boy." In these respects the Burman compares unfavourably with the black Aryan; in all else he is his superior. Some one with a taste for comparisons has called the Burmese "the Irish of the East." In their love of fun and rollicking they certainly resemble the finest peasantry in the world. A Burman is always ready to welcome a joke, and not unseldom is able to cap it, while nothing is so remarkable about the natives of India as their utter incapacity to appreciate wit or to recognise humour that is not of the broadest. The great similarities of sound in a tonic language like the Burmese give abundant opportunity for plays on words, and they are therefore very free in the use of the "basis of all wit," and every dramatic piece abounds in puns and plays on words. A native of India, it has often been noticed, cannot recognise the photographs or engravings of places or people he knows well, and the more illiterate will turn a picture upside down, and look at it sideways, and examine the back, in vain attempts to find out what it means. A Burman, on the contrary, not only delights in pictures and quickly recognises likenesses, but has ordinarily himself a very fair power of drawing, while even now the Mandalay and Henzadah wood and ivory carvers have a wide reputation and will doubtless soon become better

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known, as they certainly deserve to be, for bold, rough designing power. But it is most perhaps in a natural polished manner in which the Burmese excel all other Oriental nations. Perhaps there is no people in the world which is as a whole so thoroughly gentlemanlike as the Burmese. A man coming from India, and accustomed to the slavish crawling manner of the people there, is equally astonished and pleased with the respectful yet self-respecting demeanour of the Burmese. Their manner seems to acknowledge the superiority of the European, but at the same time gently to assert that they themselves are not unworthy of the courtesy which they are so willing to accord. Nor is this courteousness confined to the people of the large towns, who necessarily frequently come across Englishmen. You may ride into a remote village in the jungle, where, perhaps, there never has been a white man before, unless, may be, an assistant commissioner out on district work, or an inspector of police on the look-out for a criminal. You are all splashed with mud from a ride through jungle paths, your clothes ragged with the attacks of wait-a-bit thorns, and your general appearance would not be suggestive of respect to the inhabitants of an English hamlet. Your men with the provisions and change of clothes have not arrived yet, and there is nothing to show that you are not a simple loafer. No matter; the Burman only sees that you are tired and thirsty. One man takes your pony if you have one, and rubs it down and gives it a feed; another leads you off to his house and produces a chair or a mat for you to sit on, while he gets a cocoa-nut opened, or borrows a bottle of *Mah Kew Wan* (McEwen's Beer) for your delectation. Not until you have refreshed yourself does he ask where you come from and what your business is. By this time the head man of the village has heard of the stranger's arrival, and comes along to pay his respects and suggest that you should make use of his house, and in the evening he probably gets up a *Pwai*, a dramatic play or concert, in your honour. There is none of the staring and crowding round to see the unexpected visitor which would be sure to await you in an English country town. The Burmans have an instinctive feeling that it is unpleasant to you, and not only keep away themselves, but prevent the children from coming to gape. While you eat, the master of the house himself will stand in readiness and get you anything you may want, while the other members of the household go outside so that you may be entirely at your ease. The perfect freedom of the women, and the unconstrained way in which they answer your questions and ask others of you, is particularly pleasant to an Englishman and very different from the state of affairs which you would find in India. No Eastern nation gives its women such perfect freedom as the Burmese. The Burmese matron is virtual mistress of the house and does not permit male interference in domestic matters; while, to complete the similarity with Occidental nations, a henpecked husband is not by any means unknown. One of the most remarkable traits of the people is the perfect equality of all classes. They are perfectly republican in

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the freedom with which all ranks mingle together and talk with one another without any marked distinction in regard to difference of rank or wealth. One cause of this is that there are no regular working men. A Burman will tell you that there are three "castes" among his countrymen, *A-myat*, *A-lop*, and *A-yop*, meaning respectively the gentry, the middle class, and the working men, but the distinction is purely imaginary, and never openly recognised. Nobody works regularly. Now and then a man will get a job at building a house or some other carpentry work, or will hire himself out in the paddy season, but, as soon as he gets his first pay, he throws the business up, and is as good a man as any of them.

It is most astonishing how some of them live. There are men who have never done a stroke of work in their lives, and yet they go about in silks, and are as well set up as if they had a fixed income. Such a thing as a starving man is unknown in the country. Charity is a leading doctrine of the Buddhist faith, and people are generous to a fault. If a man cannot get dinner anywhere else, he has only to turn into the first monastery, and he will have enough and to spare, and not a question or a penny will be asked. Deserters from British regiments, and sailors who have left their ships, and the miscellaneous class of loafing blackguards who are a disgrace to the British name in the East, are never in want of a meal in the smallest Burmese village, and might stay for years, without ever being asked to do a hand's turn for their maintenance, as long as they do not get drunk and uproarious, which, as a matter of fact, they always do. Nevertheless, however badly his predecessor may have conducted himself, the loafer always meets with unfailing kindness, even though he asks for money, as some of them, lost to all sense of decency, are not ashamed to do. But money very few Burmans have. When a man makes a haul with a lucky contract, or judicious paddy speculation, he forthwith gets rid of his fortune. If it is a large sum, he probably builds a pagoda, or a *zayat*, or *tazoung*, a resting-house, or an image-house. Or if he cannot aspire to gaining so much merit towards a future existence, he gets an image of brass, or marble, and dedicates it with much solemnity and extensive feasting, or he gives promiscuous alms, and announces it all over the country side, in each instance disposing of what coin may remain by engaging a troop of actors and giving a *Pwai*. Then he is penniless and happy again. It is this sort of thing which promotes the friendly intercourse between all ranks, and obliterates class distinctions. They have entirely avoided the curse of Adam, and scout the necessity of earning bread with the sweat of their brow. What puzzles them most is the consideration how they can get the greatest possible amount of enjoyment with the least possible trouble. They can always muster a good dress. Even those inexplicable people who never do anything, come to you in a fine silk *putsoe*, the national petticoat-like waistcloth, and assure you, with woe-begone visage, that they are in the most heartrending depths of poverty.

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They do not ask for money. I never saw a Burmese beggar, except the poor lepers on the Pagoda steps. Their sole object in coming seems to be to relieve their feelings and excuse their laziness to themselves. You get them a clerkship, perhaps, and they keep it for a fortnight, and then resign, from sheer listlessness, and commence the old business over again. All the same, they are always in the most perfect good humour, and ready to take part in any fun that is going. Some years ago there was a great fire in Mandalay, which burnt down a large suburb. Some of the burnt-out families came, weeping and lamenting, to the Residency Chaplain, to tell of their misfortune. He promised to do what he could for them, and the same evening went along to see where they were going to put up for the night. To his astonishment he found the entire burnt-out population assembled together, looking at a play which was being performed on a stage, rigged up hastily among the charred posts of the houses, and greeting the jokes of the *Loobyet*, the clown of the piece, with as hearty laughter as if nothing whatever had happened. The case was about as good an example of Burmese *insouciance* as could well be found, and the reverend gentleman thereafter looked upon misery as a thing non-existent among the Burmese. In Upper Burma the people are much more cowed than those under our rule, and are entirely without the comforts and luxuries which our subjects have come to regard as necessities; but still they show a bold front, and enjoy themselves to the utmost of their means. One thing they are most particular about, and that is that nobody goes out without his follower. The poorest man has somebody to follow him, if it is only somebody else's little boy. He may not have a silk *putsoe*, will certainly not, rather, for the sumptuary laws in the royal city are exceedingly strict; but he would rather remain at home and starve than not have somebody to carry his cheruts after him.

The Burmese are an exceedingly superstitious people, and believe in good and evil spirits, and omens of all kinds, with a tenacity that not even conversion to Christianity will eradicate. One of the most curious is the belief that, according to the day of the week on which a man is born, so will his character be. Thus people born on Monday are jealous; on Tuesday, honest; Wednesday, quick-tempered, but soon calm again; Thursday, mild; Friday, talkative; Saturday, hot-tempered and quarrelsome; while Sunday's children will be parsimonious. The matter is rendered all the more serious, because a man gets his name from the day he was born on, without any reference to his father's appellation. He may change his name as much as he likes, as long as he does not change the initial letter of the essential portion. The letters of the alphabet are apportioned out to the days of the week in the following rough rhyme:—

KA, KHA, GA, GHA, NGA, TANINLA,
TSA, HTSA, ZA, ZHA, NYA, AINGA,
TA, HTA, DA, DHA, NA, BŌDDHAHU,

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PA, HPA, BA, BHA, MA, KYATHABADAY,
YA, YA (RA), WA, LA, THA, THOUKKYA,
HA, HLA, SANAY,
A, TANINGANOAY.

That is to say, children born on Monday have the initial letter of their names, K, KH, G, GH, or NG; *e.g. Moung, Gnway, Khine; i.e.* "Mr. Silver Sprig."

Those on Tuesday have the choice of TS (sounded almost exactly like S), HTS, Z, ZH, and NY; *e.g. Moung, Tsan, Nyoon; i.e.* "Mr. Beyond Comparison."

Wednesday's children have a double set of letters, each single sound having two letters to represent it: T, HT, D, HD, and N; *e.g. Moung, Bah, Htoo; i.e.* "Mr. Like His Father."

Thursday has the labials P, HP, B, HB, and M; *e.g. Moung, Hpo, Myah; i.e.* "Mr. Grandfather Emerald."

Friday is the last that has five letters: Y in two forms (one sounded R by the Arakanese and in Pali), W, L, and TH; *e.g. Moung, Shway, Than; i.e.* "Mr. Golden Trillion."

Saturday has two letters H, and the "great" L; *e.g. Moung, Hpo, Hla:* "Mr. Grandfather Pretty."

Sunday is as parsimonious in its letters as it is in the character of the people born on it. A is the only letter assigned to it, but the combination of the symbol of any other vowel changes it to the sound of that vowel; *e.g. Moung, Ohn,* "Mr. Cocoa Nut;" *Moung, Shway, Utt,* "Mr. Golden Needle."

Not only has every day got its proper letters, but each day has also a particular animal assigned to symbolise it, and candles are made in the forms of these animals, to be offered at the Pagoda by the pious. Monday is represented by a tiger; Tuesday, by a lion; Wednesday, by an elephant (with tusks); Thursday, by a rat; Friday, by a guinea-pig; Saturday, by a dragon; Sunday, by the kalon—a fabulous half-beast half-bird, guarding one of the terraces of Mount Meeru. From six in the morning till noon on Saturday is counted a special day, called *Yahu*, and is represented by a *Heing*, or tuskless elephant. The better class of Burmans, those whom they themselves would call *A-myat*, are very particular that if a boy has two names, the initial letter of each should be from the same class, as *Gnway, Khine. Hpo* or *Shway* may be applied to any one, the latter name being more especially a term of affection. *Moung* simply means Mister; *Moung Shway Than* might call himself indifferently *Moung Than, Hpo Than, Bah Than,* or *Shway Than,* or might add *Moung* to any one of these names. A Burman usually chops about his name a good deal during his life. He may begin by being called *Loogalay, Gnah,* literally, "the wee little man." When he gets a little older he probably gets called *Loogalay, Gyee; i.e.* "the big little man." Later, when he begins to think of his appearance, and look after the girls—and they commence that sort of thing very early in Burma—he

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probably calls himself *Hpo Loogalay*, or *Moung Loogalay*, "Mr. Little-man," or "Mr. Boy." Finally, when he reaches thirty-five or forty, he either re-adopts the original *Gneh*, and calls himself *Oo, Gneh; i.e.* "Old Wee," or "Small;" or *Oo, Loogalay*, "Old Boy." Besides these, there are any number of forms which might be added; indeed, the possible arrangements of any given Burman name would make a fair sum in Permutations and Combinations. The women's names are governed by the same laws as to the day of the week; and, with the exception of the substitution of *Ma* for *Moung*, are the same as the men's. They are particularly fond of offering up little *Nan, Ta, Gohn*, or prayer-flags at the Pagoda, with curious aspirations written on them. One says, "By the merit of this paper Wednesday's children will become strong;" another, "This paper is an offering for people born on any day of the week from Sunday to Saturday;" another equally philanthropic person, or perhaps, as being the parent of a large family, simply writes down the names of the days of the week. Another flag, written by some exclusive individual, asserts that "By means of this paper the offerer will be blessed by spirits and men;" and so on through a variety of hopes and fears.

The marriage tie is very loose among them. Eating out of the same dish is sufficient to solemnise the thing, and the parties can separate at any time by mutual consent, and may contract fresh alliances as soon as they please. And so it comes that a boy may have quite a lot of fathers and mothers all alive at once, and addressing him as son, perfectly amicably and without inspiring any sense of awkwardness or unpleasantness in the youth. Notwithstanding this looseness of the marriage tie, divorces, or separations rather, are far from being so common as might be expected. The Burmese are exceedingly kind to their wives; indeed, the warmth of family affection is one of the best traits of the people. Polygamy is not common, except among the rich; and there is always one who is regarded as the real wife, usually the one selected by the man's parents for him. Notwithstanding the dismal character of their religion, the Burmese are the most light-hearted people in the world, and except during the *Wa*—the three months of Lent—feasts and plays are constantly going on, and are attended by everybody, to the utter disregard of business. The plays usually begin shortly after dark, and last on till four or five the following morning. The performances are all free, some rich man, or the neighbourhood, paying the actors, and the spectators bring their mats along and sit and smoke, and fall asleep, and wake up again, and fall in with the progress of the play, with unfailing enthusiasm and interest. The acting, particularly that of the jester, is usually very good; but the dialogue, as a rule, is beyond the comprehension of most Englishmen, even those who have been longest in the country. The songs introduced every now and again are indeed understood by very few of the Burmans themselves, the words being chopped up and rhyming terminations added indiscriminately, so that, even with

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a book of the play, a moderately educated Burman will be unable to tell you more than the general drift of the thing. They are always exceedingly pleased when a European comes to look on, and produce chairs and cheruts, and pleasant drinks, in great profusion. It is on one of the great Pagoda feast days that they are seen at their best. Then it is difficult to say which sex is the more brightly dressed; the men with their brilliant turbans and gorgeous, costly silk *putsoes*, or the women with their gay neckerchiefs, snowy white jackets and *tameins*, or petticoats of endless pattern and striking contrast of colour. A blind man's idea of a chromotrope, if you can imagine such a thing, would best represent one's recollection of a great feast day such as the *Taboung Labyee, Pwai, Nay*, the annual festival held in the spring at the great *Shway Dagone* Pagoda in Rangoon. People come from all parts of Burma and Siam to visit this greatest of Buddhist shrines, and for three days the great platform swarms with pilgrims bent on pleasure quite as much as piety. European visitors are welcomed. The crowd parts to let them pass along, but with no sign of unseemly servility; the objects most worth seeing are pointed out to them; and if the stranger happens to speak Burmese, the first man he asks will be ready to spend half the day, if need be, taking him round to see the chief offerings and the most eminent of the visitors, fully repaid by his own sense of gratification at doing a kindly thing, and infinitely hurt by the offer of a gratuity. It is their natural kindness and that first of all qualifications for the title of gentleman, consideration for the feelings of others, which make the Burmese such general favourites with all who come across them.

SHWAY YOE.

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Decorative Decorations.

At first sight, the two words which I have put at the head of this paper look like an obvious tautology. All decorations, you will object, *must* necessarily be decorative. And yet, if I may judge by personal expeperience in most such English houses as have come under my notice, by far the larger part of our decorations are nothing of the sort. In fact, my purpose in writing this very article is just to put forward a plea for the use of decorative objects and designs in decoration: and to make my meaning quite clear, I will begin with two examples, one of either sort.

Here on the table before me stand a piece of French porcelain, and a small red oriental earthenware vase. The French porcelain is undoubtedly in its way a work of art. It is produced in very fine clay, made of the best artificial ground kaolin, and tempered with every addition known to the highest modern handicraft. As paste, it is technically perfect. Its grain is fine, white, and even: it is almost transparent to light; it is thin and delicate to the touch; and it rings, when struck, with a clear and resonant note to the ear. It has been moulded into a shape which, though a trifle complicated and wanting in simplicity of outline, is yet pretty and graceful enough after its coquettish Parisian fashion. True, the handles are a little more twisted and curled than I myself should care to have them; and the lip is broken a little more into curves and wriggles than I myself like it; and the natural sweep of the swelling neck and body is somewhat marred by a series of flutings and excrescences which I myself would prefer to remove. But on the whole it satisfies the average taste, and its form may be fairly accepted as a good specimen of the ornate style in keramic art. As for its colouring, it is really well managed, if we regard the vase as an object *per se*. There is a ground of a rich deep purplish hue; and there are knobs of creamy white, and handles of a good contrasting green; and in the middle there is a bunch of flowers, painted with great care and taste by an artist who ought not to be throwing away his skill upon such a trifle as this. He is one of the best Sèvres painters, and he has taken an amount of pains over these violets and cyclamens which is quite out of proportion to the result obtained.

That is a fair description of the porcelain vase, by itself. Now let me put it on the mantelshelf, and take a look at it for a moment as a decorative object. There can be no question that, from this point of view, the piece of porcelain is a total failure. It is pretty enough when you look closely into it; but at three yards' distance it is nothing at all. The colours are all jumbled together indistinguishably; the carefully painted bunch of flowers is quite lost; and the shape, obscured by its

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twists and twirls, becomes simply chaotic. There is no outline, no recognisable figure, no real harmony of colour, nothing but a shapeless desert of purple and green, with a whitish medallion, variegated by pink and blue patches, in its centre, which are vaguely recognised as meant for the bunch of violets and cyclamens aforesaid. As a decoration for a room this Sèvres vase is nowhere.

I turn next to the little bit of red oriental earthenware. It is made of common clay, and has not been moulded with all the care bestowed upon the French porcelain: but its outline is simple, graceful, and full of native taste. Its swelling bulb curves outward just where it ought to curve; while its slender neck contracts just where it ought to contract, and just to the right extent. Were it fuller below, it would be bulky and inflated; were it slighter above, it would be gawky and awkward; but as it is, it has hit exactly the right mean in tallness and slenderness, in breadth and depth. It has about it that nameless something, that indefinable tone of grace, which one finds in the best Roman amphoræ, the best Etruscan vases, the best Grecian beakers, the best pre-historic flasks and cruses. There are no jutting ornaments, no twisted handles or undulating lips; nothing but sympathetic curves, melting into one another without angularity or break of continuous contour. The whole figure has been moulded by a few turns of the wheel, and nothing has been added or altered afterwards. In colour it is uniform throughout, of a deep and full red, neither crude on one hand nor dull on the other. Its hue is entirely produced by a single vitreous glaze, a little flashed in the firing, but otherwise unvaried from end to end. Though comparatively dear in England now, because old and uncommon, I suppose it cost sixpence to make originally, while the Sèvres vase cost twenty guineas. In itself, as a work of art, it is a mere toy; no more comparable in technique to the bit of French porcelain than a blue-and-white teacup is comparable to a group of Greek maidens by Sir Frederick Leighton.

I put it on the mantelshelf, to stand out against the neutral background of the olive-green and blue-tinted wall-paper, and it becomes at once a different thing. I step back three paces into the room, to survey the effect, and I see at a glance that the oriental red *is* a decoration, while the European purple and green and cream-colour is *not*. The one stands out definite in hue and shade against the wall behind, showing off all the simple beauty it possesses to the very best advantage: the other merges into a confused mass of points and colours, having no individuality of its own, and wholly failing to compose an element in the picture as a whole. You could not enter the room without at once catching and comprehending the meaning of the little red vase: you must look at the piece of Sèvres porcelain with a close and critical eye before you begin to observe its good points. No doubt the Parisian product is a triumph of art in its own way; but it certainly is not a decorative decoration.

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These two examples typify very fairly what decoration actually is, and what it ought to be. Most people are quite content to look at any pretty thing they happen to see in a shop, and because it pleases them when so looked at, to buy it forthwith, never stopping to inquire what effect it will have as part of a room. That is the reason why most of our houses are mere rough and tumble collections of stray objects, pretty or otherwise, with very little idea of arrangement, and with no general or intelligible effect. It is seldom, indeed, that we enter a room which we can take in and comprehend as a whole at a single glance. Yet that ought to be the end and aim of all our decorative efforts, the object which we should keep in mind in furnishing our houses, so far as the desire to please or to ornament enters at all into our plan. Of course I admit that our first object must be to secure shelter, warmth, and air, to have beds, tables, chairs, and carpets; but in so much as we wish to make these pretty, and not merely and simply utilitarian, we should reasonably be guided by a sense of general effect, not of separate and individual prettiness. The rooms which most people most instinctively admire are those in which carpet, dado, paper, and ceiling make a harmonious and consistent framework, and in which chairs, tables, couches, beds, or decorations fall each into their proper place as parts of the general picture. Such a room as this needs no separate study of all its parts in order to see its prettiness; the eye takes it all in at once as a continuous and comprehensible whole, at a single sweep.

Many people say that this is a mere matter of taste: that one person will admire one style of room, while others admire the exact opposite. No doubt the objection is true up to a certain point; but I believe as a rule nine people out of ten will admire an artistically arranged and harmonious house, when they see it, far more than a mere scratch collection of odds and ends such as we usually find in the average English home. They may not have originality or æsthetic initiative enough to invent such a house for themselves; but the moment they are shown one which somebody else has had the wit to contrive, they are both surprised and delighted with it. I have known utter Philistines, like the Jones's of Cottonopolis, who said beforehand, "I'm sure I shan't admire Mr. Cimabue Jenkins's style; his taste is too high and dismal for me;" but when they have been to one of Mr. Cimabue Jenkins's "at-homes," they come away enchanted, saying to one another, "Well, Mrs. Jones, we shall sell all our old furniture, and do the house up again in that æsthetic fashion, as they call it, this very week."

I have a friend at Oxford whose rooms are perhaps the prettiest I ever saw. I have turned them into a sort of illustrative museum of domestic decoration by taking all my other friends to see them. Most of them say before they go, "I don't think I shall like them;" but all of them say when they come away, "I never saw anything so charming in my life." Look at the way in which everybody jumped at the new and really decorative styles in wall-papers, and textile fabrics for furni-

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ture, and good honest wooden tables, the moment a small group of artists began to design such things for them. I believe most people have not creativeness enough to make good patterns for themselves; but they have taste enough to know and admire a good pattern when they see it. You need not be a Mozart, or a Beethoven, or a Mendelssohn, in order to appreciate a Twelfth Mass or a Sonata in B flat.

In all our greater artistic work we, in Western Europe, have long recognised the fundamental principle that ornamentation must be subordinated to general effect, and that, however pretty a piece of detailed work may be in itself, it can only be admitted if it helps on, or at least does not detract from, the excellence of the whole. It is this that makes the main difference between oriental and western architecture. Look at the gorgeous Hindoo temples, or even at Mohammadan mosques, like the Taj at Agra. You will see in the eastern buildings whole sides of a quadrangle filled up with marble lattice-work, all fretted into minute and delicate lace-like patterns. This lattice-work is exquisite of its kind, and it produces a sense of high artistic pleasure even in the most cultivated mind. But if you stand back a little, and look at the various parts of the whole, you will see that the dainty tracery is quite lost in a general view. All that artistic labour has been expended, not on the principal constructive points of the building, but on the mere interspaces; and so it fails entirely of distant effect. On the other hand, look at the tower and doorway of Iffley Church. All the flat interspaces consist of plain unornamented stonework; but the arches of the portal are deeply recessed, and richly cut with dog-tooth mouldings; the windows are decorated with similar ornaments; the corners, the battlements, the string-courses are all marked with finer and more conspicuous detail. Here there is no waste of decoration where it will not be noticed; every piece of minute mason-work is expended upon some point of constructive importance, so that it helps us at once to grasp and comprehend the whole meaning and plan of the architect, without being distracted from the main purpose by petty and non-significant details.

This same principle can be applied to almost all buildings as a rough test of relative æsthetic development. The tiny Benares temples are most of them mere detail, and nothing else. They are each a simple chaos of admirable carving, without any general design at all. The Taj and the other best Mohammadan works of Agra and Delhi have very distinct and beautiful designs, and the chief architectural points are well brought out; but still a vast mass of the minor and intricate carving is lost in the general view, and only comes out when looked at piecemeal. The Parthenon and the Maison Carré of Nîmes represent the opposite pole; there only the constructive points are decorated, while the backgrounds are left quite plain. But the Hellenic model, if it fails at all, fails in its extreme simplicity, in the too great purity of its style, and the want of sufficient points of interest. Mediæval architecture combines the special beauties of each; it lavishes detailed decoration as

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freely as the Hindoos, but it restricts its richest work to the bringing out of the main design as rigidly as the Greeks. Lincoln Minster or Chartres will give one a good subject for comparison with the Taj on the one hand, and the Theseium on the other.

Again, contrast Milan with Salisbury Cathedral. It may seem shockingly irreverent to say so, but I have always fancied Milan, with all its wondrous spires and pinnacles and twirligigs, was, after all, but a glorified and idealized wedding-cake—the gorgeous dream of an artistic confectioner with a taste for building up that curious fret-work in white sugar and caramel which decorates the front window of the pastrycook's shop. It is the apotheosis of confectionery, no doubt; but I am compelled to admit, confectionery none the less. As you gaze up at it, or down upon it from its own top, you fail to get any one intelligent idea of its drift. However you take it, it remains a wilderness of stonework, reducing your mind to a maze and a haze, through which innumerable points and peaks loom up indistinguishably, and fade into others yet beyond them. On the other hand, go into the neat and green little close of Salisbury, take your stand at the north-west corner (or, for the matter of that, at any other point where the Dean and Chapter will permit you), and look up at the building in all its perfect unity and simplicity. To my mind, you will not find a more complete and self-contained cathedral in all Europe. It is not large, it is not even very notable in style, at least as far as peculiarities and technical *tours de force* go; but it forms a single beautiful picture, harmonious throughout, and bound together by the tie of a general conception to which all details have been duly subordinated. Peterborough is nothing but a west front with three magnificent doorways; Westminster Abbey is two fine but incongruous pieces of architecture, grafted inartistically upon one another: but Salisbury is a whole Cathedral, with a plan and a central idea, to be grasped at once by eye and mind as readily as a Hellenic temple, yet adorned with all the richness and variety of mediæval workmanship.

In our larger architectural and decorative schemes, as I said before, we have fully mastered this first principle of design—to have a notion and stick to it. It is only in our houses that we have failed to perceive its applicability. And I think we may set down the failure to two causes: the first is, undue ambition; the second is neglect of the principle of relief.

Ambition shows itself most in the desire for big pictures, good or bad, in heavy gilt frames, and for products of the very highest art, or where these cannot be afforded, travesties of them in coarse execution. Now, we ought never to forget that all pictorial art was in its origin purely decorative. The paintings on an Egyptian tomb or palace formed part of the architectural design; and we can get the best idea of their true import by visiting the admirable restorations at the Crystal Palace, where one can see the thorough subordination of the painter to the architect.

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The columns and capitals are covered with colour; so are the walls and interspaces: but all the figures and subjects fall into their proper place in the total design as a whole. In like manner with Assyrian bas-reliefs; they are architectural compositions, not isolated specimens of plastic art. The frescoes on a Pompeian villa, though freer in treatment, are similarly subordinated to the general decorative conception. It was the same in the early mediæval churches. They started from the Byzantine model, which we can still see represented in the style of the Greek church. Without moving from western Europe one may see excellent examples in the well-known Russian church in Paris, near the Parc Monceaux, in the memorial chapel to the Czarewitch at Nice, and in the little white building at Vevay, whose brand-new elegance contrasts not unpleasantly in a single *coup-d'œil* with the sombre grandeur of the heavy old tower of the parish church above. It is a striking enough style in its semi-barbaric way, with huge mosaic figures of conventionalised saints standing out in purple and green and violet against a massive background of solid gilding; and though it fatigues us with its glitter and grandeur, it is not without a gorgeous impressiveness of its own. From this purely decorative art, mediæval Italian painting took its rise; and though it grew more and more untrammelled with every generation from Cimabue onward, it remained essentially decorative till the Renaissance. Giotto or Ghirlandajo did not paint a picture and then sell it to anybody who turned up, to stick in anywhere, however incongruous the place might be; they undertook to embellish a particular church, and they painted particular square or semi-circular or corner-wise frescoes on the spot, for this, that, or the other individual nook or angle of the wall. Even the great Renaissance masters engaged themselves to cover a certain space of St. Peter's or the Vatican, and covered it with suitable designs accordingly. No doubt this was slavery for imitative art, but it had at least the result of making decoration truly decorative.

In process of time, however, as imitative art developed to its full freedom, it cast off entirely the trammels of its architectural and decorative uses. It became a thing-in-itself (not in the Kantian sense, of course), an end to be pursued apart from all idea of special purposes for the finished product. The man who got an inspiration, wrought it out on canvas as seemed to him fittest, and then left it to the purchaser to place it amid congruous or incongruous surroundings as he would. Such a change was absolutely necessary, if imitative art was ever to become perfect and individualised. Recognising, as we now do, that the truthful and exact representation of nature is, to say the least, one among the main ends of pictorial art, we must sacrifice to that end all the mere decorative prettinesses of broad and effective colouring, of mosaic-like gilding, and uniform backgrounds, of artificially symmetrical composition, of balanced figures and hues and shapes. Whether we are entirely realistic, or whether, on the other hand, we allow somewhat to individual idealism and "spiritual insight"—for into this vexed question I do not wish to

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enter here—we all agree that close fidelity to nature is one of the chief aims of painting; and that any mode of production which interferes with that aim must be promptly suppressed. Hence we all allow that it is best for our artists freely to choose their own subjects and represent them on their own scale, and in their own way; leaving the question of their ultimate destination to be settled at a later period by the person into whose possession the finished pictures may finally come.

This being so, we find ourselves face to face with a new difficulty; what is the best way of exhibiting, in public or private, the works of imitative art so produced as objects of intrinsic beauty? This difficulty could not, of course, crop up under the old system, where such works were produced as parts of a particular architectural whole; and though it seems rather far at first sight from the question of decorative decorations, I think a little consideration will show us its appositeness to the subject in hand.

Probably the ideally worst way of exhibiting pictures is that adopted in our Royal Academy, and in most galleries of painting, at home and abroad. Jumbled together in close proximity to one another, arranged for the most part according to size alone, with little reference to prevalent tone, subject, harmony, or contrast, and destitute of any background or relieving interspaces, the pictures become a mere waste of coloured canvas, separated by wearying masses of gilt frame. I believe the well-known Academy headache is just as much due to the intense and unbroken stimulation of red, blue, and yellow pigments, together with the dazzling effect of continuous gilding, as to the constrained position of the neck, the constant alteration of focus and muscular adjustment in the eyes, and the mental effort of passing so rapidly from one subject of attention to another. All these things not only weary our nerves, but also detract largely from our critical appreciation of the paintings. Of course a gilt frame throws up the colour of the picture better than anything else could do: but then, in order to produce its full effect, it requires to be isolated in the midst of a comparatively wide field of neutral or dark-tinted background, so that the picture may be viewed by itself, as it was painted, uninfluenced in tone by the interference of other and often discordant fields of colour, introducing fresh and perhaps disturbing sentiments into the mind. Accordingly, I believe that for our developed imitative art, divorced as it so largely is from decorative intent, the best mode of exhibition would be one apart from domestic adjuncts, and with each canvas in comparatively complete isolation against a studied background. As this, however, would defeat the object for which most persons buy pictures—as domestic decorations—I think the next best thing would be to subordinate the room as far as possible to the pictures, and to choose them as far as possible with an eye to their effect upon one another in juxtaposition. No doubt there are a few people who do this already; but the vast majority of picture-buyers are quite capable of hanging a

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Derby Day by Mr. Frith close to a Madonna by Mr. Rossetti, and putting both against a background which makes even the first unnecessarily annoying to the eye.

I have been good-humouredly laughed at by a friendly critic for proposing that you should turn out Turner and David Cox because they would not harmonise with your coal-scuttle. Now, though this is an extreme way of putting the case, I am not sure that it is wholly wrong. After all, it is better at any rate to make your coal-scuttle harmonise with your Turner, and then to abstain from buying a David Cox unless it will go well with both. If the picture is to be used as a household decoration, care should at any rate be taken that it is relatively decorative. But most people go to a gallery, see a thing that pleases them, buy it indiscriminately, and then put it somewhere where it loses in effect itself, and spoils the effect of everything else about it. It seems to me that in this way the ambition to have pictures of some sort, because they are the highest form of our developed art, has largely prevented our decoration from working into natural lines. And considering how very few people can afford really good pictures, I think it would be better for most, except the very wealthy, to confine themselves to the lower but more manageable design of planning their homes decoratively with good effect. Thousands who can neither understand nor afford Botticellis and Pinturiccios can do this and do it well; but their impulse has been set in the wrong direction, and they fail accordingly to produce anything æsthetic in any way.

So much for the first point, the dangers of ambition; now a few words as to the second, the neglect of the principle of relief.

Æsthetic pleasure seems to consist for the most part in the due intermixture of stimulation and rest. If there is no stimulation, there is no pleasure, but if the stimulation is too intense, sustained, and unbroken, the pleasure rapidly gives way to fatigue. In ordinary circumstances, however, we have abundant opportunities of relief in the general dull or neutral background. Hence, what we usually call pretty things are those which yield us considerable visual stimulation (for I am confining myself here to visual beauty alone) in lustre, colour, form, or detail. A glance at the commonly recognised beautiful objects in nature will show us the truth of this, for they are mostly such things as red, yellow, blue, pink, and orange flowers; ruddy fruits and berries; bright-coloured butterflies, beetles, birds, and animals; golden or other metallic plumes; crystals, gems, and brilliant stones; rainbows and sunset clouds; autumn hues on the forest; blue or purple seas; green fields, red crags, white chalk cliffs, dazzling skies, and so forth. On the other hand, we do not think of brown earth, dingy roads, overcast and gloomy skies, desert sands, or dull seas as *in themselves* pretty, though they may become so by some effect of contrast or sentiment. In fact, stimulation of colour, lustre, brilliancy, and light-and-shade forms the positive element of visual æsthetic feeling; whereas relief, or rest, gained by the intermedia-

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tion of duller or neutral backgrounds, forms only its negative or relative element.

Accordingly, we usually call stimulating objects pretty, and that is the common sense of the word in the mouths of all but a select artistic few. When average people want to buy anything, they naturally buy a "pretty" thing, and they buy everything "pretty" alike. They know the end they want to produce, but they mistake the means necessary to produce it. So they get a pretty white paper, with bright bunches of red and blue flowers; and a pretty piano with a piece of crimson silk facing let in behind its fretwork front; and a pretty carpet with green and orange spots; and a set of pretty chairs and couches, with light-blue satin coverings. They get still more colour in their curtains and wool-work cushions, while they lavish a sea of gilding on their mirrors and cornices, besides running a little gold over the mouldings of the door and round the baseboard of the room. Then they stick in a lot of chandeliers with cut-glass prisms and brilliants, a pair or so of glass and porcelain vases, an ormolu clock, and a few water-colours or family portraits in heavy gilt frames, with knobs and curls to bring out the gilding into full prominence. We can hardly wonder at them when we look at what greater authorities have done—at the jumbled mass of internal decoration in Exeter Cathedral, or at the glassy-looking, slippery, oily, over-polished, and glistening interior of the Albert Chapel at Windsor.

Now, the error of all this consists in its neglect of the principle of relief. In order to produce an æsthetic effect you must have, not only a few pretty things, but also, if I may be allowed the expression, a great many ugly or neutral things. You must not make your bouquet consist entirely of tuberose and gladiolus; you must intersperse a little green foliage as well. You must not paint your picture all crimson and purple; you must have a bit of brown hillside and cloudy sky. The great secret of internal decoration consists in making the background into a background, and allowing your pretty things to come out against it by contrast. That is why everybody, or almost everybody, prefers (when once they have seen it) a neutral or retiring wall-paper to a white and gold pattern interspersed with casual bunches of red and green. You don't want your paper to be pretty in the sense of stimulating; you want it to be restful, delicate, relieving. If you can make it rich in diapered fretwork as well, so much the better; but its first object must be to retire, not to obtrude itself on the eye. Then, having secured such a general background, your next object must be to choose such decorations as will show well against it. In short, while your relief should be relieving, your decorations should be decorative. It is not enough that they should be pretty separately, or when closely examined; they should be pretty then and there, as they stand, in conjunction with all their surroundings. It is the neglect of this condition which makes most of our rooms into a bedlam of conflicting objects; it is attention to it which alone can make them into harmonious and intelligible wholes.

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As a rule, a great deal too much labour is expended upon would-be ornamental products, and with very little artistic effect. Take, as a supreme and awful example, the old-fashioned Berlin wool-work. Look at all the time wasted in depicting and grounding those impossible bunches of patchwork roses, those ladies with square red blocks of woollen mosaic to represent their cheeks, those lap-dogs with lustreless eyes and rectangularly waving tails. Yet, incredible as it seems, human beings used to buy pieces of this work with the pattern already finished, and spend days in mechanically filling-in the black background. They paid work-girls for doing the only interesting part of the design, such as it was, to save themselves even the faint intellectual effort of counting the holes, and then contentedly reduced their individuality to the level of a steam power-loom, to cover the remainder of the canvas with uniform lines of black stitches. Happily, crewel-work has now saved one-half the British race from this depth of artistic degradation, and though they still buy their patterns ready traced, instead of honestly designing them for themselves, they do manage now to turn out something pretty in the end, and to make the result not wholly and ridiculously inadequate to the time spent over it. I have lately seen a beautiful brown-holland dado, one of the most effective bits of decoration that I ever saw for people of moderate means. It consisted of a plain wide strip of the simple material, unworked below, with a border about eighteen inches wide on top, worked in crewels with original designs of birds and water-plants, drawn in Japanese fashion, without reference to the artificial limits of the material. This piece of work was very rapidly wrought in outline merely, by a few deft-fingered girls, and yet it was fifty times more effective than a dozen antimacassars or table covers of the ordinary South Kensington type, which would have taken three times as long to make, and would not have had any of the spontaneity or originality of this pretty and clever dado.

Half our decorative work fails in just this same particular, that it lavishes labour without thinking of general effect. Vases are adorned with all kinds of quasi-ornamental knobs and excrescences, which take a great deal of time to make, and yet only succeed in spoiling the outline of what might otherwise have been a pretty form. Pictures are laboriously painted on porcelain or glass which would really look far better in uniform tints, or with simple parti-coloured glazes. Legs of chairs and tables are turned into alternate bulbs and contractions, when they would look much more solid and workmanlike with undecorated tapering or fluted stems. Chairs and sofas are contorted and agonised into the strangest wriggles, like dying serpents, all for the express purpose, apparently, of preventing their shape from being readily recognised by the eye in any position whatsoever. Mirrors are surmounted by curls and arabesques in gilt plaster of Paris, which generally mar the good effect of a simple square or canted rectangular frame. And all these curious uglifications—to borrow an expressive word from *Alice in Won-*

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derland—have been positively intended to beautify the objects upon which they are imposed. I have stood in a pottery or glass factory and actually seen a workman take a natural and pretty vase in its plastic condition, and spoil it before my very eyes by crimping the lip, gauffering the neck, and adding a pair of bastard rococo handles to the two sides.

It will be said, no doubt, that most people like these things; that the taste for simple decorative objects, for relief, and for quiet arrangement, is confined to a very small number of people. I can hardly think so ill myself of the average taste. No doubt, there are some people whose naturally strong and hearty nerves will enable them to stand so much stimulation as one gets in the ordinary blue and gold drawing-room, without fatigue. There is no more need to surround these strong-minded persons with decorations which they would never admire, than there is need to compel all curry-loving and devilled-meat-eating Indian colonels to forswear sherry and madeira, abandon kedgeree and red peppers, and take to drinking light hocks, eating *vol-au-vents* or smooth jellies, and smoking Turkish cigarettes after dinner, instead of their accustomed Havannas. But the vast majority of English people are really and unaffectedly charmed when they see a room prettily furnished, with due regard both to stimulation and relief. They allow at once that the effect is pleasant, and they are anxious to imitate it so far as they can. In most cases, the fact that their houses have been already furnished and decorated for them on the gilt mirror and blue satin principle, prevents them from adopting offhand the fashion they admire; but one often hears them say, "If ever I set up house afresh, I shall get all my things in this new style." Then again, there are others who like the old-fashioned glitter for association's sake, and find quiet papers and carpets "gloomy;" but these people often come round after a while, and learn to admire what at first they disliked. Only the other day, an old lady was looking with me into the windows of a good upholsterer's, and praising the pretty textile fabrics and the beautiful pottery displayed in tasteful black cabinets. "It takes some time," she said, "to acquire a taste for things of this sort; but when one has acquired it, they are so much more satisfying than the gilt absurdities we used to put into our rooms a few years ago." This is the feeling of thousands and thousands. They feel repelled at first by what they think the dulness and dinginess of restful backgrounds for decoration; but when they have learnt how to arrange them, and how to bring in those bits of colour and ornament for which the background is only a relief, they find the whole result a hundred times more satisfying than the old chaos of glitter and jingle. The astounding revolution in taste within the last ten years sufficiently shows that the world at large is delighted to be taught decorative principles when any one who understands them is willing to undertake the task.

G. A.

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Social Life amongst the Ancient Greeks.

As a schoolboy I had often longed—especially in school on hot summer afternoons—that I could only travel. And of all countries Greece interested me most. When at length I could indulge my wish I determined to visit ancient rather than modern Greece. One reason was that I knew the language better; another, that I believed I should see more Greeks.

I thought Syracuse a convenient place to start from. So I went there first, bought an outfit of the ancient fashion, purchased a slave (whom I immediately set free, without, of course, telling him so), and for a ridiculously small sum—only three drachmæ, I remember—took a passage in a ship bound for Athens with a cargo of wine and cheeses.

I left about the middle of March in the year 423 B.C. On landing at Piræus I found myself hemmed in by a swarm of men and heaps of merchandise, which made free movement difficult. The quays were cumbered with pottery for exportation, and ships were delivering cargoes of fine woollen stuffs and carpets, paper, glass, saltfish, corn, and ship timber. With sad interest I watched the loading also of a cargo of slaves. In the background were long lines of wharves and warehouses, shops, and bazaars, betokening a large and various commerce.

The delight of some of my fellow-passengers at setting foot on land was unbounded, and expressed itself in tears and laughter, and vows and thanksgivings to the gods. I also quietly congratulated myself; for the tales I had heard on board of pirates and kidnappers made me rather nervous when coasting; while the extremely deferential attitude of our skipper towards wind and waves inspired anything but confidence when in open sea.

On my way up to Athens I could not help reflecting what a happy arrangement it was of a seaport town to split and have the seaport four miles from the town. I was leaving behind me noise and roughness, the bustle and vulgarity of trade, the reckless riot of seafaring men, and escaping to a serener and purer air.

The day was closing as I reached the city. Never did I come so near to worshipping Athena as when I saw her glorious temple standing clear against the sky, and glowing in the saffron light of the setting sun. I had yet to become acquainted with the delicate beauty of the temple itself, and the marvels it contained. I saw but the crowned Acropolis, dominating city and plain, and could almost believe it was indeed the seat chosen of old and beloved by a goddess, who, touched by the devotion of a faithful people, had adopted the city laid submissively at her feet.

I bore a letter of introduction to an Athenian gentleman. I was

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told to expect from him the most generous hospitality, as he not merely accepted gladly the customary duties of a foreign friend, but was a man of wealth distinguished by public spirit. On my way to his house in the street of Tripods, I took my earliest impressions of the city. What struck me then most was its flatness. No spires, no towers, no pinnacles, no tall chimneys. The houses of the better class were not much higher than our garden walls, and almost as blank, for they had no ground-floor windows which looked into the street. The effect would have been both gloomy and unsocial, if the temples and public buildings had not made ample compensation in their number and splendour, and if open squares here and there had not relieved the sense of moroseness.

I did not know then that to an Athenian the whole city was his house, and his house merely his private room. From choice he lived in public; but still he loved seclusion for his family, if not for himself. The house I entered showed externally not a sign of the life within. But in an instant my knock was answered by a porter who dwelt just within the porch, and I found myself in a narrow hall. The porter handed me on to a servant, by his manner obviously a domestic-in-chief, who came forward at the moment, and led me in silence to the master.

My first impression of an Athenian gentleman at home was picturesque and pleasant. In a small room hung with pictorial tapestry, and lighted by a single lamp placed on a tripod near the door, was a low broad couch, of dark wood inlaid with ivory. On this, the white folds of his dress in striking contrast with the rich coverlets and the bright banded colours of the pillow he was resting on, lay a dark handsome man, of clear but sun-tanned complexion; and in front of him was standing a boy, with long black hair, whose lithe figure was well set off by a simple flannel tunic, belted round the waist with a red scarf. Close by him was a small low table, on which were a silver goblet and jug, and near them a small flute. This was the picture that met my eye as I entered; and from sounds which had met my ear as I neared the door it was plain that I had surprised a father delighting himself after dinner in his son's essays in music and recitation.

My host's ready smile told me, before he spoke, that I was expected and welcome. With a kiss and a friendly pat on the head he dismissed the lad, who, though from shyness he hardly ventured to look up, bowed low to me as he took up his flute and ran off. After the interchange of a few civilities, I was conducted to my quarters. Two guest-rooms were assigned me, both opening on a covered cloister which bordered—as did the dining-room I had left—on a square court, in the centre of which stood a rude, weather-worn statue of the tutelar deity of the family, facing an altar from which rose a tiny fountain of smoke. These rooms were very small, and had no other entrance for light than the doorway, which was closed only by a curtain. In one was a bedstead supporting a woollen mattress laid on girths, on which were lying loosely blankets of coloured wool. In the other was a chair, a stool, a cushion, and a

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lamp. This simple furniture was of singularly rich workmanship, and most graceful in design. I felt in luxury, though there were two or three articles absent which I was accustomed to require, one of which was certainly a table. It had been explained to me, by my friend to whom I owed this introduction, that being hospitably entertained at Athens would mean having separate rooms given me in the house, together with light, firing, and salt; that I might expect to be asked pretty frequently to the family dinner, and to receive from the family some occasional presents of wine, or fruit, or vegetables; but that I must cater for myself, and should enjoy entire liberty of action. This was exactly the position in which I found myself for some weeks, though my host, as time went on, asked permission to treat me more as a brother than as a guest. That evening I was summoned back to the dining-room, where supper had in the meantime been served on a light portable table. An hour was spent in conversation, and I went to my couch.

At daybreak I was aroused by the entrance of a slave bringing bread and wine, which he placed on a small table by the side of my bed. This I took as a hint to rise. I was fortunately in one of the few wealthy houses that could boast of a private bath, so that the desire towards the tub was pretty liberally met. I found my host up and carefully dressed. He had already been out to make a call on a friend, and was now ready for the usual morning walk. Before leaving England I had been told by Mr. Mahaffy, who had been in ancient Greece some time before, that I should find many ways of thought at Athens strikingly modern. I was reminded of this when my host, without a hint from me, or any knowledge whatever of my tastes, supposed as a matter of course that I should like to see the sights of Athens, the Pantheon, and the other temples and public buildings, and asked me if I cared for statues and paintings, and architecture. Under his guidance I had my first acquaintance with the masterpieces of Pheidias and Polygnotus. He was not learned in art, but he was proud of the glories of his city, and had a genuine delight in beauty.

He said he felt happier, more serene, more religious for having beautiful forms about him; and that the gods also were pleased to dwell in fair houses. He thought it showed a high wisdom in Pericles and Cimon to devote public money to such ornament, as Athens thereby gained a name amongst cities everywhere—his "everywhere" was rather limited perhaps—and her citizens must needs be elevated by the daily contemplation of what was fair and noble.

As, towards noon, we passed through the market-place on our way home, it was evident that others beside ourselves thought their morning's work to be over. The bankers were clearing their tables and locking their cash-boxes; stalls were being covered up from the heat and dust, and the market-people were already settling themselves in sheltered corners, to eat and drink, or to sleep.

Breakfast was awaiting our return; and I was not sorry to find it a

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substantial meal. Fresh fish, soup, vegetables, bread, cheese, fruit, and honey-cakes in succession were brought in; and there, lying beside them in the cool dark little dining-room, my host and I discussed the rival merits of the statues of Athena, compared the place of Assembly with the theatre of Dionysus, talked over the frescoes in the market-place and in the Propylæa, and forgot the glare and dust outside.

Breakfast over, it was hinted to me that sweet and healthful was the midday sleep. So I retired to my private quarters and fell in with Athenian custom.

After the siesta I was studying with grave attention the features of the tutelar of the house, whom I have before described as standing in the court, when my host approached from the inner part of the house, which I afterwards found to be a second court behind ours, where the women-folk dwelt apart. It was now late afternoon, and he proposed a stroll towards the Gymnasium. I had heard much of this national institution, and was glad to see it under such good escort. We turned our steps towards the Lyceum, our slaves of course in attendance. I need not describe the building, as we have all read Vitruvius. But I wish I could so describe the scene within that my readers might see it as distinctly as I can recall it. We Englishmen can understand well enough the interest of watching games in which we once excelled, and of looking on at feats of strength or skill which we used to practise. It comes natural, therefore, to us to imagine the middle-aged and elders of Athens often looking in to see their youngsters trained to manly vigour and activity. Up to eighteen years of age themselves had wrestled, and run, and boxed, and leaped, and thrown quoits with as much energy, I suppose, as we give to cricket, and rackets, and football. We do not all of us care to watch the feats of the gymnasium, for the reason that some of us were born in the pre-gymnastic age in England, and so cannot truly criticise them or enter into their spirit. Indeed we do not all set a high value on them; and many of us would prefer to see our sons handle a bat or an oar well, or ride well to hounds, or excel in skating, shooting, or any of our own sports. But given that we had *all* been trained in a regular course of athletics, and all our lives called them "thoroughly English," and that we were accustomed to think our national superiority due to our pre-eminence in such training, I suppose we might, if time had to be killed—as it always had to be at Athens in the afternoon—frequent a gymnasium daily, even when there was no match on. I was not surprised, therefore, to see groups of men all over the grounds, eagerly watching the jumping or the quoit-play, or the spear-hurling. Here and there two or three youngsters were practising by themselves apart, under no instructor. Where a crowd was, you knew that a contest of more than usual interest was going on.

That the lads were stripped for their exercise seemed suitable with the conditions. But the sight of them all oiled and sanded made a strange impression, as of animated terra-cotta statues.

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Colonnades for the accommodation of spectators were an obvious necessity, when few gentlemen wore hats of any kind, and the sun was strong. Stone or marble seats were ranged about, in the open air or under cover, in one of the many rooms, large and small, which opened out of the colonnades. Some of these benches were of that semicircular form which a talkative people would naturally hit upon, and which we see amongst ourselves in village inns, survivals of a time when the villagers met to talk, and "news much older than the ale went round," before men had invented the sociable custom of retiring apart each behind his newspaper.

I was certainly surprised at first to find so many people assembled there, and thought it must be a field-day, or a festival. But I soon found that all Athens men turned out in the afternoon as regularly as Oxford or Cambridge men. Indeed, the most striking feature of Athenian life was its leisure.

Business was over by noon. And as all outside work was done by slaves, and the shopkeepers were nearly all either freedmen or resident aliens, a large number of even the very poor Athenian citizens had the better part of their day free. And this produced a certain sedate and self-possessed bearing in them all. To walk fast or talk loud in the street was looked on as vulgar. Of indolence as the fruit of this *insouciance* there was plenty; but still the general level of intelligence and activity of mind was high enough to make indolence disreputable. They regarded their leisure as a mark of freedom and high privilege. This self-conceit had its disagreeable side, but I doubt if they were not the better for having time to call their own: especially as rich and poor at Athens shared the same amusements.

But to return to the Gymnasium. To all the youths under 18 it was a practice-ground that they attended regularly, the boys in charge of their slave servant, the elder fellows by themselves, though doubtless some of them disliked the grind, and preferred a quiet quail fight when they could get it on the sly. Full-grown men, who had not lost all taste for strong exercise, found there an opportunity of keeping up their muscle, or at least of taking a constitutional, with the luxury of a bath afterwards. To the citizen whose athletic days were quite over it was a lounge and a club.

This was my first introduction to society, and a very pleasant way of getting to know people I found it. My host was in his element. Being a man of position and a friendly man, with a strong interest in politics, and a liking for free and genial conversation, he thoroughly enjoyed this concourse of talkers. One would pull his cloak as he passed and tell him a bit of news; another in a low voice would ask his advice in a case of difficulty; a group of gentlemen as he approached would hail him, and make room for him on their bench, and draw him into their discussion.

They welcomed me amongst them with great politeness, explained to

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me everything that was going on, and asked many questions about the training of the youth in my country. As at that time athletics had not been introduced into schools or universities, I did what I could to exalt our national games. Football rather took their fancy, especially as I described it, as far as possible, in Homeric language. I did the same with a university boat-race, and the Derby, and had a very excited audience. I then rashly tried my hand on a cricket-match, and, I am afraid, effaced the excellent impression I had made of our national spirit and good sense. Perhaps, as it struck me afterwards, my constant mention of the eleven called up ludicrous associations;* but at all events they seemed to think that the whole story was meant as a joke, and just then a seedy-looking bystander, pouncing on my admission that we did not train our youth on any system, launched forth into an oration, and crowed over all foreigners for a good twenty minutes, and so got a crowd about us, which I was glad to escape from at the first opportunity. I heard afterwards that he was a rhetorician of the baser sort, looking out for pupils.

I would here remark on the excellence of our public school education, which could enable a foreigner like myself so easily to associate with cultivated Greeks. My only difficulty arose from my having read so much Greek literature of a later date than the time of my visit. I often detected a pleasant smile at my use of a word from the later poets or orators; and I was frequently obliged to accept an ironical compliment to my inventive genius, and check myself as I was on the point, with a scholar's instinct, of justifying myself by quoting what was, of course, future authority.

After this it was seldom that I did not go in the late afternoon to one or other of the Gymnasia, and I soon had many friends. The Academeia was the pleasantest, as it lay among olive woods, and was also planted within its walls with olive and plane trees, and, being some little distance from the city, it was not so crowded. I tried to get some of my friends to take their constitutional in the country sometimes for a change, and once I succeeded in dragging three of them to the top of Lycabettus —the Arthur's Seat of ancient Edinburgh. To me the walk was delightful, but they abused me all the way there and back, and no one could imagine why we should have taken so much trouble for nothing, while not a few thought it in bad taste. I tried after that to find a companion who would make a day's excursion with me up Hymettus—about equal to Snowdon from Capel Curig—but I was obliged to do it by myself after all, and, not wishing to be thought eccentric or ill-bred, I took care not to talk about it. After this I was not astonished to hear that several able generals held the Gymnasium to be but a poor training school for soldiers.

I spent a good deal of time in simply walking about the city. It was interesting to notice even the smallest incidents of the daily life of a

* "The Eleven," at Athens, be it known, if unknown, were the Commissioners of Police.

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people so like and yet so unlike ourselves. The urchins playing with knuckle-bones on the doorsteps, or driving their hoops between your legs; the young gentlemen being fetched from the day-school by their attendants, who matched, I observed, the strictest governess of a ladies' seminary in their repeated orders to their pupils to walk properly and not look about them; the novel street cries, the wine-carts going their rounds —all these amused me. The streets were not only narrow and dirty, but ill-flavoured. The poorer houses were generally built partly of timber, and of two stories, the upper overhanging. I had to be wary, as dirty water or broken crockery followed pretty quick after the warning, "stand aside." They might have paved the streets with the enormous quantity of potsherds lying about, and I very often wished they had. It was always a relief to emerge into one of the open spaces, and of these the Agora was the one I most frequently made for. During market time, i.e. from nine till noon, it was full of life, and presented a fine field for the study of manners.

The marketing was done by slaves. A head slave, with the power of the purse, and a train of drudges to carry home the forage, naturally thought himself at this hour a man of importance. Very often he looked it too, for the fortune of war and the cleverness of pirates had often made a slave for life of a man of birth and rank. And it was fortunate for such a man if he found himself at Athens, for there a respectable slave, especially if his master detected any refinement in him, was generally well treated. Such a band of foragers was, of course, eagerly watched by the stallkeepers, who were very adroit and shifty in their manœuvres to catch customers. The art of bargaining was well understood on both sides, and the price was seldom fixed until after a protracted skirmish. The fishmongers were an exception. They, I observed, had generally the command of the situation, for not much meat was eaten—scarcely ever, indeed, unless there had been a sacrifice—and fish being almost universally the chief dish at table, the supply, at all events of fashionable fish, was usually short of the demand. This made the fishmonger a careless and often insolent tradesman. It was easier, they said, to get an answer from a State official than from a fishmonger. Perhaps, too, their self-importance was fostered by gentlemen coming to choose their own fish. The inspectors of the market were very strict over this trade, and in order to secure the sale of none but fresh fish, forbade altogether the use of the watering-pot; and a very good story was told, when I was there, against a certain fishmonger, who was subject to fainting fits, and could be brought round only by having pitchers of water thrown over him. As he always collapsed close to his stall, his friends, in following the laws of humanity, broke almost daily the law of the market.

The stallkeepers, of course, cried what they had to sell; but the usual rule of market cries was often reversed by a slave announcing in a loud voice what he had come for. It was not unusual to hear a man come into the market and sing out, "Who wants to undertake the

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supplying of a dinner?" This demand would bring up five or six men who had been loitering under the porticoes. They were a strange lot, these cooks or caterers, or whatever else they called themselves. They all either were, or pretended to be, foreigners, and spoke either Doric or broken Attic. I had no occasion to engage the services of one of these gentlemen, but I was told that when you did you engaged a tyrant, whose laws of high art it was very rash to defy.

So far was comedy; but a very serious and solemnising spectacle might be seen close by, especially as it drew near to the end of the month, at the tables of the money-lenders. I heard these men described only by their natural enemies, the borrowers, of whom I had many amongst my chance acquaintances, but I must say that their faces tallied with the description. They sat at their tables with a severe four-and-twenty-per-cent. look, which should have been sufficient warning. I was told that they did a little legitimate banking trade, but the clients oftenest at their tables, so far as I observed them, were young men who negotiated in a whisper, and looked uneasily over their shoulder if any one passed too near.

But the market square held more than the market. It was during the forenoon the very centre of Athenian life. It was exchange, bazaar, park, garden, esplanade, kursaal, reading-room, club, and whatsoever in any place is the common meeting spot for men of business or men of leisure. Being close to the law courts, it was also Westminster Hall to orators and their clients and witnesses. Having colonnades running round it furnished with stone benches, it was a convenient place for gossip, or for walking up and down in pursuit of an appetite for breakfast. It was here that you heard and discussed the news, war news just brought from Piræus by special messenger,* or city news,—who had got office, who had been cast in a lawsuit, what plays were being rehearsed, what new edicts to be put in force; domestic news about relations, friends, crops, purchases, births, deaths, and marriages. The shops in the neighbourhood were also filled with loungers, especially the perfumer's, and the barber's, and the shoemaker's. It was in the market-place and its neighbourhood that all business was transacted. Here the Athenians realised their common citizenship, and got their common sense. By daily intercourse here, rich with poor, they rubbed down their angles, acquired a public spirit, and by interchange of ideas, controlled by free and sharp criticism, developed a public opinion. It was in the market-place that one felt for the pulse of Athens.

Close by, as I said, were the law courts, and I often found it good fun to look in there, and it seldom required much knowledge of law to follow the proceedings. Indeed it often struck me that I knew quite as much as their honours the jurymen. "The sovereign people sitting in justice" had once seemed to me a grand idea, and doubtless the thing

* There was some fighting going on in 423, along the Macedonian coast, though it was a year of truce.

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had served its purpose as a safeguard of growing liberties; but to see the average citizen honestly trying to be wise, or dishonestly trying to look so, I confess had another effect upon me. It was amusing to watch their expression of grave attention whilst an orator was laying before them the weakest and wildest evidence; or perhaps flattering their logical faculty by exhibiting a strong chain of reasoning, while all the time, as the rogue very well knew, it was hanging by a rotten fallacy. But if persuasion be the end of oratory, the orators had mastered their art.

The scenes in court also were excellent fooling. The defendant was exhibited weeping, and how well and naturally he wept! Women and children were grouped, with a fine eye for dramatic effect, in various attitudes of abject misery. One heard splendid abuse, too, strong and abundant personalities, as the orators drew freely on the vast resources of a vigorous and expressive language. What one did not meet with in court was high legal ability. The orators were too shrewd and practical, if they possessed it, to throw it away on an ignorant and prejudiced tribunal. But if a qualified judge had replaced these panels of citizens then sitting *in banco*, in what other profession could many of them have earned fourpence-halfpenny a day? That was the question.

The poorer folk seemed to me to resemble our villagers, not only in their simple way of living, and in their readiness to help each other, but also in the freedom which they gained by having no class between them and the gentlefolk. Fashion had little or no influence upon them, and they lived their own life free from criticism, and free from the ambition of rising. But they were unlike our poor villagers in this, that the head of a family knew his worth and privileges as a citizen, and gained a certain dignity by the knowledge. Though he certainly was not enriched, he was raised socially by the existence of the class of slaves.

The habits of the rich were essentially such as are formed by city life, with leisure and intelligence. Dinner parties were almost daily events. You were invited without ceremony, and went without preparation, or no more preparation than was implied in providing yourself with a gown. Men were sociable and disliked dining alone, just as they disliked sitting or walking alone.

Here I saw the strongest likeness to university habits, and the likeness was not in mere sociability. I was present at not a few dinner parties which seemed to me, in the tone of conversation, in the range of topics discussed, and generally in intellectual and social merit, not greatly to differ from a graduates' dinner party at Cambridge. The customs, of course, were very different; having your feet washed by an attendant on your arrival, lying propped on your elbow to eat and drink—though I had done that at picnics—pouring libations to the good Genius, being called upon to recite, or sing a medley song, verse and verse about, were novelties, but one fell in with such usages easily enough. Once, I remember, when over our wine, the sprig of myrtle was passed to me in token that it was my turn to entertain the company with a song or reci-

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tation. I recited to them some iambics of my own—a translation of "To be or not to be," which I had written some time before for the Porson Prize. When I had ended, a brisk discussion arose on the question out of what tragedy they came. Some believed they had the ring of Sophocles, others declared that they remembered the phrases as certainly those of Euripides, but no one could fix on the precise play, nor could I.

Wine-drinking always followed the dinner, and bore about the same relation to it that it did formerly with us. As there were no ladies to join in the drawing-room, it was more difficult for the host to choose a moment for asking significantly if you would take any more wine. Excess, therefore, was often, I am convinced, an accident of the situation. Sometimes, of course, a carouse was the final cause of a wine party, especially amongst the younkers, as it doubtless has been of supper parties in other abodes of divine philosophy. I was told that on such occasions the usual hard custom which excluded ladies from social entertainments was sometimes relaxed, but I have no personal experience of such a wine party recorded in my note-book.

The absence of women from all social meetings did not on my arrival at Athens at once strike me as strange. I suppose this was because I was fresh from university life. I was so much used to meeting men only down the river and at the racket-courts, at the Union, and at wine and supper parties, that I did not miss female society, especially as the society in which I did find myself was, in its freedom, in its true liberty, equality, and fraternity, so wonderfully like that which I had just left. But I noticed the blank more and more as the days went on, and then I began to estimate the effect on social life of excluding the women. It was plainly visible in a certain roughness of feeling, in the absence of that tenderness which produces pity and sympathy with weakness, and restrains men from selfishness and cruelty. There was not much respect shown to age at Athens. Poverty provoked rather than disarmed ridicule. Tales of cruelty might arouse dangerous bitterness, especially if it affected Athenian citizens, but the cruelty did not in itself excite abhorrence. A man who was hard and brutal towards his slaves was called a stern master, but no one remonstrated. Intellectual refinement was certainly prized highly enough, and the civic virtues were actually worshipped, but, to my thinking, Greek civilisation was still incomplete, through lack of that sensitiveness to one side of morality which I could not help believing that the influence of women in daily life would have helped to develop. I found many thoughtful Greeks holding the same opinion.

I frequently heard the subject of the position of women discussed as part of a larger question just then interesting the mind of Athens. This was the question of Past *versus* Present. In politics no one seemed for a moment to doubt—with the exception of a few recluse thinkers—that the present institutions of Athens were perfect, or that in political know-

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ledge they had left their ancestors a long way behind. But the case was far different in the matter of social usage. Here there was distinctly an old school and a new school—a Conservative and a Liberal camp. Of course on these matters prejudice spoke oftener, and, I need not say, very much louder than reason. Banter and satire were weapons more used than argument. But there was still a great deal of good, thoughtful talk over it to be heard at the Gymnasium, and in private houses after dinner. In listening to these discussions I had constantly to remark upon how small an amount of ascertained historical fact the arguments of the most learned disputants were based. There was a constant appeal to the authority of great names, but a most provoking vagueness in reporting their testimony. But there was certainly one exception to this. When Homer was cited, his very words were given, and were received by all with a certain pious respect which usually silenced controversy. I soon learned to quote Homer when I was getting the worst of an argument.

Now it was not difficult to make Homer support a theory that women had much to do with the affairs of the world, and ought not to be shut up by themselves in the back premises and seldom seen. He was often hurled with tremendous effect against those who maintained that women had no minds, and were properly employed in cooking, weighing out the wool, weaving, and guiding the house. But again it was retorted: "Pericles hath said that those women are the best of whom you hear the least for good or evil."

The stage naturally reflected and intensified the controversy. Euripides, who had just brought out his play of *Ion* when I was at Athens, was claimed as a strong ally by those who held women inferior. It was true he seldom wrote a play* without putting into some one's mouth a sharp sarcasm against women, which was caught up and gave another brickbat to the hands of their revilers. But, curiously enough, it escaped notice that he delighted to bring on the stage types of noble women who refuted these sarcasms. However, Euripides never had a fair chance with that clever, reckless scoffer Aristophanes always at his heels. It was no use contending that really he was strongly on the women's side, and was trying to teach their husbands that they were hiding the light that would brighten their whole house. He, or what was the same thing, one of his women-hating heroes, had said that women were a bad lot, and that was enough.

After all, I could not see that the stoutest advocate for the emancipation of women gave them half an inch more freedom than his neighbour. He might believe in the ability and intelligence of women; he might prove conclusively to others that women had once held a higher position in Attic society, and had a real influence upon daily life. He might go further, and, speculating on the cause of this, convince himself

* I may as well say that copies of many of these plays have been since published in England,

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that, in the absorbing pursuit of political interests, his fellow-citizens were growing selfish and despotic, contemptuous towards all force that was not keen and practical; but all the same he was a despot in his house and selfish in his pleasures. It may have been he lacked the courage to face a torrent of ridicule; but it may have been also that he doubted in his secret mind whether society, as he knew it, was quite ready for his wife.

I fancied that my host was one who thought thus. He was too kindly a man to be a tyrant anywhere, and I recollect that in my hearing he once compared the rule of a husband over his wife to that of a constitutional ruler over citizens free and his equals. Also, as we became more intimate, I found that he loved family life; still he jealously guarded it from public view. When he entertained his friends at dinner, his wife did not appear, but when we were alone she generally breakfasted with us, she and her three children, sitting at tables, while we reclined; and not unfrequently she dined with us. She was very gentle and simple-minded, but in no respect shy or awkward, but, on the contrary, self-possessed and rather stately. He treated her with kindliness and courtesy, told her the news, with a little reservation where necessary, and she took her part very easily and naturally in conversation. I do not think her life was dull. It is true that, so far as my observation went, she never, while in Athens, went out unless to attend religious festivals, processions, and sacrifices, but they had a house in the country where they spent part of the year. There she enjoyed more liberty, and probably she no more wished to frequent the Agora or the Gymnasia than our ladies wish to go on 'Change, or have the *entrée* of our clubs.

Festivals were very frequent. Their usual programme was a religious ceremonial in the morning, and high spirits in the evening. The ceremonial was often made imposing by a procession with choral hymns, in which high-born ladies, youths, and maidens took graceful part. No people who do not wear flowing robes, and cannot sing as they walk, should dare to have a procession. Sacrifices and prayers were offered. It was difficult certainly for a foreigner to understand the attitude of the Greek worshipper towards his gods. I learnt by observation a good deal about his ritual—little about his worship.

The great Dionysia had taken place in March, some days before my arrival. On the whole, I was very glad to have missed it; for I am afraid that had I taken my first impression of Athenian life when it was in drunken riot, I could never have laid ill-prejudice aside. Hating noise, buffoonery, and vulgar revelry, I was grateful to the sea for not having been, to Greek judgment, navigable in time to set me down in the midst of the debauch that was going on in honour of that disreputable person whom Athens delighted to honour as the giver of wine to men. As it was described to me, the city by sunset must have been unbearable. The dismal merriment of English fairs and racecourses, the stupid pleasantries of a carnival, the heavy-headed drunkenness of a

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harvest-home, and the light-headed orgies of richer young Bacchanals, were all brought together within one city's walls. The earlier part of the day, beyond doubt, had shown a spectacle such as few cities could present, and for this I had greatly wished to reach Athens earlier. The vast amphitheatre on the slope of the Acropolis was empty when I saw it. To have seen that hill-side a serried mass of men and women, and to have sat amongst them and watched them as they shaded their eyes from the glare to catch the form of a hero whose name they had known from childhood, and leaned forward to lose no word that could help to make the story plain, the story they had heard so often from their nurses, of those days of old when the gods walked the earth like men, and loved the founders of their race, and helped them to overthrow their enemies, and to build the city—to have seen this, sitting there under the blue sky, beneath the shadow of the Acropolis and its temples, with Hymettus, and the gleaming sea, and the far-off peaks by Salamis in view—to realise thus the religious power of a Greek drama, would have been a memorable experience. An English traveller, Mr. Jebb, who was at Athens some years before me, has thus vividly recorded the impression left on his mind by such a scene:*

"We are in the theatre of Dionysus at the great festival of the god. There is an audience of some 25,000, not only Athenian citizens and women (the latter placed apart from the men in the upper rows), but Greeks from other cities, and ambassadors seated near the priests and magistrates in the places next the orchestra. We are to see the *Eumenides* or *Furies* of Æschylus. The orchestra is empty at present. The *scene*, or wall behind the stage, represents the temple of Apollo at Delphi. It has three doors. Enter, from the middle or 'royal' door, the aged priestess of Apollo; she wears a long striped robe, and over her shoulders a saffron mantle. Pilgrims are waiting to consult the oracle, and she speaks a prayer before she goes into the inner chamber of the temple, to take her place on the three-footed throne, round which vapours rise from the cavern beneath. Then she passes into the shrine through the central door.

"But she quickly returns in horror. A murderer, she says, is kneeling there, and the ghastly Furies, his pursuers, are asleep around him. As she quits the stage by the side door on the right, two figures come forth by the central door, as if from the inner shrine. One of them wears the costume of the Pythian festival at Delphi,—a long tunic, gaily striped, with sleeves, and a light mantle of purple hanging from the shoulders. In his left hand he has a golden bow. This is the god Apollo himself. The other figure is clad with much less splendour; at his back hangs loosely the petasus, a broad-brimmed hat worn by hunters, or shepherds, or wayfarers; in one hand he bears a long branch of laurel, the symbol of the suppliant, in the other a drawn sword. This is Orestes,

* *Greek Literature*, by Professor Jebb. Macmillan and Co.

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who has slain his mother, Clytemnestra, the murderess of his father, Agamemnon, and has sought refuge with Apollo from the pursuing Furies. A silent figure moves behind these two; it is the god Hermes, carrying in his hand the herald's staff, decked with white ribbons. Apollo bids Hermes escort Orestes to Athens, to seek the judgment of the goddess Athene.

"The ghost of Clytemnestra now moves into the orchestra, and mounts the stage. She calls on the sleeping Furies within, and then vanishes. They wake to find Orestes gone, and dash on the stage in wild rage—haggard forms with sable robes, snaky locks, and blood-shot eyes. Apollo appears, and drives them from his shrine. Now the scene changes to Athens. Meanwhile the Furies have taken their station as chorus in the orchestra; and, in grand choral songs, declare their mission as Avengers of blood. Athene assembles a Court of Athenians on the Hill of Ares, (the real Hill of Ares was not half a mile off, on the S.W. side of the Acropolis,) and thus founds the famous Court of the Areopagus. The Furies arraign Orestes; Apollo defends him. The votes of the judges are equally divided. Athene's casting vote acquits Orestes. The wrath of the Furies now threatens Athens. But Athene at last prevails on them to accept a shrine in her land—a cave beneath the Hill of Ares; and the play ends with this great reconciliation, as a procession of torch-bearers escort the Furies to their new home.

"Thus a Greek tragedy could bring before a vast Greek audience, in a grandly simple form, harmonised by choral music and dance, the great figures of their religious and civil history: the god Apollo in his temple at Delphi, the goddess Athene in the act of founding the Court of Areopagus, the Furies passing to their shrine beneath the hill, the hero Orestes on his trial. The picture had at once ideal beauty of the highest kind, and, for Greeks, a deep reality; they seemed to be looking at the actual *beginning* of those rites and usages which were most dear and sacred in their daily life."

I stayed at Athens until nearly the end of the year. I saw many men now famous. One could meet Sophocles and Euripides almost any day in the Academeia, musing on a bench, tablets in hand, or pacing beneath the olive trees. Aristophanes was oftener to be found surrounded by a few choice friends. His grey observant eyes would rest for awhile on the scene around him, and then be lighted suddenly by a thought, which, being altogether irrepressible, would set all his friends off laughing. Cleon, too, I had no cause to dislike him, but I never saw him without wishing I had; but it was better perhaps as it was, for he looked an awkward fellow to quarrel with. Who could help knowing Alcibiades—the lion's whelp whom the city, having brought him up, was bound to humour? He was the spoilt child of Athens. His follies—as they said—were only Athenian virtues run wild, and his virtues Athenian too, but cast in the heroic mould. And friend Socrates. I little knew then the marvellous spiritual power yet to go forth out of that strange life.

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The first time I saw him he was sitting by the road side, in a day dream, near the fountain of Callirrhoe, tracing idle figures in the dust with the point of his stick. I stopped for a draught of water. He looked up and asked me if I drank because I was thirsty, or for any other reason. As I turned in surprise at the question, he got up from his seat and joined me along the road, pressing me for a reply, till from that he led me on—but any one can guess what happened to me. After that I saw him every day, but never again alone.

I might speak of others; but my personal recollections of the celebrated men I met have already been published in a dictionary of Greek Biography, which is now in every library. I might relate, also, many personal adventures. One I will mention because it is illustrative. One morning, very early, on entering the Agora, I saw that something unusual was going forward. A number of public slaves, armed with bows, were pushing the market-people about, pitching their wares unceremoniously off the stalls, back into their baskets, and clearing them out of the square bodily. A painted rope, still wet, had in the meantime been carried behind the group in which I was standing, and we all were forced along, under penalty of getting our white cloaks striped with red paint. Not liking this I looked about for escape, but the side streets were all blocked by hurdles, and finding that my companions enjoyed my dilemma, and took their own shepherding good-humouredly, I submitted to be driven along until I found myself within the Pnyx. I had no right there, I knew; but I took advantage of the irregularity of my summons to attend the Athenian House of Commons. I cannot fully describe the proceedings, for I was too far off to hear all. There was a solemn lustration by the priest; after it a prayer which sounded to me very like an imprecation, and incense; and then the business began. No important question, I knew, could be before the people, as I should certainly have heard of it. So I amused myself by looking about me. It was a monster meeting in the open air, conducted with tolerable decorum and solemnity. There was no occasion that day for a ballot, and the votes were taken by a show of hands. To see 8,000 hands go up, with one movement as it were, certainly made unanimity expressive. This happened three or four times. Then the people wanted a debate. In answer to a crier's invitation an orator—who looked very small in the distance—slowly mounted the stone platform. He was a practised speaker, and his voice was heard clearly over the whole vast area. Another who followed was not so well prepared, and the sovereign people showed some impatience. There were no seats, and the sun was blazing down on my head, but I was afraid of incurring some unknown penalty if I deserted. At last fortune was friendly. A noisy fellow in my neighbourhood, who had been shouting, and offering to fight all who differed from him, was suddenly clapped on the shoulder and marched out by the bowmen, after some slight resistance. In the confusion I slipped out too, and went home to breakfast.

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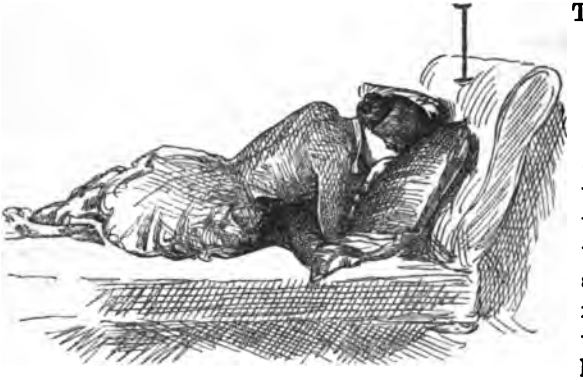

It was almost the last outbreak of passion of her life; at least, she never indulged in another that the world knew anything about. But this one was long and terrible; she flung herself on the sofa and gave herself up to her grief. She hardly knew what had happened; ostensibly she had only had a difference with her lover, as other girls had had before, and the thing was not only not a rupture, but she was under no obligation to regard it even as a menace. Nevertheless, she felt a wound, even if he had not dealt it; it seemed to her that a mask had suddenly fallen from his face. He had wished to get away from her; he had been angry and cruel, and said strange things, with strange looks. She was smothered and stunned; she buried her head in the cushions, sobbing and talking to herself. But at last she raised herself, with the fear that either her father or Mrs. Penniman would come in; and then she sat there, staring before her, while the room grew darker. She said to herself that perhaps he would come back to tell her he had not meant what he said; and she listened for his ring at the door, trying to believe that this was probable. A long time passed, but Morris remained absent; the shadows gathered; the evening settled down on the meagre elegance of the light, clear-coloured room; the fire went out. When it had grown dark, Catherine went to the window and looked out; she stood there for half an hour, on the mere chance that he would come up the steps. At last she turned away, for she saw her father come in. He had seen her at the window looking out, and he stopped a moment at the bottom of the white steps, and gravely, with an air of exaggerated courtesy, lifted his hat to her. The gesture was so incongruous to the condition she was in, this stately

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IT WAS VERY DIFFERENT FROM HIS OLD—FROM HIS YOUNG—FACE.

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tribute of respect to a poor girl despised and forsaken was so out of place, that the thing gave her a kind of horror, and she hurried away to her room. It seemed to her that she had given Morris up.

She had to show herself half an hour later, and she was sustained at table by the immensity of her desire that her father should not perceive that anything had happened. This was a great help to her afterwards, and it served her (though never as much as she supposed) from the first. On this occasion Dr. Sloper was rather talkative. He told a great many stories about a wonderful poodle that he had seen at the house of an old lady whom he visited professionally. Catherine not only tried to appear to listen to the anecdotes of the poodle, but she endeavoured to interest herself in them, so as not to think of her scene with Morris. That perhaps was an hallucination; he was mistaken, she was jealous; people didn't change like that from one day to another. Then she knew hat she had had doubts before—strange suspicions, that were at once vague and acute—and that he had been different ever since her return from Europe: whereupon she tried again to listen to her father, who told a story so remarkably well. Afterwards she went straight to her own room; it was beyond her strength to undertake to spend the evening with her aunt. All the evening, alone, she questioned herself. Her trouble was terrible; but was it a thing of her imagination, engendered by an extravagant sensibility, or did it represent a clear-cut reality, and had the worst that was possible actually come to pass? Mrs. Penniman, with a degree of tact that was as unusual as it was commendable, took the line of leaving her alone. The truth is, that her suspicions having been aroused, she indulged a desire, natural to a timid person, that the explosion should be localised. So long as the air still vibrated she kept out of the way.

She passed and repassed Catherine's door several times in the course of the evening, as if she expected to hear a plaintive moan behind it. But the room remained perfectly still; and accordingly, the last thing before retiring to her own couch, she applied for admittance. Catherine was sitting up, and had a book that she pretended to be reading. She had no wish to go to bed, for she had no expectation of sleeping. After Mrs. Penniman had left her she sat up half the night, and she offered her visitor no inducement to remain. Her aunt came stealing in very gently, and approached her with great solemnity.

"I am afraid you are in trouble, my dear. Can I do anything to help you?"

"I am not in any trouble whatever, and do not need any help," said Catherine, fibbing roundly, and proving thereby that not only our faults, but our most involuntary misfortunes, tend to corrupt our morals.

"Has nothing happened to you?"

"Nothing whatever."

"Are you very sure, dear?"

"Perfectly sure."

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"And can I really do nothing for you?"

"Nothing, aunt, but kindly leave me alone," said Catherine.

Mrs. Penniman, though she had been afraid of too warm a welcome before, was now disappointed at so cold a one; and in relating afterwards, as she did to many persons, and with considerable variations of detail, the history of the termination of her niece's engagement, she was usually careful to mention that the young lady, on a certain occasion, had "hustled" her out of the room. It was characteristic of Mrs. Penniman that she related this fact, not in the least out of malignity to Catherine, whom she very sufficiently pitied, but simply from a natural disposition to embellish any subject that she touched.

Catherine, as I have said, sat up half the night, as if she still expected to hear Morris Townsend ring at the door. On the morrow this expectation was less unreasonable; but it was not gratified by the reappearance of the young man. Neither had he written; there was not a word of explanation or reassurance. Fortunately for Catherine she could take refuge from her excitement, which had now become intense, in her determination that her father should see nothing of it. How well she deceived her father we shall have occasion to learn; but her innocent arts were of little avail before a person of the rare perspicacity of Mrs. Penniman. This lady easily saw that she was agitated, and if there was any agitation going forward, Mrs. Penniman was not a person to forfeit her natural share in it. She returned to the charge the next evening, and requested her niece to confide in her—to unburden her heart. Perhaps she should be able to explain certain things that now seemed dark, and that she knew more about than Catherine supposed. If Catherine had been frigid the night before, to-day she was haughty.

"You are completely mistaken, and I have not the least idea what you mean. I don't know what you are trying to fasten on me, and I have never had less need of any one's explanations in my life."

In this way the girl delivered herself, and from hour to hour kept her aunt at bay. From hour to hour Mrs. Penniman's curiosity grew. She would have given her little finger to know what Morris had said and done, what tone he had taken, what pretext he had found. She wrote to him, naturally, to request an interview; but she received, as naturally, no answer to her petition. Morris was not in a writing mood; for Catherine had addressed him two short notes which met with no acknowledgment. These notes were so brief that I may give them entire. "Won't you give me some sign that you didn't mean to be so cruel as you seemed on Tuesday?"—that was the first; the other was a little longer. "If I was unreasonable or suspicious, on Tuesday—if I annoyed you or troubled you in any way—I beg your forgiveness, and I promise never again to be so foolish. I am punished enough, and I don't understand. Dear Morris, you are killing me!" These notes were dispatched on the Friday and Saturday; but Saturday and Sunday passed without bringing the poor girl the satisfaction she desired. Her

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punishment accumulated; she continued to bear it, however, with a good deal of superficial fortitude. On Saturday morning, the Doctor, who had been watching in silence, spoke to his sister Lavinia.

"The thing has happened—the scoundrel has backed out!"

"Never!" cried Mrs. Penniman, who had bethought herself what she should say to Catherine, but was not provided with a line of defence against her brother, so that indignant negation was the only weapon in her hands.

"He has begged for a reprieve, then, if you like that better!"

"It seems to make you very happy that your daughter's affections have been trifled with."

"It does," said the Doctor; "for I had foretold it! It's a great pleasure to be in the right."

"Your pleasures make one shudder!" his sister exclaimed.

Catherine went rigidly through her usual occupations; that is, up to the point of going with her aunt to church on Sunday morning. She generally went to afternoon service as well; but on this occasion her courage faltered, and she begged of Mrs. Penniman to go without her.

"I am sure you have a secret," said Mrs. Penniman, with great significance, looking at her rather grimly.

"If I have, I shall keep it!" Catherine answered, turning away.

Mrs. Penniman started for church; but before she had arrived, she stopped and turned back, and before twenty minutes had elapsed she re-entered the house, looked into the empty parlours, and then went upstairs and knocked at Catherine's door. She got no answer; Catherine was not in her room, and Mrs. Penniman presently ascertained that she was not in the house. "She has gone to him! she has fled!" Lavinia cried, clasping her hands with admiration and envy. But she soon perceived that Catherine had taken nothing with her—all her personal property in her room was intact—and then she jumped at the hypothesis that the girl had gone forth, not in tenderness, but in resentment. "She has followed him to his own door! she has burst upon him in his own apartment!" It was in these terms that Mrs. Penniman depicted to herself her niece's errand, which, viewed in this light, gratified her sense of the picturesque only a shade less strongly than the idea of a clandestine marriage. To visit one's lover, with tears and reproaches, at his own residence, was an image so agreeable to Mrs. Penniman's mind that she felt a sort of æsthetic disappointment at its lacking, in this case, the harmonious accompaniments of darkness and storm. A quiet Sunday afternoon appeared an inadequate setting for it; and, indeed, Mrs. Penniman was quite out of humour with the conditions of the time, which passed very slowly as she sat in the front parlour, in her bonnet and her cashmere shawl, awaiting Catherine's return.

This event at last took place. She saw her—at the window—mount the steps, and she went to await her in the hall, where she pounced upon her as soon as she had entered the house, and drew her into the parlour,

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closing the door with solemnity. Catherine was flushed, and her eye was bright. Mrs. Penniman hardly knew what to think.

"May I venture to ask where you have been?" she demanded.

"I have been to take a walk," said Catherine. "I thought you had gone to church."

"I did go to church; but the service was shorter than usual. And pray where did you walk?"

"I don't know!" said Catherine.

"Your ignorance is most extraordinary! Dear Catherine, you can trust me."

"What am I to trust you with?"

"With your secret—your sorrow."

"I have no sorrow!" said Catherine, fiercely.

"My poor child," Mrs. Penniman insisted, "you can't deceive me. I know everything. I have been requested to—a—to converse with you."

"I don't want to converse!"

"It will relieve you. Don't you know Shakespeare's lines?—'the grief that does not speak!' My dear girl, it is better as it is!"

"What is better?" Catherine asked.

She was really too perverse. A certain amount of perversity was to be allowed for in a young lady whose lover had thrown her over; but not such an amount as would prove inconvenient to his apologists. "That you should be reasonable," said Mrs. Penniman, with some sternness. "That you should take counsel of worldly prudence, and submit to practical considerations. That you should agree to—a—separate."

Catherine had been ice up to this moment, but at this word she flamed up. "Separate? What do you know about our separating?"

Mrs. Penniman shook her head with a sadness in which there was almost a sense of injury. "Your pride is my pride, and your susceptibilities are mine. I see your side perfectly, but I also—" and she smiled with melancholy suggestiveness—"I also see the situation as a whole!"

This suggestiveness was lost upon Catherine, who repeated her violent inquiry. "Why do you talk about separation; what do you know about it?"

"We must study resignation," said Mrs. Penniman, hesitating, but sententious at a venture.

"Resignation to what?"

"To a change of—of our plans."

"My plans have not changed!" said Catherine, with a little laugh.

"Ah, but Mr. Townsend's have," her aunt answered very gently.

"What do you mean?"

There was an imperious brevity in the tone of this inquiry, against which Mrs. Penniman felt bound to protest; the information with which she had undertaken to supply her niece was after all a favour. She had tried sharpness, and she had tried sternness; but neither would do; she

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was shocked at the girl's obstinacy. "Ah well," she said, "if he hasn't told you! . . ." and she turned away.

Catherine watched her a moment in silence; then she hurried after her, stopping her before she reached the door. "Told me what? What do you mean? What are you hinting at and threatening me with?"

"Isn't it broken off?" asked Mrs. Penniman.

"My engagement? Not in the least!"

"I beg your pardon in that case. I have spoken too soon!"

"Too soon? Soon or late," Catherine broke out, "you speak foolishly and cruelly!"

"What has happened between you then?" asked her aunt, struck by the sincerity of this cry. "For something certainly has happened."

"Nothing has happened but that I love him more and more!"

Mrs. Penniman was silent an instant. "I suppose that's the reason you went to see him this afternoon."

Catherine flushed as if she had been struck. "Yes, I did go to see him! But that's my own business."

"Very well, then; we won't talk about it." And Mrs. Penniman moved towards the door again. But she was stopped by a sudden imploring cry from the girl.

"Aunt Lavinia, *where* has he gone?"

"Ah, you admit then that he has gone away! Didn't they know at his house?"

"They said he had left town. I asked no more questions; I was ashamed," said Catherine, simply enough.

"You needn't have taken so compromising a step if you had had a little more confidence in me," Mrs. Penniman observed, with a good deal of grandeur.

"Is it to New Orleans?" Catherine went on, irrelevantly.

It was the first time Mrs. Penniman had heard of New Orleans in this connection; but she was averse to letting Catherine know that she was in the dark. She attempted to strike an illumination from the instructions she had received from Morris. "My dear Catherine," she said, "when a separation has been agreed upon, the further he goes away the better."

"Agreed upon? Has he agreed upon it with you?" A consummate sense of her aunt's meddlesome folly had come over her during the last five minutes, and she was sickened at the thought that Mrs. Penniman had been let loose, as it were, upon her happiness.

"He certainly has sometimes advised with me," said Mrs. Penniman.

"Is it you then that have changed him and made him so unnatural?" Catherine cried. "Is it you that have worked on him and taken him from me? He doesn't belong to you, and I don't see how you have anything to do with what is between us! Is it you that have made this plot and told him to leave me? How could you be so wicked, so cruel?

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What have I ever done to you; why can't you leave me alone? I was afraid you would spoil everything; for you *do* spoil everything you touch! I was afraid of you all the time we were abroad; I had no rest when I thought that you were always talking to him." Catherine went on with growing vehemence, pouring out in her bitterness and in the clairvoyance of her passion (which suddenly, jumping all processes, made her judge her aunt finally and without appeal), the uneasiness which had lain for so many months upon her heart.

Mrs. Penniman was scared and bewildered; she saw no prospect of introducing her little account of the purity of Morris's motives. "You are a most ungrateful girl!" she cried. "Do you scold me for talking with him? I'm sure we never talked of anything but you!"

"Yes; and that was the way you worried him; you made him tired of my very name! I wish you had never spoken of me to him; I never asked your help!"

"I am sure if it hadn't been for me he would never have come to the house, and you would never have known that he thought of you," Mrs. Penniman rejoined, with a good deal of justice.

"I wish he never had come to the house, and that I never had known it! That's better than this," said poor Catherine.

"You are a very ungrateful girl," Aunt Lavinia repeated.

Catherine's outbreak of anger and the sense of wrong gave her, while they lasted, the satisfaction that comes from all assertion of force; they hurried her along and there is always a sort of pleasure in cleaving the air. But at bottom she hated to be violent, and she was conscious of no aptitude for organised resentment. She calmed herself with a great effort, but with great rapidity, and walked about the room a few moments, trying to say to herself that her aunt had meant everything for the best. She did not succeed in saying it with much conviction, but after a little she was able to speak quietly enough.

"I am not ungrateful, but I am very unhappy. It's hard to be grateful for that," she said. "Will you please tell me where he is?"

"I haven't the least idea; I am not in secret correspondence with him!" And Mrs. Penniman wished indeed that she were, so that she might let him know how Catherine abused her, after all she had done.

"Was it a plan of his, then, to break off——?" By this time Catherine had become completely quiet.

Mrs. Penniman began again to have a glimpse of her chance for explaining. "He shrank—he shrank," she said. "He lacked courage, but it was the courage to injure you! He couldn't bear to bring down on you your father's curse."

Catherine listened to this with her eyes fixed upon her aunt, and continued to gaze at her for some time afterwards. "Did he tell you to say that?"

"He told me to say many things—all so delicate, so discriminating. And he told me to tell you he hoped you wouldn't despise him."

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"I don't," said Catherine. And then she added: "And will he stay away for ever?"

"Oh, for ever is a long time. Your father, perhaps, won't live for ever."

"Perhaps not."

"I am sure you appreciate—you understand—even though your heart bleeds," said Mrs. Penniman. "You doubtless think him too scrupulous. So do I, but I respect his scruples. What he asks of you is that you should do the same."

Catherine was still gazing at her aunt, but she spoke, at last, as if she had not heard or not understood her. "It has been a regular plan, then. He has broken it off deliberately; he has given me up."

"For the present, dear Catherine. He has put it off, only."

"He has left me alone," Catherine went on.

"Haven't you *me?*" asked Mrs. Penniman, with some solemnity.

Catherine shook her head slowly. "I don't believe it!" and she left the room.

XXXI.

Though she had forced herself to be calm, she preferred practising this virtue in private, and she forbore to show herself at tea—a repast which, on Sundays, at six o'clock, took the place of dinner. Dr. Sloper and his sister sat face to face, but Mrs. Penniman never met her brother's eye. Late in the evening she went with him, but without Catherine, to their sister Almond's, where, between the two ladies, Catherine's unhappy situation was discussed with a frankness that was conditioned by a good deal of mysterious reticence on Mrs. Penniman's part.

"I am delighted he is not to marry her," said Mrs. Almond, "but he ought to be horsewhipped all the same."

Mrs. Penniman, who was shocked at her sister's coarseness, replied that he had been actuated by the noblest of motives—the desire not to impoverish Catherine.

"I am very happy that Catherine is not to be impoverished—but I hope he may never have a penny too much! And what does the poor girl say to *you?*" Mrs. Almond asked.

"She says I have a genius for consolation," said Mrs. Penniman.

This was the account of the matter that she gave to her sister, and it was perhaps with the consciousness of genius that, on her return that evening to Washington Square, she again presented herself for admittance at Catherine's door. Catherine came and opened it; she was apparently very quiet.

"I only want to give you a little word of advice," she said. "If your father asks you, say that everything is going on."

Catherine stood there, with her hand on the knob, looking at her

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aunt, but not asking her to come in. "Do you think he will ask me?"

"I am sure he will. He asked me just now, on our way home from your Aunt Elizabeth's. I explained the whole thing to your Aunt Elizabeth. I said to your father I know nothing about it."

"Do you think he will ask me, when he sees—when he sees——?" But here Catherine stopped.

"The more he sees, the more disagreeable he will be," said her aunt.

"He shall see as little as possible!" Catherine declared.

"Tell him you are to be married."

"So I am," said Catherine, softly; and she closed the door upon her aunt.

She could not have said this two days later—for instance, on Tuesday, when she at last received a letter from Morris Townsend. It was an epistle of considerable length, measuring five large square pages, and written at Philadelphia. It was an explanatory document, and it explained a great many things, chief among which were the considerations that had led the writer to take advantage of an urgent "professional" absence to try and banish from his mind the image of one whose path he had crossed only to scatter it with ruins. He ventured to expect but partial success in this attempt, but he could promise her that, whatever his failure, he would never again interpose between her generous heart and her brilliant prospects and filial duties. He closed with an intimation that his professional pursuits might compel him to travel for some months, and with the hope that when they should each have accommodated themselves to what was sternly involved in their respective positions—even should this result not be reached for years—they should meet as friends, as fellow-sufferers, as innocent but philosophic victims of a great social law. That her life should be peaceful and happy was the dearest wish of him who ventured still to subscribe himself her most obedient servant. The letter was beautifully written, and Catherine, who kept it for many years after this, was able, when her sense of the bitterness of its meaning and the hollowness of its tone had grown less acute, to admire its grace of expression. At present, for a long time after she received it, all she had to help her was the determination, daily more rigid, to make no appeal to the compassion of her father.

He suffered a week to elapse, and then one day, in the morning, at an hour at which she rarely saw him, he strolled into the back-parlour. He had watched his time, and he found her alone. She was sitting with some work, and he came and stood in front of her. He was going out, he had on his hat and was drawing on his gloves.

"It doesn't seem to me that you are treating me just now with all the consideration I deserve," he said in a moment.

"I don't know what I have done," Catherine answered, with her eyes on her work.

"You have apparently quite banished from your mind the request I

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made you at Liverpool, before we sailed; the request that you would notify me in advance before leaving my house."

"I have not left your house!" said Catherine.

"But you intend to leave it, and by what you gave me to understand, your departure must be impending. In fact, though you are still here in body, you are already absent in spirit. Your mind has taken up its residence with your prospective husband, and you might quite as well be lodged under the conjugal roof, for all the benefit we get from your society."

"I will try and be more cheerful!" said Catherine.

"You certainly ought to be cheerful, you ask a great deal if you are not. To the pleasure of marrying a charming young man, you add that of having your own way; you strike me as a very lucky young lady!"

Catherine got up; she was suffocating. But she folded her work, deliberately and correctly, bending her burning face upon it. Her father stood where he had planted himself; she hoped he would go, but he smoothed and buttoned his gloves, and then he rested his hands upon his hips.

"It would be a convenience to me to know when I may expect to have an empty house," he went on. "When you go, your aunt marches."

She looked at him at last, with a long, silent gaze, which, in spite of her pride and her resolution, uttered part of the appeal she had tried not to make. Her father's cold grey eye sounded her own, and he insisted on his point.

"Is it to-morrow? Is it next week, or the week after?"

"I shall not go away!" said Catherine.

The Doctor raised his eyebrows. "Has he backed out?"

"I have broken off my engagement."

"Broken it off?"

"I have asked him to leave New York, and he has gone away for a long time."

The Doctor was both puzzled and disappointed, but he solved his perplexity by saying to himself that his daughter simply misrepresented —justifiably, if one would, but nevertheless, misrepresented—the facts; and he eased off his disappointment, which was that of a man losing a chance for a little triumph that he had rather counted on, by a few words that he uttered aloud.

"How does he take his dismissal?"

"I don't know!" said Catherine, less ingeniously than she had hitherto spoken.

"You mean you don't care? You are rather cruel, after encouraging him and playing with him for so long!"

The Doctor had his revenge, after all.

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XXXII.

Our story has hitherto moved with very short steps, but as it approaches its termination it must take a long stride. As time went on, it might have appeared to the Doctor that his daughter's account of her rupture with Morris Townsend, mere bravado as he had deemed it, was in some degree justified by the sequel. Morris remained as rigidly and unremittingly absent as if he had died of a broken heart, and Catherine had apparently buried the memory of this fruitless episode as deep as if it had terminated by her own choice. We know that she had been deeply and incurably wounded, but the Doctor had no means of knowing it. He was certainly curious about it, and would have given a good deal to discover the exact truth; but it was his punishment that he never knew—his punishment, I mean, for the abuse of sarcasm in his relations with his daughter. There was a good deal of effective sarcasm in her keeping him in the dark, and the rest of the world conspired with her, in this sense, to be sarcastic. Mrs. Penniman told him nothing, partly because he never questioned her—he made too light of Mrs. Penniman for that—and partly because she flattered herself that a tormenting reserve, and a serene profession of ignorance, would avenge her for his theory that she had meddled in the matter. He went two or three times to see Mrs. Montgomery, but Mrs. Montgomery had nothing to impart. She simply knew that her brother's engagement was broken off, and now that Miss Sloper was out of danger, she preferred not to bear witness in any way against Morris. She had done so before—however unwillingly—because she was sorry for Miss Sloper; but she was not sorry for Miss Sloper now—not at all sorry. Morris had told her nothing about his relations with Miss Sloper at the time, and he had told her nothing since. He was always away, and he very seldom wrote to her; she believed he had gone to California. Mrs. Almond had, in her sister's phrase, "taken up" Catherine violently since the recent catastrophe; but though the girl was very grateful to her for her kindness, she revealed no secrets, and the good lady could give the Doctor no satisfaction. Even, however, had she been able to narrate to him the private history of his daughter's unhappy love-affair, it would have given her a certain comfort to leave him in ignorance; for Mrs. Almond was at this time not altogether in sympathy with her brother. She had guessed for herself that Catherine had been cruelly jilted—she knew nothing from Mrs. Penniman, for Mrs. Penniman had not ventured to lay the famous explanation of Morris's motives before Mrs. Almond, though she had thought it good enough for Catherine—and she pronounced her brother too consistently indifferent to what the poor creature must have suffered and must still be suffering. Dr. Sloper had his theory, and he rarely altered his theories. The marriage would have been an abominable one, and the girl had had a blessed escape. She was not to be pitied for that, and to pretend to condole

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with her would have been to make concessions to the idea that she had ever had a right to think of Morris.

"I put my foot on this idea from the first, and I keep it there now," said the Doctor. "I don't see anything cruel in that; one can't keep it there too long." To this Mrs. Almond more than once replied, that if Catherine had got rid of her incongruous lover, she deserved the credit of it, and that to bring herself to her father's enlightened view of the matter must have cost her an effort that he was bound to appreciate.

"I am by no means sure she has got rid of him," the Doctor said. "There is not the smallest probability that, after having been as obstinate as a mule for two years, she suddenly became amenable to reason. It is infinitely more probable that he got rid of her."

"All the more reason you should be gentle with her."

"I *am* gentle with her. But I can't do the pathetic; I can't pump up tears, to look graceful, over the most fortunate thing that ever happened to her."

"You have no sympathy," said Mrs. Almond; "that was never your strong point. You have only to look at her to see that, right or wrong, and whether the rupture came from herself or from him, her poor little heart is grievously bruised."

"Handling bruises—and even dropping tears on them—doesn't make them any better! My business is to see she gets no more knocks, and that I shall carefully attend to. But I don't at all recognise your description of Catherine. She doesn't strike me in the least as a young woman going about in search of a moral poultice. In fact, she seems to me much better than while the fellow was hanging about. She is perfectly comfortable and blooming; she eats and sleeps, takes her usual exercise, and overloads herself, as usual, with finery. She is always knitting some purse or embroidering some handkerchief, and it seems to me she turns these articles out about as fast as ever. She hasn't much to say; but when had she anything to say? She had her little dance, and now she is sitting down to rest. I suspect that, on the whole, she enjoys it."

"She enjoys it as people enjoy getting rid of a leg that has been crushed. The state of mind after amputation is doubtless one of comparative repose."

"If your leg is a metaphor for young Townsend, I can assure you he has never been crushed. Crushed? Not he! He is alive and perfectly intact, and that's why I am not satisfied."

"Should you have liked to kill him?" asked Mrs. Almond.

"Yes, very much. I think it is quite possible that it is all a blind."

"A blind?"

"An arrangement between them. *Il fait le mort*, as they say in France; but he is looking out of the corner of his eye. You can depend upon it he has not burned his ships; he has kept one to come back in. When I am dead, he will set sail again, and then she will marry him."

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"It is interesting to know that you accuse your only daughter of being the vilest of hypocrites," said Mrs. Almond.

"I don't see what difference her being my only daughter makes. It is better to accuse one than a dozen. But I don't accuse anyone. There is not the smallest hypocrisy about Catherine, and I deny that she even pretends to be miserable."

The Doctor's idea that the thing was a "blind" had its intermissions and revivals; but it may be said on the whole to have increased as he grew older; together with his impression of Catherine's blooming and comfortable condition. Naturally, if he had not found grounds for viewing her as a lovelorn maiden during the year or two that followed her great trouble, he found none at a time when she had completely recovered her self-possession. He was obliged to recognise the fact that if the two young people were waiting for him to get out of the way, they were at least waiting very patiently. He had heard from time to time that Morris was in New York; but he never remained there long, and, to the best of the Doctor's belief, had no communication with Catherine. He was sure they never met, and he had reason to suspect that Morris never wrote to her. After the letter that has been mentioned, she heard from him twice again, at considerable intervals; but on none of these occasions did she write herself. On the other hand, as the Doctor observed, she averted herself rigidly from the idea of marrying other people. Her opportunities for doing so were not numerous, but they occurred often enough to test her disposition. She refused a widower, a man with a genial temperament, a handsome fortune, and three little girls (he had heard that she was very fond of children, and he pointed to his own with some confidence); and she turned a deaf ear to the solicitations of a clever young lawyer, who, with the prospect of a great practice, and the reputation of a most agreeable man, had had the shrewdness, when he came to look about him for a wife, to believe that she would suit him better than several younger and prettier girls. Mr. Macalister, the widower, had desired to make a marriage of reason, and had chosen Catherine for what he supposed to be her latent matronly qualities; but John Ludlow, who was a year the girl's junior, and spoken of always as a young man who might have his "pick," was seriously in love with her. Catherine, however, would never look at him; she made it plain to him that she thought he came to see her too often. He afterwards consoled himself, and married a very different person, little Miss Sturtevant, whose attractions were obvious to the dullest comprehension. Catherine, at the time of these events, had left her thirtieth year well behind her, and had quite taken her place as an old maid. Her father would have preferred she should marry, and he once told her that he hoped she would not be too fastidious. "I should like to see you an honest man's wife before I die," he said. This was after John Ludlow had been compelled to give it up, though the Doctor had advised him to persevere. The Doctor exercised no further pressure, and had the credit of not "worry-

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ing" at all over his daughter's singleness. In fact, he worried rather more than appeared, and there were considerable periods during which he felt sure that Morris Townsend was hidden behind some door. "If he is not, why doesn't she marry?" he asked himself. "Limited as her intelligence may be, she must understand perfectly well that she is made to do the usual thing." Catherine, however, became an admirable old maid. She formed habits, regulated her days upon a system of her own, interested herself in charitable institutions, asylums, hospitals and aid-societies; and went generally, with an even and noiseless step, about the rigid business of her life. This life had, however, a secret history as well as a public one—if I may talk of the public history of a mature and diffident spinster for whom publicity had always a combination of terrors. From her own point of view the great facts of her career were that Morris Townsend had trifled with her affection and that her father had broken its spring. Nothing could ever alter these facts; they were always there, like her name, her age, her plain face. Nothing could ever undo the wrong or cure the pain that Morris had inflicted on her, and nothing could ever make her feel toward her father as she felt in her younger years. There was something dead in her life, and her duty was to try and fill the void. Catherine recognised this duty to the utmost; she had a great disapproval of brooding and moping. She had of course no faculty for quenching memory in dissipation; but she mingled freely in the usual gaieties of the town, and she became at last an inevitable figure at all respectable entertainments. She was greatly liked, and as time went on she grew to be a sort of kindly maiden-aunt to the younger portion of society. Young girls were apt to confide to her their love-affairs (which they never did to Mrs. Penniman), and young men to be fond of her without knowing why. She developed a few harmless eccentricities; her habits, once formed, were rather stiffly maintained; her opinions, on all moral and social matters, were extremely conservative; and before she was forty she was regarded as an old-fashioned person and an authority on customs that had passed away. Mrs. Penniman, in comparison, was quite a girlish figure; she grew younger as she advanced in life. She lost none of her relish for beauty and mystery, but she had little opportunity to exercise it. With Catherine's later wooers she failed to establish relations as intimate as those which had given her so many interesting hours in the society of Morris Townsend. These gentlemen had an indefinable mistrust of her good offices, and they never talked to her about Catherine's charms. Her ringlets, her buckles and bangles glistened more brightly with each succeeding year, and she remained quite the same officious and imaginative Mrs. Penniman, and the odd mixture of impetuosity and circumspection, that we have hitherto known. As regards one point, however, her circumspection prevailed, and she must be given due credit for it. For upwards of seventeen years she never mentioned Morris Townsend's name to her niece. Catherine was grateful to her, but this consistent silence,

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so little in accord with her aunt's character, gave her a certain alarm, and she could never wholly rid herself of a suspicion that Mrs. Penniman sometimes had news of him.

XXXIII.

Little by little Doctor Sloper had retired from his profession; he visited only those patients in whose symptoms he recognised a certain originality. He went again to Europe, and remained two years; Catherine went with him, and on this occasion Mrs. Penniman was of the party. Europe apparently had few surprises for Mrs. Penniman, who frequently remarked, in the most romantic sites—"You know I am very familiar with all this." It should be added that such remarks were usually not addressed to her brother, or yet to her niece, but to fellow-tourists who happened to be at hand, or even to the cicerone or the goat-herd in the foreground.

One day, after his return from Europe, the Doctor said something to his daughter that made her start—it seemed to come from so far out of the past.

"I should like you to promise me something before I die."

"Why do you talk about your dying?" she asked.

"Because I am sixty-eight years old."

"I hope you will live a long time," said Catherine.

"I hope I shall! But some day I shall take a bad cold, and then it will not matter much what any one hopes. That will be the manner of my exit, and when it takes place, remember I told you so. Promise me not to marry Morris Townsend after I am gone."

This was what made Catherine start, as I have said; but her start was a silent one, and for some moments she said nothing. "Why do you speak of him?" she asked at last.

"You challenge everything I say. I speak of him because he's a topic, like any other. He's to be seen, like any one else, and he is still looking for a wife—having had one and got rid of her, I don't know by what means. He has lately been in New York, and at your cousin Marian's house; your Aunt Elizabeth saw him there."

"They neither of them told me," said Catherine.

"That's their merit; it's not yours. He has grown fat and bald, and he has not made his fortune. But I can't trust those facts alone to steel your heart against him, and that's why I ask you to promise."

"Fat and bald:" these words presented a strange image to Catherine's mind, out of which the memory of the most beautiful young man in the world had never faded. "I don't think you understand," she said. "I very seldom think of Mr. Townsend."

"It will be very easy for you to go on, then. Promise me, after my death, to do the same."

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Again, for some moments, Catherine was silent; her father's request deeply amazed her; it opened an old wound and made it ache afresh. "I don't think I can promise that," she answered.

"It would be a great satisfaction," said her father.

"You don't understand. I can't promise that."

The Doctor was silent a minute. "I ask you for a particular reason. I am altering my will."

This reason failed to strike Catherine; and indeed she scarcely understood it. All her feelings were merged in the sense that he was trying to treat her as he had treated her years before. She had suffered from it then; and now all her experience, all her acquired tranquillity and rigidity, protested. She had been so humble in her youth that she could now afford to have a little pride, and there was something in this request, and in her father's thinking himself so free to make it, that seemed an injury to her dignity. Poor Catherine's dignity was not aggressive; it never sat in state; but if you pushed far enough you could find it. Her father had pushed very far.

"I can't promise," she simply repeated.

"You are very obstinate," said the Doctor.

"I don't think you understand."

"Please explain, then."

"I can't explain," said Catherine. "And I can't promise."

"Upon my word," her father exclaimed, "I had no idea how obstinate you are!"

She knew herself that she was obstinate, and it gave her a certain joy. She was now a middle-aged woman.

About a year after this, the accident that the Doctor had spoken of occurred: he took a violent cold. Driving out to Bloomingdale one April day to see a patient of unsound mind, who was confined in a private asylum for the insane, and whose family greatly desired a medical opinion from an eminent source, he was caught in a spring shower, and being in a buggy, without a hood, he found himself soaked to the skin. He came home with an ominous chill, and on the morrow he was seriously ill. "It is congestion of the lungs," he said to Catherine; "I shall need very good nursing. It will make no difference, for I shall not recover; but I wish everything to be done, to the smallest detail, as if I should. I hate an ill-conducted sick-room; and you will be so good as to nurse me on the hypothesis that I shall get well." He told her which of his fellow-physicians to send for, and gave her a multitude of minute directions; it was quite on the optimistic hypothesis that she nursed him. But he had never been wrong in his life, and he was not wrong now. He was touching his seventieth year, and though he had a very well-tempered constitution, his hold upon life had lost its firmness. He died after three weeks' illness, during which Mrs. Penniman, as well as his daughter, had been assiduous at his bedside.

On his will being opened after a decent interval, it was found to con-

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sist of two portions. The first of these dated from ten years back, and consisted of a series of dispositions by which he left the great mass of his property to his daughter, with becoming legacies to his two sisters. The second was a codicil, of recent origin, maintaining the annuities to Mrs. Penniman and Mrs. Almond, but reducing Catherine's share to a fifth of what he had first bequeathed her. "She is amply provided for from her mother's side," the document ran, "never having spent more than a fraction of her income from this source; so that her fortune is already more than sufficient to attract those unscrupulous adventurers whom she has given me reason to believe that she persists in regarding as an interesting class." The large remainder of his property, therefore, Dr. Sloper had divided into seven unequal parts, which he left, as endowments, to as many different hospitals and schools of medicine, in various cities of the Union.

To Mrs. Penniman it seemed monstrous that a man should play such tricks with other people's money; for after his death, of course, as she said, it was other people's. "Of course you will immediately break the will," she remarked to Catherine.

"Oh no," Catherine answered, "I like it very much. Only I wish it had been expressed a little differently!"

XXXIV.

It was her habit to remain in town very late in the summer; she preferred the house in Washington Square to any other habitation whatever, and it was under protest that she used to go to the seaside for the month of August. At the sea she spent her month at an hotel. The year that her father died she intermitted this custom altogether, not thinking it consistent with deep mourning; and the year after that she put off her departure till so late that the middle of August found her still in the heated solitude of Washington Square. Mrs. Penniman, who was fond of a change, was usually eager for a visit to the country; but this year she appeared quite content with such rural impressions as she could gather, at the parlour-window, from the alanthus trees behind the wooden paling. The peculiar fragrance of this vegetation used to diffuse itself in the evening air, and Mrs. Penniman, on the warm nights of July, often sat at the open window and inhaled it. This was a happy moment for Mrs. Penniman; after the death of her brother she felt more free to obey her impulses. A vague oppression had disappeared from her life, and she enjoyed a sense of freedom of which she had not been conscious since the memorable time, so long ago, when the Doctor went abroad with Catherine and left her at home to entertain Morris Townsend. The year that had elapsed since her brother's death reminded her of that happy time, because, although Catherine, in growing older, had become a person to be reckoned with, yet her society was a very different

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thing, as Mrs. Penniman said, from that of a tank of cold water. The elder lady hardly knew what use to make of this larger margin of her life; she sat and looked at it very much as she had often sat, with her poised needle in her hand, before her tapestry-frame. She had a confident hope, however, that her rich impulses, her talent for embroidery, would still find their application, and this confidence was justified before many months had elapsed.

Catherine continued to live in her father's house, in spite of its being represented to her that a maiden-lady of quiet habits might find a more convenient abode in one of the smaller dwellings, with brown stone fronts, which had at this time begun to adorn the transverse thoroughfares in the upper part of the town. She liked the earlier structure—it had begun by this time to be called an "old" house—and proposed to herself to end her days in it. If it was too large for a pair of unpretending gentlewomen, this was better than the opposite fault; for Catherine had no desire to find herself in closer quarters with her aunt. She expected to spend the rest of her life in Washington Square, and to enjoy Mrs. Penniman's society for the whole of this period; as she had a conviction that, long as she might live, her aunt would live at least as long, and always retain her brilliancy and activity. Mrs. Penniman suggested to her the idea of a rich vitality.

On one of those warm evenings in July of which mention has been made, the two ladies sat together at an open window, looking out on the quiet Square. It was too hot for lighted lamps, for reading, or for work; it might have appeared too hot even for conversation, Mrs. Penniman having long been speechless. She sat forward in the window, half on the balcony, humming a little song. Catherine was within the room, in a low rocking-chair, dressed in white, and slowly using a large palmetto fan. It was in this way, at this season, that the aunt and niece, after they had had tea, habitually spent their evenings.

"Catherine," said Mrs. Penniman at last, "I am going to say something that will surprise you."

"Pray do," Catherine answered; "I like surprises. And it is so quiet now."

"Well, then, I have seen Morris Townsend."

If Catherine was surprised, she checked the expression of it; she gave neither a start nor an exclamation. She remained, indeed, for some moments intensely still, and this may very well have been a symptom of emotion. "I hope he was well," she said at last.

"I don't know; he is a great deal changed. He would like very much to see you."

"I would rather not see him," said Catherine, quickly.

"I was afraid you would say that. But you don't seem surprised!"

"I am—very much."

"I met him at Marian's," said Mrs. Penniman. "He goes to Marian's, and they are so afraid you will meet him there. It's my

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belief that that's why he goes. He wants so much to see you." Catherine made no response to this, and Mrs. Penniman went on. "I didn't know him at first; he is so remarkably changed. But he knew me in a minute. He says I am not in the least changed. You know how polite he always was. He was coming away when I came, and we walked a little distance together. He is still very handsome, only of course he looks older, and he is not so—so animated as he used to be. There was a touch of sadness about him; but there was a touch of sadness about him before—especially when he went away. I am afraid he has not been very successful—that he has never got thoroughly established. I don't suppose he is sufficiently plodding, and that, after all, is what succeeds in this world." Mrs. Penniman had not mentioned Morris Townsend's name to her niece for upwards of the fifth of a century; but now that she had broken the spell, she seemed to wish to make up for lost time, as if there had been a sort of exhilaration in hearing herself talk of him. She proceeded, however, with considerable caution, pausing occasionally to let Catherine give some sign. Catherine gave no other sign than to stop the rocking of her chair and the swaying of her fan; she sat motionless and silent. "It was on Tuesday last," said Mrs. Penniman, "and I have been hesitating ever since about telling you. I didn't know how you might like it. At last I thought that it was so long ago that you would probably not have any particular feeling. I saw him again, after meeting him at Marian's. I met him in the street, and he went a few steps with me. The first thing he said was about you; he asked ever so many questions. Marian didn't want me to speak to you; she didn't want you to know that they receive him. I told him I was sure that after all these years you couldn't have any feeling about that; you couldn't grudge him the hospitality of his own cousin's house. I said you would be bitter indeed if you did that. Marian has the most extraordinary ideas about what happened between you; she seems to think he behaved in some very unusual manner. I took the liberty of reminding her of the real facts, and placing the story in its true light. *He* has no bitterness, Catherine, I can assure you; and he might be excused for it, for things have not gone well with him. He has been all over the world, and tried to establish himself everywhere; but his evil star was against him. It is most interesting to hear him talk of his evil star. Everything failed; everything but his—you know, you remember—his proud, high spirit. I believe he married some lady somewhere in Europe. You know they marry in such a peculiar matter-of-course way in Europe; a marriage of reason they call it. She died soon afterwards; as he said to me, she only flitted across his life. He has not been in New York for ten years; he came back a few days ago. The first thing he did was to ask me about you. He had heard you had never married; he seemed very much interested about that. He said you had been the real romance of his life."

Catherine had suffered her companion to proceed from point to point,

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and pause to pause, without interrupting her; she fixed her eyes on the ground and listened. But the last phrase I have quoted was followod by a pause of peculiar significance, and then, at last, Catherine spoke. It will be observed that before doing so she had received a good deal of information about Morris Townsend. "Please say no more; please don't follow up that subject."

"Doesn't it interest you?" asked Mrs. Penniman, with a certain timorous archness.

"It pains me," said Catherine.

"I was afraid you would say that. But don't you think you could get used to it? He wants so much to see you."

"Please don't, Aunt Lavinia," said Catherine, getting up from her seat. She moved quickly away, and went to the other window, which stood open to the balcony; and here, in the embrasure, concealed from her aunt by the white curtains, she remained a long time, looking out into the warm darkness. She had had a great shock; it was as if the gulf of the past had suddenly opened, and a spectral figure had risen out of it. There were some things she believed she had got over, some feelings that she had thought of as dead; but apparently there was a certain vitality in them still. Mrs. Penniman had made them stir themselves. It was but a momentary agitation, Catherine said to herself; it would presently pass away. She was trembling, and her heart was beating so that she could feel it; but this also would subside. Then, suddenly, while she waited for a return of her calmness, she burst into tears. But her tears flowed very silently, so that Mrs. Penniman had no observation of them. It was perhaps, however, because Mrs. Penniman suspected them that she said no more that evening about Morris Townsend.

XXXV.

Her refreshed attention to this gentleman had not those limits of which Catherine desired, for herself, to be conscious; it lasted long enough to enable her to wait another week before speaking of him again. It was under the same circumstances that she once more attacked the subject. She had been sitting with her niece in the evening; only on this occasion, as the night was not so warm, the lamp had been lighted, and Catherine had placed herself near it with a morsel of fancy-work. Mrs. Penniman went and sat alone for half an hour on the balcony; then she came in, moving vaguely about the room. At last she sank into a seat near Catherine, with clasped hands, and a little look of excitement.

"Shall you be angry if I speak to you again about *him*?" she asked.

Catherine looked up at her quietly. "Who is *he*?"

"He whom you once loved."

"I shall not be angry, but I shall not like it."

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"He sent you a message," said Mrs. Penniman. "I promised him to deliver it, and I must keep my promise."

In all these years Catherine had had time to forget how little she had to thank her aunt for in the season of her misery; she had long ago forgiven Mrs. Penniman for taking too much upon herself. But for a moment this attitude of interposition and disinterestedness, this carrying of messages and redeeming of promises, brought back the sense that her companion was a dangerous woman. She had said she would not be angry; but for an instant she felt sore. "I don't care what you do with your promise!" she answered.

Mrs. Penniman, however, with her high conception of the sanctity of pledges, carried her point. "I have gone too far to retreat," she said, though precisely what this meant she was not at pains to explain. "Mr. Townsend wishes most particularly to see you, Catherine; he believes that if you knew how much, and why, he wishes it, you would consent to do so."

"There can be no reason," said Catherine; "no good reason."

"His happiness depends upon it. Is not that a good reason?" asked Mrs. Penniman, impressively.

"Not for me. My happiness does not."

"I think you will be happier after you have seen him. He is going away again—going to resume his wanderings. It is a very lonely, restless, joyless life. Before he goes, he wishes to speak to you; it is a fixed idea with him—he is always thinking of it. He has something very important to say to you. He believes that you never understood him—that you never judged him rightly, and the belief has always weighed upon him terribly. He wishes to justify himself; he believes that in a very few words he could do so. He wishes to meet you as a friend."

Catherine listened to this wonderful speech, without pausing in her work; she had now had several days to accustom herself to think of Morris Townsend again as an actuality. When it was over she said simply, "Please say to Mr. Townsend that I wish he would leave me alone."

She had hardly spoken when a sharp, firm ring at the door vibrated through the summer night. Catherine looked up at the clock; it marked a quarter-past nine—a very late hour for visitors, especially in the empty condition of the town. Mrs. Penniman at the same moment gave a little start, and then Catherine's eyes turned quickly to her aunt. They met Mrs. Penniman's and sounded them for a moment, sharply. Mrs. Penniman was blushing; her look was a conscious one; it seemed to confess something. Catherine guessed its meaning, and rose quickly from her chair.

"Aunt Penniman," she said, in a tone that scared her companion, "have you taken *the liberty* . . . ?"

"My dearest Catherine," stammered Mrs. Penniman, "just wait till you see him!"

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Catherine had frightened her aunt, but she was also frightened herself; she was on the point of rushing to give orders to the servant, who was passing to the door, to admit no one; but the fear of meeting her visitor checked her.

"Mr. Morris Townsend."

This was what she heard, vaguely but recognisably, articulated by the domestic, while she hesitated. She had her back turned to the door of the parlour, and for some moments she kept it turned, feeling that he had come in. He had not spoken, however, and at last she faced about. Then she saw a gentleman standing in the middle of the room, from which her aunt had discreetly retired.

She would never have known him. He was forty-five years old, and his figure was not that of the straight, slim young man she remembered. But it was a very fine person, and a fair and lustrous beard, spreading itself upon a well-presented chest, contributed to its effect. After a moment Catherine recognised the upper half of the face, which, though her visitor's clustering locks had grown thin, was still remarkably handsome. He stood in a deeply deferential attitude, with his eyes on her face. "I have ventured—I have ventured," he said; and then he paused, looking about him, as if he expected her to ask him to sit down. It was the old voice; but it had not the old charm. Catherine, for a minute, was conscious of a distinct determination not to invite him to take a seat. Why had he come? It was wrong for him to come. Morris was embarrassed, but Catherine gave him no help. It was not that she was glad of his embarrassment; on the contrary, it excited all her own liabilities of this kind, and gave her great pain. But how could she welcome him when she felt so vividly that he ought not to have come? "I wanted so much —I was determined," Morris went on. But he stopped again; it was not easy. Catherine still said nothing, and he may well have recalled with apprehension her ancient faculty of silence. She continued to look at him, however, and as she did so she made the strangest observation. It seemed to be he, and yet not he; it was the man who had been everything, and yet this person was nothing. How long ago it was—how old she had grown—how much she had lived! She had lived on something that was connected with *him*, and she had consumed it in doing so. This person did not look unhappy. He was fair and well-preserved, perfectly dressed, mature and complete. As Catherine looked at him, the story of his life defined itself in his eyes; he had made himself comfortable, and he had never been caught. But even while her perception opened itself to this, she had no desire to catch him; his presence was painful to her, and she only wished he would go.

"Will you not sit down?" he asked.

"I think we had better not," said Catherine.

"I offend you by coming?" He was very grave; he spoke in a tone of the richest respect.

"I don't think you ought to have come."

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"Did not Mrs. Penniman tell you—did she not give you my message?"

"She told me something, but I did not understand."

"I wish you would let *me* tell you—let me speak for myself."

"I don't think it is necessary," said Catherine.

"Not for you, perhaps, but for me. It would be a great satisfaction—and I have not many." He seemed to be coming nearer; Catherine turned away. "Can we not be friends again?" he asked.

"We are not enemies," said Catherine. "I have none but friendly feelings to you."

"Ah, I wonder whether you know the happiness it gives me to hear you say that!" Catherine uttered no intimation that she measured the influence of her words; and he presently went on, "You have not changed—the years have passed happily for you."

"They have passed very quietly," said Catherine.

"They have left no marks; you are admirably young." This time he succeeded in coming nearer—he was close to her; she saw his glossy perfumed beard, and his eyes above it looking strange and hard. It was very different from his old—from his young—face. If she had first seen him this way she would not have liked him. It seemed to her that he was smiling, or trying to smile. "Catherine," he said, lowering his voice, "I have never ceased to think of you."

"Please don't say those things," she answered.

"Do you hate me?"

"Oh no," said Catherine.

Something in her tone discouraged him, but in a moment he recovered himself. "Have you still some kindness for me, then?"

"I don't know why you have come here to ask me such things!" Catherine exclaimed.

"Because for many years it has been the desire of my life that we should be friends again."

"That is impossible."

"Why so? Not if you will allow it."

"I will not allow it!" said Catherine.

He looked at her again in silence. "I see; my presence troubles you and pains you. I will go away; but you must give me leave to come again."

"Please don't come again," she said.

"Never?—never?"

She made a great effort; she wished to say something that would make it impossible he should ever again cross her threshold. "It is wrong of you. There is no propriety in it—no reason for it."

"Ah, dearest lady, you do me injustice!" cried Morris Townsend. "We have only waited, and now we are free."

"You treated me badly," said Catherine.

"Not if you think of it rightly. You had your quiet life with your

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father—which was just what I could not make up my mind to rob you of."

"Yes; I had that."

Morris felt it to be a considerable damage to his cause that he could not add that she had had something more besides; for it is needless to say that he had learnt the contents of Doctor Sloper's will. He was nevertheless not at a loss. "There are worse fates than that!" he exclaimed with expression; and he might have been supposed to refer to his own unprotected situation. Then he added, with a deeper tenderness, "Catherine, have you never forgiven me?"

"I forgave you years ago, but it is useless for us to attempt to be friends."

"Not if we forget the past. We have still a future, thank God!"

"I can't forget—I don't forget," said Catherine. "You treated me too badly. I felt it very much; I felt it for years." And then she went on, with her wish to show him that he must not come to her this way, "I can't begin again—I can't take it up. Everything is dead and buried. It was too serious; it made a great change in my life. I never expected to see you here."

"Ah, you are angry!" cried Morris, who wished immensely that he could extort some flash of passion from her calmness. In that case he might hope.

"No, I am not angry. Anger does not last, that way, for years. But there are other things. Impressions last, when they have been strong. —But I can't talk."

Morris stood stroking his beard, with a clouded eye. "Why have you never married?" he asked abruptly. "You have had opportunities."

"I didn't wish to marry."

"Yes, you are rich, you are free; you had nothing to gain."

"I had nothing to gain," said Catherine.

Morris looked vaguely round him, and gave a deep sigh. "Well, I was in hopes that we might still have been friends."

"I meant to tell you, by my aunt, in answer to your message—if you had waited for an answer—that it was unnecessary for you to come in that hope."

"Good-bye, then," said Morris. "Excuse my indiscretion."

He bowed, and she turned away—standing there, averted, with her eyes on the ground, for some moments after she had heard him close the door of the room.

In the hall he found Mrs. Penniman, fluttered and eager; she appeared to have been hovering there under the irreconcilable promptings of her curiosity and her dignity.

"That was a precious plan of yours!" said Morris, clapping on his hat.

"Is she so hard?" asked Mrs. Penniman.

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"She doesn't care a button for me—with her confounded little dry manner."

"Was it very dry?" pursued Mrs. Penniman, with solicitude.

Morris took no notice of her question; he stood musing an instant, with his hat on. "But why the deuce, then, would she never marry?"

"Yes—why indeed?" sighed Mrs. Penniman. And then, as if from a sense of the inadequacy of this explanation, "But you will not despair—you will come back?"

"Come back? Damnation!" And Morris Townsend strode out of the house, leaving Mrs. Penniman staring.

Catherine, meanwhile, in the parlour, picking up her morsel of fancy-work, had seated herself with it again—for life, as it were.

HENRY JAMES, Jr.

THE END.

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THE INDIANS DISCOVERED QUIETLY, WITH DIGNITY, BEHAVING VERY WELL.

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THE

CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1880.

Fina's Aunt.

SOME PASSAGES FROM MISS WILLIAMSON'S DIARY.

I.

From Miss Sophy King in Switzerland to Miss Williamson in Old Street, London, W.

DEAREST MISS WILLIAMSON.—Your two letters have come flying through the ravines and over the waterfalls, and the sunlight on the plains and the half-way storms, and through all the freshness as well as the less agreeable whiffs from the village. We are very comfortably encamped at our hotel; mamma is wonderfully well for her. My father is in Scotland, but we are not lonely, and have found several friends here. Chief among them are *your* friends the Arnheims, who only went down to Interlaken this morning—we follow on Monday. Mr. Arnheim has an engagement to play at the concerts there. Fina, the little girl, has started up wonderfully, and reaches her father's shoulder. I told her I should be writing to you, and she sent you her love and begged me to tell you that she mends

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her father's clothes now, and adds up the bills, and keeps all the money. She has grown very like her poor mother, whom I remember seeing at your lodgings in Old Street. I wonder if those very disagreeable people, her relations, are living near you still: that pompous Miss Ellis and the Colonel, and the silent younger sister and the delightful old lady: and I wonder if you, too, are in your usual corner, where I can see you as plainly as I can see mamma in her chair on the terrace opposite. This is written from a broad green balcony overhung with clematis; all the people come out of the dining-room and sit here to look at the mountains.

"The day the Arnheims were here they took me out for a long day in the mountains. Mr. Arnheim led the way, Fina and I followed. One cannot talk, but one goes on climbing ever through changing lights, from one height to another, higher and higher still. We left autumn at the foot of the mountain, and after a time found ourselves in summer and spring once more. Far above, striking the blue sky, hung winter snows and crystals, but round us was spring. A flood of fragrant Alpine flowers spread by every rocky ridge, along every Alp and plateau, rhododendrons crimson incandescent; violets and saxifrage, and light iris lilies with a delicate pale fragrance; mountain moss and wild azalea, all indescribably faint and beautiful. It seemed as if our souls and senses were refreshed and purified by this calm ether, and able to receive the sacrament of nature, the outward sign and the inward grace. Far beyond one blazing slope of green and crimson studded flowers, and across the vast valley, rose the great might and silence of the mountain-chain, and higher still a line of clouds was striking sail in solemn rank and drifting towards the peaks. A sense of awe-stricken, all-embracing beauty, of all-enclosing power and mystery, came upon us as we stood together. I felt as if I had lived for years alone with Fina and her father. He, too, seemed to feel some of the same companionship, for he turned from her to me and said very gently:

"'Fina will never forget our walk together, nor the wonderful things we have seen to-day. My old violin has often talked of it, but it never showed us what we have seen to-day.' And then with a half sigh, 'How her mother would have enjoyed it all,' he added.

"But though we all enjoyed our walk, it was too long. Mr. Arnheim was ill for two days, I am sorry to say; Fina and I have scarcely been beyond the green terrace of the hotel since then. I am not romantic as you know, and so I like sitting where I can see the road and the people passing. There go two Swiss maidens. I wish I could draw them for you. They seem to be carrying two of the mountains on their backs. I don't know whether they are going to set them down in sight of the new hotel or elsewhere. Now our artist goes by. He is a Mr. Bracy, and staying in the hotel. He walks about with his head on one side, and his portfolio under his arm. Sketching in such a place as this seems to me a ludicrous process. You might as well attempt to sketch a sonata with a penny whistle as to set down the Eiger on one

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page and the Wetterhorn and its crown of cloud on another. There would be some sense in it if he were to draw that nice load of wood and its white horse.

"I don't know how to describe everything here. Life begins at dawn and goes on till starlight. The terrace itself is rather a choking place, scented with heavy perfumes, but through its green windows and delicate curtain of hanging tendril and white blossom, a great sight is revealed. Rise, noble Eiger, with dizzy heights and battlements piled against time, against men, against winds and storms and seasons. There broods frozen winter, eternally arrested on the summit. As for the autumn in the valley, it is a lovely and plentiful show; yellow crops not all reaped yet, bronzed ears and sheaves in the homestead, flax swinging from the galleries of the châlets, cut wood for winter piled against the outer walls. The roar of the torrent is in the air, and mingles with the pastoral sounds. All over Switzerland the rush of running water echoes, from the desperate streams that course in the valleys, to the sweet high mountain rivulets flashing their way to the plain.

"There is one solemn end to our terrace, the other clatters with knives and forks, and is within view of the narrow village street. A deep gutter has been cut in the centre of the road, crossed at intervals by foot-stones. The children, with their brown faces and white heads, sit swinging their bare legs over the water; they stand on the steps of the châlets, they peep from crazy balconies that start from every corner, loaded with green and crimson flower-pots; and then there are figures everywhere climbing ladders, leaning from upper windows, as they do in German picture-books. A horse led by a baby comes to drink at the trough at the corner of the road; a go-cart rolls by, dragged by a pretty young mother —she has tied her child by a linen cloth to the shafts; the baker shuffles from beneath his gable, our host of "The Bear" appears for a moment in his doorway. Opposite is the country coffee-house, with "Milk and Beer Shop" painted in rude letters over the doorway; and through the open lattice and behind the red curtains you see the country-folk refreshing themselves at wooden tables. Bowls piled with beautiful red and gold are set before them. It is only a feast of apples, but Paris himself might have plucked them. The Golden Age never produced a more sumptuous crop, blazing crimson and lighting the dark kitchen. Then, beyond all the clamour of the little village, the voices, the bleating of goats, the splashing of waters, you come upon the little church, silent in its slated nightcap, watching over the tranquil graveyard where people lie asleep, as befits good reformers, not beneath the shadow of the cross, but under strange tabernacles and devices, among weeds and flowers, with the rocks of the Fishhorns to bound the view and the valley opening to the westward.

"You see I have taken the opportunity of your absence to rhapsodise a little. How glad we should all be if there was any chance of your coming, if only for a fortnight. We will use all our influence with Mr. Gredig's

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sallow son to get you a room on the proper side of the house, with the view. Do think of it and of all you will have to write down in your beloved diary.

"Always your most affectionate

"SOPHY KING."

II.

I have almost made up my mind to burn my diaries. I have been looking them over to-night, and there they are lying in a heap, a cairn upon the floor. Each year passing by has added its stone. My neighbour, Josephine Ellis, came in to see me, and exclaimed at the pile. I told her it was the funeral pyre of my familiar blue devils. There they were, all dated and docketed. "Have you never kept a diary?" I asked.

"What should I put into a diary?" said she. "Nothing ever happens in our house. I was quite glad when the little page-boy tumbled downstairs yesterday, and broke the teacups. But Bessie has matched them already, and everything is the same again as ever."

"I don't write my diary when I have anything better to do," I replied. "It is only when you are a very long time without coming to see me, or when Sophy King does not write, that I have recourse to it."

Living alone as I do, busy and trudging about all day with my lessons, and tired at night, most of my dissipation comes to me in the shape of pen and ink. For my public opinions, indeed, I subscribe to the *Daily News;* but for my private feelings I have long kept a diary. The extra blank sheets are very convenient to vent one's moods upon, and there is a certain amusement in the £ *s. d.* column, down which the figures go tumbling headlong to the terrible total at the bottom. But I confess that, with the best good will in the world, there are times when a clean ruled page is not much comfort, when a well-balanced column is of little avail, when what you want is a voice—a hand, rough or clumsy though it be—something alive that is not the eternal reflection of your own self in the glass or on the paper before you. In many ways, however, I am well contented with my lot. It seemed a hard one at first, and perhaps things don't change; but one suits oneself to the circumstances round about one. In comparing one life with another people often forget to take states of mind into consideration, and do not realise how habit and natural adaptability often make a sort of artificial happiness when none other might seem possible. "Leave human nature alone," said a French lady two hundred years ago, "and it will make some happiness for itself out of the things round about it." In many ways I like the monotonousness of my existence, my early walks, my return home. I have friends without a name who look a kindly greeting; I have a correspondent to whom I owe many a happy half-hour; I live a great deal outside my quiet room as well as in it. My landlady keeps my home bright for me and in good order, and welcomes me back to cheering cups of unstinted bohea. In the morning, when I set off on my day's peregrinations, the street looks pleasant if the sun shines, and

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friendly even in the mist. It is not one of your dreary, stucco, suburban rows; but a little, old, cheerful, vulgar street, with a certain stir of humanity and life about it, and a barber's shop at the corner.

And here let me note down a curious little discovery I have made since my life in Old Street began. There is nothing in reality more regular than this apparently erratic street life that we see flowing past as though without method or reason; but people whose business takes them at certain hours in certain directions know how the same figures recur at the same places with a curious order and persistence. As I go to my lessons in the early morning I am met again by certain faces at certain corners. Some of them seem friends almost after a week or two of silent recognition. I know the trim clerks on the way to their offices, and three organ men who meet under the same tree in Kensington Gardens, morning after morning, to settle the plan of their day's campaign. I disliked them at first, but by degrees became quite interested in their well-being. A pug dog, anxiously followed by a lady and gentleman, always meets me at a certain tree along the path, and looks up in my face inquiringly. At the gate is the apple-woman, sitting at her stall. All these people have become quite habitual and component parts of my mind by degrees. We meet in sunshine; we meet in rain. Shall I ever forget one lovely morning when some miracle had been worked for us, and the mists had descended in a silver vapour, through which we humdrum people drifted, silently appearing, vanishing, transfigured in a pale dazzling cloud of light? Another day was even more beautiful, when the whole world of the Gardens suddenly flashed into glittering, diamond-like hoarfrost, every blade and twig, every dead leaf, every iron railing touched by this magic. But these are holidays. Who does not know London's workaday livery of heavy, dull grey, the laurel bushes and trees of changeless hue, the dark, straight rows of smut and brick? The skies seem made of bricks, the houses of smut and mist. The world goes out suddenly; the beautiful, shining, gay world, all alight and alive, all full of the voices of children and the hum of strollers, seems blown out with a puff; and the people are gone too. One day you are walking in company with a thousand bustling fellow-creatures, in windy, sunshiny places, where the very stones at your feet are shining and full of hope; the next, you are plodding—no, not plodding, it is too hopeful a word—you are standing still on one foot, shuddering, and not knowing where to step next.

The weather of our souls is not altogether unlike this outward weather which is supposed to affect our bodies more especially. People say that music only can express certain moods and things. Weather seems to me to have a language of its own which everybody understands, even animals and even growing things as well as philosophers and idiots. Governesses should be philosophers, I suppose, but I am afraid my poor little pupils, who are everything but idiots, tell which wind is blowing not from personal but from reflected experience. Clang! clang! clang!

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the bell shakes in the east wind, and jars and jars the unfortunates who are of irritable nerve and temper, and who are condemned to come out in it while the grim reverberations smite and swing and strike those who are already stricken. Happy, and comfortable, and thick-skinned people do not feel such passing sounds and influences any more than children do. Alas! for the nervously irritable, there is a whole world of undiscovered misery, of chill atmospheres, of impatient annoyances, into which they drift. And those who fall victims to these idiotic demons, mere soulless worries of the moment without meaning or tragedy to dignify their pranks—demons with whom battle is ignominious and victory almost as unworthy as defeat—may well grudge the precious hours of life that pass struggling with minor and intolerable worries.

I remember meeting Josephine Ellis in the east wind one day at the street corner, and being quite frightened by her face, it looked so grey, so set, so utterly stony and miserable. I spoke to her, but she didn't notice me and hurried on. The church bells were clanging overhead, and the clouds tossing up into the high blue sky. The sky always looks highest at the corner just by the steeple, where all the roads meet, where the cabs and carts cross each other's track, and one old street goes winding uphill by the church, while the other meanders off into the country, past the suburban gardens and villas, past Hammersmith and its bridges and stagnant ditches, into the open fields. Another road, joining on to this one, goes back to the very heart of London, with a steady rumbling pulse of cabs, carts, carriages, all laden. Besides these, there was the foot-stream, into which I saw Josephine engulfed.

I watched her tall, quick figure sliding through the crowd. She was dressed all in black, for the family were still in mourning for poor Mrs. Arnheim, the second daughter, who had died abroad the year before. Josephine in her flowing robes was a noble-looking woman, with a lovely mouth and a hooked nose, not a snub like her sister Bessie's; nor was her hair red, but black, waving and frizzling like the Greek ladies' hair on the coins. Her face is often grey, often dull. It was bright enough when I knew her first, seven years before she passed me in the east wind that day. Long afterwards she came and told me what had happened that day, and my heart sank for her.

She has an odd hard plausible way of relating the most intimate things. Her manner is at times just like her sister Bessie's, and I could shake her for it, but her looks are Mrs. Arnheim's, who is gone, and her heart is her own; faithful, gentle, diffident, reserved, unchanging. Poor Josephine! How I should have liked to see her happier! She said that, as she hurried along on that bewildering walk through the crowd, the sound of the church bells seemed to be her own story proclaimed in some noisy, obstreperous fashion: "Away with him! Away with him! Go! Go! Go! Go! Go! Send him off!" the bells had seemed to say while she pushed quickly forward, not letting herself dwell on much else beyond the difficulty of passing in and out among the many

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people, who were crowding the narrow pavement. To her it was all like a dream from her own heart, and she wondered to find herself quite alone in this crowd, elbowing, shouldering, pushing, while all the while the incessant bell kept up its maddening clang of parting.

III.

Josephine Ellis at thirty might have been a handsome happy woman, with a home and more to do than she could find time for, with many cares and anxieties, and a thousand things to occupy her, with a child or two to tend, or with small means perhaps to eke out to the uttermost (which is in itself a profession), with cheerful noise and bustle in her life, and plenty of coming and going, of healthy fatigue and peaceful rest—all this might have been hers, and besides and beyond it all a blessing of faithful love and companionship; but, unfortunately for herself, she was of good family, well-connected, accustomed to every comfort, devoted to her mother, yielding and obedient to the elder sister, who had ruled the house ever since Josephine could remember. A shabby middle-aged doctor of humble extraction, without any practice to speak of, and with a patched and shabby home in Pimlico, was not to be welcomed as a husband, except in defiance of every law which she had been brought up to look upon as sacred. She had been little more than a child at the time of her sister Mary's elopement, but she could remember the dismay it caused. Poverty she did not fear (though she somewhat exaggerated its terrors), but remorse she feared, and renewed anguish for her mother; and she dreaded her sister's blame and her friends' shoulder-shrugs. And then he, though so poor, though of such humble origin, ventured to reproach her; he was rude, he was angry. "If she loved him, why did she hesitate?" he asked; "if she did not love him, it was *he* who would wish to break it off. She must face it; she must be perfectly simple and honest about it." His vehemence filled her with fears of what he might demand from her in the future.

It is not one of the smallest difficulties of life, that of being perfectly true and single-minded in the midst of a great network of influences, of which the ropes and strings and threads pull from generations and generations back, and spread out in every direction. When Josephine broke off her engagement, she scarcely knew what she was doing. She hoped things would come right. She said one thing, she meant another, she did what seemed to her best, but her heart resisted. Josephine was weak, afraid of the Colonel and Bessie, and full of tender solicitude for the dear old mother who loved her children, but whose love and longing for their happiness only seemed in one way or another to bring so much trouble and sorrow upon them. "He" said she did not love him enough. It might be so. She had seen him a dozen times, perhaps, but it seemed to her she knew every look and line in his face as well as she did her mother's well-loved seams. When he was angry with her, she felt angry for him, angry with herself. Ah! if he thought she did not love him

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enough, it was better for him to be free, and not tied to a half-hearted woman. So Josephine said "Good-bye." It was easily done; too easily done, she thought. She wrote to her lover to meet her in Kensington Gardens that east-windy autumn day, and there, by the pond, among babies and nursemaids, to the plash of the dull ripples, and to the sound of the children's voices and the greedy gabble of the waterfowl, with mists rising blue against the stems of the trees, she let his warm hand drop and turned away alone, strangely light of heart as people are who have made up their minds, very sad as a woman may well be, who is turning away from life's happiness, from its cheer and interest, to a chamber, swept, indeed, and garnished, and empty.

It is true there are married people and unmarried ones in the world, and some of the married live utterly alone, and some of the unmarried have their hearts full and overflowing, and live married to the lives and interests of others. But Josephine Ellis was not one of these. She had not energy of character or force of will enough to compel circumstances. She was going home to a lonely life and she knew it. She had spared her mother a cruel pang and she grudged it. She had sent him from her, and it was she would remember and he who would forget in time. This also she knew and accepted. But presently, as she walked along and the bells began to clang aloft once more, every note seemed to her like a crash of pain falling on her heart,—every stroke seemed to buffet, to bewilder her. She could have cried out loud, only she was too well brought up to make a disturbance in the street, and so she trudged on, crossing the road under a horse's nose and heedless of the driver's cry. As she was turning the corner of the street that leads to her home in Old Palace Square, she saw some little children in rags with fluttering pinafores, dancing hand in hand to the tune of the very bells that sounded to her like a knell. Then she reached home at last. There was the house with its broad front and usual row of windows, the blinds were not down, there were no mutes standing at the door to show to others that a second funeral had taken place, that a tender friendship was dead and buried away by the Round Pond.

A long time of waiting followed, while she hoped, she knew not what, and nothing came of her hopes; and then she began to be afraid, but nothing happened. Then she thought she hated John Adams (that was the Doctor's name), until one day by chance she saw him in the distance, a long way off, at the end of a street; and then she felt her whole heart melt with forgiveness. But he did not see her, and walked on his way.

Facts cannot be changed, but in time we can change ourselves, with help from new things to push away the old ones; but for poor Josephine, so few new things or thoughts or events came to make a difference, that at thirty she was the same woman she had been at twenty-five, less five years of hope, and youth, and confidence. She did not fall ill, but she dimmed as people do. Her brightness faded, and her hair fell out of its pretty crisp waves.

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"She wants change," said Bessie the tyrant, sharply, when she saw her mother anxiously watching Josephine with soft squirrel-like eyes. "Thomas is going abroad. Let her go with him." But Josephine protested she did not want anything, only to be left alone.

Thomas was Josephine's and Bessie's elder brother. He had retired from the army with a colonelcy when he married the second time, and had settled down as a country gentleman in Sussex. On the present occasion he had got a cough, which gave him and his good-natured wife no little anxiety, and had come up to town to consult a doctor about it. The starched colonel had been struck with the change in Josephine, and complained of her dress to his wife.

"Josephine don't make anything of herself," he said; "she was a pretty girl not long ago, but now she is a perfect scarecrow. My mother looks the youngest of the two. I wish you would give her a hint or two, Rosa."

But, notwithstanding Rosa's excellent hints, Josephine's complexion did not improve.

I have vagued away in a sort of circle round my diaries still heaped on the floor, and Josephine standing between me and the lamp. She was perfectly composed, and looked as if she had never done anything but tie her bonnet-strings. The window was open, and the huge still stars were glowing over the opposite house, the lighted panes of which looked like lanterns.

"I am waiting for a servant to fetch me," said Josephine. "Thomas and Bessie won't let me stir without one, and it isn't worth a battle. One thing more," she added, "I wanted to tell you. I have had a letter from Fina, and a few lines from her father. He persists in refusing to let us send him one farthing of Mary's money. I think it is very wrong. He drags this child from place to place, and lives in a strange, miserable, hand-to-mouth way, when he might have enough, and welcome."

"My dear," said I, "don't ask me what I think. No wonder Mr. Arnheim is sore, remembering how he has been treated. An honest man doesn't like to be so treated. Your brother once called him 'adventurer' to his face."

"He calls him 'that fiddler' now," said Josephine, with a faint smile. "He seems to think it equally disgraceful, and is quite furious because Mr. Arnheim won't take the money. Ah! it is true what you say, honest men can't bear such mean suspicions. Do you know," she went on, "I sometimes think, if it had not been for Bessie and Thomas, who always agrees with her, we might have all made it up years before our poor Mary died. I sometimes think things might be different, even now. But oh! Mary ought not to have left us as she did," the girl continued with a sudden outburst of emotion. "It half-killed mamma, and she would have died, I know she would have died, if I too had deserted my post."

I scarcely knew how to answer Josephine's outburst. She stood trembling for an instant, and then all the moment's emotion seemed to

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pass away, and there again stood the set, handsome, fashionable goddess I was used to see. The gods, we know, are forbidden to weep, and perhaps some such decree had been issued to the Ellis household, for Josephine forced back her tears.

At that instant an interruption came in the shape of a crash outside the door. Mrs. Taplow looked in demurely.

"Miss Ellis's servant has come, ma'am. The poor boy has met with an accident over the bannisters. He don't seem *much* hurt," added Mrs. Taplow considerately, for fear we should be alarmed.

IV.

People bestow strange gifts, and leave odd legacies behind them, which are not mentioned in their wills nor taxed by a paternal government. Besides his money in the funds, his landed estates, his handsome family plate, Mr. Ellis had left his temper to his two eldest children. The two younger daughters, Josephine and Mary, took after their mother. Josephine succumbed to the family demon, and poor Mary had fled from it with Francis Arnheim, the "adventurer," as Thomas called him. The story of her marriage was a dreary one; but it contained one little episode, which has been told elsewhere, and which I cannot think of still without some emotion—a meeting, a reconciliation, when mother and daughter, after years of estrangement, by a happy chance, ran into one another's arms one summer evening. Mary was forgiven, but that was all. Her family would not accept her husband, and she, being a proud woman and true wife, went away with him once more, and not very long afterward had passed beyond all estrangement and all reproach. She died at Munich, tenderly watched and cared for to the last. The poor musician remained abroad; he could not face the people who had made his wife unhappy for so long; he could scarcely forgive her mother. Josephine, the youngest sister, who had been faithful in a timid way, was the only one of the family he ever wrote to. He would touch none of poor Mary's money. He could keep the child, he said; the interest of her mother's fortune might accumulate. Fina would some day appreciate her little fortune, the more because her up-bringing had been modest. A musician's life belongs to towns, and Arnheim wandered about Europe with his violin and his little daughter, from one city to another, from one concert to another, carrying his loneliness and his patient music. He was not a great musician. He was a conscientious and painstaking man. With Mary he had been happy, and purposefull, and hard-working. Without her he was all lost and at sea.

I could understand what had occurred at the time of Mary Arnheim's marriage, when I heard the Colonel and his sister talking about Josephine one day. I had gone with a message to Old Palace Square. It seemed as if it were some grim rehearsal going on of what had happened there before. After all, events are only combinations out of people's own characters, thoughts, and wishes. Again and again we watch the same

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histories repeating themselves, and one day we discover, to our surprise, how large a share we have had ourselves in things which have befallen us apparently from without.

When I called on that occasion, Josephine had gone off to some week-day service, of which there are a great many at our Parish Cathedral. The peaceful old lady in her soft Indian shawls sat, owl-like, in her corner, watching us sleepily. The Colonel was pacing the room and announcing, with immense decision, that he was going to the Club. Bessie was finishing her notes at the writing-table. You had only to look at her back as she sat unflinchingly dotting, crossing, and despatching her missives to see what a fund of energy was strapped in with her leather belt and silver chains. The Colonel's wife, who had been an heiress and accustomed to her comforts, was lying on the sofa, uttering the most placid audacious suggestions.

"But after all, if Josephine wished it, why didn't she have him?" said Mrs. Colonel to her mother-in-law.

"As it happens, she didn't wish it," said Bessie, suddenly joining in, and flinging the words over her shoulder. "Josephine never wished to leave her mother; and I don't know why Rosa should interfere."

"Interfere!" said Rosa, who had a sort of feather-bed manner when Bessie attacked her. "Interfere? I only asked a question. What is he like, Bessie dear?"

"I cannot tell you. He is no friend of mine. Josephine made his acquaintance at the hospital, and not under her own mother's roof."

"It don't do; it don't do!" the Colonel said, stopping short in his perambulations, and settling himself in his tight coat. "Young ladies shouldn't meddle with hospitals and doctors. They are all very well in their proper place, and a man may do as he likes; but a lady should always have some one with her—a servant, if nobody else can go."

This sapient remark was greatly approved by Miss Ellis, who emphatically endorsed it with "That is also my humble opinion. So I have always said from the first."

"A servant! That might be very awkward," said Mrs. Thomas, reflectively.

As she spoke, the door opened and the red head of Hoopers, the page boy, who had been specially engaged to chaperone Josephine, appeared in the door. "If you please, Miss," said Hoopers mysteriously, "there's a gentleman rung at the bell. He ask if the family were alone, and I told him as how Miss Josephine was out. So he said as how Miss Ellis will do, and I thought as——"

"What is all this?" says Miss Ellis, wheeling round. "Go down directly, Hoopers, and send Burroughes up."

"Please'm, Mr. Burroughes, he have a friend droppod in—he says as how he can't be rung up no more."

"I had better see about it, Bessie," said the Colonel, briskly marching off, delighted at having something to do.

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"No, Thomas," said Miss Ellis. "This is a woman's province. I will speak to Burroughes. Show the gentleman into the library, Hoopers."

Here Hoopers, who was certainly a very vulgar boy, began making signals with his thumb and winks and signs over his shoulder, to indicate that the stranger was close behind him, and the Colonel, who had gone to the door, ran up against a tall loose-jointed man, who had come up and now confronted the Colonel somewhat cavalierly.

I could guess who it was. A man about forty, rather shabbily dressed, with hair already turning grey, and a brown hatchet face. When he spoke, some slight north-country tone betrayed him, but his voice was low and deep and his words measured. He did not seem in the least disconcerted by the phalanx of ladies and arm-chairs, nor by the commanding aspect of the Colonel. He looked round quietly, with bright, shaggy eyes.

"I asked for Miss Ellis," he said. "I was told Mrs. Ellis was an invalid. My name is John Adams. You may have heard of me from——"

"From my sister Josephine," the Colonel answered haughtily. "It is perhaps just as well she is out. If you will come down with me, Mr.—Dr. Adams——"

"I have nothing to say to you in private," said the shabby man, looking doubtfully at the spruce one. "I wanted to speak to Mrs. Ellis."

"My mother, as you know, is an invalid, and must be spared discussion," said Miss Ellis. "Anything you may wish to say will be listened to elsewhere."

"Why not here?" said the old lady, seemingly interested, and speaking very vigorously, while, to my amusement, Mrs. Thomas rose from the sofa, came forward, and said in her most languid tones: "Be so good as to come a little nearer. Mrs. Ellis is rather deaf."

"I don't know why my coming should trouble you, ma'am," said the Doctor, striding up the room, and utterly ignoring the two wardens at the door (where, by the way, I could see that little wretch Hoopers grinning). "What I want to say is soon said. I admire your daughter very much, and I asked her to marry me, as you may perhaps have heard. There seemed to be family difficulties which at the time I did not sufficiently allow for, and I am afraid I was impatient and harsh. It has since occurred to me that, perhaps, as you did not know me, you imagined I was behaving in an underhand way. I therefore determined to come and ask you for her hand before speaking to her again; and now I hope I may be allowed to see Josephine when she comes in."

"Oh, no, no, no," cried the old lady nervously, and greatly startled. "Pray don't do anything of the sort." And Miss Bessie, recovering herself, came quickly to the rescue.

"You are very much in error if you imagine any representations you can now make will influence my sister's feelings. She has assured us that her mind is made up, and that she has plainly and positively told you so."

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"Are you quite sure her mind is made up?" said Rosa, once more reflective.

"Perfectly certain," said Miss Ellis.

"And you must allow me to add," cried the Colonel bursting in, "that I heartily congratulate her on her good sense. It is a most unsuitable match for a girl of her position."

"There is no matter for congratulation, if what I hear be true," said the Doctor haughtily. "I have no doubt we should not suit each other in the least. I came in perfect sincerity to you and yours, and I have been received with impertinence. You may tell her I shall not trouble you or her with any more advances. If she changes her mind she can let me know." And he turned and marched out of the room without another word.

"Well, I do feel small," said Mrs. Thomas.

There was a dead silence. Then the storm broke. Miss Ellis burst forth in her fury at me, at her sister-in-law, at the unlucky Burroughes, who was rung up and rung down. When Josephine came home from church, poor Mrs. Ellis was in hysterical tears; Mrs. Thomas had locked herself into her room; the Colonel was fussing and fuming like the funnel of a steam-engine.

Her mother clung to Josephine. "Oh take me to my room, take me to my room. Don't leave us alone. Bessie is so angry, poor dear. That dreadful man was here, and frightened us all, my child."

"What did he say, mamma?" said Josephine.

"He called us impertinent. He—— Oh, my Josephine, do not leave me."

"Let us forget him altogether," cried Miss Ellis. "Never let me hear his name any more."

Miss Ellis might say what she liked, but we all remembered our visitor, and not without a certain respect. John Adams was not one of those men who are forgotten as soon as their backs are turned. To be remembered is a gift in itself of vital worth to those whose business it is to lead others. John Adams had a great reputation as a lecturer, and his pupils opened their eyes, mouths, ears, at what he said that week in the lecture-hall in the great London Hospital to which he belonged. What had come to him? He was eloquent enough, but sarcastic, irate, intolerant. They hardly recognised him.

I saw Josephine again after this, but I found her very reserved and evidently disinclined to speak of what had happened. When I ventured to say a word, she stopped me at once.

"Pray, dear Miss Williamson, do not speak of it any more. I should not be happy. You see what a life it would be for my mother without me. He will forget all about it very soon."

Perhaps she was right; and yet, at John Adams' age, time is short, and new impressions are not easily made. With older people fidelity is a habit as well as a quality.

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Mrs. Thomas Ellis came to see me one Sunday, on her way from church, in most gorgeous array. She looked like a sort of Catherine-wheel of satin, touched up with gold braid. She was evidently anxious to talk it all over.

"I don't at all agree with the Colonel. Bessie is behaving most ridiculously," said the lady. "What do they expect? Everybody can't be rich, and Josephine might do a great deal worse. I hope Dr. Adams will come and pay us a nice long visit at Cradlebury. I shall get the Colonel to persuade him."

"The Colonel!" said I.

"Thomas is *very* good about doing what one wishes when he is left to himself. It is such waste for dear Bessie to take so much trouble about him. But what has become of Dr. Adams? I can't hear anything of him. I believe he is gone away."

The Doctor had vanished, but he re-appeared before long—oddly enough, in Sophy King's correspondence.

V.

Sophy King was a great favourite of mine, and her letters were always welcome when they arrived with their odd-looking stamps, whether cross keys of Rome or fierce mustachios of Italy, or Liberty with scales and outstretched arms.

Sophy was evidently very much taken with the Arnheims. Her letters were full of them. "We had a delightful drive from Grindelwald," she wrote; "as we were trotting down the road we met Fina and her father, who had come half-way to meet us. I left mamma with her maid in the carriage, and walked back with them by a pretty cross-road Fina had discovered. She looked like a little Proserpine with a great lapful of flowers which she had been gathering. She began telling me where each one of them grew and how she had found it. 'Don't you like Euphrasia?' she said, holding up a tiny flower; 'this grows in the open Alps. Do you know it is my name as well as Josephine? We call that the Shepherd's Staircase just below.' The Shepherd's Staircase consisted of a few rough steps of rock and stone, over which a soft net-work of moss and creeping bilberry had quickly spread. The girl sprang lightly from one stone to another, but Arnheim sat down to rest for a moment, when we reached the bottom. 'Isn't this a pretty place?' said Fina. 'Don't you wish we always lived here, papa, or that there were mountains in the streets?' 'The mountain-tops of cities must be in the souls of the men who live there,' said Arnheim, looking at her fondly. 'Sit down and rest, Fina; you have a long way to go yet.' 'But why do we always live in towns?' persisted Fina. 'Because I make my living by music,' said her father, 'and musicians must live in cities where there are orchestras and audiences, and where the mountains are mountains of men. Music unheard is not quite born, somehow, like something hoped for but unfulfilled. I don't think,' he added, 'that anything even in nature is much more glorious than a symphony of Beethoven's, with the pulse of a great

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audience to beat time to it.' 'Listen, there is music for you, papa,' said Fina laughing, as a ludicrous loo loo loo reached us, sounding from a little châlet on the plateau below, where a valiant tourist who had ordered some gingerbeer was trumpeting to the echos and the scampering goats.

"The tourist joined our party, and came trudging along with us for company. The day was hot and sultry, and the midges were buzzing about the feet of the mountains. When we reached the valley everything was cool and silent overhead, but the valleys were alive, echoing, flowering, fructifying, and steaming with July. We all came straggling along a lane that lay between two wide châlet-besprinkled meadows; a little brook bubbled swiftly along with them; its spray fell upon the grass and flowers. The afternoon rays were dazzling and bewildering, the mists of heat rose with dull scents from the fields, fresher ether came streaming down from the torrents; we were in a state of vague worry and rapture combined, bitten by midges, dazzled by sudden streams of light, footsore, and splashing among the sparkling pools that lay in their track, but carried on by the sweet and irresistible spirit of this Alpine life. Horses' hoofs were stamped in the road, delicate flowers were starting through the fences, pretty, dirty little children, whose golden crowns of curly hair were sadly in want of burnishing, came out from their barn-like homes, like little living sheaves of Indian corn, carrying flowers and smiling innocently. An old shepherdess in spectacles was turning over the hay in front of her wooden house. Girls with babies in their arms were perched here and there on the balconies; cross lights showed the interiors and figures at work in the rooms within. The goats rang their tinkling bells, but the cows were still up in the mountains.

"Mr. Arnheim and I were tired out before we reached home; he walked along bent and heavy-footed, but Fina seemed quite revived by the sight of the village. I saw more than one person look kindly at her as she passed up the busy street, walking ahead with her flowers, followed by us two weary pedestrians. She walked lightly on, carrying her store, stray fragments from that beautiful earthly rainbow which springs up year by year, as much the offspring of the sun and rain as those arcs we all love to gaze upon. Fina has, too, sprung up since you saw her last. She has a crop of dark curly hair, a quaint irregular face with a very sweet expression; as for her eyes, they seem to sing and dance to her father's violin, they flash and shine with marvellous brightness. I think Fina's great charm is in her self-confidence, or, rather, in her confidence in others, and her trust in their sympathy. It is a curious quick mind, taking in half-a-dozen things at once; she listens to all the talking all down both sides the table; her father calls her little pitcher; she can spy out strawberries far away twinkling among the rocks, and she recognises little black dots on the mountain side as human beings and friends at a glance. Her father told me that she had such bright eyes as a baby that he christened her Euphrasia for a second name.

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"When Fina appears dressed for the *table-d'hôte*, in her white dress with her amber necklace clasped round her throat, and stands there crisp, and clean, and fresh, she looks like her pretty namesake flower alive and chattering.

"We are glad of our white dresses, for it is very hot and sultry here in the valley. As I write, the dinner is over, the fountain and some distant piano are playing a duet; a sort of sleepy dream touches everything. The fountain should be boiling after the long day's burning glare, but how tranquil the water sounds to parched ears. The people of the place don't mind the heat: they go by dragging their children in little go-carts, or staggering along with hay-fields on their heads. Then come mules from the mountain, then a travelling carriage jingles up. Such a carriageful came up to the door just now; an immense and noisy English family whose heels and voices reverberated through the hotel. They were all having tea while some of the company dined at the *table-d'hôte;* brothers, sisters, big boys and little boys, an old aunt or two, nondescript cousins of various ages, two giggling girls, and a huge and good-humoured mother, who seemed to take noise as a matter of course, and who, so long as her plate was duly replenished by the attention of her children, seemed to require nothing else. When a smaller child fell under the table with a crash, she made no remark beyond looking vaguely at one of the daughters; when one of the boys gave a sudden yelp and upset the coffee-pot, this mother of Israel paused for one instant and went on with her bread and butter.

"'Did you see her, papa?' said Fina, laughing; 'what a lazy mother! Why, my mother always was thinking of your things and my things. Grandmamma is more like that lady: I could imagine her letting things go. Was mamma very unhappy at home?' the girl asked suddenly, looking up into her father's face.

"'No, my child,' her father answered gently; 'she was very happy, and always contented, and you must be like her. It was my hasty temper that could not fit itself to her relations. But she loved them, and for that reason I feel in charity with them now. . . . . Your youngest aunt is something like her, I think.'

"'Not Aunt Bessie,' said Fina, with a sparkle in her dark eyes.

"'Aunt Bessie is the devil,' said Arnheim with a wry face, notwithstanding his charity.

VI.

'We all met again that evening at the *établissement*. Fina came with mamma and me. Arnheim was at his post, commanding his little army of violins and violoncellos. The musicians sat in a phalanx on a sort of inclosed stage, brilliantly lighted up. The dark sky overhead was lighted up too, but in a different fashion. A few little stars of cigar ends and cigarettes had fallen into the parterre. The people looked very comfortably established, sitting out in the garden drinking their

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coffee, and enjoying the music and the cool of the evening. Our noisy family had secured a couple of tables by us, the mamma was installed with a special footstool. There was a cheerful drone of voices; children ran here and there; waiters were darting in and out among the crowd. They are certainly swallows among human beings, as they skim hither and thither, migrating in autumn across the Alps, vanishing for the winter, and reappearing with the tourists. One of them came flitting up with two excellent cups of chocolate for me and mamma in one hand; in the other he carried a huge tray full of cakes and ices for the family party. The musicians began to play a lovely sort of dance by Schumann; the little boys went on kicking their heels in valiant time to the music; mamma and I sat sipping our chocolate to the very sweetest cadence; Fina was too much excited for cups of any sort.

"'There,' said she suddenly; 'that stupid cornet has played E flat instead of C sharp. He always does just in that place. Poor, poor papa!'

"Arnheim had turned in warning towards the unlucky cornet, who went on nervously blundering.

"'It is enough to keep my father awake all night,' little Fina cried in despair; 'you don't know how easily he is made ill—quite ill.'

"After the Schumann came a pause; and the stars twinkled for a bit, —then the music began again in a different key. I do not know why Arnheim had selected one of Mendelssohn's Songs without Words—a solemn, melancholy march, too sad for the occasion, it silenced the talk.

"'I should say that was the tune the old cow died of,' cried one of the young men at the table next ours.

"Fina gave him one look, such a look of scornful, contemptuous indignation. The youth stared, started, got up uneasily and walked away, with his hands in his pockets, whistling, and in his confusion ran up against a gentleman who was coming through the crowd, marching rather at haphazard, stumbling up against backs of chairs, and over outstretched legs and sticks.

"Fina, seeing the stranger, forgot her indignation; she too jumped up from her chair, calling out, 'Mr. Adams! Mr. Adams! were you looking for me?'

"Mr. Adams is a great friend of the Arnheims'. He is a doctor—in small practice, they tell me. He has made all sorts of discoveries in science; but he has never had time to earn any money. He has a lectureship at one of the great London universities. He cured Arnheim once from a dangerous illness. He is quite simple; but he impresses one—I can't tell you why.

"'We must wait to talk till your father has finished what he has to say,' this doctor said to Fina; and he stood by her chair while Arnheim played a touching cadence, to which the whole orchestra replied with a lovely sweep of chords. Then came chair-scraping; the swallows rushed about collecting their halfpence, and the concert was over.

"I certainly grow more and more interested in the Arnheims and their

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friends; even mamma, who is not enthusiastic, has taken to them. I don't know what my father will say when he joins us. Church and State has always been his particular sphere hitherto, and he is very suspicious of anything outside it. Art and science seem to be naturally opposed to Church and State, don't you think so? and as for all these kind, clever, impulsive people, they have scarcely a white neckcloth among them.

"The concert is all over at ten; and the gaslights go out, and the chairs and tables turn over on their backs and go to sleep. Arnheim came up looking very tired, but he brightened directly at the sight of his friend.

"'You here?' he said. 'I imagined you in London. How are the lectures getting on?'

"'I have been enjoying *your* lecture very much,' said the Doctor. 'I saw the concerts advertised at the station at Basel, and so I came on to find you.'

"The people scattered. Some went home; some turned into the *établissement*, which sits up later than the garden. Mamma, strange to say, had a fancy for a stroll. We walked along the avenue, and crossed the road, and the piazza, and the bridge, and got out into the open.

"High, clear, chill, with strange unresponding beauty, the moon shone upon the wide black valley; the waters of the torrent were brawling and circling in cool eddies; some pines crowded dark, and whispered mysteriously fragrant. What was that flash? Some planet changing from rainbow to rainbow. We walked a little way by the rushing stream. It was all dim, noisy, bewildering, and sleepy at once. Weeds floated on the water; the moon floated in the sky. Across the plain rose a shadowy presence—the Jungfrau—which seemed to face us in some indifferent mood of chilly life. The dew was falling heavily; and I heard Arnheim sigh.

"'Come back,' said the Doctor—it was quite a relief to hear his comfortable voice. 'It is too dark to stay out any longer.'

"Many of the windows of the hotel were lighted up still when we reached it. The porters and waiters were closing for the night. On our way we passed a ground-floor window through which we could see a peaceful interior scene: a little child asleep on a low couch, with all its hair falling upon the pillow; the night-light was shaded; a woman bent over the little one, and then came to the window and carefully drew down the blind.

"In the great *salle* the gas was still flaring. Everybody was gone, and the red velvet sofas were empty. One lady only remained in the great empty room. She was old, painted, and wrinkled; she had a frizz of flaxen tow, cheeks of chalk, eyebrows of black-lead. She was dressed in some grand satin dress, and, as we came in, was kneeling on one of the high red sofas looking at herself fixedly in the glass. I don't know what made Arnheim's friend, the Doctor, give a curious sort of snort.

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"'To think,' he said, 'of some women, and not bad women either, deliberately choosing such a life as that, and giving up everything in the whole world for it!' and then he stalked away.

But, dear Miss Williamson, it is not true. Women don't deliberately choose; their lives come to them, and they can but take them as they come."

VII.

I went to show this letter to Josephine, for I knew it would interest her; but she had gone away with her mother for a few weeks, on a visit to Mrs. Thomas at Cradlebury, and I did not send it after her. The Colonel was to stay on with Miss Bessie in London. He had business to attend to before he went abroad. The Colonel's business was always looked upon with great respect by his family. There was not much of it; but what there was always seemed more important than anybody else's. I believe he was engrossed, among other things, in negotiations for the exchange of the old silver tea-urn for a dozen flat candlesticks, the want of which at Cradlebury he felt keenly. Mr. Ellis, the father, had been a collector of old plate, and the spoons and forks in Old Palace Square were certainly a pleasure to contemplate. Burroughes, in spite of his failings, used to rub up his silver to a bright perfection in those underground regions he affectioned. There were long slim spoons and forks with the handles all curled the wrong way, to the delight of the knowing; also the spoons were an egg-shaped and rounded oval, not pointed as ours are, and heavy and massive to wield. Early Georgian plate had certainly much of the spirit of the powdered and deliberate company for whose mouths it was intended. It did not sprawl into vulgar ornamentations; it did not beat out one solid fork into several flimsy four-pronged impossibilities; it contented itself with three handsome prongs, firmly and massively set, shining and sufficient. But whether it is better that one man should have a handsome fork all to himself, or that two men should enjoy theirs flimsy, is a difficult question.

A comico-tragedy was enacted at Mrs. Ellis's concerning this very plate; for when it came to be counted over, a certain quantity was found to be missing. What there was left was in a beautiful shining condition. But though the moth and rust had been kept at bay, not so the thieves. It was not that which was used every day that was gone, but a certain extra store, which had been fetched from the bank and confided to Burroughes in case of emergency, was found to be deficient. The old fellow's honesty was not to be doubted; he had rubbed these spoons for twenty years, and his life's energy was to be seen twinkling in manifest activity on their handles. He himself had discovered the loss, that otherwise would never have been suspected, and had staggered in, in consternation, to announce it. The police were had in, and their opinion was no doubt very valuable, but did not lead to much. The silver was already melted

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down, said they; without doubt it had been stolen by somebody. Miss Ellis and the Colonel were much perturbed at the liberty which had been taken. "Few people could spare so much plate better than you," said I, by way of consolation to Miss Ellis. But to this she made no response. I left the poor lady, little thinking what a miserable experience was still in store for her.

Hoopers, who was a youth of an excitable and romantic disposition, seems to have been very much engrossed by this event in the family; and, moreover, having been lately thrilled by various accounts of robberies in the paper and elsewhere, which, in Mrs. Ellis's absence, he had time to ponder on thoroughly, thought this a good opportunity for exercising his ingenuity and venting his feeling against a lady to whom he had taken a dislike. Miss Ellis, it seems, was peacefully asleep in her bed one night, when she was awakened by an alarming apparition of a short figure swathed in a tablecloth, with a crape across its face, which exclaimed in a crowing voice—"Ho, ho, I am the robber. Your money or your life." The poor lady sprang from her bed with a scream, and in so doing fell to the ground, upsetting the night-light which always burnt at her side. The wretched boy, who had merely intended a wild practical joke, tried to rush from the room, but could not find the door. The maids came down, the Colonel came up from his bed-room on the ground floor in an Indian dressing-gown. Hoopers was caught red-handed, the police were again sent for, and not only the police. The doctor was also necessary, for Miss Ellis was hurt. Her ankle was badly sprained, and for many weeks she was confined to the sofa. For a person of her energetic temper this was no small infliction.

This absurd piece of news was all I had to send to Sophy in exchange for her faithful long letters. I think she was as glad to write as I to read. Her mother was to her an affection, a tender solicitude, but no companion to the girl. Her only sister was married and away, her father had little sympathy for the things she cared about. The girl was full of interest, emotion, kindness, sympathy, and talkativeness; she wanted a vent, some one to confide in; and her old governess on her second floor was only too glad to respond.

One more letter reached me from Sophy, still engrossed in her new friends.

"Alas! we all part to-morrow. Mamma and I go on to St. Pierre. I don't like saying good-bye. Oh, Miss Williamson, why must one always be saying good-bye? We have all been sitting out for the last time in front of the hotel, watching an odd mixture of elements upon the terrace. Russian human nature, smoking cigarettes, male and female; English human nature, simple and blousy, sitting on the benches, looking at the sky and the people underneath it; French human nature, exchanging good-natured, cheerful greetings, talkings, and laughter. Then the piano strikes up, and some of them go in and begin to dance.

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Dr. Adams sat with us for a while. He was saying he could imagine a passion for nature coming late in life to people for whom all other passion was over, especially to women, and that a need for absorbing interest is part of the machinery of life, and does not end with youth. He talks as if he were an old man, but he is really quite young. He hates sitting still, and soon went off straggling down the pathway. Arnheim looked after him and said—

"'I envy him his energy; he will make a name for himself. He has a wonderful gift for discovering work for himself, and for helping others with theirs.'

"'He ought to be a clergyman,' said I.

"'Why should he be a clergyman?' said Arnheim. 'The religion of the strong helping the weak is the natural religion all the world over. There need be no paid clergy to teach such a simple doctrine as that. You must not forget us altogether,' he added, when he said good-night.

"'There is no fear of that. It has been a real happiness to me to know these good simple people, and I shall always feel as if Fina was a little niece of my own.'

"Good-bye from your ever affectionate

"SOPHY."

Alas! the time came only too quickly for Sophy to prove the reality of her good-will. It was the last day before the summer holidays began. I had had a long day's work going from school to school, from pupil to pupil. I had been thinking of my own arrangements of Margate or Southend as a convenient change, my wildest ambition reached no farther than Calais or Boulogne. It was a lovely evening, and on my way home I sat down to rest on one of the benches in Kensington Gardens and watched the sun setting in floods of red behind the old Dutch palace. There I sat feeling a little alone perhaps, as if the shadows were creeping from afar, and might engulf me.

My friends were all away, being amused in company; Miss Ellis had been conveyed to Cradlebury with many precautions; the Colonel was abroad with a Captain, a friend of his; even my three organ-grinders had trudged off to the sea-side, no doubt; and I went homewards dull and out of spirits, little thinking what trouble some of those I most cared for were in.

Mrs. Taplow was standing at my door. "There's a telegram come for you," she said; "a foreign telegram. I have been looking out for you."

The telegram was from Sophy King at St. Pierre. "Arnheim dangerously ill at Interlaken. Let some one come to Fina."

The message seemed to have been delayed, for the date was two days old.

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Rambles among Books.

No. I.—Country Books.

A love of the country is taken, I know not why, to indicate the presence of all the cardinal virtues. It is one of those outlying qualities which are not exactly meritorious, but which, for that very reason, are the more provocative of a pleasing self-complacency. People pride themselves upon it as upon habits of early rising, or of answering letters by return of post. We recognise the virtuous hero of a novel as soon as we are told that the cat instinctively creeps to his knee, and that the little child clutches his hand to stay its tottering steps. To say that we love the country is to make an indirect claim to a similar excellence. We assert a taste for sweet and innocent pleasures, and an indifference to the feverish excitements of artificial society. I, too, love the country—if such a statement can be received after such an exordium; but I confess—to be duly modest—that I love it best in books. In real life I have remarked that it is frequently damp and rheumatic, and most hated by those who know it best. Not long ago, I heard a worthy orator at a country school-treat declare to his small audience that honesty, sobriety, and industry, in their station in life, might possibly enable them to become cabdrivers in London. The precise form of the reward was suggested, I fancy, by some edifying history of an ideal cabman; but the speaker clearly knew the road to his hearers' hearts. Perhaps the realisation of this high destiny might dispel their illusions. Like poor Susan at the corner of Wood Street, they would see

> Bright volumes of vapour through Lothbury glide,
> And a river flow on through the vale of Cheapside.

The Swiss, who at home regards a mountain as an unmitigated nuisance, is (or once was) capable of developing sentimental yearnings for the Alps at the sound of a *ranz des vaches*. We all agree with Horace that Rome is most attractive at Tibur, and *vice versâ*. It is the man who has been "long in populous cities pent," who, according to Milton, enjoys

> The smell of grain or tedded grass or kine,
> Or daisy, each rural sight, each rural sound;

and the phrase is employed to illustrate the sentiments of a being whose enjoyment of paradise was certainly enhanced by a sufficiently contrasted experience.

I do not wish to pursue the good old moral saws expounded by so

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many preachers and poets. I am only suggesting a possible ground of apology for one who prefers the ideal mode of rustication; who can share the worthy Johnson's love of Charing Cross, and sympathise with his pathetic remark when enticed into the Highlands by his bear-leader that it is easy "to sit at home and conceive rocks, heaths, and waterfalls." Some slight basis of experience must doubtless be provided on which to rear any imaginary fabric; and the mental opiate, which stimulates the sweetest reverie, is found in chewing the cud of past recollections. But with a good guide, one requires small external aid. Though a cockney in grain, I love to lean upon the farmyard gate; to hear Mrs. Poyser give a bit of her mind to the squire; to be lulled into a placid doze by the humming of Dorlecote Mill; to sit down in Dandie Dinmont's parlour, and bestow crumbs from his groaning table upon three generations of Peppers and Mustards; or to drop into the kitchen of a good old country inn and to smoke a pipe with Tom Jones or listen to the simple-minded philosophy of Parson Adams. When I lift my eyes to realities, I can dimly descry across the street a vision of my neighbour behind his looking-glass adjusting the parting of his back hair, and achieving triumphs with his white tie calculated to excite the envy of a Brummell. It is pleasant to take down one of the magicians of the shelf, to annihilate my neighbour and his evening parties, and to wander off through quiet country lanes into some sleepy hollow of the past.

Who are the most potent weavers of that delightful magic? Clearly, in the first place, those who have been themselves in contact with rural sights and sounds. The echo of an echo loses all sharpness of definition; our guide may save us the trouble of stumbling through farmyards and across ploughed fields, but he must have gone through it himself till his very voice has a twang of the true country accent. Milton, as Mr. Pattison has lately told us, "saw nature through books," and is therefore no trustworthy guide. We feel that he has got a Theocritus in his pocket; that he is using the country to refresh his memories of Spenser or Chaucer, or Virgil; and, instead of forgetting the existence of books in his company, we shall be painfully abashed if we miss some obvious allusion or fail to identify the passages upon which he has moulded his own descriptions. And, indeed, to put it broadly, the poets are hardly to be trusted in this matter, however fresh and spontaneous may be their song. They don't want to offer us a formal sermon, unless "they" means Wordsworth; but they have not the less got their little moral to insinuate. Shelley's skylark and Keats's nightingale are equally determined that we shall indulge in meditations about life and death and the mysterious meaning of the universe. That is just what, on these occasions, we want to forget; we want the bird's song, not the emotions which it excites in our abnormally sensitive natures. I can never read without fresh admiration Mr. Arnold's *Gipsy Scholar*, but in this sense that delightful person is a typical offender. I put myself, at Mr. Arnold's

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request, in the corner of the high half-reaped field; I see the poppies peeping through the green roots and yellowing stems of the corn; I lazily watch the scholar with "his hat of antique shape," roaming the country side, and becoming the living centre of one bit of true old-fashioned rustic scenery after another; and I feel myself half persuaded to be a gipsy. But then, before I know how or why, I find that I am to be worrying myself about the strange disease of modern life; about "our brains o'ertaxed and palsied hearts," and so forth; and instead of being lulled into a delicious dream, I have somehow been entrapped into a meditation upon my incapacity for dreaming. And more or less, this is the fashion of all poets. You can never be sure that they will let you have your dream out quietly. They must always be bothering you about the state of their souls; and, to say the truth, when they try to be simply descriptive, they are for the most part intolerably dull.

Your poet, of course, is bound to be an interpreter of nature; and nature, for the present purpose, must be regarded as simply a nuisance. The poet, by his own account, is condescending to find words for the inarticulate voices of sea and sky and mountain. In reality, nature is nothing but the sounding-board which is to give effect to his own valuable observations. It is a general, but safe rule that whenever you come across the phrase "laws of nature" in an article—especially if it is by a profound philosopher—you may expect a sophistry; and it is still more certain that when you come across nature in a poem you should prepare to receive a sermon. It does not in the least follow that it will be a bad one. It may be exquisite, graceful, edifying, and sublime; but, as a sermon, the more effective the less favourable to the reverie which one desires to cultivate. Nor, be it observed, does it matter whether the prophet be more or less openly and unblushingly didactic. A good many hard things have been said about poor Wordsworth for his delight in sermonising; and though I love Wordsworth with all my heart, I certainly cannot deny that he is capable of becoming a portentous weariness to the flesh. But, for this purpose, Wordsworth is no better and no worse than Byron or Shelley, or Keats or Rousseau, or any of the dealers in praises of *Weltschmerz*, or mental dyspepsia. Mr. Ruskin has lately told us that in his opinion ninety-nine things out of a hundred are not what they should be, but the very opposite of what they should be. And therefore he sympathises less with Wordsworth than with Byron and Rousseau, and other distinguished representatives of the same agreeable creed. From the present point of view the question is irrelevant. I wish to be for the nonce a poet of nature, not a philosopher, either with a healthy or a disturbed liver, delivering a judicial opinion about nature as a whole or declaring whether I regard it as representing a satisfactory or a thoroughly uncomfortable system. I condemn neither opinion; I will not pronounce Wordsworth's complacency to be simply the glow thrown from his comfortable domestic hearth upon the outside darkness; or Byron's wrath against mankind to be simply

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the crying of a spoilt child with a digestion ruined by sweetmeats. I do not want to think about it. Preaching, good or bad, from the angelic or diabolical point of view, cunningly hidden away in delicate artistic forms, or dashed ostentatiously in one's face in a shower of moral platitudes, is equally out of place. And, therefore, for the time, I would choose for my guide to the Alps some gentle enthusiast in *Peaks and Passes*, who tells me in his admirably matter-of-fact spirit, what he had for lunch and how many steps he had to cut in the *mur de la côte*, and catalogues the mountains which he could see as calmly as if he were repeating a schoolboy lesson in geography. I eschew the meditations of Obermann, and do not care in the least whether he got into a more or less maudlin frame of mind about things in general as contemplated from the Col de Janan. I shrink even from the admirable descriptions of Alpine scenery in the *Modern Painters*, lest I should be launched unawares into ethical or æsthetical speculation. "A plague of both your houses!" I wish to court entire absence of thought—not even to talk to a graceful gipsy scholar, troubled with aspirations for mysterious knowledge; but rather to the genuine article, such as the excellent Bamfield Moore Carew, who took to be a gipsy in earnest, and was content to be a thorough loafer, not even a Bohemian in conscious revolt against society, but simply outside of the whole social framework, and accepting his position with as little reflection as some wild animal in a congenial country.

Some kind philosopher professes to put my thoughts into correct phraseology by saying that for such a purpose I require thoroughly "objective" treatment. I must, however, reject his suggestions, not only because "objective" and "subjective" are vile phrases, used for the most part to cover indolence and ambiguity of thought, but also because, if I understand the word rightly, it describes what I do not desire. The only thoroughly objective works with which I am acquainted are those of which Bradshaw's Railway Guide is an accepted type. There are occasions, I will admit, in which such literature is the best help to the imagination. When I read in prosaic black and white that by leaving Euston Square at 10 A.M. I shall reach Windermere at 5.40 P.M., it sometimes helps me to perform an imaginary journey to the lakes even better than a study of Wordsworth's poems. It seems to give a fixed point round which old fancies and memories can crystallise; to supply a useful guarantee that Grasmere and Rydal do in sober earnest belong to the world of realities, and are not mere parts of the decaying phantasmagoria of memory. And I was much pleased the other day to find a complimentary reference in a contemporary essayist to a lively work called, I believe, the *Shepherd's Guide*, which once beguiled a leisure hour in a lonely inn, and which simply records the distinctive marks put upon the sheep of the district. The sheep, as it proved, was not a mere poetical figment in an idyll, but a real tangible animal, with wool capable of being tarred and ruddled, and eating real grass in real fells and accessible

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mountain dales. In our childhood, when any old broomstick will serve as well as the wondrous horse of brass

> On which the Tartar king did ride,

in the days when a cylinder with four pegs is as good a steed as the finest animal in the Elgin marbles, and when a puddle swarming with tadpoles or a streamlet haunted by water-rats is as full of romance as a jungle full of tigers, the barest catalogue of facts is the most effective. A child is deliciously excited by Robinson Crusoe because De Foe is content to give the naked scaffolding of direct narrative, and leaves his reader to supply the sentiment and romance at pleasure. Who does not fear, on returning to the books which delighted his childhood, that all the fairy-gold should have turned to dead leaves? I remember a story told in some forgotten book of travels, which haunted my dreams, and still strikes me as terribly impressive. I see a traveller benighted by some accident in a nullah where a tiger has already supped upon his companion, and listening to mysterious sounds, as of fiendish laughter, which he is afterwards cruel enough to explain away by some rationalising theory as to gases. How or why the traveller got into or emerged from the scrape, I know not; but some vague association of ferocious wild beasts and wood-demons in ghastly and haunted solitudes, has ever since been excited in me by the mention of a nullah. It is as redolent of awful mysteries as the chasm in *Kubla Khan*. And it is painful to reflect that a nullah may be a commonplace phenomenon in real life; and that the anecdote might possibly affect me no more, could I now read it for the first time, than one of the tremendous adventures recorded by Mr. Kingston or Captain Mayne Reid.

As we become less capable of supplying the magic for ourselves, we require it from our author. He must have the art—the less conscious the better—of placing us at his own point of view. He should, if possible, be something of a "humourist," in the old-fashioned sense of the word; not the man who compounds oddities, but the man who is an oddity; the slave, not the master, of his own eccentricities; one absolutely unconscious that the strange twist in his mental vision is not shared by mankind, and capable, therefore, of presenting the fancies dictated by his idiosyncrasy as if they corresponded to obvious and generally recognised realities; and of propounding some quaint and utterly preposterous theory, as though it were a plain deduction from undeniable truths. The modern humourist is the old humourist *plus* a consciousness of his own eccentricity, and the old humourist is the modern humourist *minus* that consciousness. The order of his ideas should not (as philosophers would have it) be identical with the order of things, but be determined by odd arbitrary freaks of purely personal association.

This is the kind of originality which we specially demand from an efficient guide to the country; for the country means a region where men have not been ground into the monotony by the friction of our social

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mill. The secret of his charm lies in the clearness with which he brings before us some quaint, old-fashioned type of existence. He must know and care as little for what passes in the great world of cities and parliaments as the family of Tullivers and Dodsons. His horizon should be limited by the nearest country town, and his politics confined to the disputes between the parson and the Dissenting minister. He should have thoroughly absorbed the characteristic prejudices of the little society in which he lives, till he is unaware that it could ever enter into any one's head to doubt their absolute truth. He should have a share of the peculiarity which is often so pathetic in children—the unhesitating conviction that some little family arrangement is a part of the eternal and immutable system of things, and be as much surprised at discovering an irreverent world outside as the child at the discovery that there are persons who do not consider his papa to be omniscient. That is the temper of mind which should characterise your genuine rustic. As a rule, of course, it condemns him to silence. He has no more reason for supposing that some quaint peculiarity of his little circle will be interesting to the outside world than a frog for imagining that a natural philosopher would be interested by the statement that he was once a tadpole. He takes it for granted that we have all been tadpoles. In the queer, outlying corners of the world where the father goes to bed and is nursed upon the birth of a child (a system which has its attractive side to some persons of that persuasion), the singular custom is so much a matter of course that a village historian would not think of mentioning it. The man is only induced to exhibit his humour to the world when, by some happy piece of fortune, he has started a hobby not sufficiently appreciated by his neighbours. Then it may be that he becomes a prophet, and in his anxiety to recommend his own pet fancy, unconsciously illustrates also the interesting social stratum in which it sprung to life. The hobby, indeed, is too often unattractive. When a self-taught philosopher airs some pet crotchet, and proves, for example, that the legitimate descendants of the lost tribes are to be found amongst the Ojibbeways, he doubtless throws a singular light upon the intellectual peculiarities of his district. But he illustrates chiefly the melancholy truth that a half-taught philosopher may be as dry and as barren as the one who has been smoke-dried according to all the rules of art in the most learned academy of Europe.

There are a few familiar books in which a happy combination of circumstances has provided us with a true country idyll, fresh and racy from the soil, not consciously constructed by the most skilful artistic hand. Two of them have a kind of acknowledged pre-eminence in their own department. The man is not to be envied who has not in his boyhood fallen in love with Izaak Walton and White of Selborne. The boy, indeed, is happily untroubled as to the true source of the charm. He pores over the *Compleat Angler* with the impression that he will gain some hints for beguiling, if not the wily carp, who is accounted the water-fox, at least

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the innocent roach, who "is accounted the water-sheep for his simplicity or foolishness." His mouth waters as he reads the directions for converting the pike—that compound of mud and needles—into "a dish of meat too good for any but anglers or very honest men,"—a transformation which, if authentic, is little less than miraculous. He does not ask what is the secret of the charm of the book even for those to whom fishing is an abomination—a charm which induced even the arch-cockney Dr. Johnson, in spite of his famous definition of angling, to prompt the republication of this angler's bible. It is only as he grows older, and has plodded through other sporting literature, that he can at all explain why the old gentleman's gossip is so fascinating. Walton, undoubtedly, is everywhere charming for his pure simple English, and the unostentatious vein of natural piety which everywhere lies just beneath the surface of his writing. Now and then, however, in reading the *Lives*, we cannot quite avoid a sense that this excellent tradesman has just a touch of the unctuous about him. He is given—it is a fault from which hagiographers can scarcely be free—to using the rose-colour a little too freely. He holds towards his heroes the relation of a sentimental churchwarden to a revered parish parson. We fancy that the eyes of the preacher would turn instinctively to Walton's seat when he wished to catch an admiring glance from an upturned face, and to assure himself that he was touching the "sacred fount of sympathetic tears." We imagine Walton lingering near the porch to submit a deferential compliment as to the "florid and seraphical" discourse to which he has been listening, and scarcely raising his glance above the clerical shoe-buckles. A portrait taken from this point of view is apt to be rather unsatisfactory. Yet, in describing the "sweet humility" of a George Herbert or of the saintly Mr. Farrer, the tone is at least in keeping, and is consistent even with an occasional gleam of humour, as in the account of poor Hooker, tending sheep and rocking the cradle under stringent feminine supremacy. It is less satisfactory when we ask Walton to throw some light upon the curiously enigmatic character of Donne, with its strange element of morbid gloom, and masculine passion, and subtle and intense intellect. Donne married the woman he loved in spite of her father and to the injury of his own fortunes. "His marriage," however, observes the biographer, "was the remarkable error of his life; an error which, though he had a wit able and very apt to maintain paradoxes, yet he was very far from justifying it." From our point of view, the only error was in the desire to justify an action of which he should have been proud. We must make allowance for the difference in Walton's views of domestic authority; but we feel that his prejudice disqualifies him from fairly estimating a character of great intrinsic force. A portrait of Donne cannot be adequately brought within the lines accepted by the writer of orthodox and edifying tracts.

In spite of this little failing, this rather massive subservience to the respectabilities, the *Lives* form a delightful book; but we get the genuine

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Walton at full length in his *Angler*. It was first published in dark days; when the biographer might be glad that his pious heroes had been taken from the sight of the coming evil; when the scattered survivors of his favourite school of divines and poets were turned out of their well-beloved colleges and parsonages, hiding in dark corners or plotting with the melancholy band of exiles in France and Holland; when Walton, instead of listening to the sound and witty discourses of Donne, would find the pulpit of his parish church profaned by some fanatical Puritan, expounding the Westminster Confession in place of the Thirty-nine Articles. The good Walton found consolation in the almost religious pursuit of his hobby. He fortified himself with the authority of such admirable and orthodox anglers as Sir Henry Wotton and Dr. Nowel, Dean of St. Paul's. Dr. Nowel had, "like an honest angler, made that good, plain, unperplexed Catechism which is printed with our good old service-book:" for an angler, it seems, is most likely to know that the road to heaven is not through "hard questions." The Dean died at the age of ninety-five, in perfect possession of his faculties; and "'tis said that angling and temperance were great causes of those blessings." Evidently Walton had somehow taken for granted that there is an inherent harmony between angling and true religion, which of course for him implies the Anglican religion. He does not trust himself in the evil times to grumble openly, or to indulge in more than an occasional oblique reference to the dealers in hard questions and metaphysical dogmatism. He takes his rod, leaves the populous city behind him, and makes a day's march to the banks of the quiet Lea, where he can meet a like-minded friend or two; sit in the sanded parlour of the country inn, and listen to the milkmaid singing that "smooth song made by Kit Marlow, now at least fifty years ago," before English fields had been drenched with the blood of Roundheads and Cavaliers; or lie under a tree, watching his float till the shower had passed, and then calling to mind what "holy Mr. Herbert says of such days and flowers as these." Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright!—but everybody has learnt to share Walton's admiration, and the quotation would now be superfluous. It is nowhere so effective as with Walton's illustrations. We need not, indeed, remember the background of storm to enjoy the quiet sunshine and showers on the soft English landscape, which Walton painted so lovingly. The fact that he was living in the midst of a turmoil, in which the objects of his special idolatry had been so ruthlessly crushed and scattered, may help to explain the intense relish for the peaceful river-side life. His rod was the magic wand to interpose a soft idyllic mist between his eyes and such scenes as were visible at times from the windows of Whitehall. He loved his paradise the better because it was an escape from a pandemonium. But whatever the cause of his enthusiasm, its sincerity and intensity is the main cause of his attractiveness. Many poets of Walton's time loved the country as well as he; and showed it in some of the delicate lyrics which find an appropriate

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setting in his pages. But we have to infer their exquisite appreciation of country sights and sounds from such brief utterances, or from passing allusions in dramatic scenes. Nobody can doubt that Shakspeare loved daffodils, or a bank of wild thyme, or violets, as keenly as Wordsworth. When he happens to mention them, his voice trembles with fine emotion. But none of the poets of the time dared to make a passion for the country the main theme of their more pretentious song. They thought it necessary to idealise and transmute; to substitute an indefinite Arcadia for plain English fields, and to populate it with piping swains and nymphs, Corydons and Amorets and Phyllises. Poor Hodge or Cis were only allowed to appear when they were minded to indulge in a little broad comedy. The coarse rustics had to be washed and combed before they could present themselves before an aristocratic audience; and plain English hills and rivers to be provided with tutelary gods and goddesses, fitted for the gorgeous pageantry of a country masque. Far be it from me—with the fear of æsthetic critics before my eyes—to say that very beautiful poems might not be produced under these conditions. It is proper, as I am aware, to admire Browne's *Britannia's Pastorals*, and to speak reverently of Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess*, and Ben Jonson's *Sad Shepherd*. I only venture to suggest here that such work is *caviare* to the multitude; that it requires a fine literary sense, a happy superiority to dull realistic suggestion, and a power of accepting the conventional conditions which the artist has to accept for his guidance. Possibly I may go so far as to hint without offence that the necessity of using this artificial apparatus was not in itself an advantage. A great master of harmony, with a mind overflowing with majestic imagery, might achieve such triumphs as *Comus* and *Lycidas*, in which even the Arcadian pipe is made to utter the true organ-tones. We forgive any incongruities or artificialities when they are lost in such a blaze of poetry. The atmosphere of Arcadia was not as yet sickly enough to asphyxiate a Milton; but it was ceasing to be wholesome; and the weaker singers who imbibed it suffered under distinct attacks of drowsiness.

Walton's good sense, or his humility, or perhaps the simple ardour of his devotion to his hobby, encouraged him to deal in realities. He gave the genuine sentiment which his contemporaries would only give indirectly, transfigured and bedizened with due ornaments of classic or romantic pattern. There is just a faint touch of unreality—a barely perceptible flavour of the sentimental about his personages; but only enough to give a permissible touch of pastoral idealism. Walton is painting directly from the life. The "honest alehouse," where he finds "a cleanly room, lavender in the windows, and twenty ballads stuck about the wall," was standing then on the banks of the Lea, as in quiet country nooks, here and there, occasional representatives of the true angler's rest are still to be found, not entirely corrupted by the modern tourist. The good man is far too much in earnest to be aiming at literary ornament; he is a genuine simple-minded enthusiast, revealing his kindly nature by

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a thousand unconscious touches. The common objection is a misunderstanding. Everybody quotes the phrase about using the frog "as though you loved him;" and it is the more piquant as following one of his characteristically pious remarks. The frog's mouth, he tells, grows up for six months, and he lives for six months without eating, "sustained, none but He whose name is Wonderful knows how." He reverently admires the care taken of the frog by Providence, without drawing any more inference for his own conduct than if he were a modern physiologist. It is just this absolute unconsciousness which makes his love of the sport attractive. He has never looked at it from the frog's point of view. Your modern angler has to excuse himself by some scientific hypothesis as to feeling in the lower animals, and thereby betrays certain qualms of conscience which had not yet come to light in Walton's day. He is no more cruel than a schoolboy, "ere he grows to pity." He is simply discharging his functions as a part of nature, like the pike or the frog; and convinced, at the very bottom of his heart, that the angler represents the most eminent type of enjoyment, and should be the humble inheritor of the virtues of the fishers of Galilee. The gentlest and most pious thoughts come naturally into his mind whilst his worm is wriggling on his hook to entice the luckless trout. It is particularly pleasant to notice the quotations, which give a certain air of learning to his book. We see that the love of angling had become so ingrained in his mind as to direct his reading as well as to provide him with amusement. We fancy him poring on winter evenings over the pages of Aldrovandus and Gesner and Pliny and Topsell's histories of serpents and four-footed beasts, and humbly accepting the teaching of more learned men, who had recorded so many strange facts unobserved by the simple angler. He produces a couple of bishops, Dubravius and Thurso, as eye-witnesses, to testify to a marvellous anecdote of a frog jumping upon a pike's head and tearing out his eyes, after "expressing malice or anger by swollen cheeks and staring eyes." Even Walton cannot forbear a quiet smile at this quaint narrative. But he is ready to believe, in all seriousness, that eels, "like some kinds of bees and wasps," are bred out of dew, and to confirm it by the parallel case of young goslings bred by the sun" from the rotten planks of an old ship and hatched up trees." Science was not a dry museum of hard facts, but a quaint storehouse of semi-mythical curiosities; and therefore excellently fitted to fill spare hours, when he could not meditatively indulge in "the contemplative man's recreation." Walton found some queer texts for his pious meditations, and his pursuit is not without its drawbacks. But his quaintness only adds a zest to our enjoyment of his book; and we are content to fall in with his humour, and to believe for the nonce that the love of a sport which so fascinates this simple, kindly, reverent nature must be, as he takes for granted, the very crowning grace of a character moulded on the principles of sound Christian philosophy. Angling becomes synonymous with purity of mind and simplicity of character.

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Mr. Lowell, in one of the most charming essays ever written about a garden, takes his text from White of Selborne, and admirably explains the charm of that worthy representative of the Waltonian spirit. "It is good for us now and then," says Mr. Lowell, "to converse in a world like Mr. White's, where man is the least important of animals;" to find one's whole world in a garden, beyond the reach of wars and rumours of wars. White does not give a thought to the little troubles which were disturbing the souls of Burke and George III. The "natural term of a hog's life has more interest for him than that of an empire;" he does not trouble his head about diplomatic complications whilst he is discovering that the odd tumbling of rooks in the air is caused by their turning over to scratch themselves with one claw. The great events of his life are his making acquaintance with a stilted plover, or his long—for it was protracted over ten years—and finally triumphant passion for "an old family tortoise." White of Selborne is clearly not the ideal parson of George Herbert's time; nor the parson of our own day—a poor atom whirled about in the distracting eddies of two or three conflicting movements. He is merely a good, kindly, domestic gentleman, on friendly terms with the squire and the gamekeeper, and ready for a chat with the rude forefathers of the hamlet. His horizon, natural and unnatural, is bounded by the soft round hills and the rich hangers of his beloved Hampshire country. There is something specially characteristic in his taste for scenery. Though "I have now travelled the Sussex Downs upwards of thirty years," he says, "I still investigate that chain of majestic mountains with fresh admiration year by year;" and he calls "Mr. Ray" to witness that there is nothing finer in any part of Europe. "For my own part," he says, "I think there is somewhat peculiarly sweet and amusing in the shapely figured aspects of chalk hills in preference to those of stone, which are rugged, broken, abrupt, and shapeless." I, for my part, agree with Mr. White—so long, at least, as I am reading his book. The Downs have a singular charm in the exquisite play of long, gracefully undulating lines which bound their gentle edges. If not a "majestic range of mountains," as judged by an Alpine standard, there is no want of true sublimity in their springing curves, especially when harmonised by the lights and shadows under cloud-masses driving before a broad south-westerly gale; and when you reach the edge of a great down, and suddenly look down into one of the little hollows where a village with a grey church tower and a grove of noble elms nestles amidst the fold of the hills, you fancy that in such places of refuge there must still be relics of the quiet domesticities enjoyed by Gilbert White. Here, one fancies, it must be good to live; to discharge, at an easy rate, all the demands of a society which is but a large family, and find ample excitement in studying the rambles of a tortoise, forming intimacies with moles, crickets, and field-mice, and bats, and brown owls, and watching the swifts and the night-

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jars wheeling round the old church tower, or hunting flies at the edge of the wood in the quiet summer evening.

In rambling through the lanes sacred to the memory of White, you may (in fancy, at least) meet another figure not at first sight quite in harmony with the clerical Mr. White. He is a stalwart, broad-chested man in the farmer's dress, even ostentatiously representing the old British yeoman brought up on beer and beef, and with a certain touch of pugnacity suggestive of the retired prize-fighter. He stops his horse to chat with a labourer breaking stones by the roadside, and informs the gaping rustic that wages are made bad and food dear by the diabolical machinations of the Tories, and the fundholders, and the boroughmongers, who are draining away all the fatness of the land to nourish the portentous "wen" called London. He leaves the man to meditate on this suggestion, and jogs off to the nearest country town, where he will meet the farmers at their ordinary, and deliver a ranting radical address. The squire or the parson who recognises William Cobbett in this sturdy traveller, will mutter a hearty objurgation, and wish that the disturber of rustic peace could make a closer acquaintance with the neighbouring horsepond. Possibly most readers who hear his name have vaguely set down Cobbett as one of the demagogues of the anti-reforming days, and remember little more than the fact that he dabbled in some rather questionable squabbles, and brought back Tom Paine's bones from America. But it is worth while to read Cobbett, and especially the *Rural Rides*, not only to enjoy his fine homespun English, but to learn to know the man a little better. Whatever the deserts or demerits of Cobbett as a political agitator, the true man was fully as much allied to modern Young England and the later type of conservatism as to the modern radical. He hated the Scotch "feelosophers"—as he calls them—Parson Malthus, the political communists, the Manchester men, the men who would break up the old social system of the country, at the bottom of his heart; and, whatever might be his superficial alliances, he loved the old quiet country life when Englishmen were burly, independent yeomen, each equal to three frog-eating Frenchmen. He remembered the relics of the system in the days of his youth; he thought that it had begun to decay at the time of the Reformation, when grasping landlords and unprincipled statesmen had stolen Church property on pretence of religion; but ever since, the growth of manufactures, and corruption, and stockjobbing had been unpopulating the country to swell the towns, and broken up the old, wholesome, friendly, English life. That is the text on which he is always dilating with genuine enthusiasm, and the belief, true or false, gives a pleasant flavour to his intense relish for true country scenery.

He looks at things, it is true, from the point of view of a farmer, not of a landscape-painter or a lover of the picturesque. He raves against that "accursed hill" Hindhead; he swears that he will not go over it; and he tells us very amusingly how, in spite of himself, he found himself

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on the very "tip top" of it, in a pelting rain, owing to an incompetent guide. But he loves the woodlands and the downs, and bursts into vivid enthusiasm at fine points of view. He is specially ecstatic in White's country. "On we trotted," he says, "up this pretty green lane, and, indeed, we had been coming gently and gradually up-hill for a good while. The lane was between high banks, and pretty high stuff growing on the banks, so that we could see no distance from us, and could receive not the smallest hint of what was so near at hand. The lane had a little turn towards the end, so that we came, all in a moment, at the very edge of the hanger; and never in my life was I so surprised and delighted! I pulled up my horse, and sat and looked. It was like looking from the top of a castle down into the sea, except that the valley was land and not water. I looked at my servant to see what effect this unexpected sight had upon him. His surprise was as great as mine, though he had been bred amongst the North Hampshire hills. Those who have so strenuously dwelt on the dirt and dangers of this road have said not a word about the beauties, the matchless beauties, of the scenery." And Cobbett goes on to describe the charms of the view over Selborne, and to fancy what it will be "when trees, and hangers, and hedges are in leaf, the corn waving, the meadows bright, and the hops upon the poles," in language which is not after the modern style of word-painting, but excites a contagious enthusiasm by its freshness and sincerity. He is equally enthusiastic soon afterwards at the sight of Avington Park and a lake swarming with wild fowl; and complains of the folly of modern rapid travelling. "In any sort of carriage you cannot get into the *real country places*. To travel in stage-coaches is to be hurried along by force in a box with an air-hole in it, and constantly exposed to broken limbs, the danger being much greater than that of shipboard, and the noise much more disagreeable, while the company is frequently not a great deal more to one's liking." What would Cobbett have said to a railway? And what has become of the old farmhouse on the banks of the Mole, once the home of "plain manners and plentiful living," with "oak clothes-chests, oak bedsteads, oak chests of drawers, and oak tables to eat on, long, strong, and well supplied with joint stools?" Now, he sighs, there is a "*parlour!* aye, and a *carpet* and *bell-pull*, too! and a mahogany table, and the fine chairs, and the fine glass, and all as bare-faced upstart as any stock-jobber in the kingdom can boast of!" Probably the farmhouse has followed the furniture, and, meanwhile, what has become of the fine old British hospitality when the farmer and his lads and lasses dined at one table, and a solid Englishman did not squeeze money out of his men's wages to surround himself with trumpery finery?

To say the truth, Cobbett's fine flow of invective is a little too exuberant, and overlays too deeply the picturesque touches of scenery and the occasional bits of autobiography which recall his boyish experience of the old country life. It would be idle to inquire how far

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his vision of the old English country had any foundation in fact. Our hills and fields may be as lovely as ever; and there is still ample room for the lovers of "nature" in Scotch moors and lochs, or even amongst the English fells, or among the storm-beaten cliffs of Devon and Cornwall. But nature, as I have said, is not the country. We are not in search of the scenery which appears now as it appeared in the remote days when painted savages managed to raise a granite block upon its supports for the amusement of future antiquarians. We want the country which bears the impress of some characteristic social growth; which has been moulded by its inhabitants as the inhabitants by it, till one is as much adapted to the other as the lichen to the rock on which it grows. How bleak and comfortless a really natural country may be is apparent to the readers of Thoreau. He had all the will to become a part of nature, and to shake himself free from the various trammels of civilised life, and he had no small share of the necessary qualifications; but one cannot read his account of his life by Walden pond without a shivering sense of discomfort. He is not really acclimatised; so far from being a true child of nature, he is a man of theories, a product of the social state against which he tries to revolt. He does not so much relish the wilderness as to go out into the wilderness in order to rebuke his contemporaries. There is something harsh about him and his surroundings, and he affords an unconscious proof that something more is necessary for the civilised man who would become a true man of the woods than simply to strip off his clothes. He has got tolerably free from tailors; but he still lives in the intellectual atmosphere of Cambridge debating-rooms.

To find a life really in harmony with a rustic environment, we must not go to raw settlements where man is still fighting with the outside world, but to some region where a reconciliation has been worked out by an experience of centuries. And amidst all the restlessness of modern improvers we may still find a few regions where the old genius has not been quite exorcised. Here and there, in country lanes, and on the edge of unenclosed commons, we may still meet the gipsy—the type of a race adapted to live in the interstices of civilisation, having something of the indefinable grace of all wild animals, and yet free from the absolute savagery of the genuine wilderness. To mention gipsies is to think of Mr. Borrow; and I always wonder that the author of the *Bible in Spain* and *Lavengro* is not more popular. Certainly, I have found no more delightful guide to the charming nooks and corners of rural England. I would give a good deal to identify that remarkable dingle in which he met so singular a collection of characters. Does it really exist, I wonder, anywhere on this island? or did it ever exist? and, if so, has it become a railway-station, and what has become of Isopel Berners and "Blazing Bosville, the flaming Tinman?" His very name is as good as a poem, and the battle in which Mr. Borrow floored the Tinman by that happy left-handed blow is, to my mind, more delightful than the fight in *Tom Brown*, or that in which Dobbin acted as the champion of

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Osborne. Mr. Borrow is a "humourist" of the first water. He lives in a world of his own—a queer world with laws peculiar to itself, and yet one which has all manner of odd and unexpected points of contact with the prosaic world of daily experience. Mr. Borrow's Bohemianism is no revolt against the established order. He does not invoke nature or fly to the hedges because society is corrupt or the world unsatisfying, or because he has some kind of new patent theory of life to work out. He cares nothing for such fancies. On the contrary, he is a staunch conservative, full of good old-fashioned prejudices. He seems to be a case of the strange re-appearance of an ancestral instinct under altered circumstances. Some of his forefathers must have been gipsies by temperament if not by race; and the impulses due to that strain have got themselves blended with the characteristics of the average Englishman. The result is a strange and yet, in a way, harmonious and original type, which made the *Bible in Spain* a puzzle to the average reader. The name suggested a work of the edifying class. Here was a good respectable emissary of the Bible Society going to convert four papists by a distribution of the Scriptures. He has returned to write a long tract setting forth the difficulties of his enterprise, and the stiff-neckedness of the Spanish people. The luckless reader who took up the book on that understanding was destined to a strange disappointment. True, Mr. Borrow appeared to take his enterprise quite seriously, indulges in the proper reflections, and gets into the regulation difficulty involving an appeal to the British minister. But it soon appears that his Protestant zeal is somehow mixed up with a passion for strange wanderings in the queerest of company. To him Spain is not the land of staunch Catholicism, or of Cervantes, or of Velasquez, and still less a country of historic or political interest. Its attraction is in the picturesque outcasts who find ample roaming-ground in its wilder regions. He regards them, it is true, as occasional subjects for a little proselytism. He tells us how he once delivered a moving address to the gipsies in their own language to his most promising congregation. When he had finished, he looked up and found himself the centre of all eyes, each pair contorted by a hideous squint, rivalling each other in frightfulness; and the performance, which he seems to have thoroughly appreciated, pretty well expressed the gipsy view of his missionary enterprise. But they delighted to welcome him in his other character as one of themselves, and yet as dropping amongst them from the hostile world outside. And, certainly, no one not thoroughly at home with gipsy ways, gipsy modes of thought, to whom it comes quite naturally to put up in a den of cutthroats, or to enter the field of his missionary enterprise in company with a professional brigand travelling on business, could have given us so singular a glimpse of the most picturesque elements of a strange country. Your respectable compiler of handbooks might travel for years in the same districts all unconscious that passing vagabonds were so fertile in romance. The freemasonry which exists

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amongst the class lying outside the pale of respectability enables Mr. Borrow to fall in with adventures full of mysterious fascination. He passes through forests at night and his horse suddenly stops and trembles, whilst he hears heavy footsteps and rustling branches, and some heavy body is apparently dragged across the road by panting but invisible bearers. He enters a shadowy pass, and is met by a man with a face streaming with blood, who implores him not to go forwards into the hands of a band of robbers; and Mr. Borrow is too sleepy and indifferent to stop, and jogs on in safety without meeting the knife which he half expected. "It was not so written," he says, with the genuine fatalism of your hand-to-mouth Bohemian. He crosses a wild moor with a half-witted guide, who suddenly deserts him at a little tavern. After a wild gallop on a pony, apparently half-witted also, he at last rejoins the guide resting by a fountain. This gentleman condescends to explain that he is in the habit of bolting after a couple of glasses, and never stops till he comes to running water. The congenial pair lose themselves at night-fall, and the guide observes that if they should meet the Estadéa, which are spirits of the dead riding with candles in their hands—a phenomenon happily rare in this region—he shall "run and run till he drowns himself in the sea, somewhere near Muros." The Estadéa do not appear, but Mr. Borrow and his guide come near being hanged as Don Carlos and a nephew, escaping only by the help of a sailor who knows the English words knife and fork, and can therefore testify to Mr. Barrow's nationality; and is finally liberated by an official who is a devoted student of Jeremy Bentham. The queer stumbling upon a name redolent of every-day British life, throws the surrounding oddity into quaint relief. But Mr. Borrow encounters more mysterious characters. There is the wondrous Abarbenelt, whom he meets riding by night, and with whom he soon becomes hand and glove. Abarbenelt is a huge figure in a broad-brimmed hat, who stares at him in the moonlight with deep calm eyes, and still revisits him in dreams. He has two wives and a hidden treasure of old coins, and when the gates of his house are locked, and the big dogs loose in the court, he dines off ancient plate made before the discovery of America. There are many of his race amongst the priesthood, and even an Archbishop, who died in great renown for sanctity, had come by night to kiss his father's hand. Nor can any reader forget the singular history of Benedict Mol, the wandering Swiss, who turns up now and then in the course of his search for the hidden treasure at Compostella. Men who live in strange company learn the advantage of not asking questions, or following out delicate inquiries; and these singular figures are the more attractive because they come and go, half-revealing themselves for a moment, and then vanishing into outside mystery; as the narrator himself sometimes merges into the regions of absolute commonplace, and then dives down below the surface into the remotest recesses of the social labyrinth.

In Spain there may be room for such wild adventures. In the trim,

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orderly, English country we might fancy they had gone out with the fairies. And yet Mr. Borrow meets a decayed pedlar in Spain who seems to echo his own sentiments; and tells him that even the most prosperous of his tribe who have made their fortunes in America, return in their dreams to the green English lanes and farmyards. "There they are with their boxes on the ground displaying their goods to the honest rustics and their dames and their daughters, and selling away and chaffering and laughing just as of old. And there they are again at nightfall in the hedge alehouses, eating their toasted cheese and their bread, and drinking the Suffolk ale, and listening to the roaring song and merry jests of the labourers." It is the old picturesque country life which fascinates Mr. Borrow, and he was fortunate enough to plunge into the heart of it before it had been frightened away by the railways. *Lavengro* is a strange medley, which is nevertheless charming by reason of the odd idiosyncrasy which fits the author to interpret this fast vanishing phase of life. It contains queer controversial irrelevance—conversations or stories which may or may not be more or less founded on fact, tending to illustrate the pernicious propagandism of Popery, the evil done by Sir Walter Scott's novels, and the melancholy results of the decline of pugilism. And then we have satire of a simple kind upon literary craftsmen, and excursions into philology which show at least an amusing dash of innocent vanity. But the oddity of these quaint utterances of a humourist who seeks to find the most congenial mental food in the Bible, the Newgate Calendar, and in old Welsh literature, is in thorough keeping with the situation. He is the genuine tramp whose experience is naturally made up of miscellaneous waifs and strays; who drifts into contact with the most eccentric beings, and parts company with them at a moment's notice, or catching hold of some stray bit of out-of-the-way knowledge follows it up as long as it amuses him. He is equally at home compounding narratives of the lives of eminent criminals for London booksellers, or making acquaintance with thimbleriggers, or pugilists, or Armenian merchants, or becoming a hermit in his remote dingle, making his own shoes and discussing theology with a postboy, a feminine tramp, and a Jesuit in disguise. The compound is too quaint for fiction, but is made interesting by the quaint vein of simplicity and the touch of genius which brings out the picturesque side of his roving existence, and yet leaves one in doubt how far the author appreciates his own singularity. One old gipsy lady in particular, who turns up at intervals, is as fascinating as Meg Merrilees, and at once made life-like and more mysterious. "My name is Herne, and I comes of the hairy ones!" are the remarkable words by which she introduces herself. She bitterly regrets the intrusion of a Gentile into the secrets of the Romanies, and relieves her feelings by administering poison to the intruder, and then trying to poke out his eye as he is lying apparently in his last agonies. But she seems to be highly respected by her victim as well as by her own people, and to be acting in accordance with the moral teaching of her tribe. Her design

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is frustrated by the appearance of a Welsh Methodist preacher, who, like every other strange being, is at once compelled to unbosom himself to this odd confessor. He fancies himself to have committed the unpardonable sin at the age of six, and is at once comforted by Mr. Borrow's sensible observation that he should not care if he had done the same thing twenty times over at the same period. The grateful preacher induces his consoler to accompany him to the borders of Wales; but there Mr. Borrow suddenly stops on the ground that he should prefer to enter Wales in a suit of superfine black, mounted on a powerful steed like that which bore Greduv to the fight of Catrath, and to be welcomed at a dinner of the bards, as the translator of the odes of the great Ab Gwilym. And Mr. Petulengro opportunely turns up at the instant, and Mr. Borrow rides back with him, and hears that Mrs. Herne has hanged herself, and celebrates the meeting by a fight without gloves, but in pure friendliness, and then settles down to the life of a blacksmith in his secluded dingle.

Certainly it is a queer topsy-turvy world to which we are introduced in *Lavengro*. It gives the reader the sensation of a strange dream in which all the miscellaneous population of caravans and wayside tents make their exits and entrances at random, mixed with such eccentrics as the distinguished author, who has a mysterious propensity for touching odd objects as a charm against evil. All one's ideas are dislocated when the centre of interest is no longer in the thick of the crowd, but in that curious limbo whither drift all the odd personages who live in the interstices without being caught by the meshes of the great network of ordinary convention. Perhaps the oddity repels many readers; but to me it always seems that Mr. Borrow's dingle represents a little oasis of genuine romance—a kind of half-visionary fragment of fairyland, which reveals itself like the enchanted castle in the vale of St. John, and then vanishes after tantalising and arousing one's curiosity. It will never be again discovered by any flesh-and-blood traveller; but in my imaginary travels, I like to rusticate there for a time, and to feel as if the gipsy was the true possessor of the secret of life, and we who travel by rail and read newspapers and consider ourselves to be sensible men of business, were but vexatious intruders upon this sweet dream. There must, one supposes, be a history of England from the Petulengro point of view, in which the change of dynasties recognised by Hume and Mr. Freeman, or the oscillations of power between Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone, appear in relative insignificance as more or less affecting certain police regulations and the inclosure of commons. It is pleasant for a time to feel as though the little rivulet were the main stream, and the social outcast the true centre of society. The pure flavour of the country life is only perceptible when one has annihilated all disturbing influences; and in that little dingle with its solitary forge beneath the woods haunted by the hairy Hernes, that desirable result may be achieved for a time, even in a London library.

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Mrs. Van Steen.

I.

Colonel Randolph woke up one sunny spring morning, with that vague recollection of something having happened to him the night before and that instinctive impulse to go to sleep again quickly, before the memory should have time to take definite shape, which are among the most common and least agreeable of human experiences. It is needless to say that he did not achieve a return to oblivion. The mere fact of having to make an effort to obtain sleep is usually quite sufficient to frighten sleep away, and Colonel Randolph succeeded no better than did his fellow-mortals in the surrounding city, many of whom must at that same moment have been dismally recalling debts incurred, engagements entered into, high words exchanged, or other seeds of trouble foolishly sown on the previous evening, and repented of too late. The Colonel's case, however, was not so bad as any of these; it was only that he had fallen in love. After sitting up in bed for a few minutes and rubbing his eyes, he remembered all about it, and muttered a word or two under his breath with the deprecatory smile of one who is conscious of having perpetrated an act of folly, and expects to be laughed at for it.

What he said to himself was, "It's very ridiculous—utterly ridiculous. Upon my word it is!"

And yet, upon the face of it, there was no reason why Colonel Randolph in love should be more ridiculous than any other man in a similar predicament. It is true that he was nearer fifty than forty; but then he neither looked nor felt his age. He was tall, handsome and active, and the black hairs on his head and in his moustache still predominated over the grey; moreover, he had only recently resigned the command of a smart hussar regiment, and he was heir-presumptive to a baronetcy and an estate with a moderate rent-roll attached to it. He was thus on various grounds a man who had the right to pay his addresses in accordance with the dictates of his heart, and whose marriage might be regarded as a fitting and not improbable event. And, besides all this, he was no novice in the art of pleasing, having been in love many times during the course of his military career, and having passed through the malady without incurring any of the ulterior penalties which commonly attach thereto.

There were, however, circumstances connected with the present crisis which caused the Colonel to feel uneasy, and to take up an expostulatory and argumentative tone in his self-communings. To begin

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with, he had an uncomfortable suspicion that he was harder hit this time than he had ever been before; and certainly he had never on any previous occasion succumbed in such a marvellously short space of time.

"Oh, it's simply ridiculous, you know," the Colonel repeated, drawing up his knees and resting his chin upon them. "I'm like the old woman in the nursery-rhyme, by Jove—'this is none of I!' To think that yesterday morning I hadn't even seen her! And now I don't know who she is, or where she comes from, or a single blessed thing about the woman, except that she's a Yankee and that her name's Van Steen, and that she's the most adorable creature in the whole world. I do trust I'm not going to make a downright fool of myself. I've a great mind not to meet her again. I don't think I'll go to that ball to-night after all; what the deuce should I go to balls for? I've done with dancing and all that kind of thing."

At this juncture, Colonel Randolph's soliloquy was interrupted by the entrance of his servant, who proceeded to fill the bath and lay out his master's clothes, while the Colonel flopped down on his back, like a guilty thing surprised, and for some reason which he would have been puzzled to explain, went through an elaborate feint of yawning and stretching himself.

Half an hour later, when he was shaved and dressed, and was looking over the geraniums outside his window into the sunny thoroughfare below, at the end of which there was a glimpse of St. James's Street and of the ebb and flow of passing vehicles and pedestrians, he began to feel more comfortable, and the common sense which, as he flattered himself, was one of the chief ingredients of his character, showed signs of reasserting its sway. "No; I'm not going to that ball to-night; I'm hanged if I do!" he said, decidedly. "It's all confounded humbug and nonsense." And with that he took his way downstairs, and marched off to the Club to breakfast.

Colonel Randolph belonged to two clubs, the United Service and the Army and Navy. At the first he usually breakfasted, and, when he had no other engagement, dined; at the second he spent nearly all the remainder of his spare time. He had reached a period of life at which men are apt to fall into methodical habits; and the afternoon rubber of whist to which, when he first left his regiment, he had resorted only as an occasional means of passing time, had latterly become as essential a part of his somewhat monotonous daily life as eating, drinking, and sleeping. To-day, however, he was absent from the familiar room when the clock struck five, and his friends caused the club to be searched for him in vain. At that moment, indeed, he was ringing the door-bell of a certain house in Grosvenor Place, where he had dined the night before, and a few minutes later he was shown into the presence of Mrs. Digby, whom he knew to be as dependent upon her cup of afternoon tea as some other people are upon a game of whist. Mrs. Digby was a good-natured, rather silly woman, considerably past middle age, and innocent of the

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smallest pretensions to beauty. The Colonel, who held that all women ought to be young and pretty, had no special affection for her; nevertheless he was quite honest in his remark that he had called at five o'clock, believing that to be his best chance of finding her at home.

"How nice of you," said Mrs. Digby. "I thought you always called upon people when you thought there was a good chance of finding them out. I'm sure most men do. Now let me give you a cup of tea."

But the Colonel declined this refreshment, alleging that his nerves wouldn't stand it. He seated himself in a low chair, stretched out his long legs, and began to talk in a very pleasant, easy manner about Madame Sembrich and the evil deeds of the Liberal Government, and the latest scandals which were agitating society at the time. Not that he loved scandal, honest man; nor indeed did he know or care much about the doings of that portion of society which has taken to spelling itself with a capital S; but he made it a rule to suit his conversation, so far as in him lay, to his company, and upon the present occasion his customary politeness was supplemented by certain private reasons for wishing to make himself agreeable. He made no allusion to the subject which he had come to Grosvenor Place with the sole purpose of discussing: for he preferred that it should be introduced by his hostess, as he felt sure that it would be before long; and the event justified his anticipation and rewarded his patience.

"Well, and what do you think of my belle Américaine?" Mrs. Digby asked, after a pause in the conversation, which her visitor had not seen fit to break. "Isn't she quite charming? So fresh and original and unlike everybody else—and so pretty; don't you think so?"

"Yes—oh yes. Very good-looking little woman; no doubt of it," answered the Colonel in an off-hand sort of way; for it was another of his rules never to praise a lady's beauty in the presence of any member of her own sex. Indeed he was a man who, in all his dealings, was much governed by rules; a result, possibly, of his military training.

"Good-looking!—what an expression! I think she is simply beautiful. And you must admit that she is original and amusing. At all events you seemed to find her so last night; for I noticed that you never spoke to any one else the whole evening. I confess I have a weakness for Americans—*nice* Americans, I mean, of course. Haven't you?"

"Well, really, I don't know much about them," the Colonel confessed. "They generally talk through their noses, don't they?"

"Mrs. Van Steen doesn't talk through her nose; and even if she did, one might forgive her, considering what a pretty little nose it is. I want to introduce her to people and make London pleasant for her, if I can. We English are such an inhospitable race; I quite blush for my country sometimes. When foreign royalties come here we give them a salute of twenty-one guns, furnish them with a special train to London —which they pay for, I suppose—and send them to an hotel; and in

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private life most people think they have done all that is required of them if they ask a stranger who brings a letter of introduction to dinner once. In America, you know, it is so very different. My eldest boy was in New York last year, and you can't think how kind everybody was to him."

"Did he make Mrs. Van Steen's acquaintance there?"

"Oh no; I met her at Cannes last winter. I feel that, both as an Englishwoman and as an individual, I owe the United States some civility; so I look upon the Americans whom I meet as representing their country, and upon myself as representing mine so far as they are concerned; don't you see?"

The Colonel said that that was a very proper view to take of international obligations, and was an additional unneeded proof of Mrs. Digby's personal amiability. "But," he added, "the only thing is, one might get rather unpleasantly let in in that way. I mean, one likes to know where people come from, and who they are when they're at home, and all that."

"Oh, I think one can always tell," said Mrs. Digby; "but after all, what *does* it signify, so long as people look nice and know how to behave themselves? It isn't as if one were going to marry them, or live near them in the country, or anything of that kind."

"No, to be sure. Has this Mrs. Van Steen been long a widow?"

"I haven't the least idea. Oh yes, I should think so; she is out of mourning, you see."

"Plenty of money, I suppose?"

"Heaps," answered Mrs. Digby, confidently; "all these Americans have. I'm sorry you don't think her respectable," she added, after a pause.

"My dear Mrs. Digby!—not respectable! What do you mean?"

"You hinted as much; and I am very much annoyed with you, because I particularly wished you to like her. Everybody liked her at Cannes; she was immensely taken up there; Lady Polker was quite as much charmed with her as I was. By-the-bye, are you going to Lady Polker's ball to-night?"

"I had not quite made up my mind," answered Colonel Randolph. "Perhaps I may look in for half-an-hour or so; balls are not much in my line now-a-days."

"Oh, do go—and dance with Mrs. Van Steen. Then you will be able to ask her who her husband was, and whether she mixes in the highest circles in New York, and all the rest of it."

"I don't think it will be necessary for me to put those questions," said the Colonel, laughing. "I am not going to live near her in the country, or to marry her, you know."

"I wouldn't be too sure of that; who knows his fate? And I warn you that she is very irresistible."

"I am too old to dance, and too old to marry, Mrs. Digby," says the

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Colonel, getting up. But before he went away he had promised to put in an appearance at Lady Polker's ball.

As he walked down Piccadilly, he told himself that he had wasted an afternoon, and had failed in the object of his visit, which had been to gain some information as to Mrs. Van Steen's antecedents; but it is possible that he may have had another unacknowledged aim in view, and that he was glad to shift on to Mrs. Digby's shoulders the responsibility of having caused him to break his resolution of the morning.

II.

It was close upon midnight when Colonel Randolph, looking very trim and spruce in his perfectly fitting evening suit, stepped up Lady Polker's staircase. He had said to himself that, as he was not going to dance, there could be no need for hurry; he would drop in at the most crowded time, just take a look round, and slip away again. As soon, therefore, as he had shaken hands with the lady of the house, he made his way into the dancing-room, and stood for awhile in the doorway with folded arms, surveying the scene, which, indeed, was a sufficiently pretty one. There was a crowd, but it was not so great as to render dancing a mere figure of speech; the rooms were spacious for a London house, and were profusely decorated with cut flowers, after the rather extravagant modern fashion; huge blocks of ice placed here and there, and artistically covered with sprays of creeping plants, kept the air cool; the lighting was so contrived as to be at once brilliant and soft. It is doubtful, however, whether the Colonel's wandering eyes noted any of these agreeable details. It was not of inanimate beauty that they were in search, and after the appearance of a certain couple at the other end of the room, their range of conscious vision became narrowed to the limits of a very small area. The Colonel's, to be sure, were by no means the only pair of eyes present that persistently followed Mrs. Van Steen's graceful movements. The little American lady had caused a genuine sensation, and everybody who did not know her name was asking everybody else who she was. Hers was a beauty of that delicate, refined, and perfectly finished order which is more common among her countrywomen than among our own, and which is popularly supposed—by way, perhaps, of compensation—to be of a specially transient kind. Her age was a doubtful point. She looked about twenty; but probabilities seemed to point to her being some four or five years older. She had small, regular features; her abundant brown hair, which grew with a slight natural ripple, was taken back from a low, broad forehead; her eyes were of the darkest blue; her complexion was a standing evidence of the futility of artificial appliances, as exhibited upon the cheeks of more than one lady in the room; and when she laughed, as she did pretty constantly, a glimpse was discernible of the whitest and most even little teeth in the world. Add to this that she was dressed by Worth, gloved by Jouvin, and wore

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pearls and diamonds in her hair and about her neck, and it will be allowed that there was some excuse for our admiring Colonel's dazzled and fascinated gaze.

Accidentally or purposely, she brought her partner to a standstill close to the doorway, and as she happened immediately afterwards to glance over her shoulder, the Colonel seized this opportunity of making his best bow. She turned round at once, and extended her hand, exclaiming, "Why, it's Colonel Randolph! How do you do, Colonel Randolph?" exactly as if she had known him all her life.

There was something about Mrs. Van Steen's bright, frank smile that was apt to produce an instantaneous reflection upon the face of any one whom she might be addressing. The Colonel, as he shook hands with her, was beaming all over, and knew that he was beaming, and wished he wasn't. He was a prey, that evening, to a morbid self-consciousness quite unusual with him, and he had an uncomfortable fancy that Mrs. Van Steen's partner, a certain Captain Gore, with whom he had a slight acquaintance, was surreptitiously laughing at him. The young man certainly wore a faintly amused look.

"So you have made up your mind to come," said the little lady. "I am so glad. I had given up all hope of you."

"I made up my mind the moment I received your commands, Mrs. Van Steen," answered the Colonel, with pardonable mendacity.

There was a short silence, during which the Colonel contemplated his neighbour with eloquent eyes.

"Well," she said at last; "aren't you going to ask me for a dance?"

"I beg your pardon," the Colonel murmured in some confusion; "I didn't know whether I might be honoured so far. If you will give me the next lancers——"

She nodded; and then, turning to her partner, "Come, Captain Gore," she said, "we must not lose the rest of this waltz." And so was whirled away.

"You English people are very shy, aren't you, Captain Gore?" she asked, as soon as an opportunity for conversation presented itself.

"I don't think I'm shy," said Captain Gore.

"Well, no," she answered, surveying him consideringly; "to do you justice, I don't think you are. But Colonel Randolph is."

"Is he?" said the young man, with a laugh. "He used not to be shy on parade, I hear. Regular old tartar, by Jove! They say he's to have the command of our depôt at Canterbury; hope it isn't true. How do you make him feel shy, Mrs. Van Steen? Might be a useful thing to know."

"Ah, I'm afraid you couldn't adopt quite the same means. I only reminded him that he hadn't asked me for a dance, and he blushed and stammered, and offered me the next lancers."

"I should think so, poor old boy! You didn't expect him to do a

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round dance, did you? Come, Mrs. Van Steen, I dare say you can manage most things, but if you make old Randolph waltz, I'll eat him."

"Oh, I won't ask you to do that," said the lady demurely; "I dare say you can swallow most things, Captain Gore; but I doubt whether you could quite swallow Colonel Randolph. I will bet you a pair of gloves that he waltzes with me before the evening is over, though, if you like."

The subject of this disrespectful wager came up before very long to claim the promised lancers, and Mrs. Van Steen rose and placed her little hand upon his proffered arm.

"I wish you would tell me something," she said, as they took their places.

"I shall be delighted to tell you anything that I know, Mrs. Van Steen."

"Then, do you consider it vulgar in England to enjoy yourselves?"

"I never heard that it was considered so. We have a character for taking our pleasure sadly, of course; isn't that rather a threadbare accusation?"

"Oh, I'm not making any accusation. I'm only a poor stranger, you know—a Transatlantic barbarian; I'm obliged to ask questions. I notice that none of you ever do appear to enjoy yourselves, and I wondered whether it was affectation, or only a natural deficiency."

"We enjoy ourselves in a quiet way," the Colonel said.

"Well, now, I shouldn't have thought you did even that, to look at you. What do you individually enjoy, for instance? Don't say you enjoy talking to me; we'll take that for granted."

The Colonel, after a little consideration, said he enjoyed hunting and shooting very well; and added, with becoming modesty, that he liked a good book, if the subject wasn't too deep for him.

"Anything else?"

"Well, I suppose I may say that I enjoy soldiering. At least it has been the chief interest of my life. But that's all over and done with now, I'm afraid."

"Why so?" Mrs. Van Steen asked.

This seemed to call for an explanation of the compulsory retirement scheme, with its advantages and disadvantages; the latter preponderating, in the Colonel's opinion, over the former. He was led to dwell at somewhat greater length upon this subject than he might otherwise have done by the kindly interest which his companion displayed in the matter, and by the readiness with which she seized upon every point in his exposition. She put little shrewd, abrupt questions from time to time; her voice was pleasant and soft, and free from any suspicion of a twang; her occasional Americanisms lent an odd and original charm to her speech; she did not appear to be bored by the details of army reorganisation, and evidently appreciated the hardships of sweeping reforms as regarded individual cases. Given a sufficiently sympathetic listener,

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there are few people who can resist the temptation of talking about themselves; and it is a fact that in less than half an hour Colonel Randolph, who was by nature neither loquacious nor communicative, had told Mrs. Van Steen more of his grievances, hopes, prospects, and so forth, than he would have confided to one of his older friends in the course of a year. He and his patient hearer had left the ball-room, and had been sitting for some time in a cool and dimly-lighted library, before he realised that he was trespassing somewhat unduly upon the lady's good nature. He checked himself, with a rather embarrassed laugh, at last.

"I really ought to apologise," he said. "I don't know what business I have to inflict all this upon you. My only excuse is that your kindness has made me feel as if you could be interested in hearing me talk."

"That's just it. I am interested, immensely interested. All Englishmen interest me. You are more or less new to me, you see, and I like to hear all about you."

"For the same reason I should very much like to hear all about you," said the Colonel, emboldened by this candid avowal.

"Well, I expect that wouldn't entertain you much; all that there is to be said about me can be easily told. Where would you like to commence?"

The Colonel would gladly have put a few direct questions, but he shrank from seeming to catechise his new acquaintance, and something in her manner made him fear that she suspected him of some such design; so he contented himself with asking her whether it was long since she had left America.

"Oh, I'm most always over here," she answered, apparently including all Europe in that comprehensive phrase; "but I haven't been in England before, except just to pass through. I'm by way of being delicate, and needing a warm climate; so I'm in Italy or the south of France nearly all the time. The year after I was married I went down south to New Orleans; but that didn't suit me, and now I don't think I'll ever settle down in America again."

She paused, and the Colonel hoped that she would say something about the late Van Steen, of whom he began to feel an unreasonable kind of retrospective jealousy; but she did not seem disposed to pursue the subject, and there was comfort in the obvious fact that she was not a very disconsolate widow. In his mind's eye the Colonel saw the deceased as an elderly, stout, New York merchant, who had married very late in life, and had considerately taken himself off without loss of time, leaving his widow with all the world before her, with unlimited dollars to pay her way through it, and with all the gifts which Nature had bestowed upon her still in their first freshness. He could not help saying—

"You must be very happy. You have all that a woman can wish for, I should think."

"In what way do you mean?" she asked, with a quick glance of inquiry.

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"Youth, beauty, and liberty," answered the Colonel, after a moment's hesitation. He was not quite sure how Mrs. Van Steen would take such plain language, but she did not appear to be offended by it. Her manner had a mixture of the innocence of a child and the assured ease of a woman of the world, which was a complete novelty to the Colonel, and had perhaps done more than even her beauty towards captivating him.

"Yes, that is so," she said. "I suppose I'm as happy as most people. I am not like you; I don't enjoy only a few things, and those not very much; I enjoy everything; my capacities in that direction know no bounds. And do you know, Colonel Randolph," she added gravely, "my idea of enjoyment at a ball is dancing."

"Is that a hint that I have exhausted your patience at last?" asked the Colonel, getting up. "Let me hasten to make the only reparation in my power, and take you back to the ball-room."

"Well, it's a hint," answered Mrs. Van Steen, "that you might have asked me to dance the waltz that is almost over now."

After that, what could the Colonel do? Before he knew where he was, his arm was round Mrs. Van Steen's waist, and he was fully committed to what he could not help regarding as a somewhat perilous enterprise. His step was a quick *deux-temps*, which he danced with a straight knee, shoulders well back, and chin elevated. He had abandoned round dances some years before, on his return from foreign service, when he found that nine ladies out of ten regretted that they "couldn't do his step." Mrs. Van Steen, however, could do it—and indeed, as he afterwards discovered, could do every imaginable step. She was as light as a feather; her little feet scarcely seemed to touch the ground. The Colonel, who was thin and wiry and always in good training, flew round with increasing velocity, and began to feel a trifle elated by his success. "This is perfect!" he cried. "I could dance with you all night." And though he felt that his partner was shaken with laughter, he set that down merely to high spirits and the delight of rapid motion. What, indeed, could there be to laugh at when they were getting on so well? But, unfortunately for the Colonel's peace of mind, a fragment of an ejaculation from a bystander reached him presently in mid-career.

"Look, look, look! Look at old Randolph dancing! What a——!" the rest of the exclamation was lost, but the Colonel, glancing fiercely over his shoulder, caught sight of young Gore's face convulsed with merriment, and had no difficulty in filling up the hiatus. To be sure, Gore might only have said, "What an unusual thing," or "What a good dancer he is, after all"—but somehow the Colonel could not bring himself to believe that the sentence was ended in that innocent fashion, and he mentally qualified Captain Gore as a confounded grinning young puppy, whom he should like to keep for three months in the riding-school.

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III.

When Colonel Randolph woke up on the following morning, he was astonished and a little frightened at the change which a day and a night had effected in his mental condition. Twenty-four hours earlier he had indeed been in love with Mrs. Van Steen, and had confessed as much to himself; but he had laughed while making the avowal, and had felt tolerably sure that things had not yet gone so far with him but that he could avoid and forget the fair stranger, should deliberation suggest the expediency of such a course. But now he could no longer flatter himself that he was his own master. He might be very absurd in imagining that an American with whom he was barely acquainted was essential to his future happiness; he might be very absurd, and very fatuous also, in thinking that she regarded him favourably, but he could not help having a decided conviction upon both of these points; and as he was above all things a straightforward and practical man, he plainly perceived that before very long a day would dawn on which his hand and heart would be placed at Mrs. Van Steen's disposal. This gave him ample food for reflection, and for reflection of a not altogether pleasurable kind. Mrs. Van Steen liked him, he thought, and might, with increased intimacy, learn to like him much better; but whether she would ever like him well enough to marry him was another question. He suspected that the little lady fully appreciated her liberty, and, in truth, it seemed to him that she would be acting foolishly in resigning that precious possession. But although, as was quite proper, his chief anxiety related to the very possible failure of his suit, he did not disguise from himself that even the sweets of success would be mingled with a perceptible drop of bitterness. Colonel Randolph was what the Royal Regiment of Artillery are sometimes—justly or unjustly—said to be: "poor, proud, and prejudiced." The idea of marrying a very rich woman was not quite agreeable to him; still less was he inclined to ally himself with an American. He would not have given utterance to so illiberal a sentiment, but in his heart of hearts he hardly believed that Americans could be ladies or gentlemen; they were at all events republicans, nobody could deny that. Now the Randolphs, though they had never been very considerable people out of their own county, belonged to a family that was as old as the hills, and perhaps the very fact that their social importance was hardly on a level with their antiquity made them specially tenacious of such dignity as they could rightfully claim. Sir John Randolph, the Colonel's elder brother, was a sour, testy, and punctilious old gentleman, who considered himself cruelly used in that Providence had denied him a son, who tyrannised over his wife, bullied his heir-presumptive, and, in his character of head of the family, was profoundly reverenced and esteemed by the latter. Now nothing could be more certain than that Sir John would disapprove of Mrs. Van Steen; and when Sir John disapproved

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of anybody or anything, he spared no pains to render his disapproval open and unmistakable.

Our poor Colonel pondered over all this through a sufficiently unhappy morning, and had little appetite for luncheon. Turning into the Rag at his accustomed hour in the afternoon, the first person whom he saw was young Gore, who had just come up from Hounslow, where his regiment was quartered, and who greeted him with rather more familiarity than the Colonel quite liked.

"Hullo, Colonel! None the worse for your exercise last night, I hope? Jolly little woman, Mrs. Van John."

"Van Steen," said the Colonel stiffly. "Yes; Mrs. Van Steen is a —a very pleasant person. When do you go to Aldershot?"

"Hanged if I know. Not until after the manœuvres, I should hope. I say, Colonel, do you know anything about our friend Mrs. Van? They say she's got a pot of money."

"Very likely," answered the Colonel drily. "I have only had the honour of meeting her twice; so I have not yet felt that I knew her sufficiently well to ask her the amount of her income."

"Ha, ha, ha!—no; one can't exactly do that; wish one could. I'll tell you what it is," continued Captain Gore confidentially: "I must get hold of some coin somehow. I shall have to marry somebody, or murder somebody, or rob a jeweller's shop, or something. I've a great mind to go in for Mrs. Van."

"I should strongly advise your doing so," said the Colonel. "From all that I have seen and heard, I should say there could be no doubt about her being very well off, and of course you have only to throw the handkerchief."

"You think so, eh? Well, but look here, Colonel, you mustn't cut me out, you know."

"Do you really suppose," retorted Colonel Randolph, "that I should have the vanity to set myself up in opposition to *you*?" And with that crushing bit of sarcasm he left his young friend, and went into the card-room.

But although he entered the card-room, he did not take a hand that afternoon. He remained for about half an hour, looking on, and then left the club with a rather guilty and stealthy mien, and walked quickly off to Dover Street, where Mrs. Van Steen had taken up her abode at an hotel for the season. She had frankly asked him to call upon her, and mere courtesy required that he should lose no time in taking advantage of her permission.

If Mrs. Van Steen had happened to be looking out of her window a quarter of an hour later, she would have witnessed a little scene which would probably have made her laugh. Two gentlemen were approaching her door at a rapid pace, the one from Grafton Street, the other from Piccadilly. They met literally upon the threshold, and each started back as he recognised the other. The younger man burst out laughing.

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"Come, now, I say, Colonel, none of your larks! You said you weren't going to try and cut me out."

The Colonel's temper began to give way a little. "I am sure you will pardon me, Gore," he said, "if I tell you (being a much older man than yourself, you know), that jokes of that kind are in the worst possible taste. When a lady, who is a stranger and unprotected, honours you by allowing you to call upon her, she has at least a right to expect that you should not speak of her as you did just now in the hall of a club. Now, if you have come here to see Mrs. Van Steen, we may as well go in together."

Captain Gore was not a man whom it was easy to snub, but he was really a trifle abashed by this dignified rebuke, and followed the Colonel upstairs without another word. By the time that he was shown into Mrs. Van Steen's drawing-room, he had recovered himself sufficiently to make several eloquent grimaces at his companion's back, and to execute a series of significant shrugs and winks designed to indicate that he was in no way to blame for the intrusion of this wearisome old bore. But if Mrs. Van Steen saw these artless signals it pleased her to ignore them. She got up, laying aside the crewel-work upon which she had been engaged, and welcomed her visitors with a great deal of pleasant cordiality.

"Well, now, I call this very kind. I haven't had a soul to speak to the whole day, and I was just trying to make up my mind to a solitary walk. Which of you gentlemen persuaded the other to come with him, and cheer up a solitary foreigner? Whichever it was, I am heartily grateful to him."

Colonel Randolph, who was a little slow about getting his pretty speeches under way, was beginning something about gratitude being due from quite the other quarter, but Gore cut in with—

"You're thankful for small mercies, Mrs. Van Steen. In England we say, 'Two's company, three's none,' but perhaps you look at things differently in New York."

"In New York, Captain Gore," answered the lady demurely, "the more friends that come to see us the better we are pleased; but if you find the number too large to be comfortable, you can reduce it by one at any moment, can't you?"

At this the Colonel chuckled: and the young man, dropping into a chair, made a gesture as though he would heap dust upon his head.

"I don't know why everybody is so awfully down upon me to-day," he exclaimed plaintively. "Colonel Randolph gave me such a lecture as we were coming in that he almost made me cry. He did really; didn't you, Colonel?"

"I dare say you deserved it," Mrs. Van Steen remarked. "What had you been doing?"

"Upon my word, I forget. What was it, Colonel?"

"It was nothing. I didn't lecture him at all," said the Colonel, looking rather annoyed.

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"But I want to know. You have roused my curiosity now."

"It isn't a bit of good asking him, Mrs. Van Steen," said Gore. "You'll only make him angry. I'll tell you all about it after he's gone."

When the Colonel heard this impudent promise, he resolved that, come what might, he would sit his young friend out; and to this resolution he adhered with the inflexibility of a just man tenacious of his purpose through three-quarters of an hour of small talk, utterly disregarding the appealing and interrogative glances thrown at him from time to time by his rival. At length the latter gave up the game, and rising, with a last look of mild reproach at the inexorable Colonel, prepared to take his leave.

"Well, Mrs. Van Steen," said he, "you are going to be relieved of number three now. I must be off."

"You remind me of the Italians," she remarked, laughing. "They have a pretty way of saying, 'I will remove the incumbrance,' when they mean to bring their visit to an end."

She followed him to the door, talking as she went; and the Colonel's triumph was slightly marred by a few half-whispered words from Gore which reached his ear. "You'll be in the Park to-morrow, then! And, I say, don't forget your engagement for next week."

Mrs. Van Steen came back laughing, and seated herself opposite to the Colonel. "I do like that young man?" she exclaimed; "he's just as impudent as he can be; and yet, somehow, he isn't in the smallest degree offensive."

The Colonel, not altogether sharing in this view, yet reluctant to speak against an absent man and a rival, gave forth an uncertain sound, which might have been taken to signify either assent or dissent.

"He is a pure British type," Mrs. Van Steen went on. "No other country produces samples of that class. An impudent Frenchman is simply unbearable; and, between you and me, an impudent American is not a very pleasant person."

The Colonel said he didn't like impudence anywhere.

"I won't go so far as that; I like Captain Gore. Do you know, I begin to think you English are a more puzzling people than you look at first sight. There's room for a great deal of contradiction among you: and a foreigner doesn't quite know how to set about forming an opinion of you. You are very insular."

"Perhaps we are none the worse for that," said the Colonel.

"I dare say you are better for it in some ways—not in all, perhaps. Your manners are certainly peculiar to yourselves."

"Does that mean that they are bad?"

"No; not bad—at least I don't think them so. It depends, I suppose, upon the standard one judges by. But they are odd. I have met Frenchmen, Germans, Italians, Russians, and I don't know how many other nationalities. I make my little mental notes as I go along, and I find that there is a common social ground upon which all these people

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meet. They adapt themselves to one another, more or less; and so do we Americans when we travel. But you English are not adaptive. Is there such a word? Never mind; if there isn't there ought to be. You have ways of speaking and acting that belong to yourselves and to nobody else. You have made yourselves a little circle out of the general family of mankind, and it isn't easy for a stranger to elbow himself into it. You don't help him much, anyway. I expect one would have to pass a lifetime in England to feel at home there."

"I wish you would make the experiment," said the Colonel gallantly.

"Thank you: but I fancy your east winds will prevent my ever doing that. But, as I was saying, you puzzle me. There is a self-confidence about a good many of you—a social self-confidence, I mean—which doesn't seem to fit in with one's ideas of your national temperament."

"They say a good conceit of oneself is the best receipt for success in life."

"Then Captain Gore's future ought to be safe; he will die a field-marshal. As for you, Colonel Randolph, you are altogether too modest."

"Are you laughing at me?" asked the Colonel. For indeed he was not conscious of any special diffidence of nature, and was at that moment feeling somewhat doubtful whether, in paying so protracted a first visit, he had not laid himself open to a charge of "odd" manners.

"Why should I laugh at you? I am trying to understand you—you and Captain Gore, and all the others. I call you very modest. You would never have danced with me last night if I had not asked you twice."

The Colonel smiled. "Perhaps," he said pensively, after a pause, "as a nation we are rather proud than vain."

At this Mrs. Van Steen looked intensely amused for an instant, and the Colonel wondered why. Could it be that this sharp little woman saw through all his present doubts and perplexities, and divined the inevitable struggle that a Randolph must face before allying himself with a Van Steen? The thought made him blush a little.

"Don't you find it rather lonely, travelling about all by yourself?" he asked, with an abrupt change of subject.

"Don't you find it lonely, living all by yourself?" she returned.

"Well, I do find it a little so sometimes. But I am accustomed to being alone."

"So am I; it's second nature to me now, and there's a sort of pleasure in being quite independent. Besides, I am not altogether unprotected. I have a brother loafing about Europe, whom I could telegraph for any day, if I should find myself in pressing need of moral or physical support."

"And do you expect your brother to join you in London?"

"It's quite likely. I came here intending to stay only a few weeks; but now I'm having such a lovely time that I believe I'll remain on for two or three months."

"I am delighted to hear it," said the Colonel, referring, of course, to

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the latter announcement; but he was not sorry that there should be a probability of this captivating lady's brother turning up in England. The appearance of a male relative would, he felt, be a help towards the drawing of just and dispassionate conclusions. If, for instance, the newcomer should wear a dirty flannel shirt, carry a bowie-knife in his waistband, and squirt tobacco-juice out of the corner of his mouth, all longings, however strong, to convert Mrs. Van Steen into Mrs. Randolph must be sternly smothered: but if, as seemed more likely, he should prove to be a cultivated and agreeable gentleman, then surely his (the Colonel's) family would not be so unreasonable as to object to the contemplated match.

It may be thought that a man of independent means and somewhat advanced age is fairly entitled to marry for his own pleasure, and not for that of his family; but this, as it happened, was not Colonel Randolph's view. He had an orderly and disciplined nature; and as he had never allowed those over whom he was set in authority to question his commands, so, all his life long, he had been accustomed to render willing obedience to those who were, or whom he considered, his superiors. The allegiance which he had paid to his father he had transferred in the natural course of events to his elder brother; and although it was possible that under very urgent circumstances he might bring himself to act in opposition to the latter, it was certain that he would never be able to do so without great unhappiness. Therefore it was that he was much exercised in mind as he walked homewards, and felt that he would willingly have sacrificed a year's income if, by so doing, he could have furnished Mrs. Van Steen with a pedigree. He went into the club library that night, and sought out a history of the State of New York, in which he for the first time made acquaintance with Hendrik Hudson, and with the fact that that territory had been originally colonised by the Dutch. This discovery gave him no little relief. If, as their name seemed to suggest, the Van Steens could trace back for a matter of two hundred and fifty years, that would at all events be something. But then he remembered that the respectability of Mrs. Van Steen's first husband was hardly the point required to be established; and this made him all the more anxious for the arrival of her wandering brother.

IV.

It so chanced that nearly a week elapsed before Colonel Randolph again encountered the lady who had so profoundly disturbed his peace. He was not provided with an excuse for calling upon her again, nor did he seek her in any of those places where there seemed to be a probability of her being found. This abstention was due in part to a certain diffidence, but no doubt also in part to a final struggle between the Colonel's heart and his reason, and to a desire to try the effect of absence upon an infatuation which, as he had perceived from the outset, must lead to

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troubles and complications from which a middle-aged gentleman would fain be free. But London—or at least that portion of it which Colonel Randolph and Mrs. Van Steen inhabited—is not a very large place, after all, and it was perhaps scarcely so surprising an instance of the force of destiny as the Colonel imagined it to be that they should have happened to visit the same theatre on the same evening.

The Colonel came in late—towards the end of the second act—and was at once seen by his American friend, who occupied a stall in the row immediately in front of his. She looked over her shoulder and nodded in a friendly way, but did not speak, as an interesting dialogue was going on on the stage. The Colonel, highly delighted at so unexpected a stroke of fortune, paid no attention to the play, and gave himself up to admiring contemplation of the back of Mrs. Van Steen's little head. Soon, however, he became aware of another head in close proximity to hers—a close-cropped black head, which was presently turned round, as its owner bent forward to whisper a remark to his neighbour, and which thus revealed a becoming aspect of Captain Gore's classical profile. This was bad; but what was a great deal worse was the conviction that slowly forced itself upon the Colonel that these two persons were unaccompanied by any one in the shape of a chaperon. On the lady's left hand were two vacuous-looking youths, who evidently did not belong to her; on Gore's right hand was a frowsy old woman in a flaxen wig, who just as evidently did not belong to him. The Colonel was thunderstruck. In his first moment of surprise and indignation his impulse was to jump up, leave the theatre, and there and then renounce all pretension to the hand of a lady whose notions of propriety were so loose as those of Mrs. Van Steen appeared to be; but upon second thoughts he inclined to take a more merciful view of her share in this heinous offence. Customs might prevail in the United States which did not obtain in this country; clearly there might be excuses for Mrs. Van Steen. But there could be none whatever for young Gore, who could not plead ignorance of the habits of English society, and who—so Colonel Randolph said to himself in his wrath—had deliberately chosen to place a lady in a false position. The Colonel was furious. He sat brooding over it all till the indiscretion assumed gigantic proportions in his eyes, and he could hardly constrain himself to return Gore's familiar nod. There is every reason to believe that, if the practice of duelling had not, happily, been obsolete, that thoughtless young gentleman would have received a message before the morning. No such direct method of manifesting his displeasure being open to him, the Colonel was fain to content himself with ignoring the friendly observations with which his rival was so good as to favour him from time to time, and with addressing his own remarks exclusively to the lady. Even to her he could not manage to be quite as polite and agreeable as he wished to be. Despite all his efforts at self-command, he was unable to keep a certain stern and peremptory ring out of his voice; and Mrs. Steen would have

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been much less quick-sighted than she was if she had not noticed the additional stiffness of his backbone and the deepening of the two perpendicular lines which time had traced between his eyebrows.

That she did detect these signs of something being amiss was evident. At first she adopted a kindly and conciliatory tone; but, when this proved of no avail, her manner grew colder. She raised her eyebrows once or twice, with a half-interrogative, half-offended air; and, finally, turned her back upon her elderly admirer, and divided her attention between Captain Gore and the stage. Long before the play was at an end, the Colonel had left the theatre, and was striding homewards, angry and wretched. He was vexed with himself for having shown temper; but not the less was he convinced that his indignation was righteous, and that it would be no more than his duty to warn Mrs. Van Steen against compromising herself in such a manner a second time. Doubtless there was a strong spice of jealousy at the bottom of this determination; but the Colonel was so sure of being an honest man that he seldom troubled himself with a minute analysis of the causes of his actions.

He had not long to wait for an opportunity of disburdening his mind. Before he left his club on the following morning, a note, written in a firm, flowing hand, was delivered to him, requesting him to call in Dover Street in the course of the afternoon. "I particularly wish to see you," wrote Mrs. Van Steen; "so, if you should be engaged to-day, I shall be much obliged if you will name some other time when it will be convenient to you that I should receive you."

The obvious resentment of the writer was not a little soothing to the Colonel's wounded feelings. She must value his good opinion, he thought, or she would hardly have been so precipitate in demanding an interview. More than once, in the course of an unusually wakeful night, he had told himself that, perhaps, after all, it would be just as well for all parties concerned if she should prove to have taken a fancy to that young puppy Gore; but now he put all such unworthy thoughts away from him. He went to Dover Street prepared to forgive and forget; prepared to declare himself to some extent in the wrong; prepared even, should the occasion appear propitious, to make another and a more momentous declaration. When he was shown into the drawing-room, he advanced, holding out his hand, with a bright and tender smile.

But Mrs. Van Steen did not seem to notice either the smile or the hand. She was standing by the window, arranging some flowers in a vase, and looking charmingly young and pretty in a cotton dress of elaborate simplicity. She neither asked her visitor to be seated nor sat down herself, but proceeded, without preface, to the business in hand.

"Now, Colonel Randolph, we've got to have an explanation. Why were you so rude to me last night?"

"Surely I was not rude," said the Colonel. "If I was, I can only assure you that my rudeness was unintentional, and apologise for it with all my heart."

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"That is all very well; but when my friends scowl at me, and contradict me, and then go away without bidding me good-night, I generally conclude that they mean to be rude. I treat you as a friend, you see. Come, let us have it out! How have I sinned?"

"Mrs. Van Steen, you make me feel very much ashamed of myself," the Colonel protested. "There has been no sin—at least, none for which you are responsible; and if there had been, I confess that I should have had no right whatever to notice it. But, since you are so very kind as to call me a friend of yours, I will venture to answer you candidly, as one friend may answer another. It distressed me to see you at the theatre last night with no other escort than young Gore."

"Oh! that was it."

"It was all Gore's fault," the Colonel cried eagerly. "Of course you could not be expected to know that that sort of thing is not thought proper in this country."

"I did not, indeed," answered Mrs. Van Steen. "I confess, to my shame, that I had no sort of notion that I was improper. Well, one lives and learns. I suppose it can't be any way proper for me to be receiving you like this, for instance?"

"That," said the Colonel, "is quite another thing. It isn't a parallel case at all."

"No? I should have thought it was more proper to be in a public theatre with a gentleman than in a private room with him; but, as you say, of course I can't be expected to know. I am afraid it would never be any use in the world for me to try and be like a well-bred Englishwoman; and perhaps you will excuse my saying that my ambition does not set very strongly that way. I don't like your people so well as I did at first."

The Colonel said he was sorry for that.

"Upon closer acquaintance you don't improve. I think you are rather an ill-natured people, and I suspect you of being immoral into the bargain."

"I don't know why you should say that."

"Well, it looks like it. You seem to take it for granted that there must be some harm in a gentleman and lady being together; the only important point is that they should not be seen together. If they are in a theatre, everybody can stare at them: so it's wrong. If they are in a private room, nobody need know: so it's of no consequence. We don't look at things that way in our country."

"I dare say yours is the better system," the Colonel said. "I am not going to set myself up as the champion of British institutions. But when one is in Rome, isn't it best to do as the Romans do? In France, you know, you would not be able to sit in the stalls of a theatre at all."

"Oh! I'm ready to conform to your customs. I told you the other day that we Americans were adaptive, and I'll endeavour to adapt myself. But I will say that your customs are inconvenient and irra-

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tional. What is a poor lone woman to do? It isn't my fault that I have no mother or aunt to travel around with me. Don't you allow any more freedom to married women than to girls over here?"

"If by married women you mean women with husbands, I suppose they may do anything that their husbands don't object to. They have a natural protector, you see."

"And my natural protector being wanting, you are inclined to undertake his functions. I'm greatly indebted to you, Colonel Randolph."

"Indeed, I am not so presumptuous as you make me out," the Colonel protested, colouring a little. "I don't know that I should have ventured to say all this if you had not asked me; and, in any case, I assure you that nothing has been further from my intentions than impertinence."

"Do you think I should have asked you to come here to-day if I had not felt sure of that?" she returned, laughing, and offering him her hand at last. "Sit down, and let us be friends again. I think you are very kind to take an interest in me at all, and I shall be much obliged if you will let me know when I outrage propriety again. In the meantime, you will be glad to hear that a natural protector has appeared upon the scene to take care of me. My brother arrived unexpectedly from Paris this morning."

The Colonel was much gratified by this intelligence. Now he would find out Mrs. Van Steen's maiden name, and have an opportunity of judging of the stock from which she came.

"I hope I shall make your brother's acquaintance before long," he said, politely.

"Aaron will be very pleased," answered Mrs. Van Steen.

"Is Aaron your brother's name?" asked the Colonel, with a look of such irrepressible dismay that Mrs. Van Steen laughed outright.

"Yes; his name is Aaron; I hope that is not improper. Scriptural names are not uncommon with us, as perhaps you are aware."

The Colonel murmured that he had understood as much; but he was depressed and absent during the remainder of the interview. His imagination could not rise to the conception of a gentleman named Aaron. He took his departure before very long, leaving a card for the absent brother, who, it appeared, had gone out to inspect Westminster Abbey and the Houses of Parliament.

On the following afternoon Colonel Randolph, hurrying in rather late to dress for dinner, found lying upon his table a card, which, on being held up to the light, exhibited the name of Aaron P. Muggeridge. When the Colonel read this appalling inscription, he literally staggered back as if he had received a blow, and subsided into the nearest arm-chair, where he remained motionless for some minutes, holding the dreadful card at arm's length before him. It was, indeed, a dreadful card!—dreadful not only on account of the name which it bore, but also by reason of its size and glaziness, and of the flourishes which surrounded its Italian cha-

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racters. Mr. Muggeridge no doubt had had dealings with a Parisian stationer, as an American residing in the capital of the gay world might very naturally do; but the Colonel knew little more of Parisians and their usages than he did of New Yorkers, and it seemed to him impossible that any human being of even moderate refinement or sense of decency could make use of such a preposterous bit of pasteboard. He cast it away from him, at length, with a tragic groan. "My brother-in-law, Mr. Aaron P. Muggeridge!" Oh, horrible, horrible thought!

The lady who sat next to Colonel Randolph at dinner that night set her neighbour down as an incipient lunatic. He met her attempts at conversation with totally irrelevant rejoinders; he lapsed into long intervals of gloomy silence; and the only spontaneous observation that he volunteered was towards the end of the evening, when he turned upon her suddenly, and asked with great earnestness, "If your name were Muggeridge, what should you do?"

"I should change it as soon as possible," she answered, promptly.

"Ah, yes; but you are a woman; you could marry and get rid of it in that way. For a man it is not so easy. He must bear it, I suppose."

"But you don't bear the name of Muggeridge," said the lady, in some surprise.

"Oh, no," answered the Colonel in a low, sad voice; "but I know a man who does."

Our poor hero, like many other excellent men, had his little weaknesses. He did not share Juliet's opinion as to the unimportance of names, and was by no means sure that what we call a rose would smell as sweet if known as an onion. Mr. Aaron P. Muggeridge might be a polished, cultured and fascinating member of society; but not the less, according to the Colonel's lights, did he start heavily handicapped in the race of life. One thing was certain; the matter must be looked into, and the unlucky individual inspected without loss of time. At the earliest opportunity, therefore, Colonel Randolph betook himself to Dover Street, making his visit in the forenoon, so as to be the more sure of finding the object of his search at home. "I will know the worst," he said to himself with decision.

Alas! "the worst" did not seem too strong a term to apply to Mrs. Van Steen's brother. He was a tall, rather stout man of about thirty; he wore a heavy moustache with waxed tips, and an imperial, also waxed; his trousers were of French cut and brilliant in pattern; his shoes had very square toes; beneath his chin was an enormous blue bow, the ends of which floated over his coat; a diamond ring adorned his little finger; and, that nothing might be wanting to complete the atrocity of his appearance, he had stuck a *pince-nez* upon the bridge of his nose, and was contemplating his sister's English friend through it with a mixture of languid curiosity and affability.

"A positive caricature, by George!" was the Colonel's inward comment upon the stranger, who was now being introduced to him by Mrs.

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Van Steen, and who shook hands with him, saying, in drawling and rather patronising accents, "How do you do, Colonel Randolph? I am glad to make your acquaintance, sir."

"I hope," said the Colonel, with a desperate effort to conceal his feelings, "that you mean to make some stay in London."

"Well," answered Mr. Muggeridge, "it's uncertain. I shall have to be guided by circum-*stances*. I have come here to attend to a matter of business."

He spoke in a sing-song nasal voice, ending each of his sentences on a high note. To think that a brother and sister could differ so sadly!

"I suppose that, like all Americans, you are engaged in business of some kind," the Colonel observed.

Mr. Muggeridge nodded. "We don't have so many idle men in our country as you have here," he was obliging enough to explain.

"And do you often manage to get away for a holiday?" asked the Colonel. He was thinking to himself, "I hope to the Lord you don't! If the Atlantic were between us I might perhaps contrive to forget your existence sometimes."

"Aaron has a partner," put in Mrs. Van Steen, in her soft, quiet voice. "When one of them is in America the other can amuse himself in Europe."

"Yes, yes; I see. A very convenient arrangement," murmured the Colonel. In truth he hardly knew what he was saying, and was chiefly anxious to escape without having let Mrs. Van Steen perceive the impression that her brother had made upon him. But it is probable that, with all his exertions, he did not quite succeed in that laudable endeavour.

Conversation was sustained after a constrained and desultory fashion for another quarter of an hour, at the end of which time the Colonel took up his hat.

"If you are going towards the city, Colonel Randolph, I'll walk with you," said Mr. Muggeridge.

The Colonel replied that he was not going further than Pall Mall; and Mr. Muggeridge remarked that he guessed that would not be much out of his way; so the two men left the house together.

"What do you think about taking a hansom?" the Colonel asked, on the doorstep.

"It's immaterial," answered the other. "I'd as soon walk, if you say so."

"Very well," said the Colonel, feeling a little ashamed of the impulse which had prompted his suggestion. After all, if the man was to be his brother-in-law, it would not do to begin by shirking a walk in the streets with him.

Acting upon this conviction, the Colonel resisted a temptation to reach Pall Mall by the least frequented route, and, crossing Piccadilly, shaped his course boldly down St. James's Street. On his way he was

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stopped by several acquaintances, who stared at Mr. Aaron P. Muggeridge in undisguised astonishment, the latter, for his part, returning their scrutiny with perfect imperturbability. When they had passed on, Mr. Muggeridge communicated his impressions of them to the Colonel, and was more candid than flattering in his criticisms. He even had the impertinence to laugh at the mode of pronunciation adopted by these gentlemen, and to indulge in an exaggerated and absurd mimicry of it. He further opined that London was a great commercial city, but that in point of attractiveness New York was a hundred miles ahead of it, while Paris was a hundred miles ahead of New York. His tone seemed to imply that he held the Colonel responsible for all the shortcomings of the mother-country and its inhabitants. The season was the end of May, and a bleak, dry east wind was driving clouds of dust along the streets. "Do you always have it like this over here?" Mr. Muggeridge asked, in his drawling voice.

"Yes, always," answered the Colonel, very snappishly; and his companion gave him a side-look of mingled irony and pity.

At length the United Service Club was reached; and the Colonel, with the brightening countenance of one who sees the walls of a city of refuge before him, bade Mr. Muggeridge farewell, regretting that the laws of the establishment did not permit of his asking a friend in to luncheon.

"Sing'lar club," was Mr. Muggeridge's brief comment upon this announcement. "Well, Colonel, I'll wish you good day and good appetite. Whenever you feel like paying us a visit in Dover Street, I hope you'll come, and bring any of your friends along."

"Thank you," answered the Colonel, stiffly; "Mrs. Van Steen was kind enough to give me permission to call upon her some time since."

Mr. Muggeridge nodded, and strolled away, with a faint, tolerant sort of smile upon his face, which he had worn, more or less, all the morning, and which the Colonel, for some reason or other, found peculiarly exasperating.

Our tried and perplexed hero spent a large part of the afternoon in smoking, and in pretending to read the papers, while in reality he was meditating over the new complications with which his matrimonial prospects were threatened. At five o'clock he walked across to his other club, and there encountered Captain Gore, who at once detached himself from a group of young men with whom he had been conversing, and caught his elderly rival by the arm.

"I say, Colonel, *have* you seen Aaron P. Muggeridge?"

"Yes," answered the Colonel gloomily; "I've seen him."

"Queer-looking specimen, isn't he? But not half a bad sort of chap, if you take him the right way. I mean to be a real good friend to Aaron —for his sister's sake, you understand."

"You have lost no time in introducing yourself to him, at any rate," the Colonel remarked drily.

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"Nor have you, it seems; so we're even. What do you think of him?"

All Colonel Randolph's suppressed irritation bubbled up, and completely overmastered him for the moment. "I think," said he, "that he is the most abominable cad that I ever met, at any time or in any country!"

Then he walked away, repenting of his hasty speech as soon as it was uttered, and vexed by the pursuing echoes of Gore's laughter. Gore didn't care a bit for the vulgarity of Aaron P. Muggeridge; Gore—confound him!—cared for nothing but Mrs. Van Steen's money-bags, and would have married her if she had had ten Aarons for brethren, aye, and a father and mother of the same type to boot! Well, perhaps the fellow was wise in his generation. He was right not to let himself be turned aside from his object by incidental obstacles. "He knows his own mind better than I do mine," thought the Colonel, sighing that greed should be proved a more powerful factor in human resolutions than love. Not that he really thought of giving up Mrs. Van Steen; he felt sure that he had never contemplated the advisability, or even the possibility, of so extreme a step as that. The prospect of having Aaron for a near relative was a bitter pill, no doubt; but it must be gulped down, and had better be done with a good grace. He determined that he, too, would be a "real good friend" to Aaron—that is, that he would do his best to be courteous and amiable to him—"for his sister's sake." "Not for the sake of her money," thought the Colonel; "I only wish she hadn't any money at all."

Animated by such unexceptionable motives, our hero surely deserved to be rewarded by success; but, unfortunately, we live in a world where the just and the unjust have an equal share in the sunshine and the rain; and it is a fact that this poor gentleman obtained little recompense for a ten days' martyrdom save such as an approving conscience may have afforded him. He carried out to the letter the promise that he had made to himself. He not only tolerated Aaron, but took no little pains to show him civility. Day after day he sought the stranger out in Dover Street; day after day he bore him company in his visits to the few lions of which London can boast. He went with him to the Tower; he walked with him in the Park—a terrible ordeal; he took him to a meet of the Coaching Club; he bore with his disparaging remarks, with his bland familiarity, with his obstinate determination to admire nothing and be surprised at nothing. Sometimes Mrs. Van Steen accompanied the sight-seers; but, alas! on these occasions Captain Gore was generally also of the party, and somehow it always happened that the younger man paired off with the lady, while the elder was fain to bring up the rear with her brother.

All this was a severe test of constancy; but the longest lane has a turning; and one morning, to Colonel Randolph's unspeakable joy, Mr. Aaron P. Muggeridge announced that he had received letters which

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would necessitate his speedy return to America. This good news was the more welcome to our hero from its arriving at a moment when he was more than usually depressed in spirits. It was the morning of the Thursday in Ascot week, and he was just about to start for the races with Mr. Muggeridge, Mrs. Van Steen having excused herself at the eleventh hour on the plea of a headache. The prospect of being saddled for an entire day with his "Old Man of the Sea," as he sometimes inwardly dubbed the unconscious Aaron, had, for several reasons, been particularly distasteful to the Colonel; but now this seemed a comparatively small matter. Yet another week, and he would have said farewell to Aaron, it might be for years, or it might—as he fondly and devoutly hoped—be for ever. Under the circumstances, it would have been an unworthy thing to murmur at one day of misery. The Colonel, therefore, went off in high good-humour; and, in the train, was quite facetious with his companion upon the subject of a brand-new suit of clothes in which the latter had arrayed himself. Aaron's first care, on arriving in London, had been to visit one of the most fashionable tailors, and the upshot of his interview was his appearance in the light grey frock-coat, and trousers to match, which had attracted the Colonel's attention. He had likewise invested in a white hat, and in a pair of field-glasses, which last were slung across his shoulder by a strap. Thus attired, he did not, it is true, resemble an Englishman much more than he had resembled a Parisian in his discarded garb; but he looked, the Colonel thought, a little less unlike other people than usual, and there seemed reasonable ground for hope that, if he would only keep quiet and behave himself, the day might be got through without the occurrence of any untoward episode.

Aaron, however, was not disposed to behave himself—or, at all events, was not disposed to keep quiet. He entered into affable conversation with strangers on the course; he showed an inclination to be argumentative with the bookmakers; despite the Colonel's protestations, he persisted in betting with an unmistakable welsher for the sake of an additional point of odds, and made a great noise and disturbance when the usual result ensued; between the races he strolled up and down in front of the boxes, and subjected their occupants to a searching scrutiny. He made himself conspicuous, in short, and was a good deal noticed. Just after the principal race of the day had been run, Colonel Randolph felt a light tap on his shoulder, and, wheeling round, met the eyes of a tall, thin and rather sour-visaged old gentleman, who nodded and said, "Well, Robert."

This was precisely the untoward episode which the Colonel had hoped might be averted. He knew that his brother would be at Ascot; but he had trusted to the crowd to preserve him from an encounter which he foresaw would be an unpleasant one. Even now he made a feeble effort to escape, after a few hurried words of greeting. But it was too late. Sir John's eye was upon Mr. Muggeridge, and what was worse, Mr. Mug-

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geridge's eye was upon Sir John. Partly from a despairing feeling that it would be as well to get the worst over at once, partly from an intuitive certainty that Aaron was about to request an introduction, the Colonel took the bull by the horns, and made the two men known to one another. Sir John raised his hat slightly; but Aaron extended a generous hand with his customary formula, "How do you do, Sir John Randolph? I am glad to make your acquaintance, sir."

The Englishman took the proffered hand, or rather allowed his own to be taken by it. "You are an American, I presume," said he; not, however, thinking it necessary to state any reason for the presumption. "All this must be more or less of a novelty to you."

"Well," replied Mr. Muggeridge, "they don't *run* horses much with us; but I expect you haven't an animal in this country that could begin to compare with one of our trotters."

"Very likely not," Sir John answered, courteously enough. "You beat us in a good many things; but not in everything—perhaps not quite in everything."

"Give us time, sir, and I have no doubt that we shall beat you at horse-racing."

Sir John inclined his head and dropped his eyelids with the air of one who declines to be drawn into a discussion of any kind with his inferiors, and remarked that, for his own part, he doubted the desirability of international contests, though to be sure they were always popular things. He well remembered the excitement that prevailed throughout the country at the time of Tom Sayers's encounter with Heenan.

"Was you present at the fight, sir?" inquired Aaron, with some show of interest.

"No; being a magistrate, I felt bound to deny myself that pleasure. By all accounts, however, I believe that we were justified in claiming the victory upon that occasion."

Mr. Muggeridge would doubtless have disputed the accuracy of Sir John's assertion if he had not, fortunately, remembered at that moment that money was owing to him over the last race by persons from whom it was advisable to recover it without delay.

"Excuse me a few minutes, sir," he said; "I'll be with you again immediately." And with this cheering promise he hurried away towards the ring.

As soon as the American was out of earshot, Sir John turned to his brother, and said quietly: "I wish to God, Robert, you wouldn't introduce all the tag rag and bobtail of your acquaintance to me."

"I didn't see my way to avoiding it," the Colonel answered meekly. "And after all, John, you can't expect Americans to be exactly like Englishmen."

"I expect a man to be a gentleman. I suppose there are gentlemen in America, as there are elsewhere; but your friend is an arrant snob."

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"He is not generally considered so. People know him in London—Mrs. Digby, and Lady Polker, and lots of people. I don't think he is so very bad, John; I don't, upon my word," pleaded the poor Colonel.

"Not bad? My good fellow, did you look at his clothes? And did you hear him talk? '*Was* you present, sir?' Ugh!"

"Our grandfathers used the expression," the Colonel remarked. "Do you know, John, I suspect that many words and phrases which the Americans use, and which we set down as vulgarisms, are merely survivals of our old English speech. If you come to look into it, what constitutes vulgarity? Surely it can't be only ways of dress and of talking that happen to differ from our own."

Sir John gave a short, disagreeable laugh. "Perhaps I may as well tell you," said he, "that I have heard it rumoured that you intend to marry the sister of this pleasing young gentleman."

The Colonel reddened. "I am not answerable for all the silly gossip that you may have heard about me," he replied; "but I can assure you that I am not going to be married to anybody, as far as I know. At the same time, supposing I did contemplate such a step, I take it that, at my age——"

"Oh certainly; there's no fool like an old fool. I only thought I had better warn you that, in the event of your making such a misalliance, I should assuredly not allow my wife to call upon the lady."

The menace was probably a more terrible one to the Colonel than it would have been to nine men out of any ten; but, in spite of all his reverence for the head of the family, he was the last person in the world to allow himself to be deterred from his purpose by a threat.

"I am sorry for that, John," he said gravely; "because the choice of a wife is a matter upon which I should not accept dictation even from you."

"I dare say not," said Sir John. "Possibly, from your point of view, you may be right; but I must be allowed to retain the privilege of saying who shall or shall not enter my house, so long as it remains mine. I thought I would just mention it. Well, good-bye, Robert. See you again soon, I dare say."

The Colonel walked away sadly, his hands clasped behind his back, and his eyes fixed upon the ground. His brother had pronounced a sentence of contingent banishment upon him—of banishment from the old home which he loved with the love of a younger son, unalloyed by any of those misgivings as to the over-costly nature of his possessions which, in these days, are apt to trouble the actual owner of the soil. The Colonel's associations with his home were all pleasant ones. In the surrounding county dwelt his oldest and dearest friends. He conscientiously believed that county to be the most delightful county, and his paternal estate to be the most delightful estate, in all England. Every room in the house brought back to him memories of a happy childhood and boyhood. Except during one period of service in India, he had never failed to spend two or three months there in the shooting season. It was

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almost a question whether even the lifelong companionship of Mrs. Van Steen could make up to him for the loss of this annual holiday. That the place must, in the course of nature, become his own property eventually, was a thought which seldom entered his mind, and was probably never altogether absent from that of his brother. He did not know that the childless Sir John felt an irresistible impulse to thwart him in all his projects, and would have been as likely as not to object to his proposed bride, had she been an Englishwoman of irreproachable birth; but he did know his brother's obstinacy and tenacity of his word, nor did he build any hopes upon the basis of Mrs. Van Steen's personal attractiveness.

Thus it was that our unfortunate lover returned to London very silent and gloomy, revolving many things in a perturbed mind. He drove to Dover Street with Mr. Muggeridge; and it did not put him in better spirits to find Captain Gore sitting with Mrs. Van Steen, whose indisposition appeared to have entirely vanished. However, the sight of his young rival was so far of service to him that it enabled him to conquer any wavering tendencies that he might have harboured while in the train. What! should he retreat like a coward before the first breath of opposition, and leave that mercenary puppy to bear away the prize? Never! The Colonel said to himself that he had done with hesitation, and that he would know his fate that very evening.

Gore went away in a short time, and almost immediately afterwards Mr. Muggeridge also left the room. Then, before the Colonel could frame his opening sentence, Mrs. Van Steen turned a smiling face upon him, and said—"Confess, now, Colonel Randolph; your're very angry with me, aren't you?"

"Angry with you, Mrs. Van Steen? No, indeed; why should I be angry with you?"

"You looked angry when you saw Captain Gore here. You thought my headache was all a sham, didn't you?"

"I assure you,"— began the Colcnel.

"Well," interrupted Mrs. Van Steen coolly, "you would have been quite right if you had thought so. It was all a sham. I thought I would make an experiment. I wanted to find out whether you would be good-natured enough to go to Ascot with Aaron. I know you don't like being seen about with Aaron; he isn't what you call a gentleman. No, don't protest; I understand it all. Perhaps if I were to talk long enough I could convince you that you are mistaken in some of your impressions; but then again, perhaps it wouldn't be worth while. I have carried out my experiment, and I am satisfied. I asked Captain Gore if he would take Aaron down to Ascot, and he said 'No,' right out; but I suppose there is a difference between you and Captain Gore. Whatever Aaron may be, you are what I call a gentleman, Colonel Randolph—I won't say as much for all the Englishmen whom I have met—and you are a good friend. Some day I hope you will have a good wife, and then you will have to write and tell me all about her, and maybe I'll come and see

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you if I am in London again. I'm getting near the end of this visit now. It has been a very pleasant one, thanks chiefly to you."

"Mrs. Van Steen"—— The Colonel's eloquence failed him a little. He was sitting opposite to his fair hostess, and at this point he drew his chair a little closer to hers, and somehow gained possession of her hand.

The effect of this movement was by no means what her previous words might have led him to anticipate. She drew back her hand, jumped up, and moved away a few paces, exclaiming indignantly, "Colonel Randolph!" And before anything more could be said the door opened, and in walked the inevitable Aaron.

The Colonel's chance was evidently lost for that evening, and it only remained for him to effect his retreat, which he did presently in some embarrassment. But at the earliest permissible hour the next morning he was in Dover Street once more, resolved this time that he would have half an hour alone with Mrs. Van Steen, even should it prove necessary, in order to secure privacy, that Mr. Muggeridge should be requested in so many words to leave the room.

As he turned in at the familiar doorway, he was almost knocked down by Captain Gore, who dashed out head first, his hat brushed the wrong way, and his whole appearance that of a man who has sustained some severe nervous shock.

"Bless me, Gore," cried the Colonel, "what the deuce is the matter with you?"

The young man stared at his questioner rather wildly. "Oh, it's you, is it?" said he. "Your turn now. Oh, damn the whole business!" And with that he hailed a passing hansom, plunged into it, and was lost to sight.

The Colonel walked upstairs, smiling to himself. He could not reasonably be expected to feel much pity for his evidently rejected rival. Mrs. Van Steen was not in the drawing-room when he entered; but Mr. Aaron P. Muggeridge, who was sitting in an arm-chair trimming his nails with a pen-knife, rose and welcomed the new-comer.

"Take a seat, Colonel Randolph: glad to see you, sir. I was wishing for an opportunity of saying a few words to you about a matter——"

"Some other time, my dear Muggeridge—any other time, in fact. The truth is that I wish rather particularly to say a few words to Mrs. Van Steen just now."

Aaron shook his head, continuing to pare his nails carefully. "My sister doesn't feel like receiving visitors this morning, Colonel Randolph. Your friend Captain Gore has just left us, after making quite an unpleasant scene. There has been a little misconception."

"Yes, yes; I think I can understand," interrupted the Colonel; "but need that prevent her seeing me? I don't wish, of course, to force myself upon her; but would you mind just letting her know that I am here?"

"Why, yes," answered Mr. Muggeridge deliberately; "I am afraid I must decline to let her know. I feel very badly about speaking so to you after all your kindness to us; but there are occasions upon which a man

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finds it his duty to speak plainly to his best friends; and it seems to come within my duty to tell you this morning, Colonel, that you have been fooling around here entirely too much of late."

The Colonel grew rather rigid about the back; he did not much relish the expression. But he swallowed down his disgust. "Let us by all means speak plainly," he returned. "No doubt it will simplify matters if I tell you that I have come here now to ask your sister to honour me and make me happy by becoming my wife."

True to his general rule of conduct, Mr. Muggeridge exhibited no astonishment. He went on with his occupation, merely remarking in his drawling, conversational voice, "I am sorry to hear it, Colonel. We are flattered by your kind offer, but we can't accept it. We shall have to get you to excuse us."

"May I ask," inquired the Colonel rather hoarsely, "whether you say this upon your own authority?"

"Well," answered Aaron, who had now finished with his left hand, and was examining it critically at arm's length, "we will put it at that. I conclude I am justified in speaking upon my own authority in the absence of my partner and brother-in-law Mr. Van Steen."

"Good God!" the Colonel ejaculated, "is it Mrs. Van Steen's husband that you mean? Isn't the man dead?"

Aaron drew a telegram from his pocket, and unfolded it slowly. "He was not dead at 8.20 A.M. to-day any way," he observed. "He advises me by cable that he sails from New York at noon per Cunard steamer *Scythia*. You'll allow that's pretty good presumptive evidence of a man's existence."

The Colonel never knew how he got out of the house. There is every reason to hope that the habit of self-control was strong enough in him to enable him to withdraw without uttering any of the uncomplimentary phrases which rose to his lips. For some days he was very angry indeed, and was inclined to believe, as Captain Gore did, that he had been shamefully deceived and befooled by an unscrupulous little flirt; but time and reflection modified the harshness of this first view of the case; and he soon acquitted Mrs. Van Steen of intentional duplicity. She might, to be sure, have told him that she had a husband alive; but she was not bound to answer a question that had never been put to her; and how was she to know that foolish Mrs. Digby had taken it for granted that she was a widow, and had proclaimed her as such to all and sundry whom it might concern?

Captain Gore made a prodigious outcry over his disappointment; but the Colonel, who perhaps suffered more deeply, was wiser, and held his peace. He is too sensible a person to break his heart over the inevitable. Moreover, he has lived long enough to have learnt that, as there is little happiness in this world without alloy, so there are few disappointments but have their accompanying consolations, if a man will but look for them.

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Lyme Regis; a Splinter of Petrified History.

In the very deepest bend of the great West Bay which sweeps round in a wide arc from the grey Bill of Portland to the red coast of Devonshire near Torquay, nestles the little forgotten borough of Lyme Regis. A quiet wee town is Lyme, set at the bottom of a tiny valley, where a miniature river cuts its way through soft lias cliffs into the sleepy sea. On the three landward sides the hills shut in the town, so that every road which leaves it in any direction mounts at once a few hundred feet or so to the level of the downs above. These downs consist of three different rocks, a soft blue lias below, a yellow sandstone belonging to the greensand formation midway, and a greyish white chalk on top of all. Once upon a time (as fairy tales and men of science say) the downs stretched all along the coast for many miles at a uniform height of some six hundred feet, and showed on their seaward escarpment all three layers of blue mud, yellow sandstone, and white chalk. Gradually, however, the water has worn a channel for the little river Lym through the two upper strata, and at the bottom of the small amphitheatre thus formed stands the existing town of Lyme. Similar channels have been worn further to the east by the rivers Char and Brit, and at *their* seaward extremities are built the towns of Charmouth and Bridport. Lesser valleys, again, break the line of cliff in between these three main openings. So now, if you stand on Lyme Cobb—as we call the old stone pier—the view to eastward embraces an undulating coast, which dips down into frequent hollows and rises again into bold hills, till at last the whole country-side falls away slowly toward the Chesil Bank, while on the dim horizon the white rock of Portland stands like a huge wedge of limestone against the faint skyline. The thick end of the wedge turns toward the land, and rises some five hundred feet in sheer height; the thin end tapers off to sea level in the direction of the open channel, and prolongs itself under the waves for many miles in the dangerous Race of Portland—a rocky ledge better known than loved by homeward-bound ships. The cliffs in this direction have all lost their top layer of chalk by the wearing action of water, and only show the lower tiers of sandstone covering the lias—an arrangement which has secured for the tallest among them the name of Golden Cap. But to the west the white chalk still peeps out picturesquely above the whole mass, through green trees and broken undercliff, though its advanced

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shoulders hide the view along the shore towards Seaton, and it is only in clear weather that we can catch a glimpse of the distant Devonshire coast, including the long promontory of Berry Head and the dim but bold outline of the Start.

Here at Lyme the present writer generally poses as an idyllic Melibœus through the summer months, accompanied of course by Phyllis and all the little Delias or Damons. It is indeed a strictly bucolic place, almost six miles from the nearest railway, and as yet unassailed by school-boards or women-suffrage associations. And as I—the Melibœus in question—depend largely upon the neighbouring walks for my mental stimulation, I have naturally learnt to love every field, path, and village for ten miles around. Moreover, being (amongst other things) of an antiquarian turn of mind, I take an interest everywhere in the local names and the history which they contain. For every local name has of course a meaning, and it was first given for a definite reason. Thus we may regard names in some sort as a kind of philological fossils, and we shall find that to hunt out their derivation and origin is not less interesting to the mind (and far less rough on the clothes) than to hunt for ammonites and saurian bones in the lias cliffs around us. I propose, therefore, to take you all, my kindly readers, for a few walks in the country about Lyme, examining as we go the names of the various points we traverse: and I hope to show you that these splinters of petrified history are far more interesting, even to the casual observer, than you would be at all likely to suspect at first sight. I choose Lyme merely because I happen to know the country well; but if I once set you upon the right track, you will be able easily to look up the local names of your own neighbourhood in the same manner, and you will find the occupation, I trust, both amusing and instructive.

First of all, a word as to the name of Lyme Regis itself. The little river which has scooped out the whole combe or valley bears the name of Lym. This name, like those of almost all our rivers, is not English but Keltic or Welsh. When the English conquerors—the "Anglo-Saxons," as old-fashioned history-books foolishly call them—first came to Britain, they found the country in the possession of the Romanised Welsh, whom the same history-books call "the Ancient Britons." Naturally, they learned the names of all the physical features, such as rivers, hills, and mountains, from those among the Welsh whom they subdued in war and kept as slaves. Many even of the towns still bear their Romanised or Welsh titles, more or less disguised, as in the case of the great colonies London, Lincoln, and Chester; but rivers invariably retain their old Keltic forms. This particular word, Lym, means in Keltic a torrent, and might be aptly applied to the little hill-fed stream before the modern cuts, and weirs, and mill-dams obstructed its impetuous course. When the advanced outposts of the English reached this utmost corner of Dorsetshire, they would naturally ask the Welsh, by signs or interpreter, what was the name of the little stream, and

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receive as an answer that it was called Lym. And Lym it has accordingly been ever since.*

Amongst the records of Glastonbury Abbey is a charter of King Æthelstan, which grants to his namesake, Æthelstan the thegn, six manses "æt Lymè,"—that is to say, at the Lym. From this usage grew up the modern name Lyme, just as Pfyn has grown from the Latin phrase *ad Fines*, or Pontefract from *ad Pontem Fractum*. All through the west country, names of towns are very apt to hang upon those of rivers; such, for example, are Axminster and Axmouth on the Axe, Exeter and Exmouth on the Exe, Bridport on the Brit, Collumpton and Culmstock on the Culm, and Tavistock on the Tavy. In each of these cases the river name is Keltic, while the termination is mostly English. But it is not often that the river name alone (in an oblique case) forms the whole title of the town, as at Lyme. We have, however, a corresponding instance in the first recorded cognomen borne by the neighbouring village of Charmouth, which figures in the English Chronicle under the form "æt Carrum," that is to say, at the Char.

As to the second half of the title, Regis, it is of course ecclesiastical or legal Latin, and signifies that Lyme was a royal manor from the days of Edward I. We get the same termination in Bere Regis and Melcomb Regis; while the translated form occurs in King's Lynn—a Norfolk town often confounded with the little Dorsetshire borough.

The deeply-cleft valley of the Lym contains one other village, besides Lyme Regis itself—a picturesque group of houses higher up the stream, nestling below a pretty grey church on the hillock, and known as Uplyme. In modern English we generally speak of higher and lower towns, but in the old type of the language many other forms were prevalent. Such are High Wycombe, Over Darwen, Under Marston, and Nether Compton. A Netherbury occurs in this very district, near Beaminster. But one of the commonest West-country modes of expressing comparative height is that made by simply prefixing the word *up*. Thus, along the river Otter, above Ottery, we meet with the village of Up-Ottery; while on the Wey, above Weymouth, stands Upwey. So, too, on the Lym, above Lyme, comes Up-lime; while the main town itself is sometimes described in old charters as Nether-Lym-super-Mare. To the best of my knowledge, this distinctively West-country mode of comparison by means of *up* does not extend to any of the counties east of Wiltshire.

If we start from the wee parade at Lyme on a bright summer's day we may walk across to Charmouth by the cliffs and find it a delightful excursion. The pleasantest plan is to avoid the highway and take a leafy cartroad up the hill, which still bears the name of Colway Lane.

* I owe acknowledgments for the general method pursued to Mr. Isaac Taylor's *Words and Places*, and for some special local facts to Roberts's *History of Lyme*, and Pulman's *Book of the Axe*. But in many cases I have endeavoured to correct what I believe to be their errors.

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Perhaps, if you are a town-bred man, you will be astonished to learn that not only every lane and every farm, but even every field in England, has its own name, and that most of these go back in time far beyond the date when Domesday Book was compiled. This farm on the left here, for example, is Haye; that is to say, the hedged enclosure—a common termination throughout Devonshire, as in Northernhay, near Exeter. Its various fields are known as Bustart, Middle-mill, Black Dog Mead, and Four-acre. So, too, this Colway Lane, which was once part of a great Roman road, still preserves the last relics of its original title; for the first half is a fragment of the Latin *Colonia*, as in Lincoln and Colchester; while the second half is the common English word *way*. It runs straight up the steep hillside with true Roman directness, disclaiming to twist and zigzag weakly, like the modern road. By it we can soon cross the mouldering cliff known as Black Venn, from its dark lias escarpment, and descend into the valley of the Char at Charmouth.

The word Charmouth is transparency itself; and yet there are some wild philologists who wish to derive it from the name of Cerdic, the first king of Wessex, descendant of Woden, and ancestor of Queen Victoria. For my own part, when I see Wearmouth on the Wear, and Weymouth on the Wey, and Plymouth on the Plym, I cannot hesitate to decide that Charmouth is so called simply from its position at the mouth of the Char, a little river with a good old undeciphered name, almost as certainly Keltic as any in the land. The view from Black Venn, looking down upon Charmouth and the hills beyond, is one of the finest you will see in Dorsetshire. Besides the sea and the river valley, you have a splendid prospect over a great green ridge, locally known as Hatton Hill, but more correctly called Hardown, up which the Bridport road winds its way in a long white line, which seems to hang upon its sloping sides. The first group of houses on its flank is Stanbarrow, that is to say, the Stone Barrow, so called from some ancient tumulus covering the body of an old Euskarian chief, and spared for ages by Kelt, Roman, and West-Saxon, but long since swept away by the ruthless hand of a modern British squire. The other village near the top bears the quaint name of Morcomblake. This word used for a long time to puzzle me; Morcomb, I knew, means the seaward gap or valley; but where was the Lake? At last I learnt from labouring men that Lake in the Dorsetshire dialect means a small stream, and that such a stream actually flows through the village; while another little rivulet in the Isle of Purbeck bears the name of Luckford Lake. The nearer ridge to the left, dividing the valley of the Char into two parts, is known as Wotton or Wootton Hill. Wootton is a common corruption of Wood-town, the village among the trees; and two such villages are actually to be descried on its summit, half-hidden in the foliage—Wootton Abbots, a dependency of Ford Abbey; and Wootton Fitzpaine, so called from the Norman family who owned the manor. It

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is interesting to note that some such place gave origin to the two common surnames of Wootton and Wotton. Moreover, as the local West-country pronunciation is always Hootton, I am inclined to suppose that we get our Huttons also from the same source; just as our Hoods are probably mere Dorsetshire and Devonshire varieties of our Woods.

Looking northward, three or four larger hills block the view inland. To the right, Pillesdon and Lewesdon, the two highest points in Dorsetshire, nearly 1,000 feet above sea level, stand out boldly against the sky. Sailors, who know the twin hills well as a landmark, or rather a seamark, call them the Cow and Calf. I don't think I can make much of their names, and so I may as well make a clear breast of it. The last part of course means *hill*, and it is possible that Pillesdon is equivalent to Beacon Hill; but of this interpretation cautious etymologists cannot feel certain. It is still surmounted, however, by an ancient earthwork, one of a great ring which girdles the left bank of the Axe, and is answered by another ring on the principal heights of the right side. These earthworks mark the boundary line between the Durotriges, the Keltic inhabitants of Dorsetshire, and the Damnonii, or men of Devon. Both tribes have left a memory of their names in those of the modern shires. Such early fortifications still bear locally the title of castles. These two nearer heights, for example, between Wootton Hill and Pillesdon, are known as Lambert's Castle and Coney Castle. An old prehistoric earthwork still crowns either summit, and once formed a place of refuge and defence for the inhabitants of the lowlands in time of raids, when the men of Devon came on the war-trail against the homes and the cattle of the Dorset folk. The first of these two hills is known to all the country people as Lammas Castle, and I have no doubt this is really the correct name, while the purely hypothetical recognised form has probably been invented by overfine speakers, who thought the common pronunciation too vulgar for their refined lips, and so evolved an imaginary Lambert out of their own consciousness. Fairs have long been held on this summit during the summer; and though since the days of Queen Anne they have taken place on June 15, or thereabouts, there is reason to believe that in earlier times they fell upon the first of August, or Lammas day, like the many well-known Lammas fairs throughout England generally. An exactly analogous case occurs at Whit Down near Chard, so called from an annual fair on Whit-Monday. As to the second hill, Coney Castle, its name goes still further back in antiquity, for it is derived from the early English word *Cyning*, or King, and so signifies the Royal Camp. The form Conig Castle is still in occasional use. In 833, when the northern pirates first began their attacks, the English Chronicle tells us that King Ecgberht "fought against the men of thirty-five ships at Charmouth, and there was mickle slaughter done, and the Danes took the day." Perhaps, as has been plausibly conjectured, the name of this lonely down still bears record to the "royal visit" of the ninth century.

Memorials of these early warlike days are generally to be found on

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the hill-tops. The valleys remind us of more peaceful times, and of the agricultural energy of the monastic orders. Standing here on the old Charmouth road, and looking down at the smiling cultivated dales beneath, we can see them threaded in a silver line by two branches or forks of the river Char, each possessing its own little plain, and each recalling to our minds this useful work of the old clergy. On this side of Lambert's Castle, the long range which includes Coney Castle and Wootton Hill, and forms the dividing ridge between the two forks with their respective basins, lies the village of Monktonwyld, or Monktonweald, still largely surrounded by woodland, but seated for the most part in the midst of a fruitful champaign country. Its name shows that comparatively late in the Middle Ages the neighbouring fields were still covered by a weald or forest, like the old Weald of Kent. Of this forest the modern copses and pine groves are the last surviving relics. Into the rich but unoccupied woodland, a good body of monks came from the neighbouring Ford Abbey, to make the first settlement in the desolate vale. They built their little cell, and the village which grew up around that nucleus naturally received and still retains the name of Monkton-in-the-Weald, or Monktonwyld. Doubtless the low-lying plain was then a marshy and ill-drained bottom, with a wide central expanse of boggy land; and the scattered farms of Grubhay, Champernhay, and Thricehay, upon its outskirts, seem to indicate by their common termination that they were originally mere isolated "clearings" in the bush, each one girt round with its own hedge or stockade, and not unlike the modern clearings of American or Australian backwoodsmen. They almost carry us back in memory to the days when Ida, first king of Northumbria, settling down in the wild Yorkshire wolds (the word is the same as *weald* and the German *wald*), in the naïve language of the English Chronicle, "timbered Bamborough and betyned it with a hedge." Uphay and Netherhay, two common names of Dorsetshire farms, thus mean the higher and lower clearing or enclosure respectively.

The valley which girds round the further and more important branch of the Char is known as the Vale of Marshwood, and now contains some of the finest agricultural grazing land in Dorsetshire. But the comparatively modern form of the name in itself shows that this rich dale, upon whose wide meadowlands you can look down in a splendid sweep from the top of Pillesdon, remained untilled and unoccupied till a very late date. Even in the days of old Coker, the Dorsetshire historian, it still consisted of unbroken forest; for he speaks of "the Mershe-wood" in the same way as we might now speak of Glen-Tanar or Rothiemurchus. Nay, at the close of the last century, a local poet describes it as dank and pathless. But in the lower part of this damp and wild level—for such we must picture it to have been—the monks again have left a lasting memorial of their presence. "Wood and water" were the two great needs of the clergy. Secure from the ruthless hands of invaders, they did not perch themselves, like the feudal barons, on the top of de-

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fensible hills or steeply scarped crags, but placed their home in the pleasant meadows and possible orchard lands by the river-sides. While the castle always crowns the height, the abbey nestles snugly in the valley beneath. That grey tower which you see near the slope of Hardown is the belfry of Whitchurch Canonicorum. It was the seat of a religious community long before the Norman Conquest (though, of course, the existing building is of far later date), for we find it entered as Witcerce in *Domesday Book*. The patroness of the village is a certain Saint Hwit or St. Candida, whose holy well still exists on a neighbouring hillside. In Plantagenet times the name was Latinised into Album Monasterium; and a white church it must indeed have been when its freestone came fresh from the hands of the mason. As to the suffix Canonicorum, we owe that title to its dependence on the canons of Wells and Salisbury.

Ecclesiastical names are, indeed, very common in Dorsetshire and the neighbouring bit of Devon. To mention only the larger towns or villages, we have Axminster, Sturminster, Beaminster, Wimborne Minster, Lytchet Minster, and Yetminster; Cerne Abbas, Milton Abbas, Stoke Abbot, and Abbotsbury; Ford Abbey, and Sherborne Abbey; beside a whole host of more or less obvious cases, such as Whitchurch Canonicorum, Hawkchurch, Holt Chapel, Toller Fratrum, and Stanton St. Gabriel, not to mention the well-known instance of St. Alban's—or, as it ought to be, St. Aldhelm's—Head. The *minsters*, of course, date from very early times: the *churches* often from the Plantagenet period. And while we are talking of matters ecclesiastical, just let me call your attention to the fact that the little village right beyond Whitchurch is called Ryle, and most probably gave origin to the ancestors of the Bishop of Liverpool. You will find, if you inquire into it, that an immense proportion of our surnames come originally from local names, and, for the most part, from those of the smaller towns or villages. The ancestors of our great epic poet migrated to London from some one of the many Miltons—sometimes Mill-towns and sometimes Middle-towns—which are scattered all over England. People who keep a look-out upon the signboards over shops soon learn that in every town many families bear the names of neighbouring villages. Very often even the most unlikely cases turn up if you wait long enough for them. I was once talking over this very subject at Ford Abbey, near Chard, with a friend, and I pointed out to him from inscriptions on the building that the last Abbot of that house before the dissolution of the monasteries had been a certain Dr. Thomas Chard. "There is a surname," said he, "which has not survived at any rate." Only a few weeks later, the news of Rorke's Drift arrived in England, and Major Chard's name became at once familiar in our ears as household words. If you will keep a look-out in your own town or summer quarters you will find abundant instances of the same sort, throwing light on surnames which at a first glance seem wholly inexplicable.

The places we have hitherto considered lie almost all in the county of Dorset. But Lyme stands close to the Devonshire border, so that

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Uplyme itself, which is practically a suburb of the old borough, belongs administratively to a different shire. A short excursion in this direction will reveal to us facts of equal interest. The main road to the usual railway station conducts us to Axminster, more famed for the memory of its extinct carpet factories than for any modern reality. It stands, of course, on the river Axe, whose name is also Keltic, and reappears in the Esk, Usk, Exe, and many like streams. The word, I need hardly say, is old Welsh for *water*, as Avon is for *river*. As to the Minster, it is an early English foundation, dating from before the Conquest, and mention is made of the town under its present name in the Chronicle under the year 784, when Cynehard the Atheling was buried here. The existing church actually contains fragments of architecture which may possibly go back to the reign of Edward the Confessor. In local pronunciation the town is always Axmister; and Leland, in the time of Henry VIII., so spells it. Such a contraction is very common in the West Country. Thus Beaminster—originally, as we know from charters, Bega-minster, that is to say, the church of St. Bega or St. Bee—has become shortened in the Dorset mouth to Bemmister. Hence we may conclude that the neighbouring village of Misterton is really the Minster town. So, too, the old English Exanceaster, the castrum, or fortified town, on the Exe, has been clipped into Exeter by western lips, while similar forms retain their hard sound elsewhere. Indeed, as we go southward and westward we find a constant deterioration in the spelling and pronunciation of these words, from Lancaster in the north, through Manchester, Leicester, Worcester, and Gloucester, among the midlands, to Exeter in the extreme south-west.

A pleasant round may be taken from Axminster by Seaton and the mouth of the Axe home to Lyme. Soon after leaving the town, we reach the little river Yart, which we cross by Yarty Bridge. Like all the other river names, Yart is good Keltic; and in the upper part of its course stands a village with the doubly Keltic name of Yarcombe, that is Yart Valley; for combe is the Welsh word *cwm* (an enclosed dell) familiar to all Snowdon climbers, and reappearing again throughout England even among the thoroughly Teutonic South Downs near Brighton. But in the second part of the word Yarty we have a real English root. Yarty means the island on the Yart. Now, almost all the islands round the English coast end in *y* or *ey*, as, for example, Sheppey, Walney, Anglesey, Lundy, and Bardsey. In many inland places, not now insulated, but once cut off by rivers or marshes, we meet with the same termination, as in Ely, Athelney, and Oseney. Often it occurs in a corrupt form: thus the largest island in Poole Harbour is called Branksea (that is, Brank's island); while Chelsea and Battersea were once eyots in the Thames. Anglesey is now commonly written Anglesea. In all these cases we have to deal with the old English word *ig*, an island, the latter term itself being a corruption of *igland*, and the false spelling being due to a confusion with the Norman French *isle*, a

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derivative of the Latin *insula* (Italian, *isola*; old French, *isle*; modern French, *île*.) So Yarty really bears witness to the former existence of a marshy island dividing the stream at this spot, a circumstance which caused the place to be adopted first for the ford and later on for the more civilised bridge. Similarly, Ottery is the island on the Otter, and derives its second title of St. Mary's from the saint to whom its beautiful church is dedicated.

The next village which we meet is Kilmington. This name belongs to a type very common throughout eastern and thoroughly Teutonic England, but extremely rare in the highly Keltic West-Welsh counties. The early English colonists consisted of separate clans, each of which bore a patronymic derived from a real or mythical ancestor. Thus the sons of Aella would be Aelings, and settled at Allington; those of Boc were Bocings, and dwelt at Buckingham; those of Peada were Peadings, and they have left their mark at Paddington. Wallingford, Wellington, Birmingham, Kensington, Basingstoke, and Wellingborough, are other well-known examples of like forms. In purely English Kent and Essex, where the conquering "Anglo-Saxons" settled in hordes, names of this type may be collected on a county map by the dozen. But here in West Wales the English only came as wealthy lords of the soil, not as real working settlers and cultivators; so that in the Lyme district, for ten miles or so in every direction, I know of only two cases where English clans have left their token on the local nomenclature. The one is Cheddington, near Crewkerne, which keeps alive the memory of the Ceadings or sons of Ceada; the other is this very spot, Kilmington, which bears witness to an early settlement of the Culmings. Local lips still preserve the true vocal pronunciation in the common form Cullmiton. Gillingham and Osmington are the only two noteworthy villages of this Teutonic clan type in all Dorsetshire.

Our next point must be Colyford, where the direct road from Lyme to Sidmouth crosses the Coly, once, as the name tells us, by a ford, but now by a commodious bridge. This road is the old Roman one from Dorchester to Exeter. It traverses the Axe a little before reaching Colyford at a place called Axbridge. A little lower down lies the village of Axmouth, which, like the other river names, is too transparent to need interpretation. Opposite it stands our present goal, the modern watering-place of Seaton. This name, again, tells its own tale too well to require much comment, yet we may say a word or two about its form. There is a place called Seatown at the foot of Golden Cap, which shows by its modern spelling that it only dates from the time when the word *town* had acquired its existing orthography. But our present Seaton is a more ancient place, and contains the older English (or so-called Anglo-Saxon) form of *ton* or *tun*, which signified a farmhouse or enclosure, rather than a town in the modern sense. Hence it is that single isolated homesteads in the country often bear names ending in *ton*, like the well-known houses at Freshwater, East and West Afton, familiar to most

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tourists in the Isle of Wight. Such a solitary farm was doubtless the origin of our gay little Seaton, in days when Axmouth was a respectable burgh on the opposite side of the little river. At present, Axmouth has dwindled to an insignificant hamlet, while Seaton, thanks to the railway and its fine cliffs of white chalk and red marl, has become a fashionable little summer resort of a quiet kind.

A short and pleasant walk over these pretty red and white cliffs (whose contrasts of colour are sometimes almost startling) will bring us to the tiny fishing village of Beer. There are only three points in Beer which could possibly interest the most curious mind. The first is that they catch excellent lobsters; the second is, that till very lately Beer could boast of probably the meanest and most insignificant parish church in Great Britain; and the third is, that its name is almost certainly Scandinavian. This last fact is undeniably a strange and unexpected one. To be sure the Danish pirates were in the habit of settling everywhere round the coast of Britain, on islands, peninsulas, and other like suitable spots; and the West-Welsh often allied themselves with the marauders in early times against their Wessex overlords. But there are comparatively few Danish settlements on the south coast, and I was long unwilling to believe that Beer was a genuine instance of a Scandinavian colony. Many considerations, however, have at last decided me to accept the theory as true. Beer is just such an isolated seaward nook as the Scandinavians loved—a tiny valley or combe, surrounded by hills, and opening upon a little cove of its own, shut in on every side by lofty cliffs. Local tradition universally speaks of a great battle fought between a host of Danes and the English *fyrd* near Axminster; and many antiquaries have tried (though not quite successfully) to identify the traditional encounter with the famous fight at Brunanburh, made familiar to us all by the grand old English battle-song. The traditions about this Danish invasion are so numerous, and relate to so many local names, such as Warlake (that is, the stream or brook of battle), Brunedown, and Musbury, that we can hardly doubt their substantial correctness. Risdon says, as acknowledged matter of fact, that the Danes "landed in Seaton in 937;" and whether Axminster was Brunanburh or not, it was almost certainly the site of a great battle with some invading northern host. Of course it would be impossible to enter into questions of detail here; but it is interesting to notice that many other apparently Danish names occur in the neighbourhood. Thus a little way up the Yart we find a down known as Danes' Hill, at whose foot lies the village of Dalwood—the wood in the dale—while the crossing over the little stream is called Beckford Bridge, replacing the old ford over the *beck*, as the Scandinavians call a brook. Beckford, by the way, gives rise to another familiar surname, which all of us know through the brilliant author of *Vathek*, and owner of Fonthill Abbey. In *Domesday*, a manor adjoining Axminster is called Deneord; that is to say, Danes' land.

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From Beer and Seaton we may return to Lyme by the high-road, over Axbridge and close to Combe Pyne—the first half of which is our old friend *combe*, a valley, while the second half belongs to the ancient lords of the manor, the famous Devonshire family of the Pynes. At a still earlier date, Combe was the property of the Coffins, another great Devonshire house, and then bore the name of Combe-Coffin. Later on, the two families coalesced, and so gave origin to the ludicrous modern surname of Pyne-Coffin, borne by the branch of the old stock now settled at Alwington House near Clovelly. Combe Pyne, as its name suggests, is a pleasant little vale, where a tributary of the Axe has cut through the layer of chalk and reached the greensand below. Owing to this fact, the course of the brook is bordered by a fringe of trees, rare in the district between Axe and Lym, as they invariably are on chalk downs. You can always spot the places where the water has worn down the level to the greensand by observing the presence of trees. If we prefer it, indeed, we may make our way home through this bare chalky country near the cliffs, instead of by the high-road; and in that case we shall pass the famous landslip at Bindon, the largest ever known to have occurred in England at a single slip, and much finer than its tangled rival at Ventnor, in the Isle of Wight. Close by stands the headland known as Culverhole Point—a name which reminds us of the Culver Cliffs on Sandown Bay. Culver is the old English name for a wood-pigeon, and in the honeycombed face of such chalk cliffs the wild doves used long ago to make their nests. A little further on we pass the village of Rousdon, or Ralph's down, so called from an early lord of the manor. Next comes Whitlands, which obviously takes its name from the self-same chalk, and whose *lands*, turning up *white* under the plough, are the first of the sort which you meet on your way out from Lyme. Lastly, a stroll through the beautiful cliffs of Pinney—properly Pinhay—leads us home again to our starting-point by one of the prettiest paths which you can find even in the lovely West Country. And so ends for the day our etymological excursion from Lyme.

A word or two, before I conclude, as to the general method which must be employed in hunting up the meaning of local names. You will find every town and village in your own pet country haunts has just as curious a history as those about Lyme Regis; but it will not do merely to take the name in its current modern form, and hazard a random guess at its meaning anyhow. You must track it back to its earliest known shape in ancient records, and, if possible, find out the exact historical circumstances which attended its origin. For this purpose you will find *Domesday Book* quite invaluable, as it preserves for us the names of almost every parish or hamlet in England at the time of William the Conqueror's great survey. Even *Domesday*, however, priceless as it is, often fails to give us a trustworthy form, as William's Norman commissioners sometimes Latinised native English names, local or personal, under the most astoundingly garbled disguises. Accordingly, the safest guides

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of all are the genuine Early English, or so-called Anglo-Saxon documents, the *Chronicle*, and the great collections of Charters published by Kemble and Thorpe. If you are lucky enough to hit upon your local names in any of these—they are to be found in every good reference library—you will seldom have any difficulty in discovering their real origin.

And now for an example or two of the necessity for finding historical evidence as to the primitive form of names. Take first Glastonbury. In its present shape the name is meaningless. An amateur might guess it to be Glass-town-bury; but the English *Chronicle* calls it Glæstingabyrig, and we then know at once that it is really the bury or borough of the Glæstingas or Glastings, an early English clan. On the other hand, we might be tempted, like Mr. Isaac Taylor, to suppose that Abingdon was similarly the dune or hill of the Æbings, a real clan; but the earlier form in the *Chronicle* is Abbandun, and we learn from the records of Abingdon monastery that the great Abbey was actually founded by one Abba, an Irish monk, from whom the place derives its title. There is a strong tendency for names of this sort to undergo an assimilation to the numerous class which are formed from the clan patronymics; for Huntandun has similarly become Huntingdon, just as Captain nowadays becomes Capting. Again, our old friend Kilmington has been explained by local etymologists as the Keltic Kil-maen-dun (Stone-cell-hill). When anybody tries to impose upon you with a Keltic jaw-breaker of that sort, you may promptly distrust him, and stick patriotically instead to your own native English. The old English form, Culmingatune, gives you at once the true story. Once more, Warwickshire antiquaries used formerly to assert that Birmingham was a mere corruption of the vulgar word Brummagem, that is, Bromwychham; West Bromwich and Castle Bromwich being two other places in the immediate neighbourhood. This is no doubt the true derivation of Brummagem, which is in fact not a corruption of Birmingham, but an independent collateral name. However, the *Domesday* form, Beormingham, shows us that the recognised legal title of the borough really means the *ham* or home of the Beormings, another of the old Teutonic clans.

These cases will be enough to impress upon you the lesson that you must proceed with due caution, and must not give way to mere blind guesses. But if you have access to a good library, and take moderate care, and especially if you are fortunate enough to possess a slight knowledge of the old English tongue, which we foolishly call Anglo-Saxon, you will have little difficulty in doing for other places what I have tried to do here in a rapid sketch for Lyme. The new study will add a fresh and unexpected interest to even the dullest and most unpicturesque hamlets that you happen to meet with in your daily walks.

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Buddhists and Buddhism in Burma.

JUDGING from externals, Buddhism is far from being the religion which one would expect to find adopted by the Burmese. They are a jovial, laughing, joking race, brimfull of fun and delight, in the simple act of living. Strange it is to find such a people adopting the cold, stern, materialistic philosophy of Buddha. Almost all forms of heathen religion teach men to seek for some sort of happiness here. Christian forms of belief call this folly, and bid all live such a holy and self denying life on earth that they may find perfect happiness hereafter in a better world beyond. The Buddhist comes between and exclaims, "Cease this foolish petty longing for personal happiness. The one life is as hollow as the other: *Aneitsa, Dokkha, Anatta*—all is transitory, sad, unreal." Such a faith one might think suitable for the sullen, truculent Malay, but we cannot understand the Burman holding such a purely ethical religion and still retaining his constant *bonhomie*. Buddhism denies the existence of a Creator or of anything created. "There is nothing eternal; the very universe itself is passing away; nothing is, everything becomes; and all that you see or feel, bodily or mentally, of yourself, will pass away like everything else; there will only remain the accumulated result of all your actions, words, and thoughts. The consciousness of self is a delusion; the organised being, sentient existence, since it is not infinite, is bound up inextricably with ignorance, and therefore with sin, and therefore with sorrow." And so the true Buddhist saint does not mar the purity of his self denial by lusting after a positive happiness, which he himself shall enjoy here or hereafter. Here it comes of ignorance, and leads to sin, which leads to sorrow; and there the conditions of existence are the same, and each new birth will leave you ignorant and finite still. All that is to be hoped for is the joy and rest of Nirvana, Neikban, the Buddhist *summum bonum*, a blissful holy existence, a moral condition, a sinless, calm state of mind, practically the extinction of our being. Unutterably sad one would say for despairing and earnest hearts, and more than enough to arouse the pity of every man, not to say of every Christian man. Yet this is the faith of the light-hearted Burmans, one of the most loveable of races on the face of the earth; and the devoted labours of Anglican, Roman, and Baptist missionaries for a couple of decades have been almost resultless, even in persuading the Burman of the hopelessness of his creed. The gaily-dressed, laughing crowd of Burmese young men and maidens go not the less merrily along the streets. Four times in each lunar month the Pagoda steps are thronged by old and young alike. They make offerings of fruits and flowers to

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they hardly know what; they offer up prayers as to a supreme Deity, and deny that there is such a being; they prostrate themselves before images of Gaudama, and declare that they do not worship them as idols. The young sing and make merry. The old calmly meet death, with their rosaries in their hands, patiently telling their beads. Yet they tell you their faith is summed up in the words, *Aneitsa, Dokkha, Anatta*—transitoriness, misery, unreality—words of hopelessness and despair. If we look below the surface we can hardly say that this merry heartiness of the young, and this tranquil resignation of the old, is due in the one case to simple thoughtlessness and carelessness, and in the other to blind resignation and blank ignorance of what their future state shall be. Let us rather turn to the habits of the people and their system of education for an explanation.

It is in the monastic schools that the strength of Buddhism lies, and it is by means of them that the faith is kept active in the country. The whole land is overspread with these Kyoungs, or monasteries, and through them passes, with hardly a single exception, the entire male population of the country. Outside every village, no matter how small, stands one of these Kyoungs. Away from the noise of the people, with great, well-foliaged trees to shield them from the heat, and cocoa-nut and areca palms, mangoes, and jacks, and other fruit trees to supply them with occasional luxuries, the monk's position seems well calculated to rouse the envy of those who are tired of nineteenth-century theological and polemical discussions, and do not care to have it clearly demonstrated to them that Tiberius and Catiline are much maligned individuals, and that Judas Iscariot has been greatly wronged by the consensus of centuries in regarding him as the type of baseness and hideous guilt. There the hpongyees pass their time without a care to ruffle the tranquil surface of their lives. They have no trouble for their food, for a pious and kindly population supplies them far beyond their requirements. They are monks, not priests, and have no duties to perform for the laity in return for this support. Their minds are never racked by the excogitation of that too frequently excruciating formality of the Christian Church, a sermon. Their natural rest is never broken in upon by calls to minister consolation and comfort to the sick and the dying. Even their leisure is never interrupted to execute the last rites for the dead. They are not ministers of religion, they are monks, and all they have to do is to work out their own deliverance and salvation without regard to any one else. Latterly, some of them have, indeed, assumed something of the priestly character in performing ceremonies which are supposed to confer merit on those in whose names they are accomplished; and certain duties which most of them assume, such as reading the sacred books to the people, and instructing youth, are of a pastoral nature. All that is compulsory on them is the observation of continence, poverty, and humility; with abstraction from the world, tenderness to all living things, and the obligation of certain moral precepts, and numerous ritual obser-

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vances. As members of the holy Sangha, one of the precious triad, the hpongyees are approached with tokens of worship by the laity, in recognition of their ascetic life. The members of the Order lay claim, often with very little ground, to superior wisdom and sanctity, but not to any spiritual powers. Indeed, in a religious system which acknowledges no supreme God, it is impossible for any one to become an intercessor between a creator whose existence is denied, and man who can only attain to a higher state by his own personal exertions and earnest self-denial. Where there are no gods, no one is required to avert their anger or sue for their pity by fervent prayer. Consequently not even Gaudama himself could attain to the position of Peter, and claim to hold the Keys of Heaven and Hell. The doors of the Kyoung are always open as well to those who wish to enter, as to those who wish to leave it. As a matter of fact, almost every Burman—certainly every respectable Burman—at some period of his life, dons, for a longer or shorter time, the yellow robe of the monk.

There is but one order, but there are grades in sanctity and approximation to the final release. Most of the scholars, who enter these Talapoinic houses, put on the yellow robe; thus at the same time learning to read and write, and acquiring *kutho*, or merits for future existences. Some, especially nowadays in British Burma, never do so, or only for a few days; not a few for no longer than twenty-four days. In Upper Burma, however, the desire for merit seems much greater, or perhaps we may say, the knowledge of the value of time is altogether wanting, as it certainly exists only in very modified fashion in our provinces. At any rate, in Independent Burma the adoption of the yellow monkish garments for a season is almost universal. These disciples or novices are called SHINS or KOYINS. His entry into the monastic orders is perhaps the most important event in the life of the Burman. Only under the robe of the recluse, and through the abandonment of the world, can he completely fulfil the law, and hope to find the way to eventual deliverance from the misery of ever-recurring existences. The common time for the ceremony is just before the *Wa*, or Buddhist Lent, lasting from July to October, roughly speaking. During Lent no ceremony or feast is lawful, and most of the more respectable Burmans send their sons into the Kyoung for these three months. The boy's admission is made the occasion of a great feast. A *baydin tsaya*, or wise woman, is consulted, and as soon as she has named a day that is likely to be fortunate, preparations are begun. Three or four girls, the intending *moung shin's* sisters, or friends of the family, dress themselves up in their best silks and jewels—usually borrowing a large quantity of the latter—and go the round of the town, announcing to all relatives, friends, and neighbours when the induction is to take place, and where it will be. At each house they leave a little morsel of LET-PET, pickled tea (the triturated leaves of the *Elæodendron orientale*), rolled up in a palm leaf, as a kind of invitation card. Every one sends some little present, to help towards making the feast as grand as possible; and

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very often some one else, whose son is also going to be inducted, suggests that the two should join forces. Not unfrequently half-a-dozen unite in this way. On the appointed day the young neophyte dresses himself in his best clothes, and loads himself with all the family jewels. He mounts a pony, or ascends a gaily-decorated car. A gilt umbrella is held over his head; a band of music goes before, and all his friends and relatives gather round him in their best; the young man dancing and capering and singing, the girls gorgeous with brocaded TAMEINS and powdered faces, and so the party sets out. They go the round of all the boy's friends and acquaintances, he bidding each of them farewell, and they giving something towards the expenses or solace of the band and the supernumeraries. All this *tumasha*, this jovial march round, is meant to represent the *moung shin's* abandonment of the follies of this world, and intended to recall Gaudama's triumphal entry into Kapilavastre, amidst a crowd of rejoicing clansmen, on the birth of his child, and just previous to his abandonment of family and home to become a houseless mendicant ascetic and embryo Buddha.

When the round of visits has been paid, the procession turns towards the monastery; the presents for the monks are brought to the front, and all enter reverently, and, of course, shoeless. The youth's head is shaved, his parents standing by to receive the hair as it falls. He throws off all his fine clothes and jewellery, bathes, and puts on the dull yellow robe of the recluse. Nothing now remains but to present him to the *kyoung-pogo*, the head of the society. This is done by the postulant's father. The abbot asks the boy's name, and motions him to take his place among the other probationers. Everything is then over, the friends return home, and probably finish up the day at a *pwai*, or dramatic performance, given by the lad's family in honour of the day. The KOYIN remains behind in the Kyoung, subject—whether his stay be for a few days, or months, or for years—to all the strict discipline of the place. In addition to the five great commandments enjoined by Gaudama on all Buddhists, there are other five precepts, obligatory on all dwelling in the monastery. The five universal commandments are:—

1. Thou shalt not kill.
2. Thou shalt not steal.
3. Thou shalt not indulge in unlawful passions.
4. Thou shalt not lie.
5. Thou shalt not drink intoxicating liquor.

The five now imposed upon our KOYIN are:—

1. Not to eat after noon.
2. Not to sing, or dance, or play any musical instrument.
3. Not to use cosmetics.
4. Not to stand on platforms or high places.
5. Not to touch gold or silver.

His duties are to attend on the elders of the Kyoung, and minister to

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their wants, bringing and laying before them, at stated times, the betel box, &c., and following the hpongyee as bearer of his umbrella or fan. The latter is shaped like the letter S, whence the name Talapoins given to the monks by some writers. Most of the *shins* in Lower Burma leave almost immediately, in order to enter or re-enter into the English school. In Upper Burma they stay for some years, to complete their education, and then leave and return to a secular life. Some grow fond of the ways of the monastery, and remain to study and qualify to become monks themselves. When they have acquired sufficient knowledge, and attained the age of twenty, they are solemnly admitted among the professed members of the brotherhood, under the name of PATZIN or OOPATZIN. A few conditions are imposed. The applicant must state that he is free from contagious disease, consumption, and fits; that he is neither a slave, nor a debtor, nor a soldier, and that he has obtained the consent of his parents. For those who have not grown up in the Kyoung, and whose attainments are therefore unknown, a public examination, conducted in a *thain*, or open, triple-roofed building, near the Kyoung, or the pagoda, is necessary. The candidate is asked a few simple questions, in the presence of any one who likes to come, by the elders of the house. Any one so inclined may further catechise him; but a rejection on the ground of ignorance or insufficient preparation is almost unknown. In the early days of Buddhism, the aspirant was admitted without any ceremony; merely having his head shaved, putting on the yellow robes of the YAHAN, and thenceforth leading an ascetic life. Later somewhat of an ordination ceremonial grew up. On the appointed day, chosen—like that of first entrance into the Kyoung—as being a propitious one, a chapter of monks meet together. This chapter must consist of not less than ten monks, and the president must be a YAHAN of at least ten years' standing. Mats are laid down for them in the chief room of the monastery, and they seat themselves in two rows facing towards one another. The president places himself at the head of one row. The sponsor of the postulant then brings him forward. The sponsor is invariably a monk. The candidate comes up in lay dress, but bearing with him the three garments of the hpongyee. Halting at a respectful distance, he SHEKHOS, does obeisance to the president and deposits a small present, necessary as a sign of respect. Bowing his forehead three times to the ground, he thrice begs for admittance to the order:—"Pity, Lord; have pity on me: graciously take these garments, and grant me admittance to the order, that I may escape from sin and misery, and enter on the path to NEIKBAN." The head of the chapter then bends forward, and taking up the robes, throws them over the candidate's shoulders, and repeats a Pali rubric, to the effect that the robes are only worn out of modesty, and because the flesh is too weak without them to endure the extremes of heat and cold; winding up with a formula on the transitoriness and misery of all human things. The postulant then retires to put on the monkish vestments, and reappears

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before the chapter, again reverently shekhoing. The president then repeats "the triple consolation," the novice reciting it three times after him:—"My trust is in the Lord, the law, the assembly, the three precious things." HPAYAH, TAYA, THINGA, YAYDANA, THŌNBA. Then the "ten precepts," mentioned above, are similarly intoned. Three times, once more saluting the head of the chapter, the mendicant humbly begs him to become his superior. This request being granted, the begging-bowl is hung round the ascetic's neck, and he again falls on his knees and addresses the whole chapter:—"Mendicants, I seek for admittance into your order; have mercy on me and grant my prayer." The members then question him formally as to his age, his freedom from disease, his name, and that of his intended abbot; whether he has obtained the consent of his parents, and is *sui juris*. Then three times a monk asks whether any one knows just cause or impediment why he should not be admitted. No objection being entered, the whole body of examiners bend down before the president, and say, "The candidate has been admitted into the Order, A. being his superior. The questions have been asked, and none have objected; so we all agree."

A monk then stands up and reads a selection from the full rule of the order, which contains 227 precepts. This done, the ordination ceremonial is over, and the chapter disperses, the newly admitted hpongyee falling into the train of the head of his monastery. The state of OOPATZIN is, properly speaking, that of hpongyee. Every other step or promotion in the sacred hierarchy is purely honorific. Nevertheless the new member must reside, for some time at least, in the same monastery as his superior. He acts as the abbot's secretary and personal attendant, and treats him with all the respect that a son would a father, while the superior, in his turn, instructs him and directs his studies. In time, however, he moves away to some other monastery, possibly led to do so by its superior collection of commentaries, or its proximity to some sacred shrine. Or perhaps some pious layman who has made his fortune and desires to acquire merit, selects our oopatzin as his teacher and spiritual master, and builds a Kyoung for him, dedicated with great ceremony and much feasting. Then the simple hpongyee becomes a KYOUNG-POGO, or abbot, and gathers round him a following of his own. He has now attained the full rank of his order, but he still remains dependent on charity for his daily food. He is still a hpongyee. He has no new obligations imposed upon him, but neither does he escape from any of the former duties. He simply has power of jurisdiction over all the brethren in his Kyoung. The founder of the Kyoung gains far more earthly distinction. He is regarded as a LOOGYEE, an elder, and acquires the title of KYOUNS-TAGA, founder of a monastery, by which name he is thereafter always addressed, and which he prefixes to his signature in all documents. He rests comfortable in the assurance that in a future existence he will certainly not be a woman, and possibly not a man; will at any rate be some estimable animal, such as a pig or an elephant,

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and not an objectionable creature like a snake or a louse. Our hpongyee probably remains in this position of KYOUNG-POGO or TSAYA for a long time, unless he develops a character for superior saintliness or learning. In process of years, he becomes a "head of assembly," a GINE-OKE or TSADAU. A TSAYA is a teacher; a TSADAU, a royal, or lord teacher. He now has under his management a cluster of Kyoungs, exercising power over their inmates as well as their heads. He gives his advice in all the little affairs of these communities, enforces the rules against malcontents and corrects the abuses. Still, however, unless very old, he is a mendicant, and must go out every morning with his begging-bowl. His dress is the same as the most recently admitted KOYIN, and in the eyes of the world he is only a little farther on in the path to NEIKBAN. When very aged and decrepit he is excused from the daily begging tour, but has to go round every now and again to preserve the letter of the law and show a proper example of humility.

In Lower Burma there is no head of the hierarchy. Under native rule there was a "pope" whose authority on all matters of religion was recognised throughout the country. This was the THA THANA BEIN TSADAU GYEE. With the conquest of Pegu, however, he has lost all his authority, and the last incumbent exercised control only over the monasteries in the circle of Mandalay. At present the post is, as far as I know, unfilled. The THA THANA BEIN has usually been the preceptor of "the Lord of the Umbrella-bearing chiefs, and Great King of Righteousness;" Golden Foot, in that august potentate's youthful days. MINDONE MIN'S (the late King) teacher, however, is dead, and the present young ruffian has but scant reverence for the monks. After leaving the S.P.G. Royal School, in Mandalay, Theebau went into a monastery and remained there almost constantly until his accession to the throne. He passed as PATAMA BYAN in the theological examination, for ordination as OOPATZIN with great *éclat*, to the enthusiastic delight of his pious old father MINDONE MIN, "the Fifth Founder of Religion." The old gentleman could talk of nothing else for a while, and gave the cocks and hens on Mandalay Hill double rations in honour of the event. The Mandalay Theological Tripos is supposed to be a much stiffer business than the examination is elsewhere, and the competitors are placed in classes, young Theebau figuring in the first division. His researches into the three BEETAGHATS do not seem to have done him much good however. Ugly stories went round about the ongoings of Theebau and sundry other young princes in the KYOUNG-DAU GYEE, the royal monastery. Probably the venerable KYOUNG-POGO found it necessary to rate the raffish KOYIN, possibly even to set him to water the sacred BO-tree, or sweep out the rooms, as a punishment for his peccadilloes. However that may be, it is certain that Theebau, as soon as he had ascended to the throne, packed off his old superior, along with a couple of thousand other hpongyees, to Lower Burma. Thus it comes that there is at present, not even in Upper Burma, a head of Burman Buddhism.

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The account of a day spent in one of the monastic communities may be interesting, as showing how far a little method will go towards making the day pass, with the least possible amount of work and the least chance of *ennui*. At half-past five o'clock in the morning all rise and perform their ablutions. The proper time, according to the DINA CHARIYAWA, is before daylight, which in these low latitudes never comes in much before six. After washing, they all arrange themselves before the image of Buddha, the abbot at their head, the rest of the community, monks, novices, and pupils, according to their order. All together intone their morning prayers. This done they each in their ranks present themselves before the KYOUNG-POGO, and pledge themselves to observe during the day the vows or precepts incumbent upon them. They then separate for a short time, the pupils to sweep the floor of the KYOUNG and bring the drinking-water for the day, filter it, and place it ready for use; the novices and others of full rank to sweep round the sacred BO-tree and water it; the elders to meditate in solitude on the regulations of the Order. Some also offer flowers before the pagoda, thinking the while of the great virtues of the Teacher and of their own short-comings. Then comes the first meal of the day, after which the whole community betakes itself to study for an hour. Afterwards, about eight o'clock, or a little later, they set forth in an orderly procession with the abbot at their head, to beg their food. Slowly they wend their way through the chief street of the town or village, halting when any one comes out to pour his contribution into the big soup-tureen-like alms-bowl, but never saying a word. It is they who confer the favour, not the givers. Were it not for the passing of the mendicants, the charitable would not have the opportunity of gaining for themselves merit. Not even a look rewards the most bounteous donation. With downcast eyes and hands clasped beneath the begging-bowl they pass on solemnly, meditating on their unworthiness and the vileness of all human things. Of course there are certain places where they receive a daily dole; but should the open-handed goodwife have been delayed at the market chatting with the gossips, or the pious old head of the house be away from home, the recluses would rather go without breakfast than halt for a second, as if implying that they remembered the house as an ordinary place of call. It is a furlong on the noble path lost to the absentees, and the double ration of the following day is noted without a phantom of acknowledgment. So they pass round, circling back to the monastery after a perambulation lasting perhaps an hour or an hour and a half. A portion of all the alms received on the tour is solemnly offered to Buddha, and then all take their breakfasts. In former days this used to consist solely of what had been received during the morning; but the majority of monasteries have, sad to say, fallen away from the strictness of the old rule. Only a few of the more austere abbots enforce the observance of the earlier asceticism. Most communities fare much better than would be possible if they ate the miscellaneous conglomerate which is turned out of the alms-

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bowls. That indiscriminate mixture of rice, cooked and raw; pease boiled and parched; fish, flesh, and fowl, curried and plain; GNAPEE (a condiment made of decayed fish, smelling horribly and tasting like anchovy sauce gone bad, but nevertheless wonderfully esteemed by the Burmans), and LET-HPET (pickled tea), is but seldom consumed by the ascetics of the present day. It is handed over to the little boys, the scholars of the community, who eat as much of it as they can and give the rest to the crows and the pariah dogs. The HPONGYEES and POYINS find a breakfast ready prepared for them when they return from their morning's walk, and are ready to set to with healthy appetites. Breakfast done, they wash out the begging-bowls and chant a few prayers before the image of Buddha, meditating for a short time on kindness and affection. During the succeeding hour the scholars are allowed to play about, but must not make a noise; the monks pass the time in leisurely conversing; the abbot usually has visits from old people, or the KYOUNG-TAGA, the patron of his benefice, who comes to consult with him on various matters, or to converse about religion. About half-past eleven there is a light refection of fruits, and then their work begins again. If no one of his own choice cares to teach the lay scholars, some one is selected by the abbot. The monks and novices take up their commentaries, or perhaps copy one out, asking the abbot or one of the YAHANS about passages which they do not understand. This goes on till three o'clock, when the SHINS and scholars perform any domestic duties which may be required about the monastery. The scholars are then at liberty to run home and get some dinner, as nothing solid is eaten in the monastery after noontide. They return at six o'clock, or sunset, recalled by the unmelodious sounds of a big wooden bell struck with a heavy mallet. This serves also as a summons for the regular members of the Order, who have probably been out for a stroll to some neighbours, or to visit the pagoda. From nightfall till half-past eight scholars and novices stand before the abbot and some of the YAHANS and recite all that they have learned, the whole sum of their literary knowledge, from the letters in the THEM-BON-GYEE, the A, B, C, up to the book which was last committed to memory. The Pali rituals are chanted with surprising energy, abundance of sound supplying the place of a knowledge of the sense.

Few even of the YAHANS have any but the most superficial knowledge of the sacred language. Afterwards, if there is time, or if the KYOUNG-POGO is an enthusiast, that dignitary delivers a homily, or an exposition of some commentary. The evening closes up with devotions in the presence of Buddha's image; and when the last sounds of the mournful chant have died away, a monk stands up, and with a loud voice proclaims the day of the week, the day of the month, and the number of the year. Then all SHE-KHO before Buddha thrice, and thrice before the abbot, and retire to rest. The same routine gone through day after day may become monotonous, and lose some of its effectiveness; but such a

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school, presided over by an abbot of intelligence, and held in reverence by the people, cannot fail to have a powerful effect upon the minds of an impulsive people like the Burmese; and when we remember that the entire male population of the country passes through such schools, we can well understand how the mere teaching of Western secular knowledge has but little results in shaking the power of Buddhism among the people. Their manners may be softened and civilised; but they remain as firm as ever in their ancient faith, and more and more convinced that no other creed would suit them so well. The great number of the monasteries in all parts of the country render it perfectly easy for every one to obtain entrance for his children, and the poorest need have no fear that he will be refused admission. Every one, too, must learn. The discipline is exceedingly strict. If a boy is obstinate, or stupid, his hands are tied to a post above his head, and a stalwart mendicant lays on to him with a rattan till the weals stand out like ropes, and the blood trickles down the victim's back. Many a grown-up man can show you the scars he got in the HPONGYEE KYOUNG, because his head was too dense, or his memory too feeble, to get hold of the Pali formulas, which had, and have, not any comprehensible meaning to him. Nevertheless, he bears no malice; on the contrary he is rather proud of it, as being likely to stand greatly to his credit in some future existence, or at any rate as atoning for the obfuscated brains with which he has been endowed in this existence. A Turanian *plagosus Orbilius* is therefore regarded with especial favour, and a Dotheboys Hall would be extensively patronised in Burma, as considerably shortening the way towards NEIKBAN.

The life of the HPONGYEE KYOUNG is about as lazy a round of existence as is to be found anywhere in the world. A few of the monks, seized by a sudden desire to do something, occasionally enter one of the ZAYATS, the rest houses round the pagodas, on a feast day, when there are a number of people gathered together, and read and expound passages of the law to such as care to come and hear them. Occasionally, too, devout laymen will go to the monastery to talk over points of theology, or to ask for elucidation of some passage in a commentary; but there are only a few who are troubled in this way, and unless the monk is an enthusiast, he need never be troubled with doing anything. They learn long passages of Pali ritual and dogma when they are preparing for admission to the Order, and can always rattle it over with surprising glibness when occasion requires. I have never yet, however, met with one who had more than a parrot-like knowledge of the sacred language. There are a few TSADAUS in Mandalay who are said to have a just comprehension of the sacred books, and certainly have most valuable collections of them, but they do not make much use of the learning claimed for them. They spend their time mostly in multiplying copies of Cinghalese commentaries, occasionally adding a note or two of their own, more or less puerile or superstitious, for they never venture to hint at modifications of doctrines. As an almost invariable

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rule, the monk is densely ignorant and far below the most ordinary layman in knowledge of every kind. Prompted by the establishment of Government vernacular schools, a few monks in Lower Burma have been induced, by the fear of losing their power over the youth of the country, to learn and commence teaching in their KYOUNGS a small amount of secular learning, and occasionally a little arithmetic. The latter accomplishment, however, is regarded with great suspicion as being cabalistic, and therefore opposed to the regulations of the WINI. It is therefore only in the KYOUNGS, in and near our large towns, where the competition is great, that cyphering enters into the monastic curriculum. Nevertheless, though teaching is all the HPONGYEES do for the people, and many of them do not even do that, there are no signs that they are losing their power over the Burmese. The public feeling against a want of rectitude in life in a monk is certainly very strong. A mendicant who committed any one of the four cardinal sins, would be forced to leave the Order by the unanimous voice of the people, supposing his abbot did not unfrock him—deprive him of the TSIWAYAN, the yellow monkish robe. As long, however, as he lives an orderly life, no matter how little he does, the veriest drone may be assured that the people will not withhold their alms or respect. From the time when he first ties the PATTA, the begging-bowl, round his neck, till the end, when his body is embalmed and burned on a funeral pyre erected at the public expense, he meets with the utmost veneration. The people make way for him when he walks abroad. The oldest layman assumes the title of disciple to the last inducted KOYIN and with clasped hands addresses him as HPAYAH, the highest title the language can afford. The monk's commonest actions—walking, sleeping, eating—are referred to in language different from that which would be used of a layman, or even of the king, performing the same thing. The highest officials bow before them, and impose upon themselves the greatest sacrifices, both of time and money, to build KYOUNGS for them and minister to their wants. Finally the monk's person is sacred and inviolable. There are but two motives for this high veneration. First, the admiration entertained for their austere manners and purely religious mode of life; secondly, the merit and rewards they hope to derive, in a future existence, from the plentiful alms they bestow. Nevertheless to an unprejudiced stranger the HPONGYEES appear the least deserving of mortals. They spend the entire day sitting cross-legged chewing betel, or lying at full length endeavouring to fall asleep; when they go abroad during the day, it is because they are utterly *ennuyés* with sitting at home doing nothing and cannot find sufficient relief in merely standing up and yawning. But in their incomparable idleness, they are only an apotheosis of their countrymen, and perhaps not a little of the respect paid them is due to a secret admiration for their supreme objection to doing anything at all.

SHWAY YOE.

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My Faithful Johnny.

CHAPTER V.

HAD a long time to wait before Mrs. Harwood came. The morning sun was shining into the room, making everything more dingy. No doubt it had been dusted that morning as well as the little maid could dust it; but nothing looked pure or fresh in the brightness of the light, which was full of motes, and seemed to find out dust in every corner. The dingy cover on the table, the old-fashioned Books of Beauty, the black horse-hair chairs, stood out remorselessly shabby in the sunshine. I wondered what kind of house Ellen would have when she furnished one for herself. Would John and she show any "taste" between them—would they "pick up" pretty things at sales and old furniture shops, or would they buy a drawing-room suite for twenty-five pounds, such as the cheap upholsterers offer to the unwary? This question amused me while I waited, and I was sorry to think that the new household was to be planted in the Levant, and we should not see how it settled itself. There was a good deal of commotion going on overhead, but I did not pay any attention to it. I pleased myself arranging a little home for the new pair—making it pretty for them. Of her own self Ellen would never, I felt sure, choose the drawing-room suite in walnut and blue rep—not now, at least, after she had been so much with us. As for John, he would probably think any curtain tolerable so long as she sate under its shadow. I had been somewhat afraid of confronting the mother, and possibly the father; but these thoughts put my panic out of my head. These horsehair chairs! was there ever such an invention of the evil one? Ellen could not like them; it was impossible. When I had come

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SHE FELL DOWN AT MY FEET IN A PASSION OF SOBS AND TEARS.

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this length my attention was suddenly attracted by the sounds upstairs; for there came upon the floor over my head the sound of a foot stamped violently in apparent fury. There were voices too; but I could not make out what they said. As to this sound, however, it was easy enough to make out what it meant: nothing could be more suggestive. I trembled and listened, my thoughts taking an entirely new direction; a stamp of anger, of rage, and partially of impotence too. Then there was a woman's voice rising loud in remonstrance. The man seemed to exclaim and denounce violently; the woman protested, growing also louder and louder. I listened with all my might. It was not eavesdropping; for she, at least, knew that I was there; but, listen as I might, I could not make out what they said. After a while there was silence, and I heard Mrs. Harwood's step coming down the stairs. She paused to do something, perhaps to her cap or her eyes, before she opened the door. She was in a flutter of agitation, the flowers in her black cap quivering through all their wires, her eyes moist, though looking at me with a suspicious gaze. She was very much on her guard, very well aware of my motive, determined to give me no encouragement. All this I read in her vigilant eyes.

"Mrs. Harwood, I came to speak to you—I promised to come and speak to you—about Mr. Ridgway, who is a great friend of mine, as perhaps you know."

The poor woman was in great agitation and trouble; but this only quickened her wits. "I see John Ridgway every day of my life," she said, not without a little dignity. "He might say whatever he pleased to me without asking anybody to speak for him."

"Won't you give your consent to this marriage?" I asked. It seemed wisest to plunge into it at once. "It is my own anxiety that makes me speak. I have always been anxious about it, almost before I knew them."

"There are other things in the world besides marriages," she said. "In this house we have a great deal to think of. My husband—no doubt you heard his voice just now—he is a great sufferer. For years he has been confined to that little room upstairs. That is not a very cheerful life."

Here she made a pause, which I did not attempt to interrupt; for she had disarmed me by this half-appeal to my sympathy. Then suddenly, with her voice a little shaken and unsteady, she burst forth. "The only company he has is Ellen. What can I do to amuse him—to lead his thoughts off himself? I have as much need of comfort as he has. The only bright thing in the house is Ellen. What would become of us if we were left only the two together all these long days? They are long enough as it is. He has not a very good temper, and he is weary with trouble—who wouldn't be in his case? John Ridgway is a young man with all the world before him. Why can't he wait? Why should he want to take our only comfort away from us?"

Her voice grew shrill and broken; she began to cry. Poor soul!

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I believe she had been arguing with her husband on the other side; but it was a little comfort to her to pour out her own grievances, her alarm and distress, to me. I was silenced. How true it had been what John Ridgway said: How could he, so gentle a man, assert himself in the face of this, and claim Ellen as of chief importance to him? Had not they a prior claim?—was not her duty first to her father and mother? I was put to silence myself. I did not know what to say.

"The only thing is," I said timidly at last, "that I should think it would be a comfort to you to feel that Ellen was settled, that she had a home of her own, and a good husband who would take care of her when —she ought to outlive us all," I added, not knowing how to put it. "And if it were to be always as you say," I went on, getting a little courage, "there would be no marriages, no new homes. We have all had fathers and mothers who had claims upon us. What can it be but a heartbreak to bring up a girl for twenty years and more, and think everything of her, and then see her go away and give her whole heart to some one else, and leave us with a smile on her face?" The idea carried me away—it filled my own heart with a sort of sweet bitterness; for was not my own girl just come to that age and crisis? "Oh! I understand you; I feel with you; I am not unsympathetic. But when one thinks—they must live longer than we; they must have children too, and love as we have loved. You would not like, neither you nor I, if no one cared—if our girls were left out when all the others are loved and courted. You like this good John to be fond of her—to ask you for her. You would not have been pleased if Ellen had just lived on and on here, your daughter and nothing more."

This argument had some weight upon her. She felt the truth of what I said. However hard the after consequences may be, we still must have our "bairn respectit like the lave." But on this point Mrs. Harwood maintained her position on a height of superiority which few ordinary mortals, even when the mothers of attractive girls, can attain. "I have never made any objection," she said, "to his coming in the evening. Sometimes it is rather inconvenient; but I do not oppose his being here every night."

"And you expect him to be content with this all his life?"

"It would be better to say all my life," she replied severely; "no, not even that. As for me, it does not matter much. I am not one to put myself in anybody's way; but all her father's life—which can't be very long now," she added, with a sudden gush of tears. They were so near the surface that they flowed at the slightest touch, and besides, they were a great help to her argument. "I don't think it is too much," she cried, "that she should see her poor father out first. She has been the only one that has cheered him up. She is company to him, which I am not. All his troubles are mine, you see. I feel it when his rheumatism is bad; but Ellen is outside: she can talk and be bright. What should I do without her! What should I do without her! I

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should be nothing better than a slave. I am afraid to think of it; and her father—her poor father—it would break his heart; it would kill him. I know that it would kill him," she said.

Here I must acknowledge that I was very wicked. I could not but think in my heart, that it would not be at all a bad thing if Ellen's marriage did kill this unseen father of hers who had tired their patience so long, and who stamped his foot with rage at the idea that the poor girl might get out of his clutches. He was an old man, and he was a great sufferer. Why should he be so anxious to live? And if a sacrifice was necessary, old Mr. Harwood might just as well be the one to make it as those two good young people from whom he was willing to take all the pleasure of their lives. But this of course was a sentiment to which I dared not give utterance. We stood and looked at each other while these thoughts were going through my mind. She felt that she had produced an impression, and was too wise to say anything more to diminish it—while I, for my part, was silenced, and did not know what to say.

"Then they must give in again," I said at last. "They must part; and if she has to spend the rest of her life in giving music lessons, and he go away to lose heart and forget her, and be married by any one who will have him in his despair and loneliness—I hope you will think that a satisfactory conclusion—but I do not. I do not!"

Mrs. Harwood trembled as she looked at me. Was I hard upon her? She shrank aside as if I had given her a blow. "It is not me that will part them," she said. "I have never objected. Often it is very inconvenient—you would not like it yourself if every evening, good or bad, there was a strange man in your house. But I never made any objection. He is welcome to come as long as he likes. It is not me that says a word——"

"Do you want him to throw up his appointment?" I cried, "his means of life."

She looked at me with her face set. I might have noticed, had I chosen, that all the flowers in her cap were shaking and quivering in the shadow cast upon the further wall by the sunshine, but did not care to remark, being angry, this sign of emotion. "If he is so fond of Ellen, he will not mind giving up a chance," she said; "if some one must give in, why should it be Harwood and me?"

After this I left Pleasant Place hurriedly, with a great deal of indignation in my mind. Even then I was not quite sure of my right to be indignant; but I was so. "If some one must give in, why should it be Harwood and me?" I said to myself that John had known what he would encounter, that he had been right in distrusting himself; but he had not been right in trusting me. I had made no stand against the other side. When you come to haggle about it, and to be uncertain which should give in, how painful the complications of life become! To be perfect, renunciation must be without a word; it must be done as if it were the most natural thing in the world. The moment it is discussed

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and shifted from one to another, it becomes vulgar, like most things in this universe. This was what I said to myself as I came out into the fresh air and sunshine, out of the little stuffy house. I began to hate it with its dingy carpets and curtains, its horsehair chairs, that shabby, shabby little parlour—how could anybody think of it as home? I can understand a bright little kitchen, with white hearth and floor, with the firelight shining in all the pans and dishes. But this dusty place with its antimacassars——! These thoughts were in my mind when, turning the corner, I met Ellen full in the face, and felt like a traitor, as if I had been speaking ill of her. She looked at me, too, with some surprise. To see me there, coming out of Pleasant Place, startled her. She did not ask me, Where have you been? but her eyes did, with a bewildered gleam.

"Yes; I have been to see your mother," I said; "you are quite right, Ellen. And why? Because I am so much interested; and I wanted to see what mind she was in about your marriage."

"My—marriage: there never was any question of that," she said quickly, with a sudden flush.

"You are just as bad as the others," said I, moved by this new contradiction. "What! after taking that poor young man's devotion for so long, you will let him go away—go alone, break off everything."

Ellen had grown pale as suddenly as she had blushed. "Is that necessary?" she said, alarmed. "Break off everything? I never thought of that. But, indeed, I think it is a mistake. If he goes, we shall have to part, but only—only for a time."

"How can you tell," I cried, being highly excited, "how long he may be there? He may linger out his life there, always thinking about you, and longing for you—unless he gets weary and disgusted, and asks himself what is the use, at the last. Such things have been; and you on your side will linger here, running out and in to your lessons with no longer any heart for them; unable to keep yourself from thinking that everybody is cruel, that life itself is cruel—all because you have not the courage, the spirit——"

She put her hand on mine and squeezed it suddenly, so that she hurt me. "Don't!" she cried; "you don't know; there is nothing, not a word to be said. It is you who are cruel—you who are so kind; so much as to speak of it, when it cannot be! It cannot be—that is the whole matter. It is out of the question. Supposing even that I get to think life cruel, and supposing he should get weary and disgusted. Oh! it was you that said it, you that are so kind. Supposing all that, yet it is impossible; it cannot be; there is nothing more to be said."

"You will see him go away calmly, notwithstanding all."

"Calmly," she said, with a little laugh, "calmly—yes, I suppose that is the word. I will see him go calmly. I shall not make any fuss if that is what you mean."

"Ellen, I do not understand. I never heard you speak like this before."

"You never saw me like this before," she said with a gasp. She was

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breathless with a restrained excitement which looked like despair. But when I spoke further, when I would have discussed the matter, she put up her hand and stopped me. There was something in her face, in its fixed expression, which was like the countenance with which her mother had replied to me. It was a startling thought to me that Ellen's soft fresh face, with its pretty bloom, could ever be like that other face surmounted by the black cap and crown of shabby flowers. She turned and walked with me along the road to my own door, but nothing further was said. We went along side by side silent, till we reached my house, when she put out her hand and touched mine suddenly, and said that she was in a hurry and must run away. I went in more disturbed than I can say. She had always been so ready to yield, so cheerful, so soft, independent indeed, but never harsh in her independence. What did this change mean? I felt as if some one to whom I had turned in kindness had met me with a blow. But by-and-by, when I thought better of it, I began to understand Ellen. Had not I said to myself, a few minutes before, that self-renunciation when it had to be, must be done silently without a word? better perhaps that it should be done angrily than with self-demonstration, self-assertion. Ellen had comprehended this; she had perceived that it must not be asked or speculated upon, which was to yield. She had chosen her part, and she would not have it discussed or even remarked. I sat in my window pondering while the bright afternoon went by, looking out upon the distant depths of the blue spring atmosphere, just touched by haze, as the air, however bright, always is in London, seeing the people go by in an endless stream without noticing them, without thinking of them. How rare it is in human affairs that there is not some one who must give up to the others, some one who must sacrifice himself or be sacrificed! And the one to whom this lot falls is always the one who will do it; that is the rule so far as my observation goes. There are some whom nature moves that way, who cannot stand upon their rights, who are touched by the claims of others and can make no stand against them. The tools to those that can handle them, as our philosopher says; and likewise the sacrifices of life to him who will bear them. Refuse them, that is the only way; but if it is not in your nature to refuse them, what can you do? Alas! for sacrifice is seldom blessed. I am saying something which will sound almost impious to many. Human life is built upon it, and social order; yet personally in itself it is seldom blessed; it debases those who accept it; it harms even those who, without wilfully accepting it, have a dim perception that something is being done for them which has no right to be done. It may, perhaps—I cannot tell—bear fruit of happiness in the hearts of those who practise it. I cannot tell. Sacrifices are as often mistaken as other things. Their divineness does not make them wise. Sometimes, looking back, even the celebrant will perceive that his offering had better not have been made.

All this was going sadly through my mind when I perceived that

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some one was passing slowly, endeavouring to attract my attention. By this time it was getting towards evening—and as soon as I was fully roused I saw that it was John Ridgway. If I could have avoided him I should have done so, but now it was not possible; I made him a sign to come upstairs. He came into the drawing-room slowly, with none of the eagerness that there had been in his air on the previous day, and it may easily be believed that on my side I was not eager to see him to tell him my story. He came and sat down by me, swinging his stick in his usual absent way, and for a minute neither of us spoke.

"You do not ask me if I have any news for you; you have seen Ellen!"

"No; it is only because I have news on my side. I am not going after all."

"You are not going!"

"You are disappointed," he said, looking at me with a face which was full of interest and sympathy. These are the only words I can use. The disappointment was his, not mine; yet he was more sympathetic with my feeling about it than impressed by his own. "As for me, I don't seem to care. It is better in one way, if it is worse in another. It stops any rise in life; but what do I care for a rise in life? they would never have let me take Ellen. I knew that even before I saw it in your eyes."

"Ellen ought to judge for herself," I said, "and you ought to judge for yourself; you are of full age; you are not boy and girl. No parents have a right to separate you now. And that old man may go on just the same for the next dozen years."

"Did you see him?" John asked. He had a languid, wearied look, scarcely lifting his eyes.

"I saw only her; but I know perfectly well what kind of man he is. He may live for the next twenty years. There is no end to these tyrannical, ill-tempered people; they live for ever. You ought to judge for yourselves. If they had their daughter settled near, coming to them from her own pleasant little home, they would be a great deal happier. You may believe me or not, but I know it. Her visits would be events; they would be proud of her, and tell everybody about her family, and what a good husband she had got, and how he gave her everything she could desire."

"Please God," said John, devoutly; his countenance had brightened in spite of himself. But then he shook his head. "If we had but got as far as that," he said.

"You ought to take it into your own hands," cried I in all the fervour of a revolutionary. "If you sacrifice your happiness to them, it will not do them any good; it will rather do them harm. Are you going now to tell your news——"

He had got up on his feet, and stood vaguely hovering over me with a faint smile upon his face. "She will be pleased," he said; "no advancement, but no separation. I have not much ambition; I think I am happy too."

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"Then, if you are all pleased," I cried, with annoyance which I could not restrain, "why did you send me on such an errand? I am the only one that seems to be impatient of the present state of affairs, and it is none of my business. Another time you need not say anything about it to me."

"There will never be a time when we shall not be grateful to you," said John; but even his mild look of appealing reproach did not move me. It is hard to interest yourself in people and find after all that they like their own way best.

CHAPTER VI.

He was quite right in thinking Ellen would be pleased. And yet, after it was all over, she was a little wounded and disappointed, which was very natural. She did not want him to go away, but she wanted him to get the advancement all the same. This was foolish, but still it was natural, and just what a woman would feel. She took great pains to explain to us that it was not hesitation about John, nor even any hesitation on the part of John in going—for Ellen had a quick sense of what was desirable and heroic, and would not have wished her lover to appear indifferent about his own advancement, even though she was very thankful and happy that in reality he was so. The reason of the failure was that the firm had sent out a nephew, who was in the office, and had a prior claim. "Of course he had the first chance," Ellen said, with a countenance of great seriousness; "what would be the good of being a relation if he did not have the first chance?" And I assented with all the gravity in the world. But she was disappointed, though she was so glad. There ought not to have been any one in the world who had the preference over John! She carried herself with great dignity for some time afterwards, and with the air of a person superior to the foolish and partial judgments of the world; and yet in her heart how thankful she was! from what an abyss of blank loneliness and weary exertion was her life saved! For now that I knew it a little better I could see how little that was happy was in her home. Her mother insisted that she should have that hour's leisure in the evening. That was all that any one thought of doing for her. It was enough to keep her happy, to keep her hopeful. But without that, how long would Ellen's brave spirit have kept up? Perhaps had she never known John, and that life of infinite tender communion, her natural happy temperament would have struggled on for a long time against all the depressing effects of circumstance, unaided. But to lose is worse than never to have had. If it is

> Better to have loved and lost,
> Than never to have loved at all,

yet it is at the same time harder to lose that bloom of existence out of your lot, than to have struggled on by mere help of nature without it.

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She had been so happy—making so little go such a long way!—that the loss of her little happiness would have been appalling to her. And yet she was dissatisfied that this heartbreak did not come. She had strung herself up to it. It would have been advancement, progress, all that a woman desires for those belonging to her, for John. Sacrificing him for the others, she was half angry not to have it in her power to sacrifice herself to his "rise in life." I think I understood her, though we never talked on the subject. She was dissatisfied, although she was relieved. We have all known these mingled feelings.

This happened at the beginning of summer; but all its agitations were over before the long, sweet days and endless twilights of the happy season had fully expanded upon us. It seems to me as I grow older that a great deal of the comfort of our lives depends upon summer—upon the weather, let us say, taking it in its most prosaic form. Sometimes, indeed, to the sorrowful the brightness is oppressive; but to all the masses of ordinary mortals who are neither glad nor sad, it is a wonderful matter not to be chilled to the bone; to be able to do their work without thinking of a fire; without having a sensation of cold always in their lives never to be got rid of. Ellen and her lover enjoyed that summer as people who have been under sentence of banishment enjoy their native country and their home.

You may think there is not much beauty in a London suburb to tempt any one: and there is not for those who can retire to the beautiful fresh country when they will, and surround themselves with waving woods and green lawns, or taste the freshness of the mountains or the saltness of the sea. We, who go away every year in July, pined and longed for the moment of our removal; and my neighbour in the great house which shut out the air from Pleasant Place, panted in her great garden (which she was proud to think was almost unparalleled for growth and shade in London), and declared herself incapable of breathing any longer in such a close and shut-up locality. But the dwellers in Pleasant Place were less exacting. They thought the long suburban road very pleasant. Where it streamed off into little dusty houses covered with brown ivy and dismal trellis work, and where every unfortunate flower was thick with dust, they gazed with a touch of envy at the "gardens," and felt it to be rural. When my pair of lovers went out for their walk they had not time to go further than to the "Green Man," a little tavern upon the roadside, where one big old elm tree, which had braved the dust and the frost for more years than any one could recollect, stood out at a corner at the junction of two roads, with a bench round it, where the passing carters and cabmen drank their beer, and a trough for the horses, which made it look "quite in the country" to all the inhabitants of our district. Generally they got as far as that, passing the dusty cottages and the little terrace of new houses. A great and prolonged and most entertaining controversy went on between them as they walked, as to the kind of house in which they should eventually settle down. Ellen, who was not without

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a bit of romance in her, of the only kind practicable with her upbringing, entertained a longing for one of the dusty little cottages. She thought, like all inexperienced persons, that in her hands it would not be dusty. She would find means of keeping the ivy green. She would see that the flowers grew sweet and clean, and set blacks and dust alike at defiance. John, for his part, whose lodging was in one of those little houses, preferred the new terrace. It was very new—very like a row of gingerbread houses—but it was very clean, and for the moment bright, not as yet penetrated by the dust. Sometimes I was made the confidante of these interminable, always renewed, always delightful discussions. "They are not dusty yet," Ellen would say, "but how long will it be before they are dusty? whereas with the villas" (they had a great variety of names—Montpellier Villas, Funchal Villas, Mentone Mansions—for the district was supposed to be very mild) "one knows what one has to expect; and if one could not keep the dust and the blacks out with the help of brushes and dusters, what would be the good of one? I should sow mignonette and Virginia stock," she cried, with a firm faith; "low-growing flowers would be sure to thrive. It is only roses (poor roses!) and tall plants that come to harm." John, for his part, dwelt much upon the fact that in the little front parlours of the terrace houses there were shelves for books fitted into a recess. This weighed quite as much with him as the cleanness of the new places. "The villas are too dingy for her," he said, looking admiringly at her fresh face. "She could never endure the little grey, grimy rooms." That was his romance, to think that everything should be shining and bright about her. He was unconscious of the dinginess of the parlour in Ellen's home. It was all irradiated with her presence to him. These discussions, however, all ended in a sigh and a laugh from Ellen herself. "It is all very fine talking," she would say.

And so the summer went on. Alas! and other summers after it. My eldest girl married. My boys went out into the world. Many changes came upon our house. The children began to think it a very undesirable locality. Even Chatty, always the sweetest, sighed for South Kensington, if not for a house in the country and a month in London in the season, which was what the other girls wished for. This common suburban road, far from fashion, far from society—what but their mother's inveterate old-fashionedness and indifference to appearances could have kept them there so long? The great house opposite with the garden had ceased to be. The high wall was gone from Pleasant Place, and instead of it stood a fresh row of little villakins like the Terrace which had once been John Ridgway's admiration. Alas! Ellen's forebodings had been fully realised, and the terrace was as dingy as Montpellier Villas by this time. The whole neighbourhood was changing. Half the good houses in the road—the houses, so to speak, of the aristocracy, which to name was to command respect from all the neighbourhood—had been built out and adorned with large fronts of plate glass and made into shops. Omni-

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buses now rolled along the dusty way. The station where they used to stop had been pushed out beyond the "Green Man," which once we had felt to be "quite in the country." Everything was changing; but my pair of lovers did not change. Ellen got other pupils instead of Chatty and her contemporaries who were growing up and beyond her skill, and came out at ten o'clock every morning with as fresh a face as ever, and her little roll of music always in her hand. And every evening, though now he was set down at his lodgings from the omnibus, and no longer passed my window on his way home, John made his pilgrimage of love to Pleasant Place. She kept her youth—the sweet complexion, the dew in her eyes, and the bloom upon her cheek—in a way I could not understand. The long waiting did not seem to try her. She had always his evening visit to look for, and her days were full of occupation. But John, who had naturally a worn look, did not bear the probation so well as Ellen. He grew bald; a general rustiness came over him. He had looked older than he was to begin with; his light locks, his colourless countenance, faded into a look of age. He was very patient—almost more patient than Ellen, who, being of a more vivacious temper, had occasional little outbursts of petulant despair, of which she was greatly ashamed afterwards; but at the same time this prolonged and hopeless waiting had more effect upon him than upon her. Sometimes he would come to see me by himself for the mere pleasure, it seemed to me, though we rarely spoke on the subject, of being understood.

"Is this to go on for ever?" I said. "Is it never to come to an end?"

"It looks like it," said John, somewhat drearily. "We always talk about our little house. I have got three rises since then. I doubt if I shall ever have any more; but we don't seem a bit nearer——" and he ended with a sigh—not of impatience, like those quick sighs mixed up with indignant, abrupt little laughs in which Ellen often gave vent to her feelings—but of weariness and despondency much more hard to bear.

"And the father," I said, "seems not a day nearer the end of his trouble. Poor man, I don't wish him any harm."

This, I fear, was a hypocritical speech, for in my heart I should not have been at all sorry to hear that his "trouble" was coming to an end.

Then for the first time a faint gleam of humour lighted in John's eye. "I am beginning to suspect that he is—better," he said; "stronger at least. I am pretty sure he has no thought of coming to an end."

"All the better," I said; "if he gets well, Ellen will be free."

"He will never get well," said John, falling back into his dejection, "and he will never die."

"Then it will never come to anything. Can you consent to that?" I said.

He made me no reply. He shook his head; whether in dismal acceptance of the situation, whether in protest against it, I cannot tell. This interview filled me with dismay. I spent hours pondering whether, and how, I could interfere. My interference had not been of much use before.

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And my children began to laugh when this lingering commonplace little romance was talked of. "My mother's lovers," the boys called them—"My mother's turtle-doves."

The time had almost run on to the length of Jacob's wooing when one day Ellen came to me, not running in, eager and troubled with her secret as of old, but so much more quietly than usual, with such a still and fixed composure about her, that I knew something serious had happened. I sent away as quickly as I could the other people who were in the room, for I need not say that to find me alone was all but an impossibility. I gave Chatty, now a fine, tall girl of twenty, a look, which was enough for her; she always understood better than any one. And when at last we were free I turned to my visitor anxiously. "What is it?" I said. It did not excite her so much as it did me.

She gave a little abstracted smile. "You always see through me," she said. "I thought there was no meaning in my face. It has come at last. He is really going this time, directly, to the Levant. Oh, what a little thing Chatty was when I asked her to look in the atlas for the Levant; and now she is going to be married! "What will you do," she asked abruptly, stopping short to look at me, "when they are all married and you are left alone?"

I had asked myself this question sometimes, and it was not one I liked. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," I said; "the two little ones of all have not so much as thought of marrying yet."

Ellen answered me with a sigh, a quickly drawn impatient breath. "He is to sail in a fortnight," she said. "Things have gone wrong with the nephew. I knew he never could be so good as John; and now John must go in a hurry to set things right. What a good thing that it is all in a hurry! We shall not have time to think."

"You must go with him—you must go with him, Ellen!" I cried.

She turned upon me almost with severity in her tone. "I thought you knew better. I—go with him! Look here," she cried very hurriedly, "don't think I don't face the full consequences—the whole matter. He is tired, tired to death. He will be glad to go—and after—after! If he should find some one else there, I shall never be the one to blame him."

"Ellen! you ought to ask his pardon on your knees—*he* find some one else! What wrong you do to the faithfullest—the truest——"

"He is the faithfullest," she said; then after a moment, "but I will never blame him. I tell you beforehand. He has been more patient than ever man was."

Did she believe what she was saying? It was very hard to know. The fortnight flew by like a day. The days had been very long before in their monotony, but now these two weeks were like two hours. I never quite knew what passed. John had taken his courage in both hands, and had bearded the father himself in his den; but, so far as I could make out, it was not the father but the mother with her tears who

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vanquished him. "When I saw what her life was," he said to me when he took leave of me, "such a life! my mouth was closed. Who am I that I should take away her only comfort from her? We love each other very dearly, it is our happiness, it is the one thing which makes everything else sweet: but perhaps, as Ellen says, there is no duty in it. It is all enjoyment. Her duty is to them; it is her pleasure, she says, her happiness to be with me."

"But—but you have been engaged for years. No doubt it is your happiness—but surely there is duty too."

"She says not. My mind is rather confused. I don't seem to know. Duty, you know, duty is a thing that it is rather hard to do; something one has to raise one's self up to, and carry through with, whether we like it or whether we don't like it. That's her definition; and it seems right—don't you think it is right? But to say that of us would be absurd. It is all pleasure—all delight," his tired eyelids rose a little to show a gleam of emotion, then dropped again with a sigh; "that is her argument; I suppose it is true."

"Then, do you mean to say——" I cried, and stopped short in sheer bewilderment of mind, not knowing what words to use.

"I don't think I mean to say anything. My head is all confused. I don't seem to know. Our feeling is all one wish to be together; only to see one another makes us happy. Can there be duty in that? she says. It seems right, yet sometimes I think it is wrong, though I can't tell how."

I was confused too—I was silenced. I did not know what to say. "It depends," I said, faltering, "it depends upon what you consider the object of life."

"Some people say happiness; but that would not suit Ellen's theory," he said. "Duty—I had an idea myself that duty was easily defined; but it seems it is as difficult as everything is. So far as I can make out," he added, with a faint smile, "I have got no duties at all."

"To be faithful to her," I said, recollecting the strange speech she had made to me.

He almost laughed outright. "Faithful! that is no duty; it is my existence. Do you think I could be unfaithful if I were to try?"

These were almost the last words he said to me. I suppose he satisfied himself that his duty to his employer required him to go away. And Ellen had a feverish desire that he should go away, now that the matter had been broached a second time. I am not sure that when the possibility of sacrifice on his part dawned upon her, the chance that he might relinquish for her this renewed chance of rising in the world, there did not arise in her mind a hasty impatient wish that he might be unfaithful, and give her up altogether. Sometimes the impatience of a tired spirit will take this form. Ellen was very proud; by dint of having made sacrifices all her life, she had an impetuous terror of being in her turn the object for which sacrifices should be made. To accept them was bitterness to her. She was eager to hurry all his preparations,

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to get him despatched, if possible, a little earlier than the necessary time. She kept a cheerful face, making little jokes about the Levant and the people he would meet there, which surprised everybody. "Is she glad that he is going?" Chatty asked me, with eyes like two round lamps of alarmed surprise. The last night of all they spent with us—and it seemed a relief to Ellen that it should be thus spent, and not *tête-à-tête* as so many other evenings had been. It was the very height and flush of summer, an evening which would not sink into darkness and night as other evenings do. The moon was up long before the sun had gone reluctantly away. We sat without the lamp in the soft twilight, with the stream of wayfarers going past the windows, and all the familiar sounds, which were not vulgar to us, we were so used to them. They were both glad of the half light. When I told Ellen to go and sing to us, she refused at first with a look of reproach; then, with a little shake of her head, as if to throw off all weakness, changed her mind and went to the piano. It was Chatty who insisted upon Mr. Ridgway's favourite song, perhaps out of heedlessness, perhaps with that curious propensity the young often have to probe wounds, and investigate how deep a sentiment may go. We sat in the larger room, John and myself, while behind, in the dim evening, in the distance, scarcely visible, Ellen sat at the piano and sang. What the effort cost her I would not venture to inquire. As for him, he sat with a melancholy composure listening to every tone of her voice. She had a very sweet refined voice—not powerful, but tender, what people call sympathetic. I could not distinguish his face, but I saw his hand beat the measure accompanying every line, and when she came to the burden of the song, he said it over softly to himself. Broken by all the babble outside, and by the music in the background, I yet heard him, all tuneless and low, murmuring this to himself—"I will come again, I will come again, my sweet and bonnie." Whether his eyes were dry I cannot tell, but mine were wet. He said them with no excitement, as if they were the words most simple, most natural—the very breathing of his heart. How often, I wonder, would he think of that dim room, the half-seen companions, the sweet and tender voice rising out of the twilight? I said to myself, "Whoever may mistrust you, I will never mistrust you," with fervour. But just as the words passed through my mind, as if Ellen had heard them, her song broke off all in a moment, died away in the last line, "I will come a——" There was a sudden break, a jar on the piano—and she sprang up and came towards us, stumbling, with her hands put out, as if she could not see. The next sound I heard was an unsteady little laugh, as she threw herself down on a sofa in the corner where Chatty was sitting. "I wonder why you are all so fond of that old-fashioned nonsense," she said.

And next day the last farewells were said, and John went away.

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CHAPTER VII.

We left town directly after this for the autumn holidays. The holidays had not very much meaning now that all the boys had left school, and we might have gone away when we pleased. But the two youngest girls were still in the remorseless hands of Fraulein Stimme, and the habit of emancipation in the regular holiday season had clung to me. I tried very hard to get Ellen to go with us, for at least a day or two, but she resisted with a kind of passion. Her mother, I am sure, would have been glad had she gone; but Ellen would not. There was in her face a secret protestation, of which she was perhaps not even herself aware, that if her duty bound life itself from all expansion, it must also bind her in every day of her life. She would not accept the small alleviation, having, with her eyes open and with a full sense of what she was about, resigned everything else. She would have been more perfect, and her sacrifice more sweet, had she taken sweetly the little consolations of every day; but nobody is perfect, and Ellen would not come. I had gone to Pleasant Place to ask her, and the scene was a curious one. The mother and daughter both came to the parlour to receive me, and I saw them together for the first time. It was about a fortnight after John went away. Ellen had not been ill, though I had feared she would; but she was pale, with dark lines under her eyes, and a worn and nervous look. She was bearing her burden very bravely, but it was all the harder upon her that she was evidently determined not to complain. When I told my errand, Mrs. Harwood replied eagerly, "You must go, Ellen. Oh, yes! I can do; I can do very well. It will only be for a week, and it will do you so much good; you must go." Ellen took scarcely any notice of this address. She thanked me with her usual smile. "It is very, very good of you—you are always good—but it is impossible." "Why impossible, why impossible?" cried her mother. "When I tell you I can do very well—I can manage. Your father will not mind, when it is to do you good." I saw that Ellen required a moment's interval of preparation before she looked round.

"Dear mother," she said, "we have not any make-believes between us, have we? How is it possible that I can go? every moment is mapped out. No, no; I cannot do it. Thank you all the same. My mother wants to give me a pleasure, but it cannot be. Go away for a week! I have never done that in all my life."

"But you think she can, you think she ought," I said, turning to her mother. The poor woman looked at her child with a piteous look. I think it dawned upon her, then and there, for the first time, that perhaps she had made a mistake about Ellen. It had not occurred to her that there had been any selfishness in her tearful sense of the impossibility of parting with her daughter. All at once, in a moment, with a sudden gleam of that enlightenment which so often comes too late, she saw it.

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She saw it, and it went through her like an arrow. She turned to me with another piteous glance. What have I done, what have I done? her look seemed to say.

"Two or three days," the poor woman said, with a melancholy attempt at playfulness. "Nothing can happen to us in that time. Her father is ill," she said, turning to me as if I knew nothing, "and we are always anxious. She thinks it will be too much for me, by myself. But what does it matter for a few days? If I am overdone, I can rest when she comes back."

Was it possible she could suppose that this was all I knew? I was afraid to catch Ellen's eye. I did not know what might come after such a speech. She might break forth with some sudden revelation of all that I felt sure must be in her heart. I closed my eyes instinctively, sick with terror. That moment I heard Ellen's clear, agreeable voice.

"I don't want you to be overdone, mother. What is the use of all that is past and gone, if I am to take holidays and run away when I like for two or three days? No, no; my place is here, and here I must stay. I don't want you to be overdone."

And looking at her, I saw that she smiled. But her mother's face was full of trouble. She looked from Ellen to me, and from me to Ellen. For everything there is a beginning. Did she only then for the first time perceive what had been done?

However, after this there was nothing more to say. We did not see Ellen again till the days were short, and the brilliant weather over. She changed very much during that winter. Her youth, which had bloomed on so long unaltered, seemed to leave her in a day. When we came back, from looking twenty she suddenly looked thirty-five. The bloom went from her cheeks. She was as trim as ever, and as lightfooted, going out alert and bright every morning to her lessons; but her pretty little figure had shrunk, and her very step on the pavement sounded different. Life and all its hopes and anticipations seemed to have ebbed away from her. I don't doubt that many of her neighbours had been going on in their dull routine of life without knowing any of those hopes or prospects, all this time by Ellen's side, and fulfilled their round of duties without any such diversions. Oh, the mystery of these myriads of humble lives, which are never enlivened even by a romance *manqué*, a story that might have been; that steal away from dull youth to dull age, never knowing anything but the day's work, never coming to anything! But Ellen had known a something different, a life that was her own; and now she had lost it. The effect was great; how could it be otherwise? She lost herself altogether for a little while, and when she came to again, as all worthy souls must come, she was another Ellen; older than her age as the other had been younger, and prepared for everything. No longer trying to evade suffering; rather desirous, if that might be, to forestall it, to discount it—if I may use the word—before it was due, and know the

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worst. She never told me this in words, but I felt that it was so. It is not only in a shipwreck that the unfortunate on the verge of death plunge in to get it over a few hours, a few minutes, sooner. In life there are many shipwrecks which we would forestall, if we could, in the same way, by a plunge—by a voluntary putting on of the decisive moment. Some, I suppose, will put it off by every expedient that despair can suggest; but there are also those who can bear anything but to wait until slowly, surely, the catastrophe comes. Ellen wanted to make the plunge, to get it over, partly for John's sake, whose infidelity she began to calculate upon—to (she believed) wish for. "He will never be able to live without a home to go to, without a woman to speak to, now," she said once, in a moment of incaution—for she was very guarded, very reticent, about all this part of her mind, and rarely betrayed herself. It is curious how little faith women in general, even the most tender, have in a man's constancy. Either it is because of an inherent want of trust in their own power to secure affection, which might be called humility; or else it is quite the reverse—a pride of sex too subtle to show, in any conscious way, overweening confidence in the power over a man of any other woman who happens to be near him, and want of confidence in any power on his part to resist these fascinations. Ellen had made up her mind that her lover when he was absent from her would be, as she would have said, "like all the rest." Perhaps, in a kind of wild generosity, she wished it, feeling that she herself never might be free to make him happy; but, anyhow, she was persuaded that this was how it would be. She looked out for signs of it in his very first letter. She wanted to have it over—to cut off remorselessly out of her altered being all the agitations of hope.

But I need not say that John's letters were everything a lover's or rather a husband's letters should be. They were more like a husband's letters, with very few protestations in them, but a gentle continued reference to her, and to their past life together, which was more touching than any rhapsodies. She brought them to me often, folding down, with a blush which made her look like the blooming Ellen of old, some corner of especial tenderness, something that was too sacred for a stranger's eye, but always putting them back in her pocket with a word which sounded almost like a grudge, as who should say, "For this once all is well, but next time you shall see." Thus she held on to her happiness as by a strained thread, expecting every moment when it would snap, and defying it to do so, yet throbbing all the time with a passion of anxiety, as day after day it held out, proving her foreboding vain. That winter, though I constantly saw her, my mind was taken up by other things than Ellen. It was then that the children finally prevailed upon me to leave the Road. A row of cheap advertising shops had sprung up facing us where had been the great garden I have so often mentioned, and the noise and flaring lights were more than I could put up with, after all my resistance to their wishes. So that at last, to my great

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regret, but the exultation of the young ones, it was decided that we must go away.

The removal, and the bustle there was, the change of furniture,—for our old things would not do for the new house and Chatty, Heaven save us! had grown artistic, and even the little ones and Fräulein Stimme knew a great deal better than I did—occupied my mind and my time; and it took a still longer time to settle down than it did to tear up our old roots. So that there was a long interval during which we saw little of Ellen; and though we never forgot her, or ceased to take an interest in everything that concerned her, the distance of itself threw us apart. Now and then she paid us a visit, always with John's letter in her pocket, but her time was so limited that she never could stay long. And sometimes I, and sometimes Chatty, made a pilgrimage to the old district to see her. But we never could have an uninterrupted long talk in Pleasant Place. Either Ellen was called away, or Mrs. Harwood would come in and sit down with her work, always anxiously watching her daughter. This separation from the only people to whom she could talk of her own private and intimate concerns was a further narrowing and limitation of poor Ellen's life. But what could I do? I could not vex my children for her sake. She told us that she went and looked at the old house almost every day, and at the square window in which I used to sit and see John pass. John passed no longer, nor was I there to see. But Ellen remained bound in the same spot, seeing everything desert her—love, and friendship, and sympathy, and all her youth and her hope. Can you not fancy, with what thoughts this poor girl (though she was a girl no longer) would pause, as she passed, to look at the abandoned place so woven in with the brightest episode of her life, feeling herself stranded there, impotent, unable to make a step—her breast still heaving with all the vigour of existence, yet her life bound down in the narrowest contracted circle? Her mother, who had got to watch her narrowly, told me afterwards that she always knew when Ellen had passed No. 16; and indeed I myself was rather glad to hear that at length No. 16 had shared the general fate, that my window existed no longer, and that a great shop with plate-glass windows was bulging out where our house had been. Better when a place is desecrated that it should be desecrated wholly, and have no vestige of its old self at all.

Thus more than a year glided away, spring and winter, summer and autumn, and then winter again. Chatty came in one November morning, when London was half invisible, wrapped in mist and fog, with a very grave face, to tell me that she had met Ellen, and Ellen had told her there was bad news from John. "I can't understand her," Chatty said. "I couldn't make out what it was; that business had been bad, and things had gone wrong; and then something with a sort of laugh that he had got other thoughts in his mind at last, as she knew all along he would, and that she was glad. What could she mean?" I did not know

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what she could mean, but I resolved to go and see Ellen to ascertain what the change was. It is easier, however, to say than to do when one is full of one's own affairs, and so it happened that for a full week, though intending to go every day, I never did so. It was partly my fault. The family affairs were many, and the family interests engrossing. It was not that I cared for Ellen less, but my own claimed me on every hand. When one afternoon, about a fortnight after, I was told that Miss Harwood was in the drawing-room and wished to speak to me, my heart upbraided me with my neglect. I hurried to her and led her away from that public place where everybody came and went, to my own little sitting-room, where we might be alone. Ellen was very pale; her eyes looked very dry and bright, not dewy and soft as they used to be. There was a feverish look of unrest and excitement about her. "There is something wrong," I cried. "What is it? Chatty told me—something about John."

"I don't know that it is anything wrong," she said. The smile that had frightened Chatty came over her face—a smile that made one unhappy, the lip drawn tightly over the teeth in the most ghastly mockery of amusement. "No; I don't know that it is anything wrong. You know I always expected—always, from the moment he went away—that between him and me things would soon be at an end. Oh, yes, I expected it, and I did not wish it otherwise; for what good is it to me that a man should be engaged to me, and waste his life for me, when I never could do anything for him?"

Here she made a little breathless pause, and laughed. "Oh, don't, Ellen, don't!" I cried. I could not bear the laugh; the smile was bad enough.

"Why not?" she said, with a little defiance; "would you have me cry? I expected it long ago. The wonder is that it should have been so long of coming. That is," she cried suddenly after a pause, "that is if this is really what it means. I took it for granted at first; but I cannot be certain. I cannot be certain! Read it, you who know him, and tell me, tell me! Oh, I can bear it quite well. I should be rather glad if this is what it means."

She thrust a letter into my hand, and, going away with a rapid step to the window, stood there with her back to me, looking out. I saw her standing against the light, playing restlessly with the tassel of the blind. In her desire to seem composed, or else in the mere excitement which boiled in her veins, she began to hum a tune. I don't think she knew herself what it was.

The letter which she professed to have taken so easily was worn with much reading, and it had been carried about, folded and refolded a hundred times. There was no sign of indifference in all that—and this is what it said:—

"I got your last letter, dear Ellen, on Tuesday. I think you must have written in low spirits. Perhaps you had a feeling, such as we used

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to talk about, of what was happening here. As for me, nobody could be in lower spirits than this leaves me. I have lost heart altogether. Everything has gone wrong; the business is at an end: I shut up the office to-day. If it is in any way my fault, God forgive me! But the conflict in my heart has been so great that I sometimes fear it must be my fault. I had been low enough before, thinking and thinking how the end was to come between you and me. Everything has gone wrong inside and out. I had such confidence, and now it is all going. What I had most faith in has deceived me. I thought I never was the man to change or to fail, and that I could have trusted myself in any circumstances; but it does not seem so. And why should I keep you hanging on when all's wrong with me? I always thought I could redeem it; but it hasn't proved so. You must just give me up, Ellen, as a bad job. Sometimes I have thought you wished it. Where I am to drift to, I can't tell; but there's no prospect of drifting back, or, what I hoped for, sailing back in prosperity to you. You have seen it coming, I can see by your letters, and I think, perhaps, though it seems strange to say so, that you won't mind. I shall not stay here; but I have not made up my mind where to go. Forget a poor fellow that was never worthy to be yours.—JOHN RIDGWAY."

My hands dropped with the letter in them. The rustle it made was the only sign she could have had that I had read it, or else instinct or inward vision. That instant she turned upon me from the window with a cry of wild suspense: "Well?"

"I am confounded. I don't know what to think. Ellen, it looks more like guilt to the office than falsehood to you."

"Guilt—to the office!" Her face blazed up at once in scorching colour. She looked at me in fierce resentment and excitement, stamping her foot. "Guilt—to the office! How dare you? How dare you?" she cried like a fury. She clenched her hands at me, and looked as if she could have torn me in pieces. "Whatever he has done," she cried, "he has done nothing he had not a right to do. Do you know who you are speaking of? John! You might as well tell me I had broken into your house at night and robbed you. *He* have anything to blame himself for with the office?—never! nor with any one. What he has done is what he had a right to do—I am the first to say so. He has been wearied out. You said it once yourself, long, long before my eyes were opened; and at last he has done it—and he had a good right!" She stood for one moment before me in the fervour of this fiery address; then, suddenly, she sank and dropped on her knees by my side. "You think it means that? You see it?—don't you see it? He has grown weary, as was so natural. He thought he could trust himself; but it proved different; and then he thought he could redeem it. What can that mean but one thing?—he has got some one else to care for him. There is nothing wrong in that. It is not I that will ever blame him. The only thing was that a horrible doubt came over me this morning—if it

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should not mean what I thought it did! That is folly, I know; but you, who know him, put away all that nonsense about wrong to the office, which is out of the question, and you will see it cannot be anything but one thing."

"It is not that," I said.

She clasped her hands, kneeling by my side. "You always took his part," she said in a low voice. "You will not see it." Why did she tremble so? Did she want to believe it, or not to believe it? I could not understand Ellen. Just then, from the room below, there came a voice singing. It was Chatty's voice, the child whom she had taught, who had been the witness of their wooing. She knew nothing about all this; she did not even know that Ellen was in the house. What so natural as that she should sing the song her mistress had taught her? It was that which Ellen herself had been humming as she stood at the window.

"Listen!" I said. "You are answered in his own words—'I will come again.'"

This was more than Ellen could bear. She made one effort to rise to her feet, to regain her composure; but the music was too much. At that moment I myself felt it too much. She fell down at my feet in a passion of sobs and tears.

Afterwards I knew the meaning of Ellen's passionate determination to admit no meaning but one to the letter. She had taken him at his word. In her certainty that this was to happen, she had seen no other interpretation to it, until it was too late. She had never sent any reply; and he had not written again. It was now a month since the letter had been received, and this sudden breaking off of the correspondence had been so far final on both sides. To satisfy myself, I sent to inquire at the office, and found that no blame was attached to John; but that he had been much depressed, unduly depressed, by his failure to remedy the faults of his predecessor, and had left as soon as his accounts were forwarded and all the business details carefully wound up, and had not been heard of more. I compelled, I may say, Ellen to write, now that it was too late; but her letter was returned to her some time after. He had left the place, and nothing of him was known.

CHAPTER VIII.

This little tragedy, as it appeared to me, made a great impression on my mind. It did not make me ill; that would have been absurd. But still it helped, I suppose, to depress me generally and enhance the effect of the cold that had hung about me so long, and for which the elder ones, taking counsel together, decided that the desire of the younger ones should be gratified, and I should be made to go to Italy for the spring. The girls were wild to go, and my long-continued lingering cold was such a good

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excuse. For my own part, I was quite unwilling; but what can one woman, especially when she is their mother, do against so many? I had to give in and go. I went to see Ellen before we started, and it was a very painful visit. She was still keeping up with a certain defiance of everybody. But in the last two months she had changed wonderfully. For one thing, she had shrunk into half her size. She was never anything but a little woman; but now she seemed to me no bigger than a child. And those cheerful, happy brown eyes, which had so triumphed over and smiled at all the privations of life, looked out from two hollow caverns, twice as large as they had ever been before, and with a woeful look that broke one's heart. It was not always that they had this woeful look. When she was conscious of inspection she played them about with an artificial activity as if they had been lanterns, forcing a smile into them which sometimes looked almost like a sneer; but when she forgot that any one was looking at her, then both smile and light went out, and there was in them a woeful doubt and question which nothing could solve. Had she been wrong? Had she misjudged him whom her heart could not forget or relinquish? Was it likely that she could give him up lightly even had he been proved unworthy? And, oh, Heaven! was he proved unworthy, or had she done him wrong? This was what Ellen was asking herself, without intermission, for ever and ever; and her mother, on her side, watched Ellen piteously with much the same question in her eyes. Had she, too, made a mistake? Was it possible that she had exacted a sacrifice which she had no right to exact, and in mere cowardice, and fear of loneliness, and desire for love and succour on her own part, spoiled two lives? This question, which was almost identical in both, made the mother and daughter singularly like each other; except that Ellen kept asking her question of the air, which is so full of human sighs, and the sky, whither so many ungranted wishes go up, and the darkness of space, in which is no reply—and the mother asked hers of Ellen, interrogating her mutely all day long, and of every friend of Ellen's who could throw any light upon the question. She stole into the room when Ellen left me for a moment, and whispered, coming close to me, lest the very walls should hear—

"How do you think she is looking? She will not say a word to me about him—not a word. Don't you think she has been too hasty? Oh! I would give everything I have if she would only go with you and look for John, and make it up with him again."

"I thought you could not spare her," I said, with perhaps some cruelty in my intention. She wrung her hands, and looked piteously in my face.

"You think it is all my fault! I never thought it would come to this; I never thought he would go away. Oh, if I had only let them marry at first! I often think if she had been happy in her own house, coming to see her father every day, it would have been more of a change for him, more company than having her always. Oh! if one could only

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tell what is going to happen. She might have had a nice family by this time, and the eldest little girl big enough to run in and play at his feet and amuse her grandpa. He always was fond of children. But we'll never see Ellen's children now!" cried the poor woman. "And you think it is my fault!"

I could not reproach her; her black cap with the flowers, her little woollen shawl about her shoulders, grew tragic as she poured forth her trouble. It was not so dignified as the poet's picture, but yet, like him, she

> Saw the unborn faces shine
> Beside the never lighted fire;

and with a groan of misery felt herself the slayer of those innocents that had never been. The tragic and the comic mingled in the vision of that "eldest little girl," the child who would have amused her grandpa had she been permitted to come into being; but it was all tragic to poor Mrs. Harwood. She saw no laugh, no smile, in the situation anywhere.

We went to Mentone, and stayed there till the bitterness of the winter was over, then moved along that delightful coast, and were in Genoa in April. To speak of that stately city as a commercial town seems insulting nowadays—and yet so it is. I recognised at once the type I had known in other days when I sat at the window of the hotel and watched the people coming and going. It reminded me of my window in the Road, where, looking out, I saw the respectable City people—clerks like John Ridgway, and merchants of the same cut though of more substantial comfort—wending their way to their business in the morning, and to their suburban homes in the evening. I do not know that I love the commercial world; but I like to see that natural order of life, the man "going out to his work and labour till the evening." The fashion of it is different in a foreign town, but still the life is the same. We changed our quarters, however, after we had been for some time in that city, so-called of palaces, and were lodged in a suite of rooms very hard to get up to (though the staircase was marble), but very delightful when one was there; rooms which overlooked the high terrace which runs round a portion of the bay between the inns and the quays. I forget what it is called. It is a beautiful promenade, commanding the loveliest view of that most beautiful bay and all that is going on in it. At night, with all its twinkling semicircle of lights, it was a continual enchantment to me; but this or any of my private admirations are not much to the purpose of my story. Sitting at the window, always my favourite post, I became acquainted with various individual figures among those who haunted this terrace. Old gentlemen going out to sun themselves in the morning before the heat was too great; children and nursemaids, Genoese women with their pretty veils, invalids who had got up the stairs, I cannot tell how, and sat panting on the benches, enjoying the sea air and the sunshine. There was one, however, among this panorama of passing figures, which gave me a startled sense of familiarity. It was

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too far off to see the man's face. He was not an invalid; but he was bent, either with past sickness or with present care, and walked with a drooping head and a languid step. After watching him for a time, I concluded (having always a great weakness for making out other people's lives, how they flow) that he had some occupation in the town from which he escaped, whenever he had leisure, to rest a little and refresh himself upon the terrace. He came very regularly, just at the time when Italian shops and offices have a way of shutting up, in the middle of the day, very regularly, always, or almost always, at the same hour. He came up the steps slowly and languidly, stopped a little to take breath, and then walked half way round the terrace to a certain bench upon which he always seated himself. Sometimes he brought his luncheon with him and ate it there. At other times, having once gained that place, he sat quite still in a corner of it, not reading, nor taking any notice of the other passers-by. No one was with him, no one ever spoke to him. When I noticed him first he startled me. Who was he like? His bent figure, his languid step, was like no one I could think of; but yet I said to myself, He is like somebody. I established a little friendship with him, though it was a friendship without any return; for though I could see him he could not see me, nor could I distinguish his face; and we never saw him anywhere else, neither at church, nor in the streets, not even on the *festas* when everybody was about; but always just there on that one spot. I looked for him as regularly as the day came. "My mother's old gentleman," Chatty called him. Everybody is old who is not young to these children; but though he was not young he did not seem to me to be old. And he puzzled as much as he interested me. Who was he like? I never even asked myself, Who was he? He was nobody I had any way of knowing. Some poor *employé* in a Genoa office; how should I know him? I could not feel at all sure, when I was cross-examined on the subject, whether I really remembered any one whom he was like; but yet he had startled me more than I can say.

Genoa, where we had friends and family reasons for staying, became very hot as the spring advanced into early summer, and we removed to one of the lovely little towns on the coast at a little distance, Santa Margherita. When we had been settled there for a few days, Chatty came in to me one evening with a pale face. "I have just seen your old gentleman," she said. "I think he must live out here;" but I saw by the expression of her eyes that there was more to say. She added after a moment, "And I know who he is like."

"Ah! you have seen his face," I said; and then, before she had spoken, it suddenly flashed on myself in a moment, "John Ridgway!" I cried.

"Mother," said Chatty, quite pale, "I think it is his ghost."

I went out with her instantly to where she had seen him, and we made some inquiries, but with no success. When I began to think it

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over, he was not like John Ridgway. He was bent and stooping, whereas John was erect; his head drooped, whereas how well I recollected poor John's head thrown back a little, his hat upon the back of it, his visionary outlook rather to the skies than to the ground. No, no, not like him a bit; but yet it might be his ghost, as Chatty said. We made a great many inquiries, but for the moment with no success, and you may suppose that I watched the passers-by from my window with more devotion than ever. One evening in the sudden nightfall of the Italian skies, when darkness comes all at once, I was seated in my usual place, scarcely seeing, however, the moving figures outside, though all the population of the place seemed to be out, sitting round the doors, and strolling leisurely along enjoying the heavenly coolness and the breeze from the sea. At the further end of the room Chatty was at the piano, playing to me softly in the dark as she knows I like to be played to, and now and then striking into some old song such as I love. She was sure to arrive sooner or later at that one with which we now had so many associations; but I was not thinking of that, nor for the moment of Ellen or her faithful (as I was sure he was still) lover at all. A woman with so many children has always plenty to think of. My mind was busy with my own affairs. The windows were open, and the babble of the voices outside—high-pitched, resounding Italian voices, not like the murmur of English—came in to us as the music floated out. All at once, I suddenly woke up from my thinking and my family concerns. In the dusk one figure detached itself from among the others with a start, and came forward slowly with bent head and languid step. Had he never heard that song since he heard Ellen break off, choked with tears unshed, and a despair which had never been revealed? He came quite close under the window where I could see him no longer. I could not see him at all; it was too dark. I divined him. Who could it be but he? Not like John Ridgway, and yet John; his ghost, as Chatty had said.

I did not stop to think what I was to do, but rose up in the dark room where the child was singing, only a voice, herself invisible in the gloom. I don't know whether Chatty saw me go; but, if so, she was inspired unawares by the occasion, and went on with her song. I ran downstairs and went out softly to the open door of the inn, where there were other people standing about. Then I saw him quite plainly by the light from a lower window. His head was slightly raised towards the place from which the song came. He was very pale in that pale doubtful light, worn and old and sad; but, as he looked up, a strange illumination was on his face. His hand beat the air softly, keeping time. As she came to the refrain his lips began to move as if he were repeating after his old habit those words, "I will come again." Then a sudden cloud of pain seemed to come over his face—he shook his head faintly, then bowed it upon his breast.

In a moment I had him by the arm. "John," I said, in my excite-

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ment; "John Ridgway! we have found you." For the moment, I believe, he thought it was Ellen who had touched him; his white face seemed to leap into light; then paled again. He took off his hat with his old formal somewhat shy politeness—"I thought it must be you, madame," he said. He said "madame" instead of the old English ma'am, which he had always used—this little concession to the changed scene was all the difference. He made no mystery about himself, and showed no reluctance to come in with me, to talk as of old. He told me he had a situation in an office in Genoa, and that his health was bad. "After that *fiasco* in the Levant, I had not much heart for anything. I took the first thing that was offered," he said, with his old vague smile; "for a man must live—till he dies." "There must be no question of dying—at your age," I cried. This time his smile almost came the length of a momentary laugh. He shook his head, but he did not continue the subject. He was very silent for some time after. Indeed, he said nothing, except in reply to my questions, till Chatty left the room, and we were alone. Then all at once, in the middle of something I was saying—"Is she—married again?" he said.

"Married—again!"

"It is a foolish question. She was not married to me; but it felt much the same; we had been as one for so long. There must have been some—strong inducement—to make her cast me off so at the end."

This he said in a musing tone, as if the fact were so certain, and had been turned over in his mind so often that all excitement was gone from it. But after it was said, a gleam of anxiety came into his half-veiled eyes. He raised his heavy, tired eyelids and looked at me. Though he seemed to know all about it, and to be resigned to it when he began to speak, yet it seemed to flash across him, before he ended, that there was an uncertainty—an answer to come from me which would settle it, after all. Then he leaned forward a little, in this sudden sense of suspense, and put his hand to his ear as if he had been deaf, and said "What?" in an altered tone.

"There is some terrible mistake," I said. "I have felt there was a mistake all along. She has lost her hold on life altogether because she believes you to be changed."

"Changed!" His voice was quite sharp and keen, and had lost its languid tone. "In what way—in what way? how could I be changed?"

"In the only way that could matter between her and you. She thought, before you left the Levant, that you had got to care for some one else—that you had ceased to care for her. Your letter," I said, "your letter!"—half frightened by the way in which he rose, and his threatening, angry aspect—"would bear that interpretation."

"My letter!" He stood before me for a moment with a sort of feverish, fierce energy; then he began to laugh, low and bitterly, and walk about as if unable to keep still. "My letter!" The room was scarcely lighted—one lamp upon the table, and no more; and the half-

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darkness, as he paced about, made his appearance more threatening still. Then he suddenly came and stood before me as if it had been I that had wronged him. "I am a likely man to be a gay Lothario," he cried, with that laugh of mingled mockery and despair which was far more tragical than weeping. It was the only expression that such an extreme of feeling could find. He might have cried out to heaven and earth, and groaned and wept; but it would not have expressed to me the wild confusion, the overturn of everything, the despair of being so misunderstood, the miserable sum of suffering endured and life wasted for nothing, like this laugh. Then he dropped again into the chair opposite me, as if with the consciousness that even this excitement was vain.

"What can I say? What can I do? Has she never known me all along?—Ellen!" He had not named her till now. Was it a renewal of life in his heart that made him capable of uttering her name?

"Do not blame her," I cried. "She had made up her mind that nothing could ever come of it, and that you ought to be set free. She thought of nothing else but this; that for her all change was hopeless—that she was bound for life; and that you should be free. It became a fixed idea with her; and when your letter came, which was capable of being misread——"

"Then the wish was father to the thought," he said, still bitterly. "Did she show it to you? did you misread it also? Poor cheat of a letter! My heart had failed me altogether. Between my failure and her slavery——. But I never thought she would take me at my word," he went on piteously, "never! I wrote, don't you know, as one writes longing to be comforted, to be told it did not matter so long as we loved each other, to be bidden come home. And there never came a word—not a word."

"She wrote afterwards, but you were gone; and her letter was returned to her."

"Ah!" he said, in a sort of desolate assent. "Ah! was it so? then that was how it had to be, I suppose; things were so settled before ever we met each other. Can you understand that?—all settled that it was to end just so in misery, and confusion, and folly, before even we met."

"I do not believe it," I cried. "There is no need that it should end so, even now; if—if you are unchanged still."

"I—changed?" He laughed at this once more, but not so tragically, with sham ridicule of the foolishness of the doubt. And then all of a sudden he began to sing—oh, it was not a beautiful performance! he had no voice, and not much ear; but never has the loveliest of music moved me more—"I will come again, my sweet and bonnie; I will come——" Here he broke down as Ellen had done, and said, with a hysterical sob, "I'm ill; I think I'm dying. How am I, a broken man, without a penny, to come again?"

Chatty and I walked with him to his room through the soft darkness of the Italian night. I found he had fever—the wasting, exhausting

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ague fever—which haunts the most beautiful coasts in the world. I did my best to reassure him, telling him that it was not deadly, and that at home he would soon be well; but I cannot say that I felt so cheerfully as I spoke, and all that John did was to shake his head. As we turned home again through all the groups of cheerful people, Chatty with her arm looped in mine, we talked, it is needless to say, of nothing else. But not even to my child did I say what I meant to do. I am not rich, but still I can afford myself a luxury now and then. When the children were in bed I wrote a short letter, and put a cheque in it for twenty pounds. This was what I said. I was too much excited to write just in the ordinary way :—

"Ellen, I have found John, ill, heartbroken, but as faithful and unchanged as I always knew he was. If you have the heart of a mouse in you come out instantly—don't lose a day—and save him. It may be time yet. If he can be got home to English air and to happiness it will still be time.

"I have written to your mother. She will not oppose you, or I am much mistaken. Take my word for all the details. I will expect you by the earliest possibility. Don't write, but come."

In less than a week after I went to Genoa, and met in the steamboat from Marseilles, which was the quickest way of travelling then, a trembling, large-eyed, worn-out creature, not knowing if she were dead or alive, confused with the strangeness of everything, and the wonderful change in her own life. It was one of John's bad days, and nobody who was not acquainted with the disease would have believed him other than dying. He was lying in a kind of half-conscious state when I took Ellen into his room. She stood behind me clinging to me, undistinguishable in the darkened place. The flush of the fever was going off; the paleness as of death and utter exhaustion stealing over him. His feeble fingers were moving faintly upon the white covering of his bed; his eyelids half shut, with the veins showing blue in them and under his eyes. But there was a faint smile on his face. Wherever he was wandering in those confused fever dreams, he was not unhappy. Ellen held by my arm to keep herself from falling. "Hope! you said there was hope," she moaned in my ear, with a reproach that was heartrending. Then he began to murmur with his almost colourless yet smiling lips, "I will come again, my sweet and bonnie; I will come—again." And then the fingers faintly beating time were still.

But no, no! Do not take up a mistaken idea. He was not dead; and he did not die. We got him home after a while. In Switzerland, on our way to England, I had them married safe and fast under my own eye. I would allow no more shilly-shally. And, indeed, it appeared that Mrs. Harwood, frightened by all the results of her totally unconscious domestic despotism, was eager in hurrying Ellen off, and anxious that John should come home. He never quite regained his former health, but he got sufficiently well to take another situation, his former em-

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ployers, anxiously, aiding him to recover his lost ground. And they took Montpelier Villa after all, to be near Pleasant Place, where Ellen goes every day, and is, Mrs. Harwood allows, far better company for her father, and a greater relief to the tedium of his life, than when she was more constantly his nurse and attendant. I am obliged to say, however, that the mother has had a price to pay for the emancipation of the daughter. There is nothing to be got for nought in this life. And sometimes Ellen has a compunction, and sometimes there is an unspoken reproach in the poor old lady's tired eyes. I hope for my own part that when that eldest little girl is a little older Mrs. Harwood's life will be greatly sweetened and brightened. But yet it is she that has to pay the price; for no argument, not even the last severe winter, and many renewed "attacks," will persuade that old tyrant, invisible in his upper chamber, to die.

I know it is a vulgar weakness to seek a story where one ought to be satisfied with pure art. Picture and song, have they not a far loftier attraction in their own beauty than any your vulgar narrative can give them, my young friends ask me? Dear young friends! But we were not all born yesterday. We did not all have your training or your delicate perceptions. And is not suggestion, even of a story (though I allow that is a poor thing enough), one of the graces of art?

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